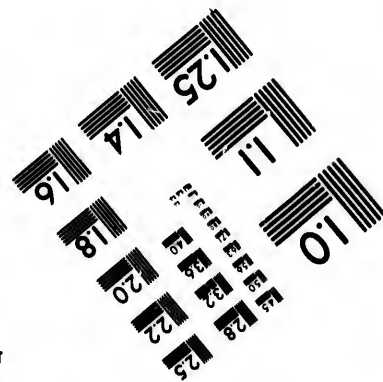
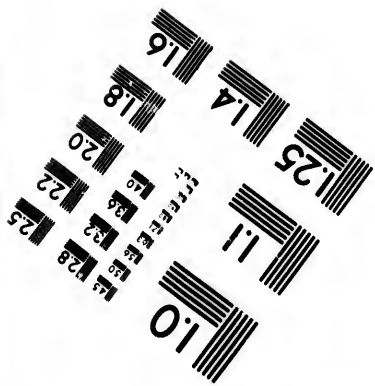
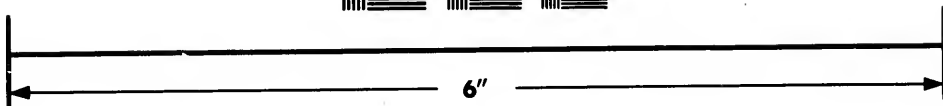
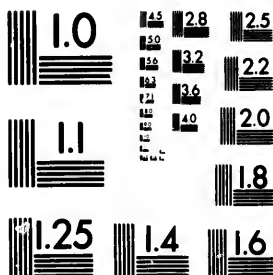


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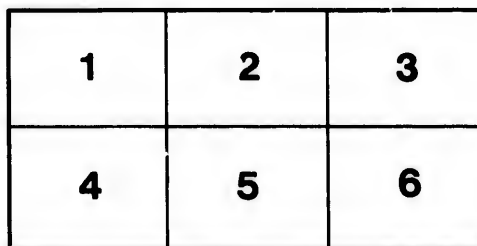
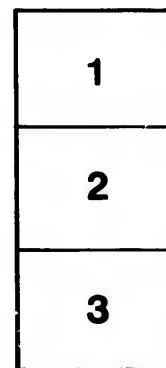
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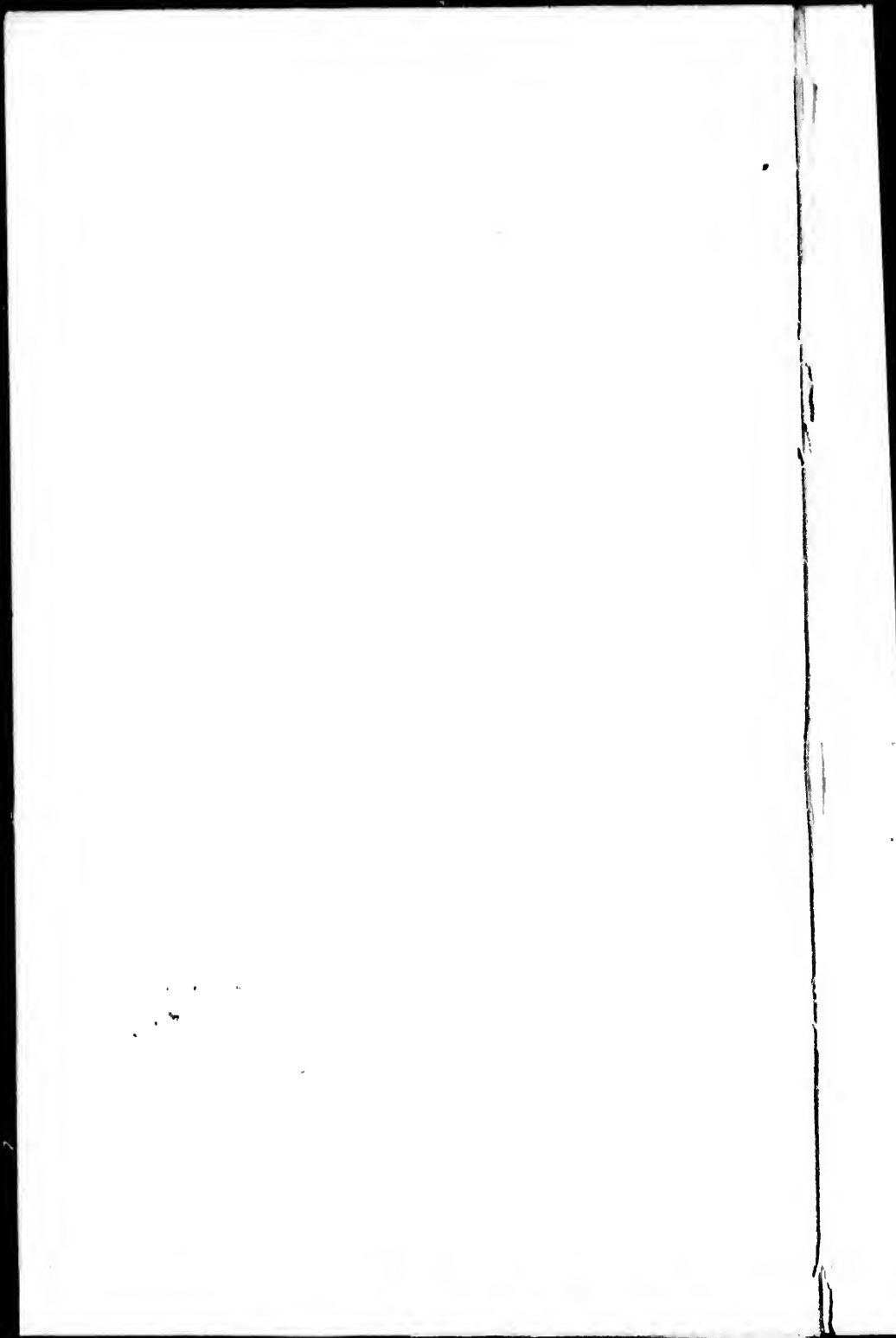
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McPHERSON'S POEMS.

10



POEMS,
DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL,

BY

JOHN McPHERSON.

STYLED BY HIMSELF

“HARP OF ACADIA.”

DUPLICATE
Eychauguo
A.E.H.

HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED BY THEOPHILUS CHAMBERLAIN.
1862.

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INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

THE literary memorial is, in modern times, a favorite resort against earthly oblivion and forgetfulness. It is one of the least expensive of the monuments to departed ability or worth, and may be the most popular, enduring, and useful.

The statuary or tablet may fix the attention of friendship or curiosity,—the pyramid, looming above the desert sands, may attract the traveller from a distance ;—but marble and granite have but a narrow sphere, a vague and fleeting story, compared with the volume of letter-press. The latter, to some extent, perpetuates the spirit of the departed. It furnishes precept, while it embodies warning or example ;—it lies on many a cottage window-sill,—and bears its more ample record to other generations.

Subjects deemed appropriate for memoir, however, are comparatively few. Generally speaking, only to those who stood somewhat apart in life,—and who in character or achievement, attained or deserved, a conspicuous position, are such remembrancers usually accorded.

A new country has but few memorials of the past of human history,—but few who are distinguished in any of the more select pursuits of life,—and it is apt to be neglectful of interesting records, until due materials for them pass beyond reach. Under such circumstances, more than the usual excuse, or demand, exists, for occasionally taking advantage of oppor-

tunities, by securing such memories as may tend to usefully distinguish or ornament the social annals. In lands of ancient refinement and renown, the elaborately rich landscape has castle and palace and cathedral, as marks of wealth and progress;—in places emerging from the wilderness state, the cottage and the clearing, beside woodland and lake, are deemed worthy of some respectful attention. So it may be with human story.

Above seventeen years ago, the subject of the present memoir, under circumstances of rapidly declining health, looked fondly forward to such a mode of keeping himself and his writings in some remembrance by his countrymen,—and chose the pen for the anticipated work. Since then, amid the vicissitudes of life, the task has been frequently buffeted from the willing hand; the times were not propitious for publication of the poems, and annoying postponements took place. Hope of achieving the object, however, was cherished, and the idea was occasionally urged on public notice. Opportunity dawns at last; and the wish of the departed, and of many living friends, has promise of being realized.

As the writer of numerous favorite melodies, who lived and died separated from the busy world, intent on maintaining the minstrel's vocation,—as one whose ambition was, to be called the Poet of his native Province,—and whose hopes, efforts, achievements, and disappointments, afford lessons, interesting and useful,—McPherson, surely, was worthy of such a tribute to his memory, such a fulfilment of his expectations, as this volume supplies.

To trace the emotions and exertions of a mind out of the usual order, may be variously desirable, even though the fine machine did not always run wisely, according to the wisdom of this world. The rude details of every-day experience, encountered under very untoward circumstances, may, like the bars of the sky-lark's cage, have prevented higher flight and sweeter music, and caused laceration and early subsidence of song and life;—but the snatches of melody should be appreciated, and the pathetic story win attention in a leisure hour.

Much of a country's wealth consists in her better minds. To allow the memory of such to disappear with their earthly frames, may be considered about as inappropriate and injudicious, as would be the interring of money wealth when the spirit departed. Where the memory of genius is baleful, let it be forgotten, except by way of lament or warning; where it is of beneficial tendency, the light should, as it may, be handed down from generation to generation. Happily, McPherson's intellectual remains are of the purer kind.

Nova Scotia cannot afford to lose such property. Within a brief period several names went from the lists of earthly life,—the intellect connected with which deserved careful preservation. Where are the eloquent and beautiful passages from the speeches of S. G. W. Archibald, as barrister and "Speaker of the House"? Where the simply wise and classic observations of the "Philosopher of the Dutch Village"? Where the historic narrative, the local anecdote, the peculiar information in varied departments of knowledge, which other "old inhabitants" might have so copiously furnished? Answers to those enquiries, in many instances, would be painful. Let McPherson's poems be an exception to the too common rule of young countries,—and perhaps other similar memorials—calculated to be *interesting and useful*, and those qualities should not be separated—may yet furnish valued contributions to Provincial Literature.

To speculate now, on what the subject of this memoir would have been under more fortunate worldly circumstances, or with more business sagacity and every-day prudence, would be idle. He was of delicate health, a school-teacher, a writer of verses, in a rural district of a new country; he experienced, in aggravated form, the privations too often consequent on such circumstances, and had, in addition, delicate sensibility, literary ambition, visions of impracticable achievement, which were calculated to make his position more keenly distressing.

But, withal, he cherished, almost unwaveringly, a love of the beautiful and the good, of earth;—and fond thoughts, elevating and consoling, of the better country beyond.

This small volume affords some characteristics of the man, in reference to the brief narrative of his life;—but much more suggestive indications of his mental constitution, of his sufferings and his enjoyments, in the verses which follow; and which he left lovingly and hopefully to the Province whose bard he delighted to be considered.

Each of the titles under which the poems are arranged, furnishes intimations of his moods and experience. “Love of Nature” was pre-eminently a prevailing tone of his mind. The “Social and Domestic” associations and affections might be considered instinctive to his mental constitution. He brooded, either in grief or love, over the “Personal” phases of his troubled life. The “Devotional” tendency appeared in almost every part of his more serious contemplations. Moral Reform, in the way of “Temperance” and otherwise, early attracted his attention, and sometimes engrossed his energies;—and his “Occasional” literary efforts were more or less tinged, throughout, with the varied coloring suggested by external nature, by family and individual affections, and by moral and religious impulses. Such was the man, with his defects and his virtues, to save whose memory from oblivion, to some good extent and good effect, is an object of this presentation of his writings, to the public for whom they were composed.

SOME INCIDENTS OF LIFE.

JOHN McPHERSON was born in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, the pleasant shire-town of Queen’s County, on the 4th of February 1817,—and continued to reside there, for the most part, until about his seventeenth year. His school education was confined to the common branches usually taught in rural districts. His early teacher was Mr. Stephen Payzant, for whom the poet entertained much respect.

McPherson’s boyhood was distinguished for seriousness, for avoidance of rough boisterous play,—for fondness of retirement, and for an ambition to improve his mind, and mayhap to win some literary fame. Probably attention to physical organiza-

tion was made unduly subservient to intellectual culture in the earlier years of his life;—and for such imprudence, nature generally inflicts some penalties both on body and mind. He appears to have had only few opportunities for the improvement after which he yearned, but those opportunities were highly valued.

His habit was to study by fire-light, or alone in fields or woods, —or in other places of solitude and quiet. His favorite reading consisted of what are considered classic English works, in prose and verse. He was fond of repeating passages from Campbell's and Kirke White's poems;—and his story, in many parts, had much in common with that of the amiable bard who wrote so plaintively of sickness and disappointment, and early departure from the trials of earth.

At about his seventeenth year he went to live at Brookfield, in what is called the northern district of Queen's County. His place of residence there was the house of his uncle, Mr. D. McPherson, whose daughter the poet married a few years subsequently.

While at Brookfield he had the benefit of brief tuition, from Mr. A. M. Gidney; a gentleman of literary taste and talent, who cherished affection for the poet and respect for his literary abilities.

This friend relates two interesting incidents relative to McPherson's early history. The first has reference to the earliest observed indication of the strength of his poetic sensibilities. A young woman, an acquaintance of McPherson, had been, at the time referred to, recently married to one of the young settlers of the district. Her husband had been away from home for some days, at work in the woods, when the relater of the anecdote, McPherson, and the young woman, met in her father's garden, at summer twilight;—the hour whose semi-obscurity adds so much to the poetic effects of rural scenery. The barking of a dog interrupted the friendly conversation, and, looking in the direction indicated, the woodman was observed, "plodding his weary way," to the homestead. A grateful flush man-

bled the young wife's cheek, and the elder of her companions ejaculated :

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter that we come."

The quotation was new music to McPherson ; a remark testified to the charm which it had for his ear—and he requested a repetition of the lines, as calling up very pleasing visions to his imagination.

Soon after, the two friends, preceptor and pupil, were enjoying an evening ramble on the banks of "Pleasant River." They ascended a rising ground, and loitered awhile, gazing on the landscape, under the influences of moonlight. The elder repeated Coleridge's fine ballad of Genevieve, commencing with the suggestive lines :

"The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve."

The melody and pathos of the verse, affected McPherson to tears ; and the interchange of thought which followed, proved to his friend, that the young man was eminently predisposed to those utterances of strong emotion and just sentiment, in fitting words, that constitute so much of the poetic faculty.

About this time, in a playful contest with a young friend, poor McPherson received severe personal injury, which caused him some months' confinement to the house, and frequent subsequent weakness and pain. The friend alluded to, in a letter dated 1861, says : "An accident occurred in our school-boy days which developed some valuable traits, in McPherson's character. In a boyish struggle between us, his ankle was fractured. This caused deep and lasting regret to me, and pain and inconvenience to him,—but the event which in ordinary minds would have awakened different feelings, only served as an occasion for calling out his spirit of forgiveness, and made him ever after my warmest and most faithful friend."

Before taking up the employment of School teaching, McPherson lived in Halifax for awhile, in the capacity of clerk. When approaching manhood, he went a voyage to the West Indies,—during which he evinced his proneness to be unduly affected by unfriendly circumstances and prospects and the harsh moods of others.

He was married on the 12th December, 1841. The match was one of poetry and love, undertaken while heavy clouds impended over his experience and his prospects, but gleams of hope on the horizon more than counterbalanced, to him, the gloom of the present. He indulged cheering visions of poetic fame and pecuniary reward,—of a cottage and a small farm,—and humble happy independence.

He moved to Kempt Settlement, Queen's County, and taught school for two years. Thence he went to Maitland, Annapolis County, and finally returned to Brookfield, the home of his affections.

He had intellectual qualifications for the teacher's avocation;—he studied educational topics carefully;—he wrote on some departments of the profession;—but he loved leisure and meditative peace, his physical health required repose and solace,—his mind was sensitive and yearned for some reasonable worldly competence. Such requirements, natural and praiseworthy in their way, were sadly out of keeping with the noise, and roughness, and fagging, and poor pecuniary remuneration, of such schools as came within his personal experience. No wonder that under the changes of locality, incident to his teaching years, his prevailing feelings were those of difficulty and gloom: his chief employment was not congenial or productive, and want of daily means for comfort, became almost a daily fear.

A letter from his widow, to a friend,—referring to a period soon subsequent to their marriage, says: "He continued his teaching, which weighed on him as a heavy task: shut up day after day in a miserable, uncomfortable, unhealthy school-house, and being much oppressed for breath. The labor and care were too much for his delicate health; he used to come

home so utterly worn down, so discouraged and so sad; his mind so low at times, it was fearful beyond description. None but the Almighty knows how much he and I suffered; I have tried to forget those sufferings; you are the first person to whom I have spoken of them since his death; I know they will leave no other impression on your mind than they have on my own,—pity and love.”

What eloquent indications are here given of the social and inner life of the poor man whose poetry, meanwhile, was affording pleasure to so many minds. What indications, also, of the wretched provision made for teachers and teaching in too many parts of new countries. How often might country school-houses be described as poor sheds on rocky spots at cross-roads, uncomfortable, and unsightly, instead of being, as they ought, commodious and ornamental, cherished landmarks of the invaluable privileges of education.

“Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot.”

Yes, delightful in its abstract nature and objects;—not, by any means, undelightful, either, in practice, to the adapted mind, and under favourable circumstances;—but many varieties and strong contrasts exist in the profession. Let not those who think highly of it be ready to blame poor McPherson as querulous and over sensitive. Neither in body or mind was he fitted for the charge of a wilderness-settlement school; and contentment or success, under his circumstances, might well be deemed impracticable.

McPherson learned somewhat of carpentering, and worked at the business for a short time. His attention seems to have been attracted diversely, according to moods and opportunities. Occasionally he was led to desire more active employment, at the carpenter's bench, or in the field, as more conducive to health and cheerfulness;—occasionally his energies were devoted to the school, as a ready and appropriate sphere for a studious mind;—and poetic compositions, sometimes absorbed his

attention. Because he felt and thought poetry, and fondly imagined that, so indulging his most cherished propensity, some respectable share of fame and of pecuniary reward, would result.

During a visit to Halifax in 1843, his demeanor was marked by the quiet retiring characteristics previously alluded to. He appeared to lack curiosity and interest concerning matters, generally found attractive by visitors from the country, and to rather shrink within himself, and within some world of his recollection, from the noise and activity of the world about him. But he could well enjoy the society of persons having literary tastes akin to his own,—and therefore readily, though rather dreamily at times, he made one of an evening circle where literature, as a matter of course, would become a theme.

About this time he became acquainted with Sarah Herbert, whose published verses have had a wide Provincial circulation. Miss Herbert, like McPherson, was warmly attached to poetry, and fond of giving literary exercises a moral and religious tendency. She evinced hearty admiration for the sweetness of McPherson's lyre, appreciated his unsophisticated character, and could repeat from memory, with much feeling, several of his best lines. One pleasant evening, a small social party, including the two writers, was assembled. The conversation, as might be expected, turned on poetry, and Miss Herbert recited with clearness, taste, and due emphasis, his stanzas, entitled "Longings for Spring." The company were much pleased with the plaintively picturesque lines; but the bard himself, on hearing his verse so fluently repeated by a sister melodist, was gratified and delighted beyond measure, and forgot, for a happy moment, present cares and gloomy prospects.

Both writers, and others, then young in years and hope, and who well enjoyed the mental treat of the evening, went early beyond the "dark river." The memory of that past has eloquently sad homilies for survivors; but may we not hope that the departed have united in higher converse in a better land? Such hopes are required to give a "silver lining" to the cloud

that so frequently impends over mutations of earth. As Miss Herbert wrote, in memorial verses inscribed to McPherson :

“The lyre we hear no more,
He, doubtless, tuneth to a loftier strain ;
And its soft music swells, unmixed with pain,
In hymns triumphal, on the heavenly shore.”

Poor McPherson indulged some reasonable ambitions, in reference to affairs of this life. One of those was, to have a cottage of his own ; he fondly dreamed of a home, where he might freely indulge his social feelings, might make wife and child happy, and sit at a comfortable fire-side, the kind master of a loving circle. This was but a reasonable ambition ; he felt it to be virtuous and manly ; he made what might indeed be called a death-struggle for its accomplishment ; but just as the prize seemed about to be realized, it eluded his enfeebled grasp. The cottage went from his possession, and he, worn out, and utterly defeated in his earthly hopes, departed to the “narrow house” which all inherit, and which he had learned to look on as a shelter and a refuge.

In his building efforts he was aided by Halifax friends. The Highland Society gave him a donation of £20 10s. ; and an association, called the Literary Society—consisting chiefly of young men, clerks, store-keepers, and others—presented him with a purse of £30. A gentleman also loaned him, on terms which made the loan equivalent to a gift, a sum of £25. Little was said of this benefaction, or of the benefactor, at the time, for but little was known on the subject ;—now, however, when the incident has so long passed by, it may be only right to say, that the money was furnished by Wm. Young, Esq., the present Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

McPherson accepted those compliments with feelings of gratitude and of self-respect. He properly considered them as marks of regard for himself and his writings,—as consequent on his many contributions to the public by means of the press,—and as to be duly accounted for, by pecuniary return in the one

case, and in the others by grateful recollection and future literary services.

In a letter acknowledging, to the writer of this memoir, a first instalment of the Literary Society's gift,—and written in August, 1846, the poet says: "I have received your letter with remittance, and need not say, I am very grateful to the Literary Society for the distinguishing mark of their favor. I desire you would, on some proper occasion, tender a poet's warmest thanks. I was moved even to tears;—the sum is thrice as large as I supposed, and will be of great service just now. * * * The balance could, I suppose, be forwarded by Post, early. I shall have to lock my door o' nights, and be a careful man on getting o' it. * * * I have not quite determined on any very specific course yet, except of remaining here and getting a living by the labor of my hands chiefly, as I find it most conducive to health, and self-respect, and sweet cheerfulness. I never feel so satisfied, whatever my fare, as when I have been at work and rightly earned it. * * * I had high hope, if I may be indulged the expression, of being something more than I now wish;—of shining, it may be, in some more conspicuous sphere,—but as I must depend on the small hand that traces these lines, think it more prudent to venture nothing among competitors of my own caste, 'for fortune's fickle favours.' I have hope, but not enough. I could not support the vagueness of the attempt, because I have been so unfortunate that doubt usurps the place of confidence. Why I sometimes even forget I am a bard,—and start, pleased of course, at the remembrance, and return to my better mood with all the freshness of a first love. I am not writing very sensibly here,—and being in haste will close, and hand the letter to the waiting 'carrier.'"

The disappointments alluded to in the quotation had reference to unfulfilled expectations, relative to prospects of remuneration for some contributions to the press. By the venturing among "competitors of his caste," he no doubt wished to have understood, some hopes indulged of succeeding as a writer for Magazines, and of publishing a volume of his poems with the

view of pecuniary profit. He might well consider such attempts, at that time, as vague and hazardous. He purchased a lot of land, however, and commenced building. He sat down, and as many other speculators had done before and have since, began figuring up his estimates and prospects, imagining his figures to be representatives of realities, and believing, apparently, in the popular notion, that Arithmetical "figures cannot err." Very true, indeed, abstract Arithmetic is, in its principles, unerring; but, not unfrequently, a figure insinuates into a problem, which has no business there, and sets the result deplorably askew; so, the Arithmetic of representing hopes and suppositions and appearances by numerical figures—and reckoning accordingly, because of the certainty that two and two make four—have been sadly abundant in errors, and consequent disappointment and loss. Thus poor McPherson totted up what his cottage could be furnished for, what the outlay on field and garden would amount to, and what return might be anticipated;—but, alas! the expenditure was more sure than the gains—and the house remained unfinished, and the expected harvest ungathered.

His hopes, concerning building a home and the happy results of such an achievement, were soon overshadowed by gloom and despondency. The money with which he was furnished, though very opportune, and though seemingly a large sum to the recipient, was soon nearly expended in paying some small debts, and in purchase of materials and providing for other preliminaries.

A letter dated 12th December, about four months subsequent to that just quoted from, gives evidence of the sad change that had come over his feelings and prospects. It indirectly complained of delay, in reference to expected advice concerning publication or sale of some of his poetic writings. Advice could not easily be given: to damp or extinguish hope, would be an ungrateful task indeed; and profitable sale or publication, at that time, was out of the question. The letter then proceeded as follows: "I am sorry to say that matters do not

prosper with me as I anticipated. My house is in a very unfit condition for use; and my health, injured by two months of severe exertion, has broken down, giving but little hope of early or late recovery. Want, and disease, the precursor of want in my case, have embittered life, and now that I have been so kindly, so generously, assisted by friends, to whom I cannot adequately express my gratitude, my prospects are scarcely improved. I had so little, and owed so much, that what was left hardly authorized my building a house for my family; but I saw no other course, especially as friends would urge this, and I have purchased a spot of land and begun a small house. Health to enjoy, and strength to toil, are, however, withheld, and while some may think it all right, I dare not look at the aspect presented, and fear I shall soon be more completely in the grasp of misfortune than ever before."

So the poor Poet went on, making efforts towards the completion of the Cottage, and towards profitable employment of his pen; but disappointment followed disappointment, and the disasters dreaded soon settled around their victim. He had offered to contribute to the Provincial Press, and had made some small arrangements which were not punctually abided by, on the part of others. This caused pain of mind and pecuniary difficulty. Losses and gifts are not to be judged solely by amount. To the poor, small affairs are great. The widow's two mites were declared more, under circumstances, than the munificent gifts of those who cast in of their abundance. So the small deficits were great to the poet. Literary remuneration by publishers in a new country, however, is not to be judged by the standard of old and rich communities. The profits in the former cases are comparatively small; the custom to pay for occasional literary contributions is but sparingly recognized; and the capital employed is frequently absorbed in the common routine of establishments, to the practical exclusion of extra efforts of much consequence. McPherson might be well pardoned for not reasoning so;—encouragements from respectable sources were reckoned on as something certain, and the absence of

realization amounted to severe infliction. In a letter written, apparently, towards the close of the year 1844, he complains of repeated disappointments. He says, "After wasting months on such things as 'Longings for Spring,' I have received but £1 15s. 6d." Subsequent to allusions concerning difficulties so caused, he remarks: "Were it not for the kindness of others who can receive no other return than that of gratitude, and a little pleasure from my poetry, I could wish that I had never written a single stanza." He meant of course, as a matter of pecuniary consideration; for, in other respects, love of verse would be its own reward to him. He then proceeds: "the sorrow which such things occasion me is not to be described. I am too sanguine, and too sensitive to live in such a world, and am fast wearing out of it." Poor fellow: his case reminds of that of a tropical plant, requiring genial sun and rich soil, but struggling against cold and aridity,—putting forth spasmodic efforts at blooming,—yet declining steadily, and disappearing early from the uncongenial scene.

Subsequent to some explanations, he says: "I have begun a small house, which we call *Fairy Cottage*, as it is near a stream or river bearing that epithet. The walls are yet unshingled; the shingles, glass, etc., yet unpurchased,—while the expense, thus far, and the support of my little family, with my sickness, have left me nothing to complete it. I hope to be able to resume school-teaching, but my health failed me in the fall, and living in an unshingled house has not helped it." Such was his sad experience: physical weakness, an unfinished place of residence, blighted prospects,—and his hope, the resumption of the poorly paid toil of school-keeping in a rural district.

How different was all this, from the ideal of love and poetry in a cottage; poetry indeed was cultivated, and family love, contrary to the cynic adage, did not "fly out of the window when want came in at the door," but in what sad contrast was the unfinished, unsupplied house, to the home with woodbine-lattice and abundant hearth, which poets delight to picture.

Referring to circumstances under which his verses were written, he says: "If I had had an education, I might have written more and better. I was obliged to fashion my own implements, and discover my own materials for poetry. * * * I have groped in obscurity and sorrow, and now that I am outworn by the strife, I only wish to rest in the grave."

Such painful particulars as the foregoing, have to be given, as a means of judging concerning the poet's life, and of estimating many parts of his writings. The letter goes on, to express fears that an erroneous judgment might be formed of his literary character after his departure, to refer to the circumstances by which that character was affected, and to anticipate "a brief biographical notice," as introductory to his published poems. He then says: "All that I can hope for my poetry is, that it may serve to direct others, destined to strike the harp of Acadia with less feeble hands."

He might have added the hope, that his poetry and his story would afford warning also, against making what should be considered an elegant recreation an absorbing business of life;—against depending on very doubtful resources;—against the morbid concentration of mental effort, to the effect of leaving the body feeble and shattered;—against that over-indulgence of sensitiveness and imagination, which results in something very different from the well balanced mind and well braced form, that constitute health.

In a letter, dated May, 1845, written during a period of sickness and depression, he says: "I expended the money, so opportunely received from friends in Halifax, on a little property, for the sake of having something like a home, and the luxury of a garden, and a house with two rooms, but the failure of my health, with the failure of means to proceed, has left me in no very enviable situation. My debts left me but a small sum to begin with, and I was obliged to borrow;—the sum I asked was kindly sent, and no security of any kind required. I am not at liberty to mention the name of this good Samaritan, who gives me free choice of time to re-pay." Subse-

quent to remarks relative to his severe indisposition, he again refers to his building efforts. Having mentioned privations to which himself and his wife had been subjected, he says: "If I had had stubborn health, matters had been different, but we have patience with our lot, and would be content for it to be no better in this respect, so that we could have our little cot more comfortable. The wood material is paid for,—I had to sell a cow and a few sheep to help me out, and my work procured some. I bought five dollars worth of sashes, and made the rest myself, making first the sash tools to work with. I have twenty-four acres of good land,—some in grass, wood pasture, and an acre in oats; this, with house, in money and other means, cost £60 to £70." Affecting allusions to oppressive sickness, to deep despondence, and to occasional glimmerings of hope, follow. Part of his debt consisted of medicines, and continuation of these was apparently required for alleviation or cure.

They moved into the cottage early in December. The walls were unshingled, and therefore wretchedly unfit as a shelter from the frosty winds of a Nova Scotia winter. "Quilts were suspended along the walls, to turn aside the chilling wind, and to stop the drifting snow, which would else have fallen on his bed." There the little family remained until the first of May,—when the health of husband and wife was broken down, and they were removed to the home of his father-in-law at Brookfield; whence he went, in July, to that other house, which is of such gloomy but enduring character.

The story is soon told, or intimated rather, but how many and melancholy were the particulars of its stages; and how keen the slow-moving pangs which the delicately sensitive mind and frame experienced. What sad indications of life are suggested in such a narrative;—what illustration of Society in various phases, relative to isolation, apathy, and misapprehension. At the very moment when poor McPherson was agonized as to how he might maintain himself and his little family, when he was exhausted in mind and in body by sickness and privation, when he gazed mournfully on the departure of long

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cherished hopes, and contemplated his own apparently near final departure, and the dependant state of those whom he best loved, at those very moments of gloom and pain,—smiles and commendations were elicited, in many comfortable abodes of the land, by melodies in the newspapers of the day over the familiar signature of J. M. The reader knew not that the head and heart whence the verses emanated throbbed with anxiety, that the pen by which they were indited trembled in the feeble hand,—and so they smiled and passed to other pleasures, while he looked aghast at surrounding circumstances, and, amid deep earthly gloom, essayed to gird himself for the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Such frequently is life. How thankful should those be who are shielded from the keener inflictions;—how sympathising those, whose experience is that of comparative ease and sunshine.

DEPARTURE.

The final scene of poor McPherson's troubled life, may now obtain some brief attention. He died on the 26th July, 1845, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. The brevity of his earthly experience, and the suffering it included, should be duly considered in forming an estimate in reference to the number and merit of his poems. He had scarcely attained the age of maturity as a writer, and had enjoyed little indeed of the easy leisure supposed requisite for elegant composition, when he was called to that rest which hushed at once the discords and the harmonies of earth.

The last stage of the poet's pilgrimage had much to call forth interest and sympathy. He was delicately sensitive to life and its rational enjoyments;—to the beauty of natural objects; to the ties of friendship and home; he had indulged hopes of fame and competence; but he now became keenly aware that his earthly struggle was about to close, and to close in almost total earthly discomfiture. The battle of humble ambition, of humble independence, had been fought and lost. He yielded

gracefully and piously, however,—commending those he loved to the friends who might wish to evince respect for his memory ; and committing his soul to that inscrutable Providence, which, although sometimes allowing sore besetment, and the teaching of wisdom by defeat, is always abundantly merciful in reference to the higher consolations and triumphs. And so, sustained by faith and hope, McPherson went calmly down into the dark vestibule of immortal light and life.

Abundant evidence is afforded by McPherson's writings, that he had made himself familiar with the hour which many try to forget. In a letter dated 1844, he says: "I may not hope to live long at the best, and would use the remaining light to some purpose. Should I decease before the appearance of my volume, I trust my friends would call for its publication, and my countrymen afford it liberal encouragement in behalf of my family." His volume had to wait about seventeen years after decease without publication,—and yet a kind Providence has permitted the fulfilment of that part of the poet's dying wishes. May we not hope that the "liberal encouragement" also, will be realised ?

In May, 1845, the month dear to poets, and which McPherson frequently made a subject of his verse, he wrote thus, to Miss Sarah Herbert, who also departed in her youth: "For some weeks past life has seemed ebbing rapidly to its close. * * * I am as little fit to sit and write as can be, but am sitting up to rest, and will try to finish this, lest I fail of power another time. Probably I am dying,—I think I am, and a week or month may bring you intelligence of my death. I worked very hard, for my strength, in the fall and first part of winter, and just got under way to get along rather more comfortably than before, when I was laid up by severe illness. * * * I wish to make another effort for life ; but I trust I may be made more and more enabled to submit to the will of God, whose favour, whose pardoning mercy and sustaining grace, I strive earnestly to implore. I am almost unable to read ; the books are, the Bible, and sermons in the Christian Monitor, by the greatest,

probably the best, men of the age: Chalmers, Hall, Thorp, Jay, Stephens, James Parsons, and others. My mental power is, at times, almost nothing; I cannot think,—I have tried to write some, succeeding poorly. I wished I had an opportunity of seeing some of your literati and friends; but a kind farewell to you all; I shall think of you often, as I have done, and pray God to bless you. * * * My wife, hitherto my chief nurse, is very poorly. Poor Irene! she is like an angel of mercy to me,—her strength of mind, her sympathy and support, are all that I have to sustain me of earth,—but this too is of heaven; and the All-beneficent still helps me to call upon his name, and seek him earnestly. May He, for Christ's sake, save me, and take me to himself now, or give me strength to serve him with singleness of heart. Pray for me. * * * I have been out but twice, a few minutes, since the ides of March. The people, particularly the christian, show me much kindness. They plant for me to-morrow. We have commenced a garden."

What expressive writing is this; how like the sobbing of a breaking heart,—and yet a heart cherishing gratitude, affection and fortitude, in its hour of faintness.

Relative to some friendly allusions, concerning a monumental memorial,—he says: "No stone should be given me when I am dead. I may have done something which may, or may not, call for some demonstration of feeling,—let it be exerted in behalf of the wife who has cheered and nursed me,—by the aid of whose kind love I have been animated to write my best poems,—to persevere in continuing to write at all for these three years past. Pardon egotism.—I learn that you also have been visited by the hand of disease; I trust you are getting better fast,—that you may live long to be a blessing to yourself and others, and that your departure from earth may be your entrance into heaven."

These and other extracts from his letters, tend to evince his good literary taste, and his superior qualities of intellect and moral principle.

McPherson's death, as much of his life, was marked by sadness and loneliness,—but the melancholy particulars of both had merciful compensations.

The wife of his love, the subject of many of his verses, was the patient attendant at his dying couch, ready,—

“To hear his sad sick tale, and with him pray,—
While life's last hours were wearing fast away.”

In a letter concerning this memoir, she says, fluently and well: “I never for a moment doubted his pure love for me. The last words which his voice uttered, as I bent over him, were, ‘Poor Irene.’ He closed his eyes on me and earth. A few tears rolled down his thin pale cheek, and he sank into a calm sweet sleep, from which he never awoke until he awoke in that happy land where sorrow and tears are unknown. Through his last sickness, he was calm, patient, and resigned, ever looking forward to that better rest. He often told me he would like to be buried at the set of sun. I had that wish fulfilled. His remains were consigned to the narrow tomb just as the sun went out of sight.”

The place of burial, alluded to in this quotation, was near Lake Tupper; and had been chosen by himself. The banks of the lake formed the scene of his courtship; and as such is subject of poetic reference in more than one of his verses. A communication addressed to his wife, during his sickness, says: “This is the dearest spot I have known on earth; I have passed many happy, as well as sad, moments here. Let me be laid in the little grave-yard situated on the East side of the lake. This will be your home; you can visit my grave here oftener than if in another place.” How the sensitive heart clings to the hope, that loving remembrance, and some kind attentions, will survive earthly life, and will be evinced by some simple but expressive observance. According to his wish he was laid at rest on the hill-side which commanded a view that he loved during most of his chequered pilgrimage.

The poet's story, of love and sorrow, may well claim some brief delay, before commencing with his mellifluous verse. And surely a passing tribute of respect may be given to the truthfulness of a true woman, as demonstrated by the wife of the poet. His consoler in solitude and sickness,—his patient and ever ready amanuensis,—his refuge from earthly desertion and despair,—the smoother of his dying pillow,—she now, so many years after his decease, and when the wife of another, encounters various difficulties and privations to have his last wishes fulfilled: to have his poems published, leaving something, if that may be, for the education of his children; but whether or not, and as beyond compare the chief object, to have them published as a monument to his memory,—a realization of hope indulged, when other hope had become estranged from his mind;—as a pleasure and honour to those children, whose welfare he yearned for, when earthly thought for himself had been bidden a last farewell.

As the world goes it is something to have such evidence of love and constancy; something to have such example of mutual respect and affection under circumstances so painfully calculated to try both emotions;—something, and much indeed, to have such light in darkness as the narrative affords,—such alleviation of sadness,—and such faith and hope concerning unfading felicity beyond the changes and sufferings of this world.

CHARACTERISTICS.

The mind is the true kingdom of the man,—and includes his best or worst experiences. None of the localities of McPherson's sojourn appear to have presented attractions or opportunities sufficient to yield contentment. He loved the free untamed scenery of his native land;—he was accustomed to admire the solitary beauties of wood and lake; and to wander, well-pleased, over the bushy barrens of his neighbourhood. Ideal regions, however, of some scholastic eminence, of literary fame, of worldly competence and humble home pleasures, to which

his mind frequently reverted, but which seemed inexorably barred from his experience, were apt to intervene, and to make actual life still more gloomy by the contrast presented. The indulgence of such moods may excite blame, because practical heroism, a battling with adverse circumstances, and a working out of humble contentment, might be more praiseworthy. But for forming a correct estimate, we should recollect the delicate health, the frequent disappointment,—and the honorable nature of the ambition which induced complaint and despondency. In his more gloomy mood he was inclined to langour and debility, or to painful excitement; but perhaps much of the mood should be ascribed to the prevailing physical weakness.

He was very sensitive to slights or rebuffs, and a hasty satirical remark, or even a friendly criticism, could extremely depress his mind, or rouse him to indignant and eloquent reply. On the other hand, a kindly sympathy, a generous appreciation, could impart a most sunny mood, and induce him to repeat his favourite melodies in a quaint recitative voice, very unusual and attractive. In some of his darkest hours, despair and almost desparation beset the sufferer;—in his brighter, a quiet, complacent tone, and a child-like simplicity, gave a rare charm to his company. Both states of mind, and various shades between, are indicated in his poems.

An early friend of the poet,—(now a clergyman) the companion with whom the painful accident, previously alluded to, occurred, writes as follows, in a letter relative to this memoir: "Though he was characterised by the keenest sensibilities, yet it was only to the superficial observer that he appeared (what is called) 'sentimental.' He had a manly and high appreciation of what was pure and noble. * * Every where he was to me the faithful friend as well as the entertaining companion. He was most happy in the domestic circle, with the younger members of the family around him. His ready wit and humour were innocent and profitable. * * * Though he was far removed from fanaticism, he looked on the religion of the Bible as the one thing needful. * * In his friendly visits he

often carried manuscript poems in his pocket, and to those who appreciated them he was fond of reading his productions. Often have I listened with delight, when the other members of his family had retired, and heard him as he chanted his rhymes in mellifluous tones, like the cadence of the rivulet."

The friendly testimony afforded by this extract, is just, and variously pleasing.

Another paragraph, in reference to McPherson's poems, from the same letter, is worthy of quotation, thus:

"I have felt, and still feel, that had he been spared, he would have occupied a large space in the literary world. As it is, as far as I know, he has no superior in his native Province, and, indeed, none in the British Colonies, as far as his poetry is concerned. * * * His wreath of laurels will, I trust, still be worthy of his noble ambition. * * * In a new country like ours, where little but the elements of refined cultivation exist, and the structure of society is still rough-cast, —it was difficult for him to find even a comfortable poet's corner, much more a drawing room of such elegant equipments and pure air as would suit the sweet music of his lyre, and echo back the intense delicacy of his sensibilities. * * Though not fitted to encounter the ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness of the world, we should be unjust in attributing to him a lack of those higher principles which are calculated to purify our atmosphere, and bring about that state of human affairs which would be congenial to his own mind. This is one reason why I wish to see his poems, or the best of them, published. It is not a mere question of profit and loss to his friends, nor yet of embalming his own name and genius in the minds of our people, though these considerations are important;—but it is a question of utility to the highest interests of society. * * His writings will speak for themselves; and, I believe, if published, will constitute no unimportant part of our Provincial literature."

These, and other quotations from the letter alluded to, are honourable to the mind whence they emanated, and the memory which is there subject.

The poet's recreations were few and simple, and in accordance with the general tenor of his mind. He loved to muse by the fire-side or in the woods, conjuring up delicate fancies, and studying the embodiment of these in graphic language and fluent metre. Thus engaged he frequently took long walks, occasionally carrying gun or fishing-rod, but much more as an excuse for protracted solitary rambles than for any spoils of the sportsman.

His religious feelings were rather subdued and meditational than demonstrative. He could communicate his views freely, in quiet conversation; but he lacked general confidence, and that readiness which is occasionally valuable, for taking part in efforts requiring some boldness and honest display. Several of his poems, however, prove how often his aspirations assumed a fervent devotional tone, and evince a prevailing influence of religious principles and sentiment.

He wrote with most facility on the affections, because in so doing he gave utterance to his most frequent and cherished emotions. He remarked to his wife, on more than one occasion, "We make our world,—we will have it happy." The proposition was, to a great extent, true,—and the accompanying resolution, to a great extent, practicable;—but, for realization, the maxim required, a rare combination of prudence, wisdom, and perseverance.

While reading McPherson's poems, pleased with their graceful melody, and improved by their morality,—and while contrasting his writings with some points of his biography;—we should recollect that his example is by no means set forth, as in all cases a model for imitation. He did not come up to the standard of practical wisdom which he praised and respected. The remark, however, is applicable to many writers, from the time of Solomon and before. McPherson's estimate and plan of daily life,—were unsuited to the times and circumstances amid which his lot was cast. In the ancient days of minstrelsy, such an enthusiast would have Baronial patrons,—and the quaintly graceful recitation of his melodious verse would have

been welcome in the hall of many a castle;—with affluence or competence at command, his daily walk would probably have been one of much respectability and practical beneficence, dignified by poetic recreations and labours;—but in the utilitarian nineteenth century, and for a poor man in the wilds of a new country, a more stern course had to be studied, as the way to peace and humble prosperity.

He pined, too constantly, for the Bard's vocation, when daily concerns demanded rude and common-place employment; he devoted much of his time to the lyre, as if its products could be readily and profitably bartered in the markets of the world,—while such results were only practicable to a few of the masters of song. In the struggle with circumstances which were incidental to such an experience, his mind, suited to gentle and pleasing emotions, was subjected to a daily agony, and his delicate frame broke down in the contest.

Others besides poor McPherson, have been sadly tried, by adopting pursuits and following them pertinaciously, which were not adapted to their requirements or circumstances or hopes. The intellectual victory achieved,—or the possible good accomplished, or the worthy fame acquired,—may, indeed, to ardent temperaments, make amends for many privations and much suffering; but then the cost and the penalty, if accepted, should be timely understood and duly considered.

Notwithstanding the sad tenor of the story of McPherson's life, the great law of compensation, previously alluded to, was aptly applicable to his experience. The darker part of the picture was not without some happy countervailing light. Disappointed, harassed, yearning for objects beyond his reach, suffering from hope deferred, and from impending and foreshadowing gloom,—from sickness, physical and mental;—he yet had some resources far above mediocrity. He possessed ardent sympathies, sincere affections, varied charities of disposition, grateful recollections, solace of poetry, of friends, and of family love, with abiding faith in goodness, and in the great Source of good. Those best acquainted with human nature and social

history,—may readily admit, that in some aspects, he was much more an object of complacency, than some, high in worldly fame and-fortune, but irreligious, misanthropic, and at conflict with themselves and with the Creator's system and laws. The world's estimate of human life is, occasionally, very erroneously formed; and the terms poor and rich, fortunate and unfortunate, might be frequently transposed,—without detracting, however, from the active sympathy with which true worth, struggling amid difficulties, should ever be regarded.

McPherson might, surely, we may presume, if he were more practically wise, have escaped much of the gloom that beset his earthly path, and at the same time have secured the blissful visions of a better world which were among the best compensations of his thorny path. But he has gone from the one, and to the other;—his life-struggle had some victories and trophies to record,—his example was not without some beneficial influence, and his memory and verse, in their effects on popular sympathy and improvement,—may yet fulfill some of his fondest hopes and best ambitions.

LOCALITIES.

Reference to a few localities connected with this biographical sketch—given apart, so as not to break the narrative—may be deemed not undesirable.

The town of Liverpool, where McPherson was born, is situated on the South-east shore of the South-west part of Nova Scotia. It is about 100 miles from the capital of the Province, and at the entrance of the Liverpool river, which, with a small bay, or cove, seaward, forms its harbour. The town is long and narrow, with a rocky basis. Its principal street has, during summer, a pleasant, picturesque appearance, too often unprovided for, relative to the country towns of the province. The neat residences at each side have front areas, very agreeably embellished with flowering shrubs, and with chestnut, elm, lime, and other fine shade-trees. The society of the place is considered distinguished for intelligence and respectability,—and its

habits, at least in years of the past, were noted for steadiness, good order, and moral enterprise.

About twenty-five miles North-west of Liverpool, is the settlement of Brookfield, the poet's latter place of residence, where, chiefly, his sorrows and his joys were experienced, and where most of his poetry was written.

It is called the "Northern District of Queen's County." Early explorers of the wilderness found promising tracts of land in that direction,—and the first resident settler, William Burke, took up his abode there in the year . This "father of the district," as he was affectionately and respectfully called, appears to have been eminently qualified as pioneer, in a land which required resolution, patience, great industry, and abiding faith. The character ascribed to him by cotemporaries and their descendants, was that of an hospitable christian patriarch. His success caused several to imitate his laborious enterprise, and thus, slowly but steadily, the various settlements of "Pleasant River," "Caledonia," "Hibernia," and others, were founded. Though surrounded by granite barrens, the district had lakes, and streams, and woods, and wild meadows,—and many acres suitable for agricultural purposes, where patient toil might look forward to competence and comfort. To realize prosperity, however, serious difficulties had to be overcome. The first settlers found themselves without roads, carts, mills, or other usual aids to rural residence; they were separated by twenty-five miles of rugged wilderness, from the county town, while bears and other untamed denizens of the primeval forest, prowled about the "clearings." The people succeeded, however, winning lordship of the soil, not by the sword of maraud or chivalry, but by axe, spade and plough,—and the prayerful faith of peaceful heroism.

A monument to Mr. Burke's memory, evinces the grateful appreciation of those who profitted so extensively by his good example, his kind acts, and his wise counsel.

In this "Northern District," John McPherson grew from youth to manhood; and perhaps much extenuation of the appa-

rent neglect and harshness that pressed heavily on his mind, might be found in the difficulty which hard-handed conquerors of the wild would experience, in duly understanding the delicate lad, who, in such a locality dreamed of literary fame, and made versification a serious business of life. But, assuredly, the wise will value the elegant amenities, as well as the rude essentials of society;—and now that another generation has succeeded the men who toiled for lonely clearing and log-house, a monument to the poet, near that raised to the pioneer, would be a gracious tribute to the memory of a gifted son of the district, and an amiable and prudent acknowledgement of the claims of refinement and the higher civilization.

“Fairy Lake,” to which allusions appear in the poems, is about fifteen miles from head waters of the Liverpool river, and three below “Fairy Falls,” which also furnishes a theme for some verses. The lake has its designation from its Indian name, which includes the idea attached to the English word, Fairy, or Witch. The banks of the lake are strewn with rocks of comparatively soft material, on which are depicted, by a rude process of engraving, figures of ships, boats, men, and wild animals of the forest. The Indian legend ascribed these figures, which would seem so strangely fantastic in such a place, to the creatures of their imagination, as the English peasant, in old times, ascribed the richer tufts of herbage, which marked pastures or woodlands, and called them “fairy rings,”—circlets caused by the

“Elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead, the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth,
Wheels her pale course.”

Others, however, gave a more reasonable but still romantic solution of the picture-writing of the rocks. Many say that the French—when defeated at Port Royal, now Annapolis—retreated to the coast in this direction,—and that resting for awhile by the solitary lake, they inscribed those fanciful figures,

to wile away a time that had many sad realities for them, and to leave a memorial of their last wanderings in Acadia.

The Lily Lake mentioned in the poems, is a picturesque piece of water in the vicinity of which McPherson taught school for two years. It was so named by himself because of the magnificent white lilies which abounded in its creeks and shoals. The scenery, no doubt, was often enjoyed during,—

“The teacher’s pleasant walk from School,”

and his quiet figure may have frequently startled the cautious loon, from the sunny surface of the water:—

“I long to see yon lake resume
Its breeze-kiss’d azure crest,—
And hear the lonely wild-fowl boom,
Along its moon-lit breast.”

A comparative infrequency of vivid description of natural objects, in “New World” literature, may be accounted for by some local peculiarities. A country like Nova Scotia may have many features of solemn dignified picturesqueness, and beauty,—without presenting the salient points for poetry which “Old World” scenery affords. The battlemented castle, the ivy-mantled church,—the traditionary hall and grange,—have well-recognized claims on fancy and memory;—while the primeval forests of the West, the wood-embosomed lake,—the stream which lapses as it wills—brawling along the ravine, as it did when the Indian was the only poet of the Continent—are comparatively without the historic names and legends which impart a peculiar charm and a kind of personal identity to landscape. New world scenery, indeed, has fine capabilities even in reference to poetic elements,—but, for due effect, it requires to be treated on principles of rather a new school of descriptive poetry;—while old country parks, and lawns, and bowers, and hills, are hallowed by what may be called hereditary claims, and by ancestral song and picture.

PARTICULARS OF THE POEMS.

A few observations, relative to some particulars of McPherson's writings, may tend to increase their interest. A picture or a poem may have its value enhanced by direct association with the history of the painter or the poet.

One of his longest poems, was entitled "The Victim;" it was a somewhat disguised narrative of his own life. It is not comprised in this collection, in consequence of its over-querulous tone, and the severity of some of its personal reflections.

The verses now presented, evince, in many parts—besides exact appreciation, fine ear for melody, and an abiding moral sense—unusual identification with persons and localities familiar to the writer.

In the division, entitled "Love of Nature," the lines which are named "Walks in the Woods" are a free transcript of the poet's feelings during his favorite rambles, rather than any attempt at elaborate description or scene painting.

The scenery and associations of his daily life are exquisitely alluded to, in the much admired "Longings for Spring,"—and himself is the "teacher," whose "pleasant walk from School," so much required more genial airs than those of declining winter.

The "Domestic and Social" poems, abound in breathings of his sympathies and experience. To the manuscript of the "Beautiful is Fading," is appended, by his own hand, the remark, "Himself dying." What pathos does the piece derive from the circumstance. How different would the lines appear, as a mere fancy sketch, compared with their character as the expression of sad realities of the time being.

The "Personal," relate, almost exclusively, to particular scenes and incidents and associations of the writer's history.

The lines entitled "Sunshine and Shade" were composed on the occasion of his receiving a pecuniary tribute of respect from Halifax friends.

The poem, however, to which reference in this place would be more particularly made, is that entitled "Pleadings for Return."

The poet's dark and bright moods may be supposed amply illustrated in his verse,—but his most dark may require the passing illustration which the lines just mentioned afford.

If a memoir were to be a eulogy, such references might be altogether suppressed,—but if it should be a true mental portraiture, a candid dealing with readers, and a faithful chapter of human life, supplying warning as well as example, then the more painful phases have to be noticed,—yet not so as to unduly preponderate, or to make the warning of morbid, rather than of healthy, character.

Many gifted minds, not well balanced, not kept under due control, or constitutionally eccentric or excitable, have at particular junctures, experienced what half-frenzied emotions signify,—when reason felt the sceptre almost dropping from its grasp, and maintained some command by agonizing efforts; or regained its sway after a blighting civil war within the breast.

During a paroxysm, induced by very delicate health, and torturing circumstances, McPherson lost his self-command,—and his wild conduct caused his wife to seek temporary shelter under her father's roof. While there he sent her a copy of the verses mentioned. The wailing deprecation of these, the earnest humble entreaty, the kindly allusions, serve at once to exhibit his better qualities, and the distressing aberration to which he had been subject.

The lines were intended to explain his own view of the occurrence, and to be so used if thought desirable.

In this melancholy effusion, the tenderness, and high moral perceptions, of the deeply-trying man, gleam out from surrounding gloom, as moon-beams from the murky clouds of a tempestuous midnight. In the lines are perceptible, more fine instinctive use of appropriate poetic language, under the form of melodious metre, than are to be found in some voluminous collections called poetry. The composition is curious as well as characteristic, in exhibiting the workings of an ingenious and gifted mind under extremely painful circumstances. What a contrast, also, does the mood under which it was called for, afford, to that of the

lines addressed to the same person under very different circumstances. This will strongly appear by reference to verses inscribed to "Ianthe," to "Irene," or those entitled "To my Wife," "To my Sick Wife," and others, in which the prevailing tone of the poet's mind respecting one who had numerous claims on his affection and esteem, is vividly expressed.

In many parts of the verse designated "Devotional and Reflective" the personal interest is prominent.

In the dulcet lines, entitled "Dying in Spring," which are found among the "Occasional Poems," and whose cadences may be said to undulate as melodiously as waves of air from an Eolian harp,—personal allusion is attached similar to that mentioned of "The Beautiful is Fading." In a letter previously quoted from, the poor poet says: "I have no strength to copy verses now, and have no amanuensis;—I send you a corrected copy of 'Dying in Spring,' and will try hard to have more soon."

During a visit to Halifax, McPherson and a friend paused in an afternoon ramble, to observe a party of boys who were engaged sailing their miniature sloops and schooners in a pond near the Horticultural gardens. The poet was challenged to compose some lines on the occasion, but quietly declined. The verses entitled "Pastime," however, were found among his manuscripts, evidently having as a theme, that scene of youthful skill and gaiety.

Several other allusions, similar to the foregoing, might be suggested by the poems, but these may suffice, as intimating the personal association that prevails, and the interest to which it may minister.

POETRY.

A few thoughts on Poetry in the abstract, may be considered appropriate in a preface to a book of poems. Notwithstanding the vagueness which some consider characteristic of the department,—that which has distinct existence has distinct characteristics, and these discovered and stated, give definition. We

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may, therefore, presume to enquire, very briefly, What is Poetry?—What are its most suitable themes?—What should be its objects? Searching for poetry, then, as endorsed by competent judges, we may ascertain where the article is,—and then, by analysis, what it is. Pursuing this course, may we not arrive at the conclusion, that Poetry consists of the essentials of strong, just thought,—aided by fervid, well-regulated imagination,—and expressed in appropriate, and for the most part, musical, language. By the essentials of thought we understand, those latent constituents of idea and emotion, which, when duly exhibited, make sublime and mysterious themes familiar, and minute and common place, interesting. Thus, one discourses, eloquently, of a daisy and a field-mouse,—and another brings to the hearth and the window-sill, glowing thoughts of Pandemonium, Paradise and Heaven.

The themes of poetry, surely, are those numerous subjects deserving of eloquent thoughts and melodious words, which appeal to the fancy, the affections, the emotions.

The true objects of poetry, doubtless, are, to arouse, to soothe, to please and to improve. Accordingly, in the better works of writers alluded to, we find a material and a moral beauty, hand in hand. Milton paints with equal force, the garden planted by the Lord, the strife of angels, and the triumph of pious fidelity. Shakspeare, in his purer moods, makes his virtues walk the scene, as vividly as do his ladies and knights. Burns, when under the best influence of his muse, teaches charity and piety, while singing of hill-sides and cottage-hearths;—and Cowper interweaves gracious sympathies with summer rambles and winter-evening enjoyments. One or two of those writers, unfortunately, descended at times, from the moral eminence;—but the general tenor of the higher products of fine art, is to demonstrate that an intimate union should subsist between beauty and usefulness,—and that the sacred office of the artist, is rightly considered, only when his desire to improve is as governing as his wish to please.

McPherson's verse, we presume, will bear the more severe

test. His thoughts are new and just,—his words appropriate,—his rhythm melodious;—he treats of external nature, and of the inner life of the home and the heart;—his aspirations tend to purify and exalt the reader.

A critical remark has been made, to the effect, that the true poet does not seek themes of distant and general interest, and of majestic character,—so much as those to which he has a near relation, and of which he knows more and cares more than most others; and that he evinces peculiar perception of the beauty in familiar objects which lie about his path. No doubt the mere rhymers, and the true poet, are often distinguished,—by the straining after grand effects in the one case, and in the other, by the keen appreciation of beauty and interest as discoverable in the more simple and comparatively humble subjects. We should recollect, however, that there is an order of intellect that instinctively aspires to the “heaven of heavens” of poetic effort,—as well as another which is most efficient in those nearer topics, that, while of earth, properly direct and lead to heaven. McPherson had, evidently, the sympathies which distinguish the latter class. He seldom attempted the distant and obscure; the flowers of the locality, the stars seen from his cottage window, the friends of his counsel,—the pleasures and pains of his lot, the fears and hopes which excited his own breast, suggest much more frequently topics of his verse, and are treated with much more clearness, freedom and effect, than abstract themes.

The originality of McPherson's poems may be judged by taking some of his themes and considering how similar subjects would have been worked out by other writers, or how the reader himself might be inclined to treat them. Take for instance “Walks in the Woods”: What sun-glimpse and broad-shade, and green vista, and shut-in nooks, and figures of deer and bird and woodman, would be suggested to most minds by the theme;—and then see, for better or worse is not the question, how McPherson has treated it. What simple and delicate allusions he makes to the more unobtrusive particulars of the scene; to the flowers by the alder-shaded brooks, which smile up to the

meditative man;—to the eternal bowers which the forest groves typify; and to the features of social and domestic life, which generally obtain from him more than a passing tribute, whatever the immediate topic may be.

His writings, as elsewhere intimated, illustrate, to an unusual degree, the mood of the writer at the moment. They are simple heart expressions, rather than ideal creations elaborated by means of imagination and rhetoric. His verse, in many parts, may appear deficient in that fascinating kind of description known by the term "Word Painting," but it abounds in picturesque suggestion, illustrative of kindly sympathies and moral or religious aspirations.

He pined for more cheerful circumstances, for domestic comfort and quiet, for judicious and friendly advice, and for educational opportunities,—believing that with these, his writings would be much more worthy of the public regard. Several of his poems were composed during indisposition, and while harassed by fears of want, and by tantalizing memories of hopes deferred, and of plans which had but very unsubstantial foundation.

In preparing this brief biographical sketch, the presumption was, not that its subject was very greatly exalted above his fellows, and that therefore some public record of his life was demanded,—but that he had claims on the memory of Nova Scotia, as one who wrote much under the hope that he was earning the title, "Bard of Acadia," and whose writings have been to a good degree, acknowledged as giving right to that distinction; also, that in the comparative sadness and isolation, and yet achievements of his experience, there were several points to interest and instruct. A great writer has said,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

and poor McPherson's story had many touches of nature. The history of one heart, having peculiar instincts and aspirations, has interest for every other well constituted heart; the subject of this memoir had a path very distinct from the common walks

of life,—his ambitions were those of Poetry, Education, and kindred subjects. He experienced, with the sensitiveness of an enthusiast, literary delight, worldly despair, supernal hope; he indulged ardent and constant affections; he cultivated sound principles perseveringly,—and, therefore, as has been intimated, a few pages telling what he was, and how he lived, may be deemed an appropriate accompaniment to the better memoir of his own poetry.

ARRANGEMENT AND OBJECTS.

The Editor has taken the liberty of arranging the Poems in different classes, supposing such a mode conducive to perspicuity and interest. He has, also, for the same reason, divided them into two Parts. The first Part, containing three of the classes, includes those more immediately illustrative of the life, residence, and society of the Poet;—the other Part, also of three classes, comprise the poems of more general character and reference.

The arrangement was not without considerable difficulty, in consequence of the state of much of the copy, and because thoughts appropriate to various titles were found in single poems. The principal characteristic, however, is taken, without too careful reference to coincidence or uniformity.

A chief source of gratification derived from being instrumental in publishing the verses, is the belief in the mental pleasure and moral profit that will arise therefrom. Another source is, the consciousness that the publication is the fulfilment of some of the last earthly wishes of the departing poet;—and certainly another may be found in the realization of the long-deferred but never relinquished hope of the “Irene” of the volume, one so faithful to old memories and duties.

A collection of comparatively brief articles on various subjects, may be of interest and usefulness in its way, and for leisure moments,—as is the more pretending and important work for more severe study. The latter may be a mentor for counsel and guidance; the former, a more equal companion,

with some claims also, as a means of valuable improvement. With such view, the volume is respectfully commended to that Public which formed the poet's world; which was to him such an object of solicitude, and on which rested so many of his cherished earthly hopes.

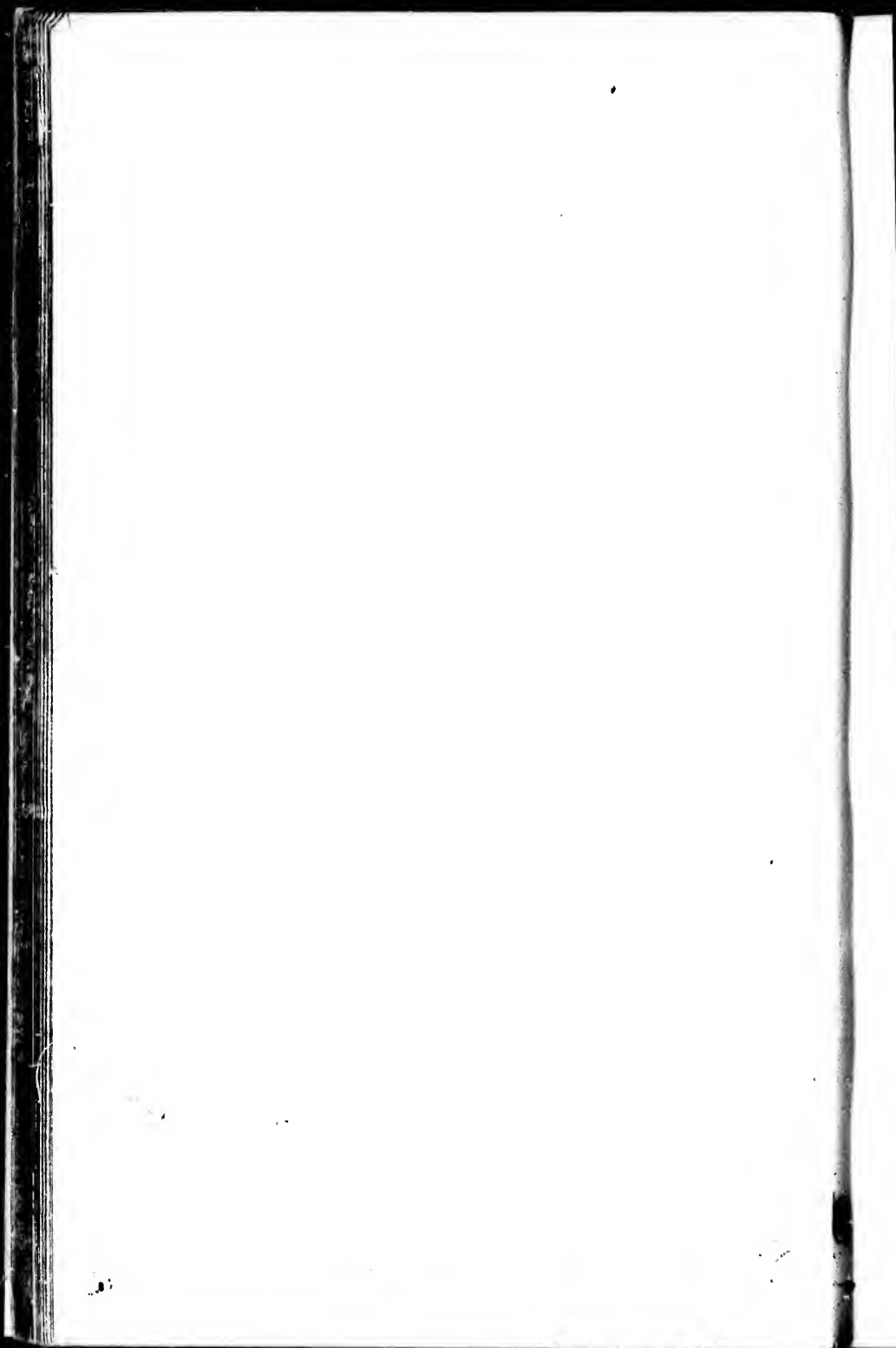
Introductory to the poet's own portraiture of his mind, in his verse, and as a means of enhancing the pleasure with which his poems will be read,—a glance may be taken at the man, as he appeared more than seventeen years ago. John McPherson was of delicate frame,—with cast of countenance, mild, sad, and thoughtful. His general manner was that of one not inquisitive or curious,—but rather abstracted, and influenced by some prevailing mood, or some recollected or imagined objects.—Like the ancient minstrel, he was evidently well pleased at due opportunity for repeating his compositions to an attentive circle. He appeared to much advantage, seated by the friendly fire-side, the seniors of his audience kindly sympathetic, the juniors attracted and observant. So circumstanced, he gave delightful proof of the heartiness and good faith of his poetic feelings,—repeating verse after verse, with deliberation, clearness, and quaint musical cadence,—and accompanying the recitation with illustrating comments, marked by simplicity and good taste. At such times a cheerful serenity would be imparted to the poet himself,—and a kind of old-world romantic charm, to the evening hour.

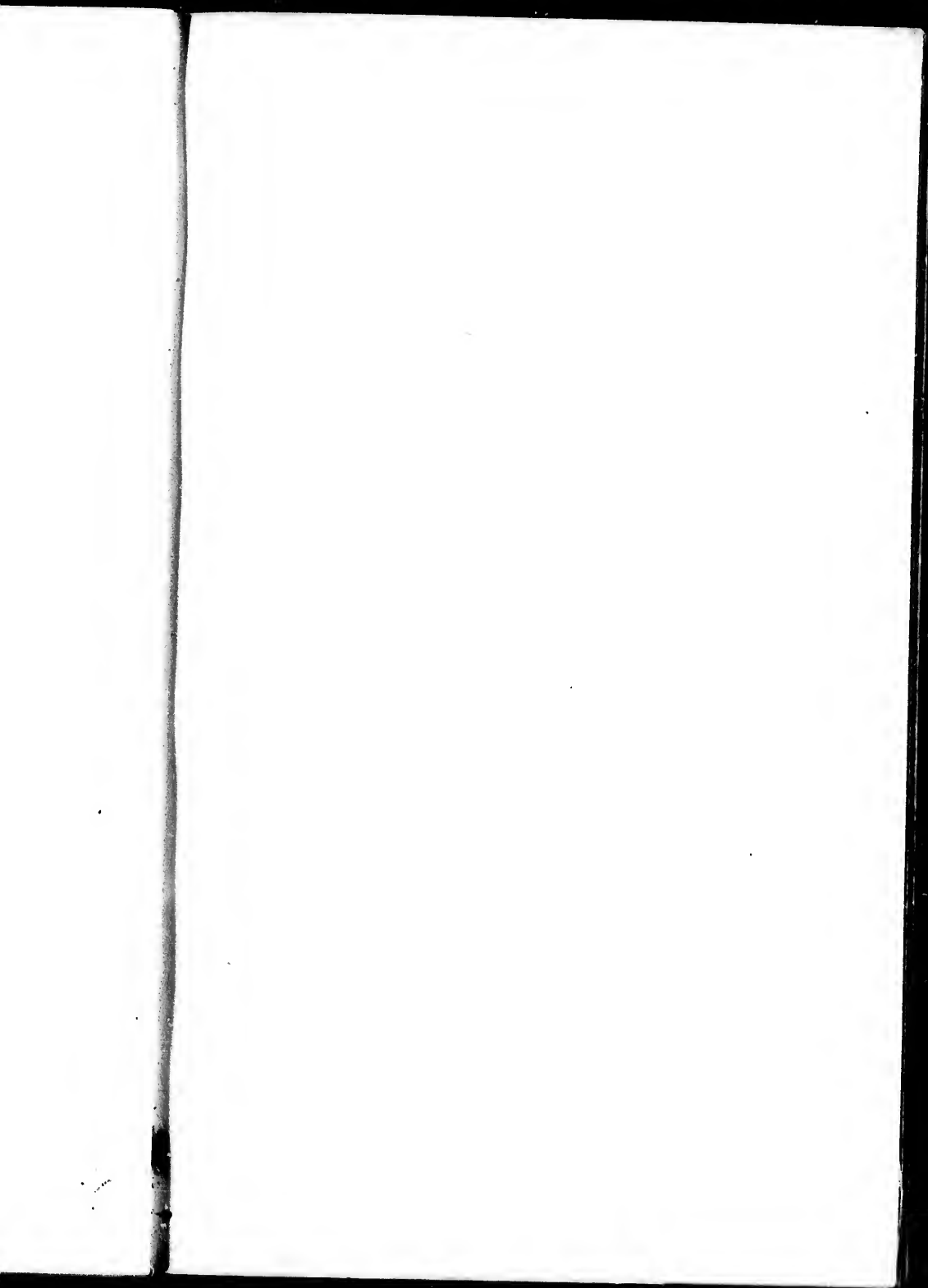
In the brief memoir now presented, are some intimations of McPherson's life and character,—let his poems be opened with some of the better sympathies which dictated them. They surely invite kind and friendly, rather than critical, audience;—they address those, chiefly, who are willing to be pleased with praiseworthy effort,—and to be improved by the more gentle wisdom, that should ever accompany, and may so materially enhance the value of, pastoral melody and picture.

July, 1862.

* J. S. T. McPherson

* Father of Sir John Thompson





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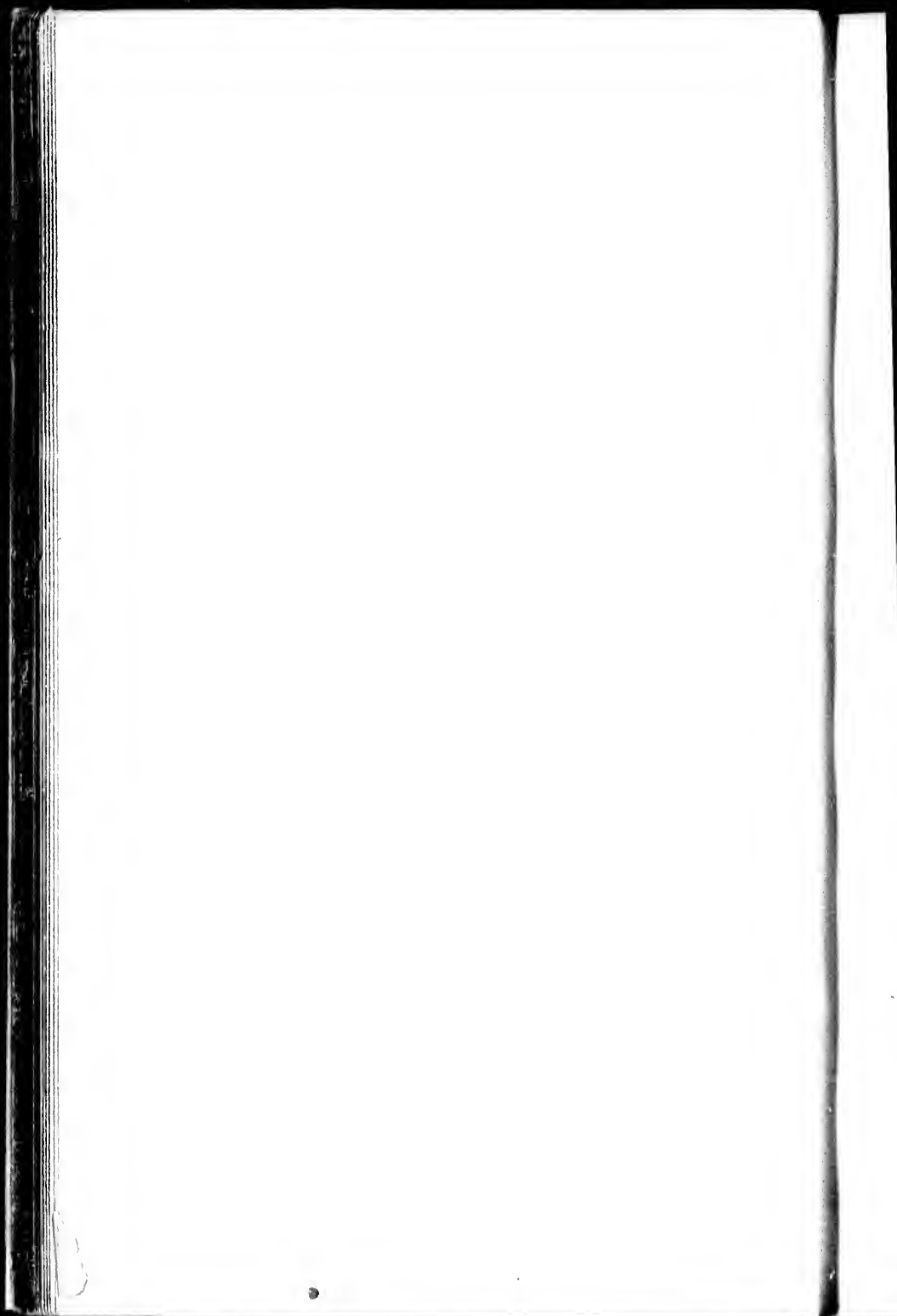
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PART I.

INCLUDING SECTIONS ENTITLED:

“LOVE OF NATURE,”

“DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL,”

“PERSONAL.”

"For I have loved the rural walk, through lanes
Of grassy swarth."

"Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence and peace, and mutual aid."

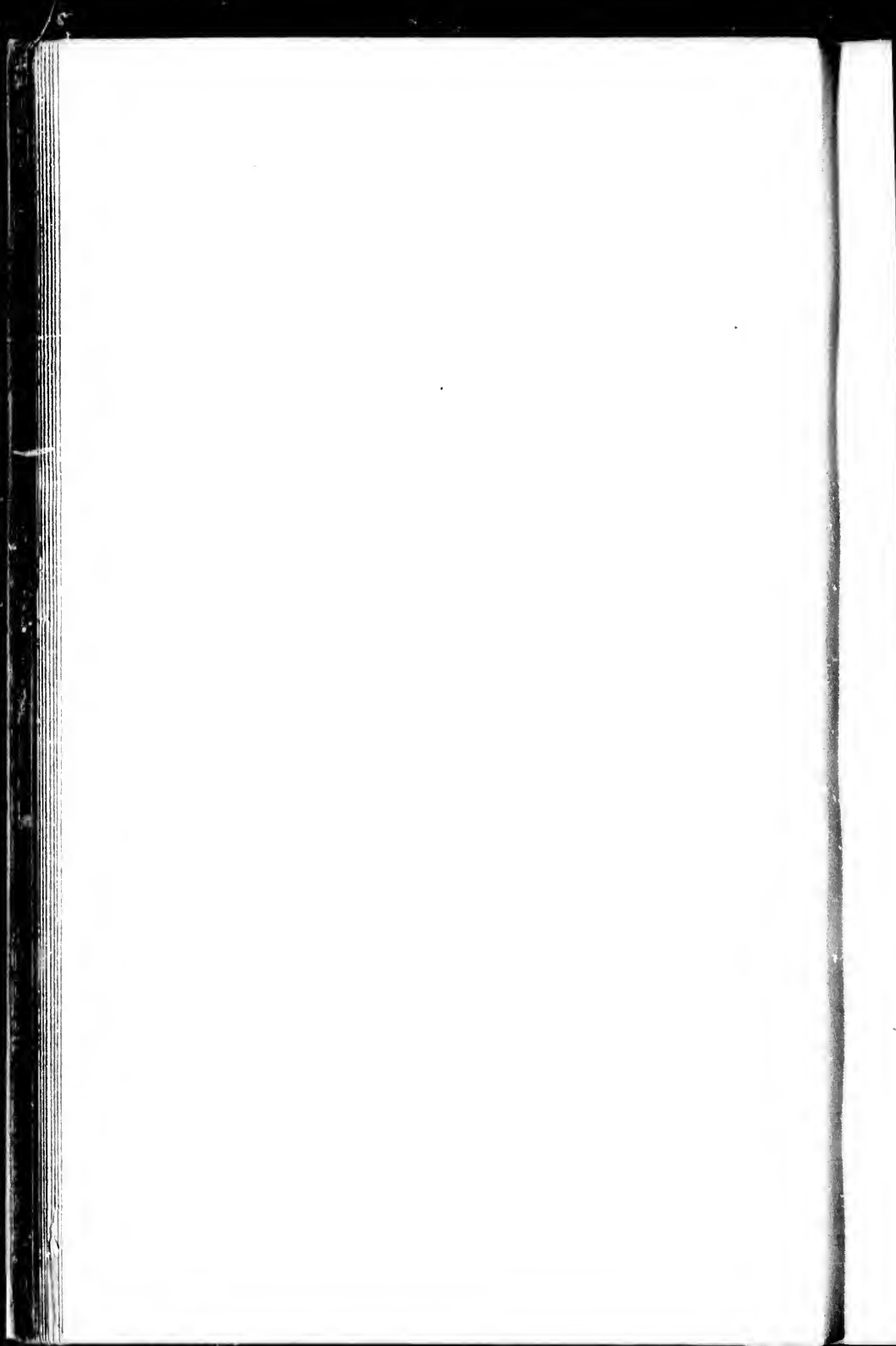
"Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too."

LOVE OF NATURE.

By the phrase "Love of Nature," as used to designate a collection of verses, we understand, Love of Natural Scenery: appreciation and admiration of landscape,—or of particular appearances of natural objects. This sympathy, in verse, is of different orders and degrees of manifestation. With some it amounts to an excitement, a passion;—with others to a pleasing consciousness merely;—and with others neither the pleasure nor the consciousness is more than dimly recognized. Some again are deeply attracted by the glimmer of the evening star,—by the moon walking in brightness,—by an umbrageous tree, or a blooming flower,—who fail to appreciate, except languidly and vaguely, the charms of wood-land, lake, and varied field, as spread out in combination and perspective;—while others, with a sense of design, of composition, of the higher claims of outline, light and shade, and colour,—luxuriate in the landscape, with but comparatively feeble taste for the isolated beauty of detached parts.

The aggregate and the particular appreciation, the high and the low degree, of the elegant sense of natural picture, might be illustrated by quotations from much-lauded poets;—some exhibiting exquisite instincts relative to the essentials of graphic force and beauty;—and some, of equal ability in other departments of verse,—feeble, vague, and dull, in attempts at translating scenery into words.

The poems which follow may not be of the more comprehensive order of word-painting; but neither are they of the vague class. They belong rather to the minute and suggestive, than to the grand and definite; but they evince fine susceptibilities and good taste;—they contain just thought, appropriately expressed, and in many parts, might compare more than favorably, with pictorial efforts of some widely celebrated pens.



POEMS.

WALKS IN THE WOODS.—No. 1.

(Note 1.)

The simple flowers of budding May,—
In simple charms arrayed !
Yet love I passing well to stray
Where they adorn the glade.
O'er sunward slopes in forest nooks,
O'er meadows green and gay,
And down by alder-shaded brooks
That murmur on their way.

They smile up to my human face
With quiet looks of love,
And bless my spirit with the grace
Of sweet thoughts from above.
They are of heaven—those lovely flowers
That lend the earth their dyes
To type the beauty of the bowers
Eternal—in the skies.

Much hath he lacked—the lonely man
Who hath not turned to flowers
For solace in the trial-span
Of weary, vexed hours.
Much hath he lacked who hath not strayed
In spring time to behold,
The Mayflower in the wildwood shade,
The violet and the gold.

The snow-drop sweetly less than these,
Comes in the same glad time,
To woo the first adventurous bees
That try Acadia's clime.
But, though so small and frail a thing,
It hath a mystic voice,
An odorous Eden-scented wing,
That bid the world rejoice.

Go forth, O man! at sunny morn,
Bright noon or sunset eve,
That flowers may make thee less forlorn
And less inclined to grieve.
And if the simplest forest gem
Can wake no heartfelt tone,
I deem thee poor with diadem
And proud Imperial throne.

For me—a bard—the love of flowers
Is deep within my soul,
And blooms in dark desponding hours,
To make my spirit whole.

It dwells among the thousand things
I hoard with miser care,
And fans my fevered brow with wings
Refreshed in Heaven's own air.

What marvel if I prize them, then,
And love o'erwell to stray
Beside the brooklet in the glen
From noon till eve in May?
The bondsman hath his truant hours,
I, who am free, have mine,
And give them wings where wildwood flowers
Make earth a holy shrine.

O teach the young—the whole of heart—
To nurse the love of flowers,
Or cultured by the pride of Art,
Or found in forest bowers,—
Not for their loveliness alone,
Their influence on the air,
But for the deep inbreathing tone
With which they soothe our care.

WALKS IN THE WOODS.—No. II.

I come, ye lovely wild-wood groves,
Where placid contemplation roves
And breathes untroubled air;
I come to woo your genial sweets,
To wander in your green retreats,
And lose the sense of care.

I turn to you from human guile
 That wears the mask of friendship's smile—
 I turn from human ways,—
 Because man's dark self-seeking fills
 His fairest, happiest haunts with ills
 That should not cloud his days.

Unformed to brook the vulgar strife,
 And heartlessness of worldly life,
 I court your silent gloom—
 Where Thought may nurse, without annoy,
 The soothing sense of native joy—
 The soul's inherent bloom.

Receive me to your fostering arms—
 Surround me with your varied charms
 Of birds and streams and flowers ;
 And bless me with the sweet repose
 That crowns the simple thoughts of those
 Who love your leafy bowers.

Here, in the ancient forest maze,
 Remote from Mammon's specious ways,
 And wandering at my will,
 Herbs, flowers, and trees, shall be my friends,
 And birds and streamlets make amends
 For much of earthly ill.

Yet, give me here a kindred tie—
 Affection's sympathetic eye,
 And kind consoling tone ;

For though the multitude are cold,
And anxious most for sordid gold,
I would not live alone.

The heart—the heart is human still,
And yearns for trusting love to fill
Its frequent, aching void ;
Unless partaken with our kind,
The sweetest joys of sense and mind
Are not enough enjoyed.

Then will I seek, repose from strife,
The tender ministries of life,
And Peace, the timid Dove,
In one still calm, one dear retreat,
The circle of my cottage sweet—
The home of wedded love.

SEQUEL TO WALKS IN THE WOODS.

In yon low cot far down the dell,
My babe and my babe's mother dwell
Aloof from life's annoy,
And I will nurse my minstrel soul,
And keep its healthful feelings whole
In their calm heaven of Joy.

That mother's smile—that infant's voice
 So make my inmost heart rejoice,
 So cheer where wealth is not,
 That I might doff a diadem,
 Its pride of glittering gold and gem,
 To share their humble lot.

But am I not a monarch now?
 Behold the crown is on my brow—
 The crown that love has wrought—
 “In outward aspect still serene,—
 And glittering inly with the sheen
 Of gladdening, golden thought.”

MORN.

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.”—GRAY.

(2.)

What a blessing comes with the quick fresh breeze
 That wakes with the summer morn,
 To toy with the leaves of the forest trees,
 And the poor man's smiling corn.
 It has soft wings for the youthful cheek
 Grown pale o'er “the midnight oil”;
 It has whispered hope for the worn and weak,
 And strength for the man of toil.

I remember well in the time of Spring,
After months of pain and care,
How my heart came back, and my soul took wing,
At the touch of the balmy air !
The sun shone bright, and I caught his light,
Through a lattice of young leaves near,
While the sounds of birds and of flocks and herds,
Fell sweet on my charmed ear.

I remember, too, that the cheek's pale cast
Gave place to the rose's dye,
And my limbs grew strong, as in young days past,
'Neath the smile of the Summer sky ;
Then, the world looked bright with a new sweet light
Which seemed of another sphere,
And my mind was fraught with the high-toned thought
To the soul of the minstrel dear.

Sweet scenes ! what a world of pleasant sights,
And of cheerful sounds are thine !
How formed for supernal calm delights !
How meet for the poor man's shrine !
Glad eyes look up from the violet's cup,
Like the gems of an eastern bride ;
Gay glances flash where the waters dash
And sing on the green hill side.

Arise from thy bed of down, Proud Wealth,
Arouse from the chamber dim,

And seek for the rapture of moral health,
While the wild birds chant their hymn.
Arouse from the mad debauch, weak youth,
From degrading wassail roar,
And, baring thy brow to the breeze's truth,
Return to thy cup no more.

Arouse from the pillow moist with tears,
Fair maid of the beauteous brow,
And scatter the load of thy loving fears
To the wings of the soft winds now.
Instead of curtained and lonely room,
See thy favorite birds and bowers ;
May thy pale sad face soon outvie the bloom
Of thine own love-tender flowers.

TWILIGHT.

(3.)

When fades the glorious light of day,
And twilight's gentle lights descend,
From human haunts I love to stray,
Alone the tranquil hour to spend.
O'er hill and dale, by grove and stream,
Or near the sea-beat shore I go—
And, gazing on the parting gleam,
Recall my hours of joy and woe.

As that last look of daylight dies,
 So passed the light of youth away,—
 And like the gloom that round me lies
 Is that which clouds my later day.
 My earth-born hopes have been in vain,
 Though long their trembling light was dear ;
 My transient joys have closed in pain,
 And love has left me darkling here.

Yet come there in this holy hour,
 Deep spells that bid my sorrows cease—
 Pure thoughts that heavenly comfort pour,
 And yield the soothing balm of peace.
 The few I loved I see no more—
 Yet comes there to my soul a voice,
 Which says, when this dim life is o'er,
 The lov'd may all rejoice.

EVENING.

(4.)

The task is done,—the sun, who set
 With glory round him rolled,
 Arrays the far horizon yet
 With purple and with gold :
 But twilight fades and starlit eve
 Brings on the silent hours,
 That yield their calm and sweet reprieve
 To life's exhausted powers.

Now, wearied with the world's cold ways,
The rich man seeks his hall,
To taste the quiet that repays
The ills that come to all ;
While, resting from his daily cares,
Beneath his cottage-dome,
The humblest son of Labour shares
The dear delights of home.

Now heart goes out to loving heart,
And mind to kindred mind,
Where'er content and peace impart
The smiles that bless our kind.
While from the world-enlightening Truth
Of Wisdom's various page,
We gather mental light for youth,
And sweet repose for Age.

NIGHT.

"How beautiful is night!"—SOUTHEY.

Earth ! thou art beautiful when Night
Her mystic mantle o'er thee throws,
And in the soft and silvery light
The dim and shadowy things repose !
As beautiful as when by day
The sun displays his burning ray.

No living thing appears—no sound
 To break the solemn spell is heard.
 So deep the silence, so profound,
 The summer leaves are scarcely stir'd.
 The calm untroubled prospect seems
 Like those we sometimes see in dreams.

My spirit with the still night hour
 Holds sweet communion—and I feel
 Its star-born, pure, mysterious power
 Like holy rapture o'er me steal.
 Though sunk in worldly cares by day,
 By night she soars from earth away.

Day is the glorious—it may be
 Bright with the sun's empyreal blaze—
 The heavens from clouds and darkness free ;
 But Night—the moon's undazzling rays—
 The stars, the shades, the silence—all
 Hold the full soul in deeper thrall !

Night is a Spirit ! From her throne
 To man she wondrous knowledge shows ;
 She makes what day denies us, known,
 And pure poetic fire bestows.
 The Hebrew worshipped in her shrine
 And felt her influence divine !

Yes,—learn of Night—the Sybil, Night !
 Read well her vast ethereal scroll,

Illumined by her orbs of light
 Around unnumbered worlds may roll !
 Yes, learn of Night—her lore sublime
 May help thee Heaven itself to climb !

LONGINGS FOR SPRING.

(5.)

I long for Spring—enchancing Spring,
 Her sunshine and soft airs,—
 That bless the fevered brow, and bring
 Sweet thoughts to soothe her cares.
 I long for all her dear delights,
 Her bright green forest bowers ;
 Her world of cheerful sounds and sights,
 Her song-birds and her flowers.

Even while the brumal king maintains
 His reign of death and gloom,
 How much of solid good remains
 To mitigate his doom.
 Sweet then, to taste the well-earned cheer
 When day's dull toil is o'er,
 And sit among Our Own, and hear,
 The elemental roar.

Then, when the snow, drifts o'er the moor,
 And drowns the traveller's cry,

The charities of poor to poor
Go sweetly up on high ;
Then, while the mighty winds accord
With Mind's eternal Lyre,
Our trembling hearts confess the Lord,
Who touched our lips with fire.

Yet give me Spring, inspiring Spring,
The season of our trust,—
That comes like heavenly hope, to bring,
New life to slumbering dust ;
Restore, from Winter's stormy shocks,
The singing of the birds,
The bleating of the yeaned flocks,
The lowing of the herds.

I long to see the grass spring up,—
The first green corn appear,—
The violet ope its azure cup,
And shed its glistening tear.
My cheek is wan with stern disease,
My soul oppressed with care ;
And, anxious for a moment's ease,
I sigh for sun and air.

I long to see the ice give way,
The streams begin to flow ;—
And some benignant, vernal day,
Disperse the latest snow.

I long to see yon lake resume
 Its breeze-kiss'd azure crest,
 And hear the lonely wild fowl boom
 Along its moon-lit breast.

Oh, I remember one still night,
 That bless'd the world of yore,—
 A fair maid with an eye of light,
 Was with me on that shore.
 I look upon the same calm brow,
 But sweeter feelings throng,—
 She, wedded, sits beside me now,
 And smiles upon my song.

The Robin has returned again,
 And rests his wearied wing,
 But makes no music in the glen,
 Where he was wont to sing.
 The Black bird chants no jocund strain;
 The tiny wild-wood throng,
 Still of the searching blast complain
 But make no joyful song.

The ploughman cheering on his team,
 At morning's golden prime,—
 The milk-maid singing of her dream,
 At tranquil evening time,—
 The shrill frog piping from the pool,—
 The swallow's twittering cry,—
 The teacher's pleasant walk from school,
 Require a kinder sky.

Oh! month of many smiles and tears,
Return with those bright flowers,
That come like light, from Astral spheres,
To glad Acadia's bowers!
Young children go not forth to play,—
Life hath small voice of glee,
'Till thy sweet smiles, oh genial May!
Bring back the murmuring bee.

VOICE OF SPRING.

Joy in the laughing vallies,
Joy in the mountain glen—
Wherever Nature rallies
And springs to life again.

Stern Winter's blasts are dying
O'er forest, field and stream,
And balmy winds are sighing
Beneath the vernal beam.

Bright flowers are gaily springing
On meadow, hill and lea,
And birds, glad birds are singing
Their wild notes full and free.

The waters brightly glowing,
 From icy fetters freed,
 With murmur'd strains are flowing
 Through many a flow'ry mead.

Away with undue sadness ;—
 Let every bosom turn,
 To sing with Nature's gladness
 A song for Spring's return.

Joy in the laughing vallies,
 Joy in the mountain glen—
 Wherever Nature rallies
 And springs to life again.

SPRING.

A HEBREW MELODY.

“FOR, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”—*Solomon's Song*, Chap. ii. Verse 11, 12.

The glance of heaven hath chased the gloom
 Of Winter's sterner sway ;
 The mountains smile, the vales resume
 Glad Nature's green array.

Sweet sounds of re-awakening mirth
Borne on the South wind's wing,
And bright things bursting into birth
Declare the enchantress, Spring.

The singing of the little birds,
The turtle's melting voice,
The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
Bid Judah's sons rejoice.

Then, O, like these, no longer mute,
Awake the tribute dear ;
Bring forth the timbrel and the lute,
And hail the opening year.

Shall we forego the pleasing theme ?
Shall we be silent long,
When hill and dale and gushing streams
Are jubilant with song ?

No, Hebrews, be the duty ours
To bid glad echoes leap
From favored Salem's holy towers
To Judah's farthest steep.

Rejoice, for these salubrious skies,
These tender stems and flowers,
Like love's pure light in youthful eyes,
Betoken happy hours.

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Rejoice, for e'en the winged air,
The green and flowery sward,
Are grateful for the smiling care,
And kindness of the Lord.

O, let His awful Praise impart
Its power to every voice,
Great gladness bound from every heart,
And every soul rejoice.

MAY.

I love thee, pleasant Month of May,
Because thy genial wing
Is gladdened by the first bright ray
That wakes Acadia's spring.
I love thy soft reviving breeze—
Thy tender grass—thy budding trees—
Thy birds that gaily sing ;
But most the sweet yet simple flowers
That first illumine thy wildwood bowers.

These emanations from above
That make our earth so fair—
These tokens of the tender love
That make all-made Its care—

Come oft like soft wings from the skies
 To waft us sweet unearthly sighs
 And purify our air,—
 To calm the spirit's weary mood,
 And leave the wayward heart subdued.

The school-girl binds them on her brow
 Wit'h fond yet artless care ;
 My gentle favourite wears them now
 To deck her silken hair :
 I love them, for they look like youth,
 And breathe of innocence and truth,
 And scenes exceeding fair ;
 I love them, for they yield a voice
 That bids my feeble heart rejoice,

I love to seek them on the heath
 At day's most balmy hour,
 And weave a sweet, a dewy wreath
 Ianthe ! for thy bower ;
 I feel as pleased and calm and blessed
 When I have placed upon thy breast
 The tribute of a flower,
 As while in childish years we strayed
 With glad hearts o'er the sunny glade.

Sweet Firstlings of Acadia's hope—
 Ye sometimes meet the blast
 On some warm southern wood-side slope
 Among the fallen "mast";— (6.)

Why smile ye in a time so drear,
If not to tell our hearts-of-fear
That Mercy yet will last?—
That light shall shine and beauty bloom
Like ye, above, the Mayflower's tomb!

WILD FLOWERS.

Though gay exotics reared with care
May please a cultured taste,
Give me the flowers the vallies bear—
The wildlings of the waste.

These, nursed in Flora's native bowers—
On earth's uncultured sward,
Come to this northern land of ours
All smiling from the Lord.

But one, our Country's Emblem dear,
The lovely flower of May,
Springs in the wild our hearts to cheer
While vernal suns delay!

I love its amaranthine leaf,
I love its simple bloom;
It whispers, "*Hope!*"—and counsels Grief
To look beyond the tomb.

It breathes of some untroubled scene—
 Some land divinely fair;
 Of skies ineffably serene—
 Of pure immortal air!

THE MAY-FLOWER.

Sweet child of many an April shower,
 First gift of Spring to Flora's bower,
 Acadia's own peculiar flower,
 I hail thee here!
 Thou com'st, like Hope in sorrow's hour,
 To whisper cheer.

I love to stray with careless feet,
 Thy balm on morning breeze to meet—
 Thy earliest opening bloom to greet—
 To take thy stem,
 And bear thee to my lady sweet,
 Thou lovely gem.

What though green mosses o'er thee steal,
 And half thy lovely form conceal—
 Though but thy fragrant breath reveal
 Thy place of birth—
 Gladly we own thy mute appeal,
 Of modest worth!

Thy charms so pure a spell impart,
 Thy softening smiles so touch my heart,
 That silent tears of rapture start,
 Sweet flower of May!
 E'en while I sing, devoid of art,
 This simple lay.

Yet thou, like many a gentle maid,
 In beauty's radiant bloom arrayed,
 O'er whom, in early youth decayed,
 We breathe the sigh,—
 E'en thou art doomed, the lov'd, to fade—
 The lov'd to die!

SUMMER IS COMING.

Sweet music is springing
 O'er valley and hill—
 The red breast is singing
 Beside the free rill.

The wild bee is humming
 Among the sweet flowers;
 Bright Summer is coming,
 And gladness is ours!

Lo! Summer is illuming
 The forest with green;
 And blossoms are blooming
 In old sylvan scene.

SUMMER MORNING.

Sweet Summer Morn ! how cheering,
How beautiful thou art !
How like a bride appearing
To glad her bridegroom's heart !

To those who greet thee duly
Thy genial dew appears
As exquisitely pearly
As Rapture's sparkling tears.

The radiance of the flowers
That ope to meet thy smile,
Might bless the fadeless bowers
Of an Elysian Isle.

Thy friendly light hath found them
Amid their green retreats,
Presenting all around them
A Paradise of sweets.

While fairy beings, hasting,
With low sounds, o'er the lea,
Are delicately tasting
The nectared tribute free.

Sweet Summer Morn ! thy features
Bid every thing rejoice,
And man, of all Heaven's creatures,
Lift up his spirit voice.

Thine Orb of wondrous brightness
Is as a glorious eye,
And Zephyr in his lightness
A yearning bosom's sigh.

The vermil dye arraying
Thy glad etherial way,
Is like the blush betraying:
What loving lips would say.

The chrystal waters gushing
Beneath thy golden beam,
Make music like the rushing
Of soft wings in a dream.

The choral matins ringing
From meadow hill and lea,
Is Nature's pulse upspringing
In pure ecstastic glee.

Sweet Summer Morn ! how cheering,
How beautiful thou art !
How like a bride appearing
To glad her bridegroom's heart !

AUTUMN.

There hath been frost,—the forest wears
A thousand gorgeous hues,
Affording man, amidst his cares,
A feast of pleasing views.
The hills present a rainbow sheen
Of every radiant dye ;
The vales, the dark relieving green,
So grateful to the eye.
But these are withering, day by day,
Before the north wind's breath ;
So this world's glory fades away !—
So bright things bow to death !
A fitful sound of spectral wings
Is heard in all our bowers ;
It is the dirge that nature sings
Above her faded flowers.
She sits in gloom—her beauty fled—
Her glory gone—and grieves,
Like love beside the early dead,
Among her falling leaves.

Since earth came smiling from her source,
She, like a summer day,
Has seen but one unchanging course
Of progress and decay !
Yet this is but the mystic art,
That wisdom has designed

To open Plenty's liberal heart,
 And satisfy mankind.
In all around, beneath, above,
 The grateful cannot miss
To mark His hand outheld in love,
 With varied stores of bliss.
We sow our seed in early spring,
 In Autumn, bind our sheaves ;
And rest, when frost and tempest bring
 The time of falling leaves.

Sweet now to wander by the lake,
 Amid the forest hoar,
Whose silvery waters joy to make
 Soft music on the shore,—
And mark, beneath the calm sad light,
 The tall trees drooping low,
And pining o'er their mirrored blight—
 Like Beauty in her woe.
Sweet now to rove with minstrel thought
 Amid the fair decay,
And mark the wondrous changes wrought
 Around our pilgrim way.
And sweet, at holy hush of day,
 To walk by murmuring rill,
And think of loved ones far away,
 The heart remembers still :
For, soothing to the soul the tears,
 With which Affection grieves
O'er Feeling's beautiful past year,
 Among her falling leaves.

And sweet—laborious summer past—
To take the calm repose
That patient toil enjoys at last,
At Autumn evening close !
Sweet Spring came bearing infant Hope—
Bright Summer nursed the child,—
But Autumn gave it strength to cope
With Winter's changes wild ;
Sweet, therefore, after all our care,
To hoard our little store,
And breathe the warm, the grateful prayer,
That heaven rewards with more.
When, round the harvest board, we share,
The boon of temperate joy,
Smile, smile we not at all the pain
The trouble and annoy !
For soft the pillow which we press,
When, garnered all our sheaves,
We sink to sleep, and, dreaming, bless
The time of falling leaves.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

Flowers will fade though Love may rear them,
Leaves, though born of spring-time, fall ;
Autumn winds will blight and sear them,
Winter spread their snowy pall.

Day, though calmly, brightly shining,
 Clear and glorious, will not stay ;
 Sunlight from the sky declining,
 Night will triumph in her sway.

But though flowers and leaves may wither
 From the sad earth's fading bowers,
 Time again will bring them hither—
 Spring-time leaves, and summer flowers.

WINTER.

Albeit o'er Acadia lowers
 An oft inconstant sky,
 She boasts a thousand fragrant flowers,
 Of Flora's fairest dye :
 But one—her native emblem dear—
 The little flower of May—
 Comes meekly forth with looks of cheer
 While vernal suns delay.

Yet are our country's changeful skies
 Not always wrapped in gloom,
 E'en when as now the landscape lies
 In Ruin's herbless tomb ;
 For, oh, how beautifully bright
 When Night is coldly clear,
 Are yon unnumbered orbs that light
 This dim departing sphere.

The great First-Cause, Who placed them there,
Imparts their added glow,
And makes the rugged clime still fair
Amidst its frost and snow.
He bids the flowers smile up to man,
The stars look down—in love,
To sanctify our suffering span
And guide the soul above.

Yet not in flowers and stars alone
Is nature's God displayed ;
His equal attributes are shown
In all that He has made.
He, watching o'er the brumal wild
As o'er the living green,
Imparts an aspect fair or mild
To every varied scene.

SCENES.

I love the sunny smile that plays
On Beauty's coral lip—the light
That sparkles in the innocent gaze
Of lovely eyes with instinct bright—
The voice whose touching tones impart
High visions to the poet's heart.

I love to see the bud unfold,
 In summer's warm and sunny ray—
 The hues of purple and of gold,
 Which tell of scenes that pass away,
 When Autumn over the landscape throws
 Bland Nature's brumal rich repose.

I love at night's mysterious hour,
 To muse beside the solemn sea,
 And feel its strange mysterious power,
 And mark its waves, the wild the free,
 While hallowed visions sway the soul
 Resigned to thought's sublime control.

FAIRY FALLS.

(7.)

Go to! I have a leisure hour,
 And would enjoy its priceless dower
 Of freedom and delight,
 And cause its memory to be blest,
 With calmness, if not joy, of breast,
 Eternizing its flight.

Then, having roam'd mid change of scene,
 Marked Nature's often-varying mien,
 And breathed refreshing air,
 Return, renewed to gentle task,
 Resume my place, nor wish to ask
 Exemption from its care.

Is toil an ill?—I say not so :—
 Its first-fruits are the cheerful flow—
 The body's destined health ;
 Its greater good is peace of mind,
 With kindly feelings for our kind—
 Its lesser guerdon, wealth.

Much real rest—much ease accrues
 To those who reverently use
 The moments of their trust ;
 For time, our capital, employed,
 Yields interest to be enjoyed,
 That well repays the just.

Yet there are seasons of repose
 That come with angel wings to those
 Who prize true Pleasure's zest,—
 Content with nature's courtesy,
 Though ignorant of the art to be
 Elaborately blest.

Such now is mine—to use—not waste,—
 Then while its winged moments haste
 Will I improve their flight,—
 With some meet scene suggesting thought,
 Some impress of that MIND that wrought
 All life and all delight.

Thus, in the absence of a friend,
 With whose true soul my own could blend,
 I will abroad, alone—

And where Rosignol winds his way
Through parted forests, weave a lay,
Of calm and healthful tone.

I love—my own, my native stream,—
To stay my feet, and dream my dream,
Beside thy Fairy Falls,
Where rushing down with gladsome din,
From rock to rock and lin to lin,
Thy spirit half appals.

Here olden Indian legends say,
Mysterious beings wont to stray,
And etch on cliffs of slate
Dark characters of mortal doom,
Prelusive of the earthly gloom
That shrouds the Micmac's fate.

But less romantic annals show
That when Acadians fled their foe
Some loitered on their way,
Depicting thus, by lake and grove,
Memorials with which exiles love
To soothe the darker day.

So let the untutored Indian roam
Through fairy regions of his home—
Along this Naid stream,
For born beneath a mystic star,
Less dear to him the things that are
Than those which only seem.

Howbeit this wild scene hath power,
Beyond the accidental power
 Of fancied fairy's art ;
Sufficient in itself to please
A minstrel-soul—a mind at ease,
 It asks no borrowed part.

Here, in her solemn pristine charms,
Great Nature waves her awful arms
 Majestically free ;
Here on her own uncultured sward,
Her spirit walks with Nature's Lord,
 As on the mighty sea.

NOTES TO "LOVE OF NATURE."

(1.) These verses are alluded to in the Introductory Memoir, as indicative of the peculiar treatment of some of the themes of the volume.

(2.) Concerning rural out-door occupations, at early Morn, opinions of modern Hygeists tend to depress the ardour of the poets, by asserting that the air at early hours, is not so salubrious as when the sun's influence has drawn off the exhalations of night.

(3.) McPherson's personal feelings, and the sadness of incidents of his story, mark his verse, when the theme would not indicate such a tone.

■(4.) The remark, that the themes of the different divisions of the volume, appear to blend occasionally, is applicable here. The verses would be almost as suitable for the "Domestic and Social" department, as for that of "Love of Nature."

(5.) This has been a special favorite, with admirers of McPherson's verse.

(6.) A peculiar delicacy of thought and metre, mark these lines, as well as several which follow.

(7.) The scene of these verses is alluded to in memoir, under title "Localities."

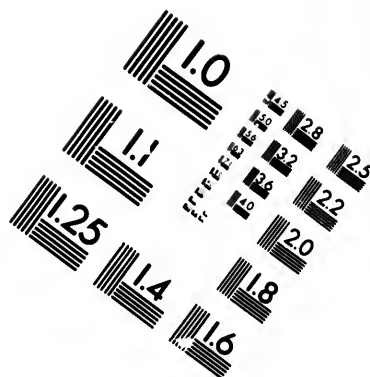
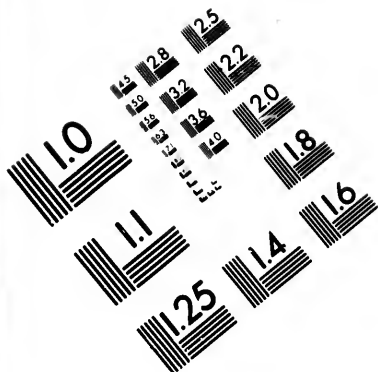
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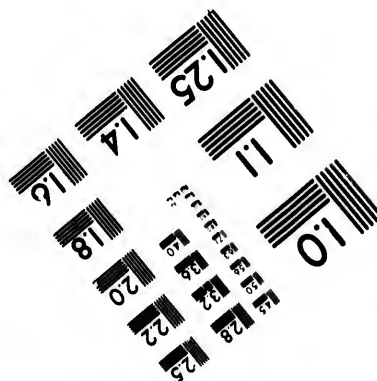
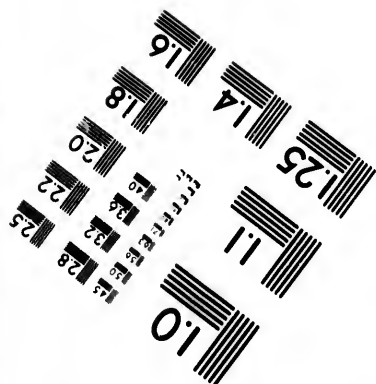
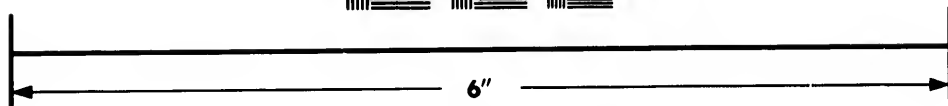
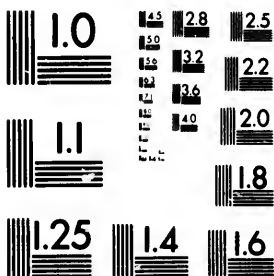
THE Circles of home and of Society, of the house and the neighborhood, will ever have strong claims for the man who is not a cynic or worse; who has not—from unfortunate circumstances, or more unfortunate disposition—allowed apathy to wrap him in the cold cerements which cause decay of wholesome energy, and isolation of soul. The circles of heart and home and sphere are substantially those of the man; beyond, he may extend his sympathies until the worlds of earth and sky are reached—but the domestic and the social form the fitting centre of the expansion of the earthly affections; and, in one sense, of the super-earthly also. If ye have not charity for your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye be expected rightly to love the great Being whom we have not seen? Various degrees mark the regions of sympathy: At one extreme is the churlish disposition which enquires, “Am I my brother’s keeper”; at the other, the abounding benevolence which “gloried in tribulation” that ministered to the good of others,—and, chief, the wonderful abnegation of Him Who freely “gave his life as a ransom for many.”

Well has Charity been called the perfect gift, the bond of unity, the fulfilling of the law. The writer to whose poems these pages are devoted, whatever his personal difficulties and sorrows, seemed never to have divested himself of the social feeling, of the kindly sympathy, which commiserates, and condoles, and aids, where aid is practicable: “The Charities of poor to poor go sweetly up on high.” In the verses which follow, and indeed in each department of this little volume, the domestic and social virtues either copiously predominate, or indirectly appear, giving indication of the genial strata which underline every variety of surface. No doubt, one of the chief consolations of the Poet was, the hope or belief, that his verse would extensively minister to the amenities which he yearned after;—and assuredly we may have confidence that such result will be among the most abundant effects of the long-desired publication.





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DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL.

EVENING THOUGHTS.—No. I.

(Note 1.)

How sweet is day's delightful close,
When night begins to fall
And spreads the curtain of repose,
Kind Heaven designs for all!
How welcome that auspicious hour
To those who all the day,
Are absent from affection's bower,
Unsunned by Beauty's ray.

Then man, whose task of daily care
Makes nightly rest so sweet,
Returns, the sacred joy to share
Of Love's serene retreat.
Then with his partner by his side,
His children at his knee,
He thanketh Heaven with humble pride,
Beneath his own roof-tree.

Albeit error bows the soul
Created to aspire,
And Time's unholy things control
Its pure immortal fire,
Yet still our Maker sends us much
Our thankfulness to claim,
Our hearts with sacred love to touch
And fan Devotion's flame.

EVENING THOUGHTS.—No. II.

When leaves the busy world the sun,
And shadows dim the west,
His daily task appointed, done,
The Peasant seeks his rest ;
His wife, beside his cheerful fire,
Receives him with a smile,
His little ones his heart inspire
With pure delight a while.

The clean uncostly table spread,—
They share the frugal meal,
And offer up for daily bread
The gratitude they feel.
Then, sung the solemn evening psalm,
They breathe the ardent prayer,
That He who gives Domestic calm
May keep them still his care.

Oh, even in the humblest sphere,
Whate'er our share of ill,
The grateful heart may find, to cheer,
Unnumbered comforts still.
None, none, however poor, need say,
His life is all of gloom ;
Along the lonely desert way
The fairest flower may bloom.

EVENING THOUGHTS.—No. III.

When shuts its balmy cup the flower
Beneath the parting light,
How welcome is the twilight hour,
The dusk approach of night.
I joy to mark the shadows fall,
I joy the stars to see,
For these thy happy husband call,
To thee, my love, to thee.

I grieve not that my toilsome days
Are spent from thee apart,
For well thine added love repays
The purpose of my heart.
That purpose is to make thy lot
As blest as it can be—
To render this, our humble cot,
A pleasant home to thee.

My wife, my own, my faithful wife,
Content my lot to share,
Thy tenderness imparts to life
A balm for many a care.
Possessed of fond Affection's light,
To gentle worth allied,
I feel that I have reached the height
For which so long I sighed.

EVENING THOUGHTS.—No. IV.

How sweet the hour when daylight dies !
How passing dear to me
The hour in which my spirit flies,
My own true love, to thee !

The wind went murmuring softly by,
The stars were bright above,
When last I saw that beaming eye
And heard thy voice of love.

Not now that soft wind comes to me.
Those stars above me shine ;
Not now that look of love I see,
And hear thee call me thine.

I view not now the genial sky
That smiles above my home :
My native scenes remotely lie
Beyond the ocean's foam.

EVENING THOUGHTS.—No. V.

As sinks yon glorious purple-vestured sun
Beneath old ocean's ever-heaving breast,
Even so the Christian, when his race is run,
Smiles love's farewell, and seeks his place of rest.

No wind-lashed wave disturbs the murmuring sea—
No cloud obscures the blue ethereal scene ;
So parts the spirit longing to be free,
Unmoved by fear, and solemnly serene.

The sun has set—but lo ! the constant star
Of dewy Evening glimmers in the West,
Like some bright beacon beaming from afar,
To whisper hope to some poor wanderer's breast.

Soft shades lie round us on the earth,—above
The myriad lights of heaven's blue halls appear,
To soothe the soul with gentleness and love,
And aid its visions of a holier sphere.

There hovers o'er us at this mystic hour
An angel-presence, which is not of earth,
Whose still small voice of deep unearthly power,
Reminds the listener of his heavenly birth.

What marvel if at such a pure appeal,
We grow indignant of a world's control,
Sigh for the spirit's liberty, and feel
New and immortal impulses of soul.

I would that I had wings with which to soar
Amid the light of yon celestial spheres,
Rejoicing in the privilege to explore—
Forgetful of a cold world's gloom and tears.

For I have yearnings for a better life
Than this, of want's dread influence o'er the soul ;
And sink o'erwearied with the hopeless strife
That mocks my wishes for a peaceful goal.

WINTER EVENINGS.

Improve the winter evening hours,
Those pleasant seasons of repose,
Still lent us to augment the powers
That mitigate our woes.

A useful book will well repay
A thoughtful reader's patient care,
Lend much to light our troubled way,
And purify its air.

Let not those hours of ease and light
That smile when summer's sun has set,
Wound like the Parthian in his flight,
With deep tho' late regret.

Forbid thy wayward feet to roam
With those who take no heed of time ;
For sweet the pleasures found at home
In Love's own hallowed clime.

There, while parental smiles invite
The look, the tone, the smile of cheer,
The Genius of serene delight
Shall make the fire-side dear.

Oh ! turn not from the peaceful light
Of sacred Wisdom's word and way,
To follow aught, however bright,
Which shines but to betray.

Improve the hours, that they may leave
Sweet recollections of their flight,
And glad Life's latest winter eve
With Truth's enlivening light.

THE PRIDE OF BEAUTY'S BOWER.

She shone beneath Affection's ray,
The pride of Beauty's bower,
She, like the earliest bloom of May,
Acadia's emblem flower,
Was all too beautiful to stay
Where adverse aspects lower.

She lived a soul of gentlest grace
Exalted and refined ;
Less prized for radiant form and face
Than wealth of heart and mind ;
And memory keeps her faintest trace
In Love's own temple shrined.

Though round her last low dwelling here
Autumnal leaves are strown,
Still falls upon the dreaming ear
Her voice in dulcet tone ;
But, life without her light is drear,
And, oh ! the heart is lone !

THE BEAUTIFUL IS FADING.

(2.)

The beautiful is fading,
 The loved and young must die,
 The film of death is shading
 The soft and lustrous eye.
 Much hadst thou to endear thee
 In hours of joy or woe,
 And now, that death is near thee,
 We mourn to let thee go.

Love—true love well requited,
 Weeps o'er thy pale sad brow ;
 And friendship, early blighted,
 Dissolves in sorrow now.
 But though the fond hearts round thee,
 Implore thy longer stay ;
 The time of flowers hath found thee
 In fair and sad decay.

Sweet rose, (we hoped to nourish,
 With fond parental care,)
 Shall we not let thee flourish
 In pure immortal air ?
 Thou canst not now be given
 To all our tears and sighs ;
 But we rejoice that heaven
 Is dawning on thine eyes.

MINSTRELSY.

Touch, Minstrel, touch thy lute for me,
And wake thy voice of song,
And set my wearied spirit free,
From sorrow suffered long ;
For I, whom smiling Fortune slights,
Am one condemned to roam
Remote from all the dear delights
And tender cares of home.

Recall that dearest cot on earth,
Long faded from my view,
My mother's home, my place of birth,
Where my glad childhood grew.
Recall my sire, whose calm eye beamed
With kind protecting love,
My sister, whose affection seemed
The softness of the dove.

O lap me in the fairy dreams
Of these untroubled hours,
That held their flight by murmuring streams,
And wreathed their wings with flowers.
Recall the sweet, sweet feelings, crossed
Ere life's glad zest had flown,
And give me now my loved and lost—
My beautiful—my own.

Sing on, sing on, I love to hear
The strain that wakes the past,
And bids the lov'd and young appear
As when we saw them last.
Sing on, my spell-bound ear hath caught
A sense of spirit-wings ;
My friends draw near, for in my thought
Old footstep music rings.

Go, gifted spirit ; thy control,
The gentle and the deep,
Has waked the woman in my soul,
And I am fain to weep.
Yet will I bless thy magic sway,
If sad thoughts, nursed for years,
Confess the momentary sway
Of wild relieving tears.

THE FIRST FOND HOPES.

The first fond hopes of artless youth,
In kindred feeling, blighted—
Our trembling trust in loving truth,
And life-long friendship, slighted.
The torn heart's wild and bitter tears,
Unchased by smiles of gladness,
May flow, like fiery rain for years,
From brimming founts of sadness.

To love—to woo, a gentle mind,
 Receive a plighted token,
 Yet find our fondest trust betrayed,
 The chain that bound us, broken ;
 To see, love, beauty, all depart,
 And all around grow dreary,
 Is sad experience for the heart,
 And makes the world o'er weary.

To mark the cheek of vermil dye
 Forego its beauteous blooming,
 To see the lustrous loving eye
 Submit to care's dark dooming ;—
 These—these are trials, though severe,
 Less desolately blighting,
 And make the mortal lot less drear
 Than love and friendship's slighting.

Though o'er the Churchyard's grass-green heaps
 Affliction bends, like Rachel, weeping,
 The heart has something which it keeps—
 Sweet memories of the lost one sleeping.
 Last words, last looks, last smiles come back,
 To toll of love and truth undying,
 And shed around the lone one's track
 Sad lights, that make its gloom less trying.

But when our living idols change,
 And mock, unveiled, our fond believing.

When hearts grow cold and eyes grow strange,
 And truth shrinks back from their deceiving;
 The fearful price which we have paid,
 The rich ore mined in vain endeavour,
 The loving trust despised, betrayed,
 These wreck the early hope for ever.

THE SICK ROOM

"From the bitter herb, pain, we may extract the anodyne, patience."

(3.)

I long to leave this cheerless room,
 Inhale the free, refreshing air,
 And feel my faded cheek resume
 The hue that Hebe loves to wear;
 But ah! my limbs refuse to bear
 The frame which they so lithely bore;
 And I must dwell with wasting care,
 And share in active life no more!

I try to read—but Learning's well
 Hath no sweet draught for stern disease,
 And Thought no calm oblivious spell—
 No anodyne for pangs like these.
 O give me what can duly please,
 Give back my long accustomed toil—
 The parent of content and ease,
 The culture of my native soil.

My brothers hail day's rosy blush,
They scent the flowers, inspire the gale,
And hear the hill-side waters gush
And murmur onward to the vale ;
While I, afflicted, restless, pale,
And worn with premature decay,
Find earthly solace sadly fail,
And sigh my very soul away.

I turn and turn, but find no rest
Upon my weary couch of pain ;
Sad feelings labour in my breast,
And dark thoughts rack my burning brain.
I know that human aid is vain
For one so maimed and sick as I,
Who, though sweet ties my heart detain,
Must die—on manhood's threshold, die !

My father wears an anxious brow,
Speaks to me with a faltering tongue ;
My mother—more than mother now—
With sympathetic anguish wrung ;
They cannot bear that I, so young,
Of late so full of life, and gay,
To whom their hearts so long have clung,
Should wither from them day by day.

Yet sad as is my early fate,
And sharp as is this wasting pain,

In looking o'er our mortal state,
I feel that I should not complain.
What though my feeble frame has lain
Long months beneath increasing ill,
Am I not linked in Nature's chain,
And blest with hourly mercies still ?

Home, kindred, love's kind care are mine,
With much that sickness most requires ;
While thousands wearily decline
Far distant from their household fires.
O Thou by whom the world respire,
Thy love has been so great to me,
That, taught how vain are earth's desires,
I yield my chastened soul to Thee !

The spirit suffers with the clay
In which it tabernacles here,
But soars at intervals away
To regions exquisitely clear.
Oh, if this passing world be dear
With all its weariness and pain,
How should we deem that better sphere
That smiles undimmed by Error's stain !

The time is near, when yon blue skies
Shall vanish like a closing scroll,
And all that anxious worldlings prize
Be dust and ashes to the soul :

O God ! assist me to control
The warring of undue desire,
That I may reach Thy blissful goal,
And praise Thee in Thy day of fire.

SYMPATHY.

The heart has hours of dark unrest
That must be all its own,
But cold and callous is the breast
That beats for self alone.
Communion lessens every care,
Enhances every zest,
And makes the spirit strong to bear
The ills that break her rest.

The rich man flies from Fashion's strife,
The poor man from his care,
To taste the healing sweets of life,
And breathe affection's air.
Though specious pleasures oft invite
The wayward heart to roam,
We turn with ever new delight
To friendship, love, and home.

O Magic of domestic bliss !
How soft thy silken chain,

How bright thy smile, how chaste thy kiss,
How exquisite thy reign !
The heart that vainly sighs to share
Its light and joyous tone,
Might break if it were doomed to bear
Its weary lot alone.

MATERNAL DUTY.


Young mother with how pure a heart,
How firm a soul, shouldst thou
Perform the dear delightful part,
Entrusted to thee now.
In that fair child's immortal mind,
But lent thee from the sky,
Instill sweet mercy for its kind,
And aspirations high.

Of all that, born in virtue's air,
Subserves our noblest ends,
How much upon maternal care
And faithfulness, depends !
That bud of moral being, nursed
By fond affection's hand,
May into wondrous beauty burst
And bless a smiling land.

Young mother, sow betimes the seed
Of all things good and fair,
And let not Folly's hurtful weed,
The place of wisdom share.
Fulfil maternal duty's part,
Confiding in the Lord,
And He, observant of the heart,
Will give the great reward.

If aught on this unstable sphere
Is like the world above,
So sacred, beautiful and dear,
It is a mother's love ;
Use, then, this firm enduring band,
This sweet controlling tie,
To lead thy child through this dark land,
To glory in the sky.

Oh, with what joy the mother meets
In that bright world of bliss,
All pure amidst the golden streets,
The child she nurs'd in this !
For in that land of " living green,"
Around the Eternal Throne,
The blest shall see as they are seen,
And know as they are known.



SING TO ME.

Sing to me, Dear, as David sang
To Israel's troubled king,
When music's magic numbers rang
Along each conscious string.
My soul is sick of worldly strife
And burthened with despair,
And song may haply take from life
Some burthen of its care.

Then sing to me, of those sweet ties
That, strong in guileless truth,
Give sunshine to the darkest skies
That dim the hopes of youth.
Sing to me of the loved and young
Who faded in their bloom,
And left a heart intensely wrung
To bear a sombre doom.

They passed from this cold place of graves,
This desert land of death,
When all that fond Affection craves
Hung trembling on their breath.
But, taken to a cloudless clime
Of pure immortal streams,
They wear the spirit's glorious prime,
And realize their dreams.

Yet, Sweet, forgive if I recall
Wild memories of thine own,
That left thy silent tears to fall,
Thy day to pass alone.
Oh! share the sobbing of my breast,
Since we alike deplore,
The dead who are not dead, the blest
Who come to us no more.

Less dear to me the charms of song,
Whate'er the minstrel's art,
Than those sweet sympathies which throng
The suffering human heart.
Then raise no uncommutual strain
Of withered hopes for me,
But of thine own deep woes complain
And I will weep with thee.

THE POOR MAN.

(4.)

Lord grant the poor man daily health,
To toil for daily bread,
He has small other earthly wealth,
And must be clothed and fed.
The proud of place may grind his face,
The hard withhold his hire,
Great Parent! heed his piteous case
And guard his cottage fire.

Thou carest for the little birds
That own no earthly lord ;
Thou carest for the flocks and herds
That crop the flowery sward ;
Hear'st the young ravens when they cry,
Heed'st the young lion's roar,
And wilt regard the poor man's sigh,
And meek petition, more.

The rich man may see little need
To pray for plenteous bread ;
The poor man, of a nobler creed,
Asks daily to be fed.
His wife, the angel of his cot,
Demands his constant care,—
The children, sent to bless their lot,
Require their humble fare.

Oh grant the poor man daily health,
And strength for daily toil,
With sweet content, the precious wealth
Of weary mortal toil.
And grant him power to rule his mind,
To prize affection's sway,
And nurse the charities, designed
To smooth his pilgrim way.

Assist thou him to keep his heart,
To walk in virtue's light,
And act, whate'er assails, a part,
Praiseworthy in Thy sight.

Then, when his little span has past
 Amidst privations here,
 Oh take him to Thyself at last
 In rest's immortal sphere.

COUNSELS.

(5.)

My fellow man ! whate'er thy name,
 Blest with a low or lofty lot,—
 Content, or struggling on to fame,
 Or young, or old—it matters not :
 Thou art my brother, and I feel,
 Oh ! deeply, for thy spirit's weal !

Shun sinful Pleasure ! Though she seem
 That which the erring heart desires,
 She will not realize thy dream,
 She is not what thy soul requires :
 She dims the mid-day sun, and brings
 Deep night and death beneath her wings.

The Syren has a thousand smiles
 To win her thoughtless victim's trust,
 A thousand bland yet specious wiles
 To hide her heart of rank disgust ;
 Beware, whoe'er thou art, beware ;
 Each soft allurement hides a snare.

If thou hast touched—abjure, the bowl ;
 If thou hast not—rejoice with me ;
 Preserve the beauty of thy soul,
 And as thou art, continue, free.
 When tempted, supplicate the sky ;
 God sees thee—He is ever nigh.

Our human strength is weakness, we
 May fall when seemingly secure ;
 But tried and trembling dust may flee
 To One whose aid is always sure.
 Vain-glory hath its own reward ;
 Look thou for succour from the Lord.

Be steadfast. Duty's path is plain,
 The simplest need not err therein ;
 Put on no self-enslaving chain,
 Make no companionship with sin ;
 Hope smiles not, peace is never found,
 Joy springs not, but on Sacred Ground.

DYING IN SPRING.

(6.)

Bright skies are o'er thee shining,
 Soft breezes fan thy brow ;
 Yet thou, the lov'd, art pining,
 With secret sorrow now.

Fair flowers are springing round thee,
In forest, field, and bower ;
But Spring's bright hues have found thee.
Thyself a fading flower.

Where hearts have been the lightest,
Thine own has been most light ;
Where smiles have shone the brightest,
Thine own has shone most bright.
But now a cloud lies o'er thee,
The young cheek's bloom hath flown ;
This life may not restore thee,
The joys which thou hast known.

Not now thy footstep boundeth,
Among the opening flowers ;
Not now thy sweet voice soundeth,
As oft in former hours.
Thy soul is sadly sighing,
Thy loved harp lies unstrung ;
And thou in spring art dying,
Our beautiful and young.

WHEN SHALL I AGAIN BEHOLD THEE ?

When shall I again behold thee ?
When those lineaments review,
Fondly to my heart enfold thee,
And the bright hours past renew ?

Since I saw thy look of gladness,
Since thy sweet voice cheered me last,
Left to linger on in sadness,
Life with me has poorly passed.

Has thy path been bright before thee,
Through those long eventful years?
Has no tempest, bursting o'er thee,
Quenched thy hopes in gloom and tears?
If thy fond heart, lost to gladness,
Shrinks from dark, dark years to be,
Then, remember, in thy sadness,
Thou hast yet thy God—and me!

Though my cheek has somewhat faded,
Though my heart has greatly changed,
Though my brow is sorrow-shaded,
I am not from thee estranged.
If thy faith is still unshaken,
If thy love its truth retains,
Then, whatever time has taken,
One sweet solace yet remains.

What though we have wasted treasure,
And experienced much of ill,
Life's pure fount of dearest pleasure
Trembles in our bosoms still.
Our pledged hearts are fondly beating
Our true spirits deeply stirred;—
(Sad our parting!) sweet our meeting
After years of hope deferred!

But, shall I again behold thee,
Those dear lineaments review,
Wildly to my heart enfold thee,
And the sweet hours past renew?
Dearest lost one—if still living,
Though remote as pole from pole,
I, the loving and forgiving,
Give thee welcome to my soul.

Come, then ; come !—with hearts still youthful,
We shall soon forget our care ;
Come, O come ! with souls still truthful,
Life shall yet again be fair.
Haste, while Hope continues burning ;
Fly, ere life's glad pulse be o'er,
Still I watch for thy returning—
Wilt thou come to me no more ?

TO A PUPIL.

Enough—enough, my conscious boy,
Thy daily task is done,
And thou that art a thing of joy,
Shalt laugh, and leap, and run ;
Go with thy happy mates to play,
Beneath the open sky,
And win the feelings fresh and gay
Denied to such as I.

Gather ripe berries in the fields,
Partake the limpid rill,
And simple joys that nature yields,
But fall not into ill.
The pleasures which are pure and good,
Are never found apart
From duty, rightly understood,
And innocence of heart.

Away—the cloud-attended sun
Is sinking in the west,
The weary day will soon be done,
And all things go to rest ;
Away—improve the pleasant hours
Endeared by school-boy dreams,
And list the birds, and mark the flowers,
That shade the wild-wood streams.

Yet, first fulfil affection's part
To thy young mother meek,
That she may clasp thee to her heart,
And press thy blooming cheek.
O boy, return her fond caress,
Requite her patient care,
And make her hours of loneliness
Not all too hard to bear.

When thou—her beautiful, her own,
Art absent from her side,
She feels as widowed—as alone,
As when thy father died ;

The love that his last hours beguiled
 Of half their gloom and tears,
 Has turned to thee, her only child.
 With all its hopes and fears.

Then, go assure the lonely heart
 Of which thou art the stay,
 And if an anxious tear should start,
 Wipe thou that tear away.
 Thy gentle mother, much for thee
 Unmurmuringly has borne ;
 O, boy, continue kind, and she
 May haply cease to mourn.

CHARITY.

Stern " Winter rules the inverted year"—
 The genii of the tempest meet,
 The sky is dark, the landscape drear
 With drifted snow and driving sleet ;
 The houseless shivers in the street,
 The poor man cowers beneath his shed,
 While calmly in his warm retreat
 The rich man feasts on dainty bread.

O rich man ! think of those who pine
 Beside the fearful gulf of vice,

While large luxurious good is thine,
Without the pain that's oft the price ;
Then ere thy generous state entice
To proud display, to rich repast,
Reserve a part that shall suffice
Some humble soul on bounty cast.

Yet veil thine hand from suffering's view ;
For Charity, though kind, is coy,
And loves, as often virtues do,
Some modest way of giving joy.
The donor's pride should not destroy
The gratitude that ought to start,
Unchecked by shame's impure alloy,
From out the glad receiver's heart.

Let Nature teach thee to be kind,
Unostentatious, prudent, right ;
Heaven-trusted with a loving mind,
Thou need'st the guide of Heavenly light.
The bounteous dews distil at night,
The stream comes forth from founts concealed,
Be, then, the deeds which these incite,
Not few, albeit unrevealed.

THE PILGRIM SLEEPS.

(7.)

The Pilgrim sleeps—his wearied form
Its last long silent rest is taking ;
He feels not now the ruthless storm,
His heart no more with grief is aching.

The Pilgrim sleeps—his deathless soul,
So meet for joy, and formed for soaring,
Escaped from this dark life's control,
Is some more glorious scene exploring.

Though he to many a heart was dear,
And friendship held her empire o'er him,
He seemed a weary wanderer here,
And why should such as we deplore him.

He dwells in you bright world of joy,
Where sweet unfading flowers are springing,
Where love is pure from death's alloy,
And blissful souls are sweetly singing !

The Minstrel sleeps. His soul has passed
From Time's (eventful) shore ;
The fettered bird is freed at last
Through heavenly light to soar ;
He feels not fortune's bitter blast,
He wakes to pain, no more !

NOTES TO "DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL."

(1.) The "Evening Thoughts" of this section, may be considered by some, at first sight, as ranging more appropriately under the designation "Love of Nature;" additional examination, however, may satisfy that the "Domestic and Social" element predominates, and that the verses belong to the division so called.

(2.) These lines were entitled "A Melody" by the writer. Their flowing metre and musical cadence give good claim to the designation.

(3.) With much appearance of being "personal" these verses have internal evidence of being general, though the emotions were the dictates of experience. How graphically are sad circumstances dwelt on,—relieved by a hope supernal at the close.

(4.) The Poet's aptness to blend moral with personal picture is evinced in these and many other lines of the collection.

(5.) One of many evidences of McPherson's christian sympathy and charity. Keen sensitiveness to his own cares was kept well apart from querulous selfishness. Sympathy blended with complaint, and generally raised him far above the reality, or the affectation, of the vice of manthropy.

(6.) An unusual expression of sad thoughts, in very musical verse.

(7.) An appropriately soothing sequel to the troublous scenes previously alluded to, or described :—"The Pilgrim Sleeps."

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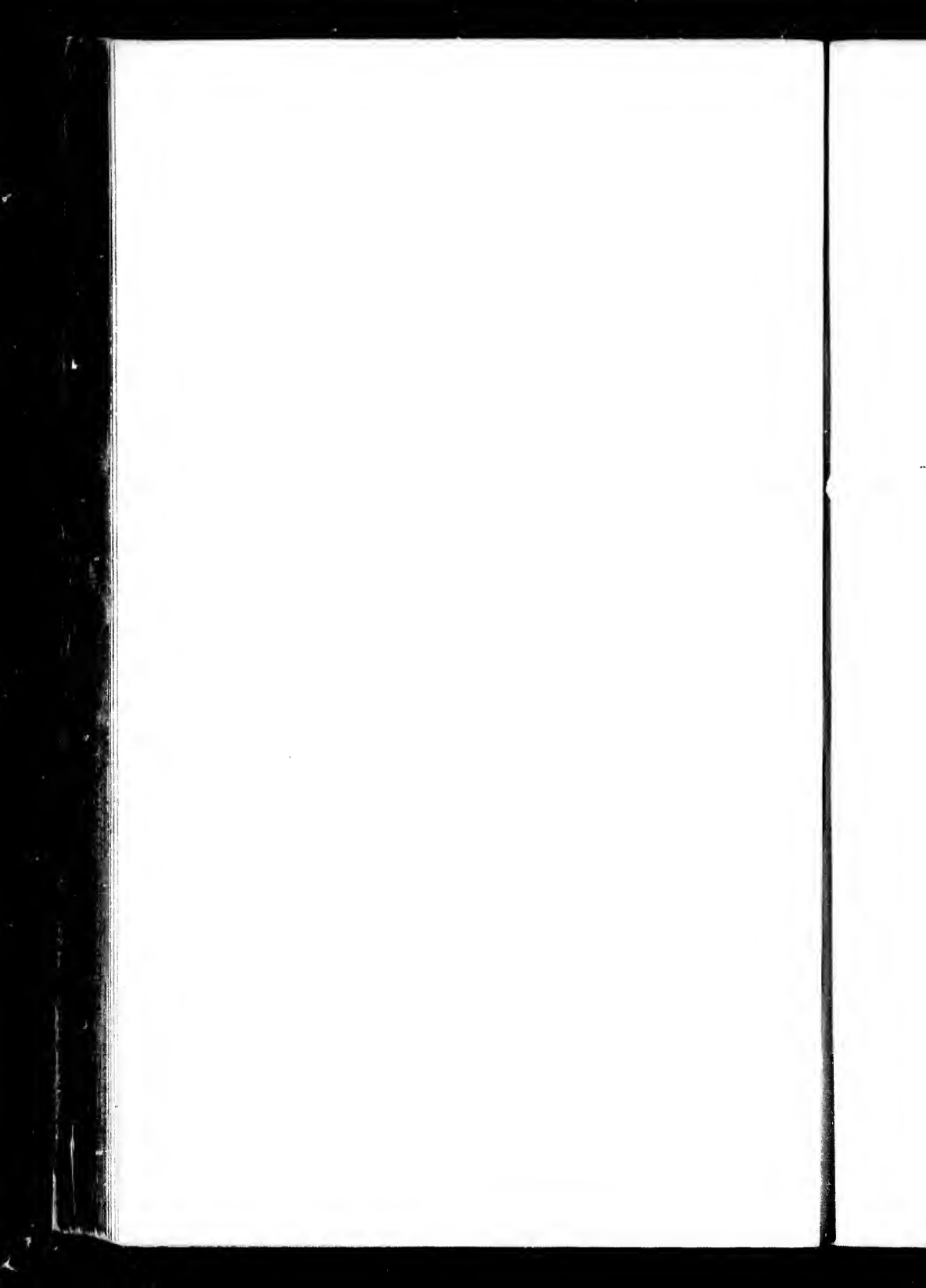
PERSONAL.

THE Personal characteristic forms an important part of literary composition, though in some works it is but sparingly introduced, in reference to the writer's identity. Shakespeare alludes only indirectly and briefly to himself and his friends. Milton's majestic verse has exquisite, but not copious, references to the Poet's circumstances and history. Self and its associations, pervade much of Byron's more celebrated poems. Cowper employs the "Personal" freely, and with much pathos and beauty. It forms the basis of the plaintive philosophy of "Young's Night Thoughts."

Painters imbue their works with such personality as consists of familiar figures and favorite localities: the portraits of themselves and their acquaintances, pictures of the river banks where they loved to loiter, of the trees which shaded their noontide walk, of the cottages and halls of familiar neighbourhoods. Poets have more ample means and more copious sources of the Personal at command; and have sometimes been tempted, in this respect, beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate.

The Personal tendencies of poets differ in nature as in degree. Inflated adulation, scathing satire, malignant denunciation, mark the mood, with some, about as freely as do true kindly feeling, and loving graphic description.

Not much of the morose of personality will be found in the verses which follow; but, instead, some melancholy wailings, earnest yearnings for sympathy, occasional overshadowing of earthly despair,—and, in happy moments, kindness, gaiety, and cheerfulness. McPherson's muse, untrained to continued control, luxuriated in the melancholy, or the joyous,—in accordance with the lowering cloud, or the sunburst, which marked the landscape of life.



PERSONAL.

ADDRESS TO A. M. G.

(Note 1.)

Dear Sir, in reading your last sheet,
I really felt inclined "to greet,"
It was so tender and so sweet
 From first to last ;
In fact it set me on my feet,
 Though much downcast.

It breathes a sympathetic glow
Which is not merely specious show ;
For you, as I have cause to know,
 Are quick to feel
The influence of another's woe,
 Another's weal.

I nurse a strong desire to see
Your face, of late too strange to me,
And blend in conversation free
 Led by your voice ;
But, as this pleasure cannot be,
 I waive my choice.

I have a wife, a daughter too—
 (The last is really something new,
 At least it may be news to you ;)
 So I am tied
 To narrow bounds—as if I grew
 At my hearth's side.

But I can send you now and then,
 The rough rude products of my pen,
 Which you can scan in some lone glen,
 By some glad stream—
 Aloof from some sad bores, called men—
 Who break one's dream.

So now, while borne on song's wild wave,
 I give you what I often crave,
 A few thoughts humourous or grave
 As things may tend,
 Not mere appearances to save ;
 But cheer my friend.

I trust such intercourse, (begun
 Beneath an inauspicious sun,)
 Is now renewed, through life to run
 With fixed regard ;
 For neither of us ought to shun
 His brother bard.

You say, you priz'd my homely lyre,
My (would you say?) poetic fire,
For you have feelings that aspire
 To Fame's proud height ;
Dear Sir, good wings to your desire,
 And write—soon write.

For me, as it regards content,
I have no reason to repent
That my glad hours are now unspent
 In musings lone ;
My "ladye" has a prudent bent—
 A social tone

She seems to have but one defect,
Which is, a certain warm respect,
For one who cannot brook neglect
 Of his poor muse ;
With sense sufficient to detect
 And chase "the blues."

I've laid "the birchen sceptre" down,
Foregone the glory of the crown—
The approving smile, more frequent frown,
 And "penny-pay,"
To serve the state, and win renown
 Some other way.

So, as your "Justiceship" may see,
My heart is light, my spirit free
From those dull cares which ill agree
 With studious thought,
And which have often harrassed me
 Till nigh o'erwrought.

Thus freed, I find that I can soar
As I have never done before,
And may yet reach the spirit-shore
 Of lordly minds,
Above the loud tumultuous roar
 Of adverse winds.

"There is a tide in men's affairs"
Which, taken at the flood, prepares
The way to seats which merit heirs
 As her estate ;
Neglected—all our after cares
 May be too late.

Yet should I realize my aim,
Secure a proud poetic name,
Nay—"rival all but Shakespeare's fame,"
 My heart shall still
Respond to friendship's gentle claim,
 And love's sweet thrill.

You say friend Elder — all a bard —
Has mentioned me with warm regard ;
Just tell him not to toil too hard
 For his degree,
Lest he revisit that “ *Grave-Yard* ”
 Unseen of me.

I need not say how well he writes ;
Though sometimes, like myself, he slights
Poetic language and affrights
 The nymph of Grace ;
Not one of all Acadia’s wights
 Could fill his place.

In closing this most learned sheet,
I hope your visions may be sweet
Until we fortunately meet—
 No matter when—
If but in some far city street,
 Both laurelled men.

My best respects to lady G,
Whom my dear spouse desires to see,
Because she was so kind to me,
 When I was less,
And showed a friend’s anxiety
 For my success.

Farewell!—I have till now deferred
 This brief but melancholy word,
 By which commutual hearts are stirred
 Even to the core ;
 Farewell ! a sound that must be heard
 On this doomed shore !

TO SAMUEL ELDER.

(2.)

AN ADDRESS.

“ Dear brother of the mystic tie,”
 I would that thou wert here,
 To gaze with me on yon fair sky
 And yon receding sphere.
 The evening air is cool, though calm,
 The waving fields are breathing balm ;
 Oh would that thou wert near,
 To sit with me on this green hill,
 While thoughts sweet essences distil.

Yet thou canst feel, where'er thou art,
 All beauty—glory—power,
 The stirring of the conscious heart,
 The mind's immortal dower.
 All nature, measureless and free,
 Is pregnant with delight for thee
 In every varied hour ;
 For thine the genius that pursues
 Meek wisdom in whate'er it views.

Thy spirit walks with Nature ;—thou
 Hast wooed her peerless charms,
 And won—and haply winnest now—
 Chaste rapture from her arms ;
 And found with her, in converse sweet,
 A safe and sanctified retreat
 From busy life's alarms ;
 And caught her cheerful smile and tone,
 And made her gushing heart thine own.

Her constant love has lent thy mind
 A fond enthusiast's fire,
 And called the soul of thought refined
 From out thy youthful lyre.
 Till thou hast winged a lofty flight,
 And breathed an air, and gained a height,
 To which but few aspire ;
 But thy best happiness and worth,
 And dearest hope, are not of earth.

Thou hast a dearer, purer choice,
 A higher, holier aim
 Than this world's vain inconstant voice,
 And unsubstantial fame :
 Go, Warrior of the Holy Cross !
 And, counting earthly aims as dross,
 Secure a deathless name ;
 Go on, increasing in desire
 For souls, and souls shall be thy hire.

Go, chosen Militant, and wield
 The armour of the Lord,
 Go, strong in faith, and take the field
 Against the thing abhorred ;
 Go grapple with the world of sin,
 And fight the righteous fight, and win
 The infinite reward —
 The glory yet to be revealed
 To all by the Redeemer sealed !

WINTER,

AN ADDRESS.

(3.)

“ Dear brother of the mystic tie,”
 The landscape wears a snowy shroud,
 And those wild minstrels of the sky,
 The winter winds, are piping loud ;
 Whilst many a black, portentous cloud
 Unfurls its huge wings to the blast,
 And trees of giant growth are bowed,
 Before the tempest, hurrying past.

No pleasant sounds of wandering rills,
 No songs of birds in beechen bowers,
 No flocks and herds upon the hills,
 Now cheer this changeful clime of ours.

Stern winter's desert aspect lowers
Where'er we turn the asking eye ;
But gentle thought and love are powers
That soften even a polar sky.

I long for spring — congenial spring —
Her sunshine and elysian air,
That aid the soul to lift her wing,
And soar above the clouds of care.
But though the fields are now so bare,
The Summer of affection's smile,
Makes home, that sweet oasis, wear
The beauty of a blissful isle.

When sunless day and stormy night
Make dreary winter doubly drear,
The fireside hath a new delight,
The social face an added cheer.
The smiles of fond companions dear,
The music of the household band,
Makes winter's aspect less austere,
And ours a happy, happy land.

This is the season of repose,
When frugal toil takes sweet reprieve,
In cheerful sleighing o'er the snows,
And pleasant visits paid at eve.
The Novascotian need not grieve
That Heaven has sent him northern skies,
For with them come the valued leave
To culture all that man should prize.

How sweet to those that love to give,
Is now the charitable deed,
To merit, struggling hard to live,
In destitution's hour of need !
How sweet, the farmer says, to feed,
One's cattle on a stormy day,
While they look up, and we may read
The silent gratitude they pay.

I love to hear the winter wind
Rave round my cottage eaves at night ;
But more congenial to my mind
Glad summer's tones of dear delight.
My form, poetically slight,
Dreads winter with instinctive fear,
But health may still resist his blight,
And bear me through another year.

Another year !—shall such be mine,
To bring, as all the past have brought,
More days of gloom than hours of shine,
More anxious than delightful thought ?
Enough—let trial come unsought,
And peace, on unexpected wings ;
Sufficient to a heart o'erwrought
The trouble that each moment brings.

Thus, Angus, I have poorly tried
To breathe a passing thought to thee,
Irene seated by my side,
And little Mary at my knee,

Adieu, my friend :—if thou shouldst see
A poor man struggling hard to rise,
Oh! take him by the hand for me
And point him to his native skies.

TO IRENE.

Dearest! if rightly I divine
From that expressive eye,
The hidden life of mind is thine—
Pure thought and feeling high,
It is not in her form or face,
That woman's empire lies ;
Possessed of no superior grace,
Soon other beauty dies !

Then dearest seek, yet more and more,
The charms that ne'er decline,
That, when the bloom of youth is o'er,
The heart may not repine ;
That, whether life to thee be bright,
Or shadows o'er it lower,
Thou still wilt have a source of light
Beyond its transient power !

TO IANTHE.

(4.)

Ianthe, when thou art oppressed,
And shorn of thy patience, and tried,
Come hither, recline by my breast,
And weep till thy sorrows subside.

I love thee—oh dearly, and feel,
Amid my own multiform woes,
Much care for thy temporal weal,
But more for thy spirit's repose.

Our roof-tree is low, but its shade,
Is always delightful and dear ;
None daring to make us afraid
In rational liberty's sphere.

Yet while we enjoy the sweet ties
That daily our station requires,
Our treasure is stored in the skies—
Our hope in the God of our sires.

Then yielding ourselves to His will,
Transformed by the word of his power,
O let us serenely fulfil
The duties of life's little hour.

Yet, dearest, when thou art oppressed,
And shorn of thy patience, and tried,
Come hither, recline by my breast
And weep till thy sorrows subside.

TO MY SICK WIFE.

When thou wast well I joyed to gaze
Upon thy form of grace,
Observant of the light that plays
Around thy lovely face.
I felt such gladness in thy sight,
Such solace by thy side,
As lent my tranquil soul a light
That absence vainly tried.

But thou art sick and suffering now,
And I will be, to thee,
The faithful minister that thou
Hast often been to me.
Yet need I more than self to bear
The thought that thou mayst die,
And leave me in a world of care
Without a kindred eye.

That self—that bitter self thou art—
And aid'st me to sustain

The fears that rend my human heart,
And rack my anxious brain.
With words of hope and looks of love
I try to comfort thee,
But, Angel, sent me from above,
Thy patience comforts me !

Thy words of cheerfulness control
The ills that break my rest,
Thy sacred sympathies of soul
Make e'en affliction blest.
But when I gaze on that dim eye,
And on that pallid brow,
I inly importune the Sky
To spare thee to me now.

My spirit scarce could mount above
The dark'ning ills of earth
Without thy pure devoted love,
Thy meek retiring worth.
May He who gave thee to my prayer
Dispel my anxious fears—
Still make us His parental care,
And give us happy years !

SONNET TO IANTHE.

Ianthe, spirit, who canst wield the power
That wakes my lyre to minstrel melody ;
I dedicate my simple song to thee,
For thou hast guerdoned it with thy rich dower
Of heavenly smiles, and it has many a flower
For use and ornament that came to me
With the glad sharer of my poverty,—
The industrious mistress of my cottage-bower.
Thou hast an influence I may not control—
A queenly sway in which I am most free,—
The music of thy love has charmed my soul
And taught my song its better ecstasy.
Heaven bless thee, and thy babe, our dear, dear spirit,
Whose blue eyes beam with beautiful delight,

PLEADINGS FOR RETURN.

(5.)

Oh blame not him whose heart is wrecked
In all its fondest hopes for thee,
If sometimes, something like neglect
Restrain the feelings once so free.
Think, pitying think, that it may be
O'erwhelmed with care, when fancied cold,
For, oh ! it still beats true to thee,
And keeps thee in its warmest fold.

If, uttered at a time like this,
Some harsh word pain thy gentle breast,
Come to me with thy smile and kiss,
And soothe my spirit into rest.
That spirit too, too oft, oppressed
With weary thought for thee and thine,
Is only still and calm and blessed
When thou forbid'st it to repine.

Thou canst not think, thou may'st not know
How my love deepens with despair ;
Though sometimes life's exterior show
Would seem to speak it light as air.
For I have grief which none may share,
And proudest reason doth not quell,
Which, yet, might yield to thy kind care,
Thy pious patience cherished well.

Men called me gifted—and I toiled
To reach proud Fame's immortal steep ;
But, ah ! *thou* know'st how darkly foiled
Are all the hopes for which I weep !
Oh plunge me in no deeper deep,
Bid not my sun go down ere noon ;
But come in pardoning love, and keep
The poor heart which will break too soon.

Oh never, though so much to blame,
Have I been inly false to thee ;
And this poor heart is still the same,
Though tossed on sorrow's shoreless sea.

Life now can lend no charms to me
But such as centre in thy smile ;
Then, oh ! forgive thy wrongs, and be
Its sweeter light, a little while !

A little while !—a brief sad hour !
For, oh ! I have not long to stay !
And thy dear love should lend its power
To cheer the couch of pale decay.
I ask but this, sweet wife ! to lay
My aching head upon thy breast,
To press thy lips, and pass away,
Forgiven, to my final rest.

I weep, not that I am alone—
Though this were much for me to bear—
But, that thy tears must not be shown,
Thy sighs be breathed to empty air ;
Whilst *I*, who caused thy grief, should share,
And, sharing, lessen all thy woes ;
And thou should'st soothe my soul of care,
And chase the clouds that round me close.

Come back, MY LOVE—MY LIFE ! come back,
To prove me *all* which thou canst ask,
And tread with me the barren track
That gives my soul no easy task.
I will not chide—I will not masque
Life's light in cold and jealous guise,
But bid content and pleasure bask
Beneath our calm domestic skies.

Write no forgiveness—words are weak,
 And will not soothe my wild unrest,
 But, come and press it on my cheek
 And weep it on my contrite breast.
 My errors have been all confessed
 Before the Eternal's mercy throne,
 And He, I trust, will deign to bless
 The soul which thou shalt joy to own.

Come back—*come home*—and we will rear
 In our low cot an humble shrine,
 Look up to God in love and fear,
 And ask, in faith, the Guide divine.
Come home, Irene—angel mine!
 With household Peace, the white-winged Dove,
 And feel my fond heart true to thine—
 My soul repay thee with its love.

I will not tell how much I feel!
 How writhes my heart! how aches my brow!
 For I would have my *life* reveal
 How deep the change that rules me now.
 Come listen to my better vow,
 And bathe my cheek, and smoothe my bed;
 Nor tarry long away—lest thou
 Shouldst but be called to mourn me dead.

Dead! couldst thou bear to have me die
 And thou, my wedded wife, not near
 To catch my spirit's parting sigh,
 And shed the tributary tear?

O by the ties once held so dear—
 By all we have been and may be—
 Come back to be cheered, and to cheer,
 And live a life of love with me.

What more shall deep repentance say?
 What more the suffering soul repeat?
 O surely *thou* wilt not delay
 Whilst *I* shalt listen for thy feet.
 My inmost heart goes out to meet
 The loved one who shall rule my home,
 Make e'en remembered sorrow sweet,
 And lighten every care to come!

Irene, listen to my sigh—
 My heart's contrite bewailing groan;
 And do not, do not let me die,
 As I may but deserve,—alone.
 But come with kind consoling tone,
 And smiling through thy parting tears,
 Confirm Heaven's pardon with thine own,
 And crown my hopes for future years.

Come thou whose love so sweetly smiled,
 And brightened even my dreary lot;
 Come to me, mother of my child—
 Lov'd mistress of my lowly cot.
 Let past afflictions be forgot—
 Let sweet hope be once more renewed—
 And come to me, distrusting not,
 And prove my deep, deep gratitude.

It is the last time—this the last
 That I shall hope to move thy soul,
 So let Oblivion veil the past,
 And bless me with thy first control !
 If this prove vain—the frozen pole
 Is type of what my breast shall be !
 I ask thy love—undoubting, whole—
 For I all fondly yearn for thee !

TO LAURA.

O Loved One Lost, I have again been straying,
 Where we so oft in happy converse strayed—
 Where, Youth's glad zest and Hope's gay light obeying,
 Our footsteps lingered while our hearts delayed.
 But sad to me the well remembered places,
 That held the objects which I prized of yore,
 Because—alas ! their old familiar faces
 And kind sweet voices, gladden them no more.

The harp that answered to thy fairy fingers
 Has long been mute within thy faded bower,
 But still its music's mournful memory lingers
 Among the dreams that are my spirit's dower.
 A desert aspect meets me from the dwelling,
 Whose humble roof-tree sheltered thee so long,
 [For there I saw thy maiden bosom swelling
 With that sweet love which saddened me to song.

Cold strangers now look out upon the roses
 That blessed thee yearly with their light and bloom,
 Beneath the casement which no more discloses
 The gentle tenant of that quiet room.
 Alas ! Life needs no great events to make it
 Forego the visions of its sunny prime—
 The loving heart no outward force to break it,—
 Enough, enough the silent lapse of Time.

We walk not now where Summer flowers, bestowing
 Elysian odours on the wooing wind,
 Made those bright eyes, those fervent tones more glowing,
 That fond kind heart still fonder and more kind.
 We sit not now in social conversation,
 Beside the hearth that smiled with wintry cheer,
 As oft we sat before the deprivation
 That quenched our hopes, and wrung the burning tear.

Yet, think not that thy name is now unspoken
 By those who loved thee when thy days were few :
 Think not the lorn heart slights the simple token
 That moves to tears whene'er it meets the view.
 Thou wert beside us in our days of gladness,
 And, though departed to a stranger shore,
 Art still remembered in our years of sadness
 As one long hoarded in the bosom's core.

The few, that loved thee, valued thee not lightly,
 And will retain thine image to the last ;
 And thou, though widely distant, will do rightly
 To cherish still the friendships of the past ;

For, should the friends of later days neglect thee,
 Those few whose fond hearts have not yet grown cold
 Will take thee to their bosoms and protect thee,
 As in the days that were so dear of old.

* * * * *

Farewell, again! This may be my last greeting
 On this unstable and illusive shore.
 We two may have our next enraptured meeting
 Where love ne'er pines from lack of glittering ore.
 Methinks thy sufferings must have taught submission
 To that great Power that holds thee in His hand,
 Thy soul be meeter for the bright fruition
 Of endless glory in the spirit land.

* * * * *

One more such hour of moonlight and of dreaming
 With thee, the thoughtful, and superb of brow,
 With that soft eye in lustrous beauty beaming,
 Would waft me back to Boyhood's Eden now.
 One more such hour as I have passed with thee, love,
 When glad rills murmured music for the free,
 Were worth what else that earth could yield to me, love,
 For life's best light appeared and waned with thee.

Yet, what remains but sighs of mortal sorrow
 Where sweet hopes have been and must be deferred—
 Where Expectation looks for no bright morrow,
 And memory wanders like a widowed bird;—

What but a sign of parting and of blessing,
 That hath no voice but in this world of ours,
 Where lorn love waits for purified caressing
 Amid the beauty of undying bowers.

Then Loved One Lost, to be forgotten never
 By those who hold thee in the tried heart's core,
 Be blest through this short life—be blest forever
 On this dim orb and on the Eternal shore.
 Be thy path brightened with those kind, sweet faces
 That make this being calm to its decline,
 And, after long years passed in pleasant places,
 Be boundless rapture of the Ransomed thine.

TO A STUDENT OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

Art thou so wedded to the Saviour's cause
 That, bidding farewell to thy native land,
 Thou wilt embark for India's distant strand
 To teach the Heathen mild Religion's laws?
 Thou art, for Heaven hath fitted thee for this
 By giving thee that knowledge of the truth,
 And that sweet earnest of immortal bliss,
 Which stamp decision on the aims of youth:
 Then, though we still would keep thee here—depart
 Constrained by that great love that rules thy inmost heart.

Go, with our feeble aid, our fervent prayers,—
 Go, with thy God to comfort thee, to guide
 The bark that bears thee safely o'er the tide,
 And give thee strength for Missionary cares.
 Go, holding not thy life's frail tenure dear,
 As counting all the hopes of earth but dross,
 That but some other souls may hear
 Of the salvation purchased on the Cross,
 And casting down their senseless idols, own
 The Lord our God Most High, who sits upon the Throne !

LAMENT.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MR. JAMES KNAUT, AND GRIEF
 OF HIS BROTHER.

Thou art buried, O my Brother,
 On a distant island shore ;
 We were dear to one another,
 But the happy past is o'er ;
 Thou shalt come to charm thy mother
 And the homestead scene no more.

If our human hearts were aching
 When we caught thy parting sighs,
 And their love has since been waking
 With the hope that seldom flies,—
 They are bruised now and breaking
 O'er a thousand severed ties.

We were glad when thou wast near us,
Youthful, beautiful, and brave ;
We have none like thee to cheer us
As we breast affliction's wave ;
If we call, thou canst not hear us
In thy resting-place, the grave.

Yet we may again behold thee,
Not on this unstable strand,
But where love may long enfold thee,
In the glorious spirit land ;
Where the deathless have enrolled thee
In their bright rejoicing band.

Brother, whom to lose seem'd madness—
Happy brother, thou hast crossed
O'er the fitful sea of sadness,
Where the soul is wildly tossed,
To the land of life and gladness ;
Thou hast gone, but art not lost.

So, while life's quick pulse is beating,
We will think, to soothe our heart
Of the moment of our greeting
In the country where thou art,
And the rapture of the meeting
Where the happy do not part !

Throne !

AND GRIEF

HOPE IN GLOOM.

What though no present prospects open,
To cheer the hearts that pine,
Come let us cherish hope, sweet hope,
That better days will shine.
Life's shadows cannot always last,
Joy's sun at length will rise,
And we shall smile at trouble past,
Beneath auspicious skies.

True, we have proved the sickly care
Of promised bliss delayed,—
And sternly struggled with despair,
Uncheered by earthly aid.
Yet, we but bear what all have borne—
The common lot of ill,
And though our human hearts are torn,
Have source of comfort still.

Though want and pain combine to crush
A frame not over-strong,
Their dismal boding cannot hush
The spirit voice of song.
True, they may wake impassioned grief,
And waste my being's spring ;
But I shall soar, to seek relief,
Where thought is free to sing.

Cut off, for lack of promised aid,
From common worldly weal,
I hasten to the silent shade
That sorrow's wounds may heal ;
There will I rear my humble cot,
A home of love and peace,
And toil, contented with my lot,
Till all my sorrows cease.

Our fields of yellow ripening corn
Shall rustle in the breeze,
And birds of blessing sing at morn,
Amid our laden trees.
Our humble toil shall crown our board
With coarse but welcome fare,
And we shall use our little hoard
Without the sigh of care.

Then, though no present prospects ope,
To cheer the hearts that pine,
Come, let us cherish hope, sweet hope,
That better days will shine.
Life's shadows cannot always last,
Joy's sun at length will rise,
And we shall smile at trouble past
Beneath auspicious skies.

POSSESSIONS.

A cot for shelter from the storm,
 A couch for calm repose ;
 A fireside comfortably warm
 When winter sheds his snows ;
 A little farm won from the wild,
 By years of toil and care ;
 A happy wife—a laughing child,
 Make all my prospects fair.

These are the little and the much,
 That give existence rest,
 And aid the grateful thoughts that touch
 The fountains of the breast.
 I own a portion of the earth
 On which Thy smiles are shed,—
 A mind exultant in the gift
 Of bliss as well as bread.

Great Parent ! how shall I express
 The gratitude I feel ?—
 With what impassioned words address
 The *Source* of all my weal ?
 Formed, fostered by Thy heavenly power,
 And woo'd to thy control,
 I give Thee back thy priceless dower—
 Hushed heart, and soaring soul.

THE INVALID.

(6.)

I long to breath the free glad air,
The balmy breath of spring ;
To gaze on all things bright and fair,
And hear the wild birds sing.
I long to feel thy genial heat
“Thou world-reviving Sun ;”
And taste again the waters sweet
That down the hill-side run.

Confined to this delightless room
For weary weeks of pain,
I sigh to bask amidst the bloom,
Of nature's vernal reign.
I long throughout the breezy day
To rove in yonder fields,
And win the spirits fresh and gay
That life in action yields.

Not yet its glorious leafy bower
The forest reassumes,
But sweetly, in its sheltering bower,
Acadia's emblem blooms.
Bright birds amidst the woodlands sing,
Their summer loves begun ;
Gay insect tribes are on the wing,
Disporting in the sun.

Though Spring may not rejoice my sight,
It is a joy to me
To know that others bless the light
That shines upon the free.
I hear the blithsome song at morn,
The holy hymn at eve ;
And hope, of tribulation born,
Forbids my heart to grieve.

Methinks I knew not how to prize
Young health's delightful glow,
Till sickness dimmed my lustrous eyes,
And laid my vigour low.
Perhaps, ungrateful for the good
With which my cup was crown'd,
The Giver was misunderstood
Untill His mercy frown'd.

So be it: Let me humbly bear
The afflictive portion given,—
Since e'en affliction shows the care
And tender love of Heaven.
Amidst the still-increasing pains
Of this frail form of dust,
Still more of Him my soul attains,
Still more to Him I trust.

COMPENSATION.

Oft when I feel the tide of song
 Rush o'er my fitful heart,
 Misfortunes dark attendant throng,
 And mental pain, depart.
 Though "Fate" withhold Affection's smile,
 And damp my native fire,
 Sweet spells my lonely hours beguile
 Whene'er I strike the lyre.

Communing with the glorious things
 In earth, and sea, and sky,
 A living well of gladness springs
 In deserts parched and dry.
 Though poor in this world's needful gold,
 And doomed to sigh alone,
 E'en I have mental wealth untold
 O'er all creation strewn.

True—I have sighed for Learning's Fount,
 And spread my feeble wing,—
 But may not scale the rugged mount
 That guards the sacred spring.
 The cares that vex the generous soul,
 The common needs of life,—
 Pain, sickness, hope-deferred, control
 The mind's immortal strife.

Yet what though adverse fate oppress,
If man has learned to soar
Above the deep condign distress
That dims this earthly shore?
He hath rich scenes of calm delight,
When, conscious of her wings,
The spirit gains her starry height,
And in her sadness, sings.

Thus, though too oft o'erwhelmed in gloom
That love may shrink to share,
There still is much to make my doom
Not all too hard to bear.
And though so wearied with the strife
Of this world's rugged ways,
I feel that patience sweetens life,
And brings some sunny days.

Then leave me to the lot of tears,
To which I strive to bow—
And which, familiar with my years,
Ye may not alter now.
I have small earthly wish or aim,
But to employ my span,
Preserve an independent name,
And die—an honest man.

Bid others hope—assist the young,
Whose hearts are buoyant yet;
For mine has been too darkly wrung;
My earthly hope has set.

I know that life must henceforth be
A pilgrimage of pain,
But, oh! I trust I hourly see
The chastening not in vain.

MEMORY.

Dost thou ever think of the days gone by,
When our hearts were young and free,--
When I was the star of thy loving eye,
And thou wast a world to me?
Dost thou yet remember the happy time,
When, singing a song of glee,
I gathered the flowers of thy own dear clime,
From the wild-wood bowers, for thee?

Dost thou ever think of our walks of love,
When our hearts into one heart grew,
As the shining hosts of the halls above
Look'd out from their realms of blue?
Oh! past, long past, are those happy days,
But my first love still is true,
And I feel so worn by the world's cold ways,
That I wish those hours were new.

Dost thou ever visit the haunted glen,
Where the brooklet's song was sweet,
And, freed from the gaze of inquisitive men,
I sat at thy maiden feet?

Dost thou ever visit the wood-bine bower,
That lent us its cool retreat,
When the summer beams at the noon-tide hour
On the fields in fervor beat.

Art thou still sheltered by that dear home
Where we sat when the storm was high,
And the wind rushed on like a cheerless gnome,
With the wail of the wintry sky ?
Dost thou still make one of the household band
For whose social smiles I sigh,
Or art thou afar from thine own dear land,
And alone in the world, as I ?

ANTICIPATING JUNE.

O raise me from my couch of pain,
And bear me to the door,
That I may see the green glad earth,
And clear blue sky once more.
What myriads wing the quick fresh breeze,
From dawn to close of day,
While such as I, diseased and pale,
Sigh feeble life away.

I love the hill-top, the green heights,
My soul hath freedom there ;
And in my days of dear delights,
Health came upon their air.

And now, though worn with weary toil,
And weak with wasting pain,
I long to trace their winding paths,
And taste their sweets again.

But stay ; the winds are yet so chill
The enjoyment might be death,
For I am much too weak and ill
To meet their searching breath.
May hath been wet, and cold, and dark,
But June may set me free !
And I retrace my favorite walks,
Along the flowery lea.

But why this clinging to the world,
Whose cherished hopes decay ?
Is it to bend at mammon's shrine ?
Or walk in wisdom's way ?
Give me to choose the better part,
The truth that makes us free,
And yield the lowly contrite heart,
O gracious Lord, to Thee !

Thus, whether life continue long,
Or death's cold touch be nigh,
Teach me to sing salvation's song—
Or let me joy to die.
Thou hast upheld my feeble soul,
Through varied good and ill,
And now, that waves of trouble roll,
Thy love supports me still.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

Once more my much loved Harp, once more
I touch thy tuneful string,
For half my care might well be o'er
And hope consent to sing.
Kind friends have smiled upon my gloom
And cheered my wayward fate,
But Oh, this little bit of bloom
Has haply come so late ;

So late ! The pain that racks my breast,
Denoting quick decay,
Forewarns me that I soon shall rest
Beneath Oblivious clay,
Yet will their kindness soothe the grief
Of premature decline,
Their generous presents bring relief,
If not to me, to mine.

I go from heart-consuming care,
From yearning sighs for peace,
To sleep in death's cold chambers, where
Life's withering troubles cease.
Yet seems it hard for one so young,
So fraught with fancies high,
To leave his much-loved harp unstrung,
Resign his hopes, and die.

Yet I am all unmeet, unmeet,
To struggle with my lot,
And now my weary pilgrim feet—
Would seek some quiet spot.
Oh ! lay me, after all my pain,
On earth—my mother's breast,
And grieve not that ye miss my strain,
For I shall be at rest !

Say ! what have I to live for here
When health and hope have fled,
But desert prospects far too drear,
For feeble steps to tread ?
What, but the sinking of the heart
Beneath despair's control,
Wild tears of anguish wept apart,
And bitterness of soul ?

WHY MY SONG IS SAD.

Ye ask me why my song is sad
In life's meridian day ;
I answer, How can it be glad
When Hope withholds her ray ?
She has not shed her warmer beams,
Upon my night of gloom,
And now withdraws her faint cold gleams,
And leaves me to my doom.

Spring came—I scarcely breathed her air,
Or looked upon her sky ;
And Summer's charms, exceeding fair,
Passed half-regarded by.
Now Autumn, crowned with golden sheaves
Brings bread and bliss to toil,
But mine are but the withered leaves—
The crushed heart's piteous spoil.

Unconscious, unafraid of guile,
I build my tower—on dust !
Alas ! how man can smile and smile,
And break his brother's trust.
What change of fate can make amends,
What after smiles repay,
The pangs infix'd by friends, strange friends,
That flatter and betray !

The wronged Athenian sought a cave
Beside the lone sea-shore,—
And I, too long a suppliant slave,
Will trust the world no more ;
Taught, by the sorrows of the past
How seathe the false world's fires,
Will shun the noisy scene at last
And nurse subdued desires.

But who can brook the bitter thought
That earthly trust is vain !
The wisdom is all dearly bought
That brings such burning pain.

We waste the sunny years of youth,
We lavish manhood's prime,
To prove, and weep, the cold, cold truth
So oft revealed by time!

Then ask not why my song is sad,
My soul forlorn and drear;
Can high-wrought minstrel souls be glad
When hope forgets to cheer?
Can hearts bowed down to earth, maintain
Sweet patience, and be still,
No earth experience but of pain—
Small prospect, but of ill?

The birds, that all the bright day long,
Breathe rapture on the ear,
Have sorrow in their sweetest song,
When Winter rules the year;
So, when life's glorious rainbows fail,
And hope forsakes our sky,
The proudest spirits inly quail,
The coldest bosoms sigh.

TAKE BACK THE LYRE.

O give me back the lyre whose strain
Sent light o'er life's unclouded spring,
The lyre that long hath idly lain,
That ceased with youthful Hope, to sing.

Perchance I yet again may wake
The voice of dim departed years ;
Perchance this icy spell may break
And melt to sad yet soothing tears.

Alas ! my youthful fire is o'er--
The strain is sad and lifeless all ;
This time-worn lyre can but deplore
The grief, which holds my heart in thrall.

The loved who woke its voice of mirth,
Have ceased their radiant light to shed ;
And life to me is dark, and earth
Has gloom from deserts of the dead.

Away, away—take back the lyre !
I cannot wake its gladdening tone—
I cannot now its chords inspire,
Each cherished earthly hope has flown.

Take back the lyre—its mournful strain
Accords not with its notes of yore ;
And oh, it adds but more of pain
To think its last glad song is o'er.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

The spirit of the dreamy past
 A bright perspective drew ;
 But wakeful life is all o'ercast,
 With truth's ensomber'd hue ;
 I could not in my joy believe
 The warning of the wise,
 That pleasure smileth to deceive,
 And Peace but sings and flies.

I longed for Manhood's active prime,
 But now I turn, in tears,
 Unto my Boyhood's happy time,
 My unreturning years ;
 I linger o'er their treasured things,
 As misers o'er their gold,
 And weep that young Delight has wings
 That may not be controlled.

For me to sigh for Learning's store,
 Is but to feel the sting
 That waits on those who try to soar
 On poor Misfortune's wing.
 "The cares that vex the generous soul—
 The common needs of life—
 Pain, sickness, hope deferred, control
 The mind's immortal strife."

My lot has been a wearied lot,
 With only, at the most,
The limits of a little spot
 That clouds had not engrossed.
But though the gloom that marks my brow,
 Is cold within my heart,
My soul has garnered much, that now
 I would not have depart.

The Past instructs the Present,—I
 Have learned with one of yore,
That all is vain beneath the sky
 Unless we seek for more.
Life has a bitter cup at best—
 But if its hopes be all,
Its pleasures lack their native zest,
 And prematurely pall.

When want restrained my youthful fire,
 I bade my harp complain ;
But now along each trembling wire
 There breathes an humble strain :
The night that closed around my way
 Is still without a morn,
But, oh ! of sacred Reason's ray
 A steadfast star is born.

FORGET ME.

Forget me!—all my love and care,
 My smiles and tears forget ;—
 My youthful hopes were bright and fair,
 But Fortune's light hath set.
 Through life these last sad words of mine,
 This hour, do not recall ;
 I would not that a tear of thine
 For one so lone should fall.

Forget me!—think of me no more—
 Or let my memory be
 Like that of one whose strife is o'er,
 Whose wearied soul is free.
 My youthful hopes were bright and fair,
 But Fortune's light hath set :—
 Forget me—all my love and care,
 My smiles and tears, forget.

FORGET THEE!"

Forget thee?—Oh! it may not be—
 Thy love hath o'er me cast
 A spell that still will turn to thee,
 And wake the happy past.
 When first in this cold world we met,
 And heart communed with heart,
 A seal upon my soul was set,
 That may not hence depart.

Forget thee?—Yes, when these worn eyes
In dreamless sleep shall close—
When this lone heart that loves thee, lies
In Death's serene repose.
Through life will I the past recall—
On thee my thoughts shall rest,—
For thee my frequent tears shall fall,
My sighs be unrepressed.

THE LIGHT OF THY SUNNY EYE.

The light of thy sunny eye once more
On my pallid brow is beaming,
But, dearest, my joyous days are o'er,
And the zest of my heart's fond dreaming.
My lip may be seen to wear a smile,
The wreck of my youth illuming,
But the shade that passes my face the while
Tells that no earth hopes are blooming.

Full quickly the silver cord of life
Will the spoiler's cold touch sever,
And my soul shall be freed from its pain and strife,
And return to its bourne forever.
Like a bird unbound from its weary chain,
Aloft in its gladness springing;
Even so may I soar to the heavenly plain
Of its joyful freedom singing.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

I would I were a child again
To sit among the flowers,
And gathering garlands for my hair,
In summer's sunny hours.
I would I were a child again,
As careless and as gay
As when I laughed as others laugh,
And played as others play.

Oh, happy times!—how soon exchanged
For after years of care,
The darkly trying lot of earth,
That man is doomed to bear.
Oh, happy time!—when on her hope
My tender mother smiled—
I would I were a child again—
A young and happy child!

THE BUDS HAVE BURST FORTH.

The buds have burst forth into beautiful flowers,
And the birds that I love have returned to my bowers,
The green leaves are glistening, the grass and the grain
Give promise of harvest to gladden the swain.

But I have no pleasure, no sense and no sight,
In all that once gave me such purer delight.
I know there are greenness, and beauty and flowers,
And fairy birds singing in favourite bowers ;

But sickness of body, and sweet hopes deferred,
Have rent the sweet chords which the joy-spirit stirred,
And now the fond poet of nature and truth,
Is wasting away in the summer of youth,

Going down to the grave, leaving kind friends to weep,
And a loved wife to mourn with a sorrow too deep ;
And a young child to miss him and ask for his face,
When a cold chilling void shall have darkened his place.

Yet God gives me patience—I wish to be still,
Behold his salvation, submit to His will ;
And I trust that my hope in His mercy and Love,
Is an earnest of rest in the mansions above.

ONE DAY NEARER.

One day nearer to the grave—
Swiftly suns and shadows roll,
Bringing on the solemn time
Which shall try the trembling soul.

One day nearer to the grave—
 I am hastening to its bourne,
 I am withering from the world,
 Never, never to return.

Well, the Will of Heaven be done ;
 I have toiled for humble bread,—
 While the better part—the soul—
 Sighed, neglected,—pined, unfed.

'Tis an awful thing to die—
 Even the Christian feels it such ;
 Shrinks to close the weary eye,
 Dreads the last congealing touch.

But, O Maker of my frame,
 Thou, if sought aright, wilt give ;
 I have sinned—incurred thy wrath ;
 Christ has died—and I may live.

Give me—earnestly I crave—
 Faith, and hope, and perfect love.
 Save me, in Thy mercy save !
 Take me to Thyself above !

Thou canst justify the soul
 Which has sinned, and yet be just.
 Justify, and make me whole—
 Whole in heart, and spirit-trust.

DEPARTING.

They tell me that the smiles of Spring
Are bright upon the earth,
That every green and flowery thing
Is bursting into birth.

They tell me of the songs of birds,
The murmuring of the rills,
The cheerful sounds of flocks and herds
Upon a thousand hills.

In vain for me, the birds sing cheer,
The flowers unfold their dyes ;
The sights I see, the sounds I hear,
Are human tears and sighs.

Yet why should I lament the doom
That gives this mortal, rest,
Ere thousands lose their youthful bloom
And buoyancy of breast ?

Why should my loving friends deplore
My premature decay ?
I long to spread my wings and soar
To everlasting day.

They should not grieve because I go,
 On glad wings—like a dove—
 From sin and suffering below
 To endless peace above.

My hope is strong—I have no fears :
 I hear my Saviour's voice—
 O friends, O kindred, dry your tears,
 Look heavenward, and rejoice.

TO MY WIFE.

(7.)

Oh give me music in my pain,
 To wrap me from my care,
 Sing, dearest, sing, some holy strain,
 To some old sacred air.
 Thou canst not raise me from my bed,
 Of early sad decay,
 With all the tears which love may shed,
 Or vows which love would pay.
 But thou canst bear my spirit up
 Upon thy winged voice,
 Till I forget life's bitter cup,
 Breathe freely, and rejoice.

If poor our lot, and small our hope,
 If brief as thought our bloom,
 Oh, let us trust that light will ope
 To cheer this hour of gloom.

My heart, long pierced with various pain,
 Sees gleams of light divine,
 And still would labour to retain
 Some hope for thee and thine.
 I ask no long protracted stay,
 To waste my midnight oil ;
 But strength to smooth our humble way,
 And health for useful toil.

But He who rules with gracious sway,
 May other path decree ;
 And I, at life's meridian day,
 Be wrapped in earth from thee !
 But let not grief, too bitter, rend,—
 But trust, and trusting pray,
 The widow's God, the orphan's friend,
 Will be thy staff and stay.

THE WISH.

O, make my lone and lowly grave
 Beneath the bright unbounded sky,
 And let no cypress o'er it wave,
 No marble meet the traveller's eye.

I would not be, among the crowd,
 In common sepulchres inhumed ;
 I would not with the rich and proud
 Be mid the pomp of State entomb'd.

Enough for me, if while I live
I strive my wayward heart to keep ;
My foes—if I have foes—forgive,
Love all, and weep with those who weep.

Enough for me, if when I die
I leave no heart which mine hath wrung,—
No tear but in Affection's eye,
No line the good may wish unsung.

Enough, if o'er my dreamless rest
The Mourner, Night, comes down to weep ;
If there, as oft in moments blest,
The stars keep watch, the moonbeams sleep.

Why trouble where we leave our clay,
When summoned to the spirit sphere ;
Yet I this wearied frame would lay
In some sweet spot to feeling dear.

Then make my lone and lowly grave
Beneath the bright unbounded sky,
Where flowers may bloom, and green grass wave,
And wild birds sing, and soft winds sigh !

NOTES TO "PERSONAL."

(1.) The correspondent addressed in these lines, was the person mentioned in memoir, as an early friend of the Poet. At the date of the lines, Mr. G. was editor of a Provincial paper,—and in its columns had made complimentary reference to Mr. McPherson. The Mr. Elder mentioned in one of the verses, was, at the time, a candidate for the Baptist ministry. He had written poetical pieces above the common order,—one of those, entitled "The Grave Yard," is alluded to in the Address to Mr. G. Mr. E. died before he had attained to what is called, the prime of life.

(2.) By the term "mystic tie" as used in this and one or two other places, is to be understood, the poetic sympathy; the bond of literature, taste and habits, which is supposed to influence minds having poetic propensities and training.

(3.) These lines are also addressed to Mr. G. Each stanza has its own suggestive scene, expressed in picturesque words, and finely flowing metre;—and each is worthy of separate study. See the paintings of the Season, of the anticipation of Spring, and of the social enjoyments, which the little pastoral includes.

(4.) Ianthe was taken as an occasional designation, instead of Irene, for the same person.

(5.) See Memoir, under title "Particulars of Poems," for some explanation in reference to these lines.

(6.) This little piece is characteristic of McPherson's muse: The sympathy with nature,—the personal wailings, the consolation in good experienced by others, the devotional tendency, and the liquid flowing of metre,—have echoes in many parts of the volume.

(7.) This loving lament is marked as McPherson's "last" poetical effort. What thoughts are suggested by the circumstances, and by the tone of mind expressed.

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PART II.

INCLUDING :

“DEVOTIONAL,”

“TEMPERANCE REFORM,”

“OCCASIONAL.”

“The noblest claim!
To walk with God,—to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.”

“’Tis nurtur’d thirst,—
Of ruinous excess, that frequent prompts,
The baser action, and imbrates the man.”

“Studios of Song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely.”

DEVOTIONAL.

THE humble aspirations of the heart towards Divine power and goodness,—the elements of worship, love and constant service, are understood by the term Devotion. The Poet says—"An undevout Astronomer is mad";—but should not the reproof have much wider range? Man, in his nature and history would be the problem of the universe, if divested of that linking with Divine excellence, which is characteristic of true Devotion;—which refines and harmonizes human life.

The natural history of humanity proves how almost universal is the instinct of Divine worship;—in its higher and purer Christian aspects it doubtless develops the highest order of man; the most dignified, beneficent and happy condition of the human race, created, to some extent, in the likeness of the Creator.

The different ranks of Society, have greatly different objects and principles of daily life;—but sincere devotion harmonizes every grade. In this respect, the Queen on the throne, and the most obscure cottager, have the same great Centre of solicitude, of prayer, of praise, and of consolation.

The Poet has been called the priest of nature: one who stands, as it were, between the seen and unseen worlds; who allures to the genial and beautiful and good;—who gives a language to the otherwise inarticulate principles of animate and inanimate existence, causing appreciation and concord, where otherwise ignorance and confusion might prevail. Such an estimate may include much of poetic license,—but it also includes much of the real essentials of the poet's office,—and except it apply, to some good degree, a student may labor at rhetoric and rhyme, with but few claims to the title of true Poet.

The verses which follow are pervaded by much of the aspiration and genuine philosophy of acceptable devotion,—while the melody of the language, and vividness of the thoughts, will be found, in many parts, calculated to combine feelings of interest and pleasure with those of utility and duty.

DEVOTIONAL.

PRAISE.

(Note 1.)

Let ocean, the Creator praise ;
Let rolling floods adore Him ;
Your song, ye lofty mountains raise,
Ye hills, be glad before Him.

Ye winds take up the lofty lay,
And, on your mystic pinions,
The wonders of His fame convey
Throughout his vast dominions.

Ye storms that war with ocean hoar,
Are heard the chorus swelling ;
Still in your elemental roar,
Of great Jehovah telling

Ye lightnings which attend his car,
Ye loud o'erwhelming thunders,
Proclaim his awful name afar
And speak his gracious wonders.

To Him, ye trees, your honours wave,
 Rejoicing on the mountains ;
 To Him ye streams, the vales that lave,
 Leap gladly from your fountains.

Let all his creatures sing his praise,
 Let sinners fear before him ;
 Let saints the grateful anthem raise,
 And every soul adore Him.

WORSHIP.

(2.)

“ It is good to be here.”—PETER.

O Saviour ! it is good for us
 To be assembled here !
 For when we meet to worship thus,
 Thou art divinely near.

We cannot see Thee, as of old
 Thy favored people saw ;
 We cannot, as they did, behold
 Thy look of love and awe !

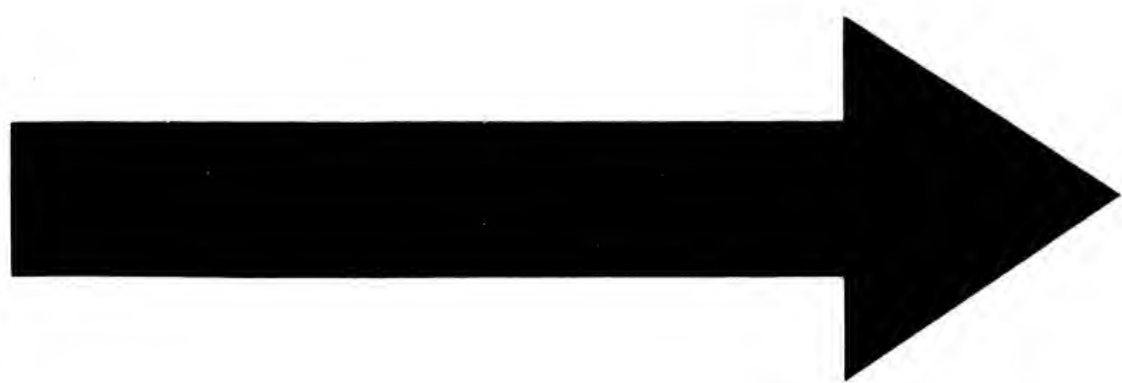
Yet where Thy trusting servants meet,
 In Thy most holy name,
 Thy presence makes devotion sweet,
 And purifies its flame.

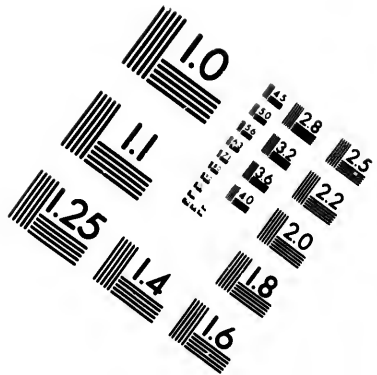
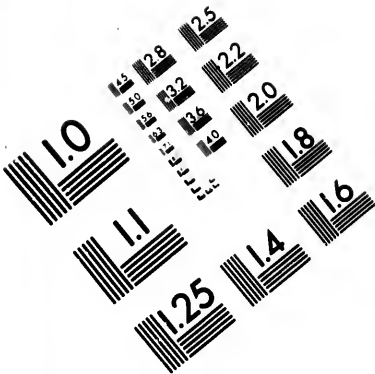
Thy smiles such peace and joy impart
That doubt and darkness flee,
And leave the altar of the heart,
Not all unmeet for Thee !

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

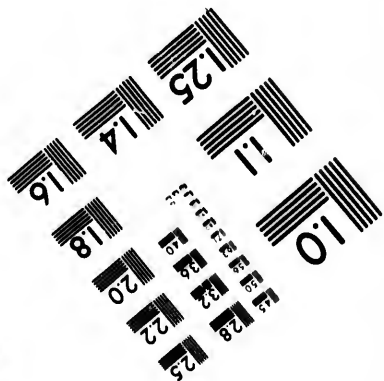
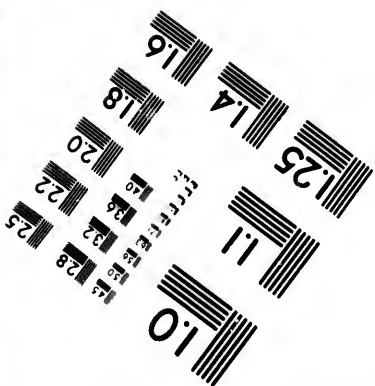
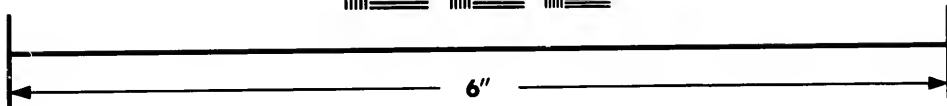
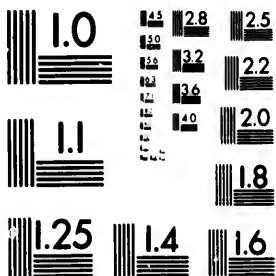
Creator of this mortal frame
With mystic sense inwrought,
And glowing with the vital flame
Of heaven-aspiring thought ;
To Thee, O Lord, enthroned above
In glory's holiest glow,
How deep a debt of thankful love
Do we, Thy creatures, owe.

Each day and every hour displays
Thy Providential care ;
Thine eye is over all our ways,
Thy influence every where.
Then aid, O aid us to maintain
The birthright of the free,
And strengthen thou the golden chain
That binds our hearts to Thee !



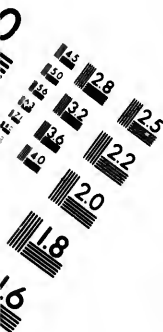


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PRAYER MEETING MELODY.

O ! Thou at whose coming the glad heavens bow,
Shed on us the light of Thy countenance now ;
Let Thy love to this waiting assembly appear—
To the souls of Thy servants be graciously near.

Thou hast promised that thus when Thy followers meet
Thy presence shall bless them—their union be sweet ;
Then, O, to Thy people who seek Thee, draw near,
That we all may confess “ it is good to be here ! ”

We would fain give ourselves to our Lord in our youth,
To be kept by the Spirit of Meekness and Truth,
To be taught by Thy wisdom to walk in Thy light
Until sin shall have vanished, and faith become sight.

Then, O, to Thy worshipping servants impart
Due fervor of soul and contrition of heart,
That, released from the sins that beset and enthrall,
We may serve Thee with freedom and love Thee o'er all !

O teach us henceforth so to number our days
That the works of our hands may be done to Thy praise,
That all who our patience and faithfulness see,
May learn of our Master, and glorify Thee.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

Saviour! we have come to-day
 To be guided in Thy way,
 To be led in early youth
 In the peaceful paths of Truth.

We are seekers—and would find
 Singleness of heart and mind;
 We are learners—and would be
 Great Instructor! taught of Thee!

Bless our faithful pastor's cares,
 Bless our Sabbath teacher's prayers;
 Make them useful, fervent, wise,
 Righteous leaders to the skies.

Bless this sacred Sabbath day—
 Bless Religion's widening sway;
 Into thy good hands we fall—
 Guide, protect, instruct us all!

THE COMPENSATION.

What matter where our lot be cast,
 If we perform our part,
 And bear the sunshine and the blast
 In purity of heart;

What matter how obscure the place
 In which we run our earthly race,
 Or how these bodies smart,
 If we secure a home above—
 An interest in a Saviour's love.

The trials of this sinful sphere,
 This darkly passing shore,
 Though oftimes many and severe,
 Shall soon afflict no more ;—
 Will be forgotten when we gaze
 On glory's bright undazzling blaze,
 And heavenly heights explore ;
 For He who sits upon the Throne
 Has fadeless pleasures for His own !

HOPE.

Did Hope, that fails the righteous never,
 No light beyond the grave impart—
 Did Death divide our souls for ever,
 How sad were the surviving heart ?

There is a land of life unending,
 Where those who serve the Lord shall meet,
 A land where soul with soul is blending,
 Where love is pure, and service sweet.

Though here, by many sorrows riven,
 Though here, the prospect cheats our eyes,
 To faith the glorious hope is given,
 Of boundless bliss beyond the skies.

Then let us, our intent declaring,
 With steadfast faith and constant prayer,
 The ills of life with patience bearing,
 For that eternal rest prepare !

THE REST.

(3.)

Rest, for all the broken-hearted,
 Joy, for all oppressed with grief ;
 Bliss, for all the good departed,
 And for every ill, relief !

Think, who lay in lowly manger !
 Who contemned the world's vain pride !
 Who was deemed a wandering stranger !
 Who Heaven's gates hath opened wide !

Joy, then,—Joy ! and onward pressing,
 Toil ye for the glorious prize ;
 Sweet the rest, the promised blessing,
 Which shall greet the ransomed eyes !

HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.

Christian, life, like yonder ocean,
Teems with dangers dark and drear ;
Now, its waves, in wild commotion,
Now, in tranquil rest, appear.
From its shining, peaceful seeming,
Christian, thou hast much to fear,
But with heavenly beacon beaming,
Thou thy bark may'st rightly steer.

Then, should stormy wrath assail thee !
Crowding ills thy lot betide !
Fear not,—help shall never fail thee ;
Deity thy guard and guide.
Though nor time, nor space can bound Him,
He can in the heart abide,
Peace and joy diffusing round Him,
Strength and solace, by thy side.

BEREAVEMENTS.

O, why from all things which the heart
Delighted, fain would keep,
Is hapless man decreed to part
In anguish wild and deep ?
O, why must sad bereavement's tears
In hopeless grief be shed,
While love lament through lonely years
The absent and the dead ?

Sin, sin, that erst from Eden's bowers
Exiled the primal pair,
Has marked this weeping world of ours,
With cold sepulchral air.
Hence, all that spring on earth must fade ;
And all of mortal born,
Descend to silent solemn shade,
Waiting the rising morn.

Then, bursting from the silent tomb,
Shall all, the crown that win,
In bright unwithering beauty bloom,
And endless life begin.
While sweetly through unbounded space,
Beneath unclouded skies,
Glad songs of praise, for saving grace,
From golden harps shall rise !

A NIGHT THOUGHT. ✓

As purely in the human breast
Should Virtue's image lie,
As in the lakelet sunk to rest,
The mirrored, starry sky.
But lured by Pleasure's phantom, man,
Unmindful of his goal,
Seeks not to gild his little span,
The light that guides the soul.

MOURNER.

Mourner, hath thy friend departed ?
Beams no more the loved one's eye ?
Art thou lone and broken-hearted—
Worn with woe, and prone to die.
Though thy path be dark before thee,
Though there seem no cheering ray,
Light will rise, and shining o'er thee,
Turn the darkness into day.

Maiden ! youth and health may leave thee,
All thy young delights depart,—
Time, of mortal joy bereave thee,
Earthly love forsake thy heart ;
Yet, if when thy path is shaded,
Thou canst soar above its gloom,
O'er thine earthly prospects faded,
Brighter scenes for thee shall bloom !

Mourner, weak and worn with sorrow,
Grief but for a while will last ;
Joy returneth with the morrow,
And the night will soon be past.
Much to cheer thee still, is given—
Much to chase away thy fears ;
Feelings wearied, worn and riven—
Soon shall know no bitter tears.

RESIGNATION.

(4.)

Mortal ! o'er thy lot repining,
 Lift above thy tearful eyes ;
 Earthly ills, our hearts refining,
 Fit us for our native skies ;
 Earthly joys when most declining
 Seem to bid us most to rise.

If thy heart too proudly clingeth
 To this changeful world of ours,
 Marvel not if sorrow springeth
 E'en from out its fairest flowers ;
 Earthly passion surely bringeth
 Darkness o'er its brightest bowers.

Think how oft thou blindly swervest
 From the light and life divine—
 Think how little thou deservest,
 While so much of good is thine,
 And, if Heaven thou rightly servest,
 Thou wilt then no more repine !

EARTH.

(5.)

Cling not to Earth—her frequent smile,
 Polluted in its spring,
 Is oft the changing phase of guile—
 The charm before the sting.

She mocketh those who love her—makes
Their wiser actions gross mistakes,
 And clips the spirit's wing.
Cling not to earth—her flowers depart,
And leave a wintry dearth of heart.

We labour more to live unblest—
 To nurse these sensual fires,
Than to secure the glorious rest
 Reserved for pure desires.
The life to come is shaped in this,
Which hath sweet preludes of the bliss
 To which our hope aspires ;
But though we sigh for happier skies,
We trust the world, and miss the prize !

Thou scorn'st the tyranny of man,
 Stoop not to that of lust,
Which desecrates his little span,
 And bows him to the dust, —
Obscures the glory of the soul
Ambitious of a heavenly goal,
 And violates her trust !
Alas ! that he who frees the slave
Should tread on Moral Freedom's grave !

Cling not to earth, but cease to prize,
 That syren, Sensual Joy,
Which, fair to inexperienced eyes,
 Allures but to destroy.

Not all the blandishments of art
Can hide the worm that gnaws her heart,
And works the soul annoy ;
Blight lurks beneath her balmiest breath,
Her straying feet take hold on death.

Seek Wisdom ; she is knowledge, truth,
The soul's superior sight,
The fountain of immortal youth,
And ever new delight.
Her right hand offers length of days,
Her left, true riches, pleasure, praise,
And all things pure and bright.
Her ways are pleasantness and peace ;
Time fails, but her rewards, increase.

EARTHLY JOY.

I ask not earthly joy
Which cannot long endure,
But that which Time may not destroy ;
The exquisite and pure.

I would not linger here—
When called to rise and go
To that all-radiant upper sphere,
Unstained by sin and woe.

Earth's frail and feverish clay
Suits not the rising soul,
That loves to wing her joyful way
To her eternal goal.

E'en now, as on the verge
Of mortal life I stand,
There come sweet angel-thoughts that urge
My thoughts to that far land.

Yes, I will bear this strife,
And wait with hope, till He
Who spake the world to light and life,
Speak my hushed spirit free.

VOTARY OF PLEASURE.

Thou that now in youth enjoyest
That which seems sufficient bliss,
Thou that all thy powers employest,
Like thy precious years, amiss ;
That immortal soul debasing
At the world's unholy shrine,
There thy fond affections placing,—
How can lasting peace be thine ?

He who yields to dark temptation,
 He who perseveres in sin,
 Thoughtless of his high vocation
 Feels an aching void within.
 Virtue's peaceful paths forsaking,
 Wandering from the ways of right,
 Grief for guilt our souls o'ertaking,
 We partake the penal blight.

Wisdom long hath loudly spoken,
 Though she speaks too oft in vain,
 That when Nature's laws are broken
 Man must suffer varied pain :
 Use the world, as not abusing
 That which to well-being tends ;
 Take thy lot without refusing
 Teachings, Heavenly Goodness sends.

Though the things of time are twining
 Round the young and ardent heart,
 Yet, their specious lures declining,
 Wisely choose the better part.
 Hail the light that, shining o'er thee,
 With its pure prophetic ray,
 Will dispel the gloom before thee
 And make sure the doubtful way.

This is but the dawn of being,
 This, Probation's trial hour ;
 Here, man seeth not, or seeing,
 Slumbereth on where troubles lower.

Then, no longer idly dreaming,—
 Life's corrupting pleasures fly ;
 And, thy precious years redeeming,
 Lay up treasures in the sky.

TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND:

My Brother ! though thy lot be low,
 Thy burthen hard to bear,—
 Thy earthly pleasures dashed with woe,
 Thy earthly peace, with care ;
 Hast thou not still amidst the gloom
 Some little tints of heavenly bloom,
 Some flowers serenely fair—
 Some pure bright antepasts of joy
 “ Which time shall never dare destroy ? ”

Those lights that cheer thee on thy way
 Are shadows of a sphere,
 To which, as fades our evil day,
 The spirit draws more near :
 Then faint not thou, but fix thine eye
 In patient hope beyond the sky
 Till that bright world appear :
 Life's little ills will soon be o'er,
 And sin and sorrow vex no more.

No matter where our lot be cast,
If we perform our part,
And bear the sunshine and the blast
In lowliness of heart;
No matter how obscure the place
In which we run our earthly race—
Nor how these bodies smart,
If we secure a home above—
An interest in a Saviour's love.

The trials of this sinful sphere—
This doomed and passing shore,
Which, though, at intervals, severe,
Shall soon afflict no more—
Will be forgotten when we gaze
On Glory's empyrean blaze,
And all of heaven explore;
For He who sits upon the Throne
Will give us pleasures like his own.

This state of trial may be best
To fit us for the sky,
If here the soul were fully blest
The body might not die;
Even Enoch, of angelic worth,
Who died not, was not left on earth,
But taken up on high.
This life is lent us to prepare
For endless habitations there.

Then, when thy spirit is oppress'd
And wearied with its clay,
Look upwards to thy home of rest,
And faint not in the way.
Be ever faithful to the Lord,
Nor wander into paths abhorred,
But watch, and, watching pray.
Yea—listen for the Master's voice,
That thou mayest answer and rejoice.

Remember, He who bore our sins
Was tempted as are we ;
And know, the triumph but begins
When suffering sets us free.
Submit implicitly to Him,
Before whom bow the Cherubim,
And he will succour thee ;
He knows our frame, that we are dust,
And well rewards our humble trust.

WHAT WE SHALL BE.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
And thought doth not conceive
How great the bliss to be conferred
On those that hear the Saviour's word,
And hearing it, believe.

No pleasures that in Eden smiled,
 However bright and fair,
 Ere sin the peaceful haunts defiled,
 Can with that bliss compare.

We know there is a better shore
 By no dark cloud o'ercast,
 To which the joyful soul shall soar
 And dwell delighted, evermore,
 When earthly life is past.

We know not what we there shall be—
 Yet not unlike to Him,
 At whose bright presence earth shall flee
 And every star be dim.

HEBREW MELODY.

SPRING.

The sky relieved of Wintry gloom
 Is smilingly serene,
 The dews descend—the fields resume
 Their garb of cheerful green.

Sweet sounds of re-awakening mirth
 Borne on the south wind's wing,
 And bright things bursting into birth,
 Tell of the balmy Spring,

The singing of the little birds—
The turtle dove's soft voice—
The bleating flocks, the lowing herds—
Bid Judah's sons rejoice.

Then, oh! like these, no longer mute,
Awake the tribute dear;
Bring forth the timbrel and the lute,
And hail the opening year.

Shall we forego the pleasing theme?
Shall we be silent long,
When hill and dale and gushing streams
Are jubilant with song?

No! Hebrews, be the duty ours
To bid glad echoes leap,
From favored Salem's holy towers
To Judah's farthest steep.

Rejoice, for these salubrious skies,
These tender blades and flowers,
Like love's pure light in youthful eyes,
Betoken happier hours.

Rejoice, for e'en the winged air,
The green and flowery sward,
Are grateful for the smiling care
Of Israel's glorious Lord.

Let pious thankfulness impart
Its music to the voice,
Great gladness gush from every heart,
And every soul rejoice.

WASTED GIFTS.

Man, gifted with a glorious soul,—
Oft grovelleth in the dust,
Unmindful of its native goal,
Its pure immortal trust.

Time, talents, many a precious gift
That Sovereign Bounty lends,
Are wasted in the wild unthrift,
On poor precarious ends.

Though lapsed from happy first estate
In Eden's peaceful bowers,
Thou mightst again be good and great
With such angelic powers!

But why despair? Did Jesus die,
And will not Heaven forgive?
Oh! Faith, lift up the tearful eye,
And Hope shall whisper—Live.

Poor trembler ! Heaven has done its part
In love to ransom thee ;—
Yield thou the broken contrite heart,
And Grace shall set thee free.

OUR LOT.

Our lot in the world may be dreary,
Our portion of comfort but small,
The spirit be joyless and weary,
And sorrow the bosom enthrall.
Even then, from kind Heaven appeareth
A light, in the midst of our gloom,
The soul of the lone one it cheereth,
And causeth the desert to bloom.

The fortune we trust may deceive us,
The friends that we love may depart,
But sunshine will never all leave us
If virtue has home in the heart.
Albeit we journey in sorrow,
Remote from the regions of rest,
Yet here, even here, we can borrow
A beam from the land of the blest.

REPROOF.

What boots it now for me to live ?
The few that loved me once are dead !
The joys which social love can give,
No more their sunshine o'er me shed.

I long for Nature's last reprieve—
That quiet which the weary crave ;
This darkened earthly scene to leave
And sleep serenely in the grave.

Hush, mortal, hush !—Thy Maker's will
Has placed thee in this world of care,
And thou its hour of seeming ill
In patient hope shouldst humbly bear.

Though earthly joy has veiled its ray,
And thou hast wept its dim decline,
The transient cloud may pass away
And pure unfading light be thine.

Oh ! why should mortal man complain
Of tribulation's just award,
If all this weary load of pain
Prepares the soul to meet her Lord.

Be this our being's primal aim—
Chief end for which we sojourn here—
To laud our glorious Maker's name,
And seek a higher, nobler sphere !

RECOVERY.

Disease's hand was on my heart,
And darkness on my mind ;
The frequent tear would sadly start,
And hope was half resigned.

But Mercy's healing angel came,
And bursting through the gloom,
Restored the eye its former flame,
The cheek its early bloom.

As if by some supernal power
Revived, the spirits spring ;
The soul forgets her darkened hour,
And Thought resumes her wing.

Great Being whom with awe we nam
From whom all blessings flow !
Restorer of my fevered frame—
How much to thee I owe !

When comes at last, as come it must,
Since we are doomed to die—
The hour when dust returns to dust,—
O take my soul on high!

JOY AND INNOCENCE.

(6.)

The hosts around the eternal throne,
Began a louder song,
As man mid Eden's flowery zone,
Joined Adoration's throng.
As bowing lowly, pure and calm,
And free from guileful art,
His morning hymn and evening psalm
Were offered from the heart.

That pristine song was soon unsung,
For sin's impending doom
Darkened the scene so fair and young,
And soil'd the spirit's bloom.
But, oh! again that song shall rise,
Amidst the courts above,
When Death shall give us to the skies,
To sing Redeeming Love.

Nay—when this strife shall vex no more,
That glorious strain shall be
More sweetly grateful than before—
Ascending from the free.

The radiance of her native source—
The beauty of her spring—
Will give the soul more grateful force,
And more exultant wing.

MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

To lay the wearied body down
And soar beyond the sky,
To wear an everlasting crown,
Why call we this—to die?

To die? Pure spirits do not die;
They but resign their clay
To dwell in endless life on high,
To triumph o'er decay!

For them, to close the mortal sight,
To yield the mortal breath,
Is but to rise to Heaven's own light,
To wake from sin and death!

Then who would dread the mystic change
That gives him to the sky,
Through all the unexplored to range,
From star to star to fly?

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

Lord over all! thy countless creatures making
The daily objects of thy pitying care—
Not e'en the humblest in its path forsaking,—
Warm thou our hearts, inspire our humble prayer.

All beings bow to thy behest—before Thee
Archangels veil their faces with their wings,
Cry, Holy! Holy art Thou! and adore Thee,
With songs harmonious,—Sovereign King of kings.

We, too, whom thou in innocence created,
But who have gone like foolish sheep astray,—
Kindred to dust, yet to the skies related,
Would seek Thy footstool, and be taught Thy way.

Our myriad sins rise o'er us like a mountain,
But since Thy mercies evermore endure,
We would approach the rich exhaustless fountain
By which the vilest may be rendered pure.

We come to Thee, of all our sins repenting,
Our purpose open to Thy searching view;
Then righteous father, in thy love relenting,
Absolve our souls, create our hearts anew.

We plead no merit of our own before Thee—
On no self-righteousness we urge our case—
But, still, as our great Refuge, we adore Thee,
And plead the influence of redeeming grace.

Hear us in Heaven, Thy eternal dwelling,
Grant gracious solace to the laboring breast,
And soothe our sorrow with the peace, foretelling
Abundant entrance to our glorious rest.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

Every human bosom beareth
Griefs that must be all its own,
But the heart is cold that careth
For itself alone.

Not in solitary places,
Not in deserts let me dwell ;
But where cheerful human faces
Wear affection's spell.

Would we but perform our duty—
But fulfil the law of love,
Earth would shine in moral beauty
Like the world above.

It is sin that makes us weary
Of the objects half-divine—
Sin that makes the green earth dreary,
And the soul repine.

All supernal spirits holy,
Ever in their songs rejoice ;
And when men are meek and lowly
They have one glad voice.

THE SOUL.

When this fair world, this peopled star,
Sprang into life and light,
And music echoed from afar
To hail the wondrous sight ;
The Sovereign Power who moulded then
This perishable dust,
Inspired it with a deathless mind—
A high and holy trust.

He meant not that this glorious spark
Of spiritual fire
Should gleam awhile amidst the dark—
Then moulder and expire ;
But that, though placed on changeful earth,
It should continue pure,
Increase in knowledge and in worth,
And endlessly endure.

But this bright spark—the aspiring soul,—
The light of earthly frame,
Has wandered from the mild control
Of Him from whom it came !
She still has thoughts of that glad sphere,
Fount of essential beams,
But holds the “ passing world ” too dear,
And glories in its dreams.

Oh ! had she kept her pristine state
Of innocence unstained,—
What mind could tell how great
The bliss she might have gained ;
E'en now, if guided by the light
That shines around her way,
She may secure a glorious height
Amidst the realms of Day.

SO LIVE.

Begin the day with praise and prayer,
Nor let the dews of evening fall,
Without invoking still the Care
That guides, supports, protects us all.
So live that still remote from strife,
Your heart the song of Peace may sing,
And life—the Christian's happy life—
Be shielded by a seraph's wing.

So live that when ye come to die,
Ye may not fear the herald, Death,
But close in peace the weary eye,
And calmly yield the ebbing breath.
So die, that when ye reach the shore
To which the ransomed wing their flight,
Your souls may bask for ever more
Amidst its uncreated light.

Begin the day with praise and prayer,
Nor let the shades of evening fall,
Without invoking still the Care
That guides, supports, protects us all.
Where'er—whate'er your earthly lot,
Though low or lofty, love's retreat,
Make HOME a consecrated spot,
A place for Heavenly spirit meet.

INVITATION.

Ho! all ye sons and daughters
Of Adam's fallen race,
Come to the living waters
Of reconciling grace.
Come to the Meek and Lowly—
The Heavenly and the High,
Who makes the contrite holy,
Preparing for the sky.

He comes to you—perceive Him,
As all that man most needs ;
He speaks to you—believe him,
And follow where he leads
Accept his great salvation
In this the day of grace,
And run, through all temptation,
The Christian's faithful race.

Forsake the worldling's madness ;
Shun sin's polluting breath ;
Earth's joy is often sadness—
Its hopes and fears bring death.
Avoid the tempting Charmer
Though he seems e'er so wise ;
But put on heavenly armour
And win the priceless prize.

Be patient in your duty—
Be humble, harmless, wise,
And walk in moral beauty,
The path to peaceful skies.
Make lowly meek confession
Before the Throne of Grace ;
Be prayerful in depression,
Worthy, in time and place.

So shall ye win approval
From God's benignant eye,
And realize removal
To homes above the sky.

So shall ye find life's measure
 Run o'er with peace and joy,
 Prelusive of the pleasure
 Which time shall not destroy ?

PILGRIMAGE.

When wearied in the toilsome way
 O'er which to future worlds we wend,
 How sweet to think that life's dim ray
 With heaven's transcending light shall blend,
 That we may quit this suffering clay,
 And bask in bliss that ne'er shall end.

Oh! if there were no brighter sphere
 To which our better thoughts could rise,
 How joyless were our sojourn here—
 How wintry most that meets our eyes!
 But Hope, the child of Faith, can cheer,
 And point him to his native skies.

Then let not tears our vision dim—
 Nor wasting woes our soul oppress ;
 There with the glorious Seraphim,
 May we, in blissful songs, confess
 Our ever grateful love to Him
 Who gave abounding happiness.

Oh! faint not, Pilgrim, in the way
 That leads to that immortal clime,
 Bright with the beams of seven-fold day,
 And lovelier far than Eden's prime ;
 But gladly hail its faintest ray,
 That gilds the sombre wings of Time.

There, in those bright unwithering skies,
 That home of changeless peace and joy,
 No heart-wrung tears shall dim the eyes,
 No want, no care, no sin annoy ;
 But Love's eternal incense rise,
 And praise be our divine employ.

PILGRIM.

Pilgrim, is thy pathway dreary ?
 Are its earthly hopes denied ?
 Is thy spirit sad and weary ?
 Fear not, God is still thy guide.
 His all-seeing eye beholds thee
 E'en when dark afflictions lower ;
 His almighty arm can hold thee—
 He be thy eternal tower.

Hoping Pilgrim ! thus surrounded—
 Thus assisted and sustained,—
 All thine earthly foes confounded,
 All infernal foes enchained,—

Though thy lot be somewhat dreary
While thy spirit sojourns here,—
Be not sad, nor faint, nor weary,
Thy heavenly mansion near.

THE PASSING BELL.

The Minster's solemn toll—
A warning voice I hear ;
It tells me that another soul
Has left this changing sphere !
But, Ah ! from that deep knell
The listener may not know
Whether the parted soul shall dwell—
In endless joy or woe !

Whatever life may give,
Where'er I pass my days,
Oh ! let me like the Christian live
In Wisdom's pleasant ways.
When that dread hour draws nigh
In which this life must cease,
Then let me like the Christian die—
Oh ! let my end be peace !

THE BLESSED.

"Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first Resurrection ; on such the second death hath no power."—REV. 20, 6.

Blessed he who sojourns here,
Mindful of the law of love,
Which would draw this nether sphere
Nearer to the world above.

Blessed he who loves the light,
And pursues eternal Truth ;
She shall smile upon his night
And renew his spirit's youth.

Blessed he whose days are pass'd
In the service of his Lord ;
He shall win the Crown at last,
He receive the great reward.

Blessed he who shuts his eyes
On the "earth's sepulchral sward,"
In the hope that he shall rise,
To the bosom of his Lord.

Death and Hell shall have no power,
No control o'er such as he ;
Death shall be his triumph-hour—
For his soul shall then be free.

Free to wing her joyful flight
 To the glad immortal streams,
 Which reflect their living light
 On her peaceful pilgrim-dreams.

Free to sing eternally—
 Free and happy to accord
 Glory, honor, majesty,
 And dominion to her Lord!

ENQUIRY.

Shall I explore the clime
 Of Life's immortal prime?
 The land of Love, whose atmosphere is Truth?
 Should I attain that sphere
 Whose Hope is now so dear?
 And wear the white robe of eternal youth?

And quit this poor estate
 To soar away elate,
 Behold God's glory, listen to His voice—
 Join the Redeemed Throng,
 Whose rapture speaks in song—
 Dwell in the Heaven of heavens and rejoice?

If so, then let me cope
In faith and patient hope
With this enfeebled and polluted dust ;
O let me now begin
The race that seeks to win
The great reward provided for the just.

ON ZION'S HILL.

On Zion's everlasting hill
The Lord of Glory reigns,
Performs his own eternal will
And awful state maintains.

HE reigns!—let all the earth beware,
Her myriad isles obey ;
The wonders of his name declare,
And bow before His sway.

Let sinners, ere to-day be o'er,
Or fierce his anger burn—
Confess Him, Lord, His aid implore,
And to His altars turn.

For soon to judge the assembled world
The mighty Judge shall come.
And, Time's vast chronicle unfurled,
Strike rising nations dumb.

Then shall the wicked trembling fly,
 Beset by galling chains ;
 The righteous rise to world's on high
 Where their Redeemer reigns.

Prepare, my trembling soul, prepare—
 Walking in wisdom's way—
 To meet thy Saviour in the air
 At that last awful day.

HARVEST.

Ye favoured of the earth, whose hands
 Have tilled the fruitful soil,
 And who with joyful hearts have reaped
 The sweet reward of toil ;

When, garnered all your goodly wealth,
 The festal board is spread,
 Forget not those that, favored less,
 May lack, yet ask not, bread.

Give, as the All-Bountiful provides,
 Much, from your teeming store,
 And He, observant of the heart,
 Will bless your lot with more.

To Him whose goodness crowns the year,
Your hearts and voices raise,
For all his wondrous mercies past,
In grateful prayer and praise !

If haply o'er the waving fields
The mildew's breath has passed,
And left the tender ears unhurt
To crown your hopes at last :

Oh ! think how little man deserves,
And thank the Lord of All,
Who bids His sun serenely shine,
His rain benignly fall.

THE PRESENT HELP.

“ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in
trouble.”—Ps. 46 and 1.

Though rough at times our path appears,
And dark our earthly sky,—
Yet still, amidst our anxious fears,
The Lord, our help is nigh.

Since He is our defence—the soul
May be unmoved by fear,
Though from their seats the mountains roll,
The earth forsake her sphere.

ear,
His strong right arm from every ill,
His trusting servants saves !
His voice the troubled deep can still,
Though loud the tempest raves.

To simple souls, opprest with woe,
The meek, the pure in heart,
Will He His wondrous mercy show,
His sovereign grace impart.

And as a father to his child
The tenderest pity shows,
He visits us in merey mild,
And healing balm bestows.

His strong right arm, His saints upholds—
Their comfort, strength and stay !
His love our feeble hearts enfolds,
And cheers our thorny way.

Though round us lie a world of gloom,
If He His smile bestow
The wastes rejoice, the deserts bloom,
And living waters flow.

Then faint we not in all the way,
Since thus upheld we roam
As pilgrims of a transient day,
Who seek a fairer Home !

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roll,

PROBATION.

We are here to redeem the fleeting time
 Of the few and evil days,
 To journey in hope to the better clime
 On which the believing gaze.
 We are here to encourage the lowly heart,
 To cherish the purer flame,
 And to parry the wily tempter's dart
 With the shield of a righteous aim.

The future depends on the path we choose
 On the right of the race we run ;
 We have heaven's bright summit to gain or lose,
 We have hell's dark depths to shun.
 Then such be our course that our friends may say
 At the close of our weary strife,
 That we rest from the toil of our pilgrim-way
 In the land of eternal life.

THE SPIRIT'S DESTINY.

This frame will vanish—death control
 The glory-throned eye ;
 But life's true life, the inbreathed soul,
 May, king-like, death defy.
 Say, midst ethereal space around,
 What sphere her parting flight shall bound,
 What region pure and high ?

Shall she escape the abyss profound,
And rest where angel songs abound—
In heaven, her native sky?

The choice is hers, for she is free—
To now no longer stray,
To bow the heart and bend the knee—
To walk in wisdom's way.
That peace which nought beside secures,
This high prerogative ensures,—
Then why will she delay?
Why spurn for earth the abundant joy
Which shall not feel the world's alloy,
Nor fear the world's decay?

OH, GIVE THE GLORIOUS SPIRIT WINGS.

O, give the glorious spirit wings,
That she may take her way
Beyond the bounds of earthly things—
The presence of decay;
And hold her high career along
The regions that are glad with song
And bright with upper day.
For sin hath made the world so drear
That she is but an exile here.

Instruct her to revere her powers
As like to those above,
Where rapture wings the endless hours,
And all the clime is love.
Instruct her so that she may soar,
And soaring reach her native shore—
Returning, like the dove,
To that glad home, that heavenly ark,
Her refuge when the skies are dark.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

If while we sojourn here we find
An object of delight—
A kindred heart—a cultured mind—
An eye serenely bright,
How briefly is the spirit blessed,
How soon the phantom flies,
And leaves the lone and joyless breast
The thought that latest dies !

A few fond meetings of the heart,
A few impassioned hours,
A wild farewell—and then we part
To weep our faded flowers !
Even if in Love's sweet ties we spend
A long bright life of joy,
The thought that this must surely end
May much of bliss alloy.

But this cold region of decay
Is not our final goal ;
This load of perishable clay
Can not detain the Soul.
When life's refining fires are o'er,
Her triumph-song may rise
Upon her own immortal shore,
Beneath her own glad skies.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Mortal ! on whose fancied bliss
Falleth Disappointment's blight,
Learn how much of peace we miss
When we seek not joy aright.
Though for happiness we sigh,
Not from evanescent things
Not from aught beneath the sky,
But, from heavenly Hope, it springs.

True, in Nature's sacred ties,
In the eye with feeling bright,
Much of hallowed rapture lies,
Much of sanctified delight.
Yet the sacred ties of love
Can refined delight impart,
But when He, who dwells above,
Purifies the wayward heart.

I to this passing scene have clung,
Dreaming not its flowers could fade,
I have wept the loved and young,
In her last low dwelling laid.
But though earthly hope has flown,
Though I meet no kindred eye,
Though I pass my days alone,
Sweetest solace still is nigh.

Soon will mortal life be o'er,
Soon, to dwell in bliss complete,
On the glorious spirit-shore
Pious love the lost shall meet.
Brightly, from that distant sphere,
Beams there on the soul a ray,
Which, when hope is buried here,
Still the drooping heart can stay.

Worldlings hoard their treasures here,
Christians in the realms of day,
In that bright unsullied sphere
Which shall never fade away.
Therefore seek—with earthly love—
That which ever will endure ;
Place thy thoughts on scenes above,
Heaven's triumphant hope secure.

PRAYER.

Father, sin is still oppressing,
Yet to mercy's fount we flee,
And, our wretchedness confessing,
Look for present help from thee :
Send, oh ! send Thy choicest blessing,
Set our drooping spirits free.

Saviour ! sin is sorely trying ;
But wert not Thou more sorely tried ?
Therefore, all our wants supplying,
Pity us—thou Crucified !
Meek in heart and self-denying,
Keep us near Thy healing side.

Comforter ! Who long hast led us
By the still small mystic voice,
And in desert places fed us
With the bread of Mary's choice ;
Now, as oft aforetime, aid us,
And instruct us to rejoice.

Lord, the Father ! hear, Oh ! hear us,
And thy sacred cause defend ;
Lord, the son ! be ever near us,
Intercessor, Saviour, friend ;
Lord, the Holy Spirit ! cheer us,
And be with us to the end.

PRAISE.

Great Being! whose omniscient Eye,
While wearied Nature sleeps,
O'er all beneath the starry sky
Untiring vigil keeps.

To Thee, our Guide through dangers past,
Our fathers' God and ours,
Beneath whose smile our lot is cast,
We consecrate our powers.

To Thee we lift the glowing heart
And bend the willing knee ;
For Thou dost light and life impart,
And we would worship Thee.

For this fair world, for yon bright sun,
For health and length of days—
For all which Thou for us hast done,
Thine holy Name we praise.

Grant that Thy Saints may more and more
Thy pure requirements see,—
More humbly at Thy feet adore,
More fitly worship Thee.

For, sweet on Zion's sacred mount
The voice of prayer to raise,
Thy wondrous goodness to recount,
Thine holy Name to praise.

SOLICITATION.

Glorious Author of Creation—
Being holy, wise, and just!
Turn not from the adoration
Of Thy creatures of the dust;
But, accept our poor oblation,
And confirm our humble trust.

In the conflict of temptation—
In affliction's darkest hour,
Thou hast been our great salvation,
Van and rear-ward—shield and tower:
Aid us in the extollation
Of thy ever gracious power!

SORROW MAY HER VIGILS KEEP.

Mortal from whose path has fled
That which made existence bright,
Tears may well be freely shed
O'er thy star's extinguished light.

Since thy friend has passed "that bourne
Whence no traveller returns,"
Mourn—but not as those who mourn
One, whom hopeless love inurns.

Sorrow may her vigils keep,
Tears may o'er the lost be shed ;
Heav'n in mercy lets us weep—
Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead !

WHOM HAVE I BUT THEE ?

Almighty, whom have I but Thee
On earth beneath, in heaven above ?
Thy Sovereign power created me,
Thy spirit gave me life and love.
If friendships of the world be poor,
And ill repay the trusting breast,
Thy friendship, infinite and pure,
Contents the heart with perfect rest.

Yes ! when I rightly ask relief,
Thine ear is open to my cry ;
The world may fail to heed my grief,
But Thou wilt succour from on high.
As, when Thy chosen asked for bread,
Sweet manna strewed the desert way,
So Faith looks heavenward, and is fed,
And guided to the realms of day.

NEGLECTED MERCIES.

O shame! that in a "Christian Land"
 Where pure Religion's light is shining,
 There are who still that light withstand,
 The blessing which it gives, declining.
 O shame! that talents wisely lent
 Are still by most unwisely wasted,—
 The days of this short life, misspent,
 And mercy's living streams untasted!

Alas! that such should be the case
 Of any who have heard the story
 Of Him, the Lord! whose wondrous grace
 Can make us meet for endless glory!
 But pride, self-will, some favourite aim—
 And that dire sin—"Procrustian"—
 Make deaf our ears to virtue's claim
 And bar us from a great salvation!

O Thou who art enthroned above,
 Great source of this mysterious being,
 Whose nature and whose name is Love—
 Unseen of mortals, yet All-seeing!
 Aid me, a creature of the dust,
 Whose soul is clogged with earthly leaven,
 To place with Thee my constant trust,
 That I may dwell with Thee in Heaven.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

To think that all were starless night,
When mortal life is o'er,
Would quench the friendly, lingering light
That cheers this pilgrim shore.

For e'en while sunk in sordid gloom,
We doubt the Sceptic's creed,
And shrink from cold Oblivion's doom
As from a hideous deed.

Lives there a sojourner on earth
Alive to due control,
Who mourns not for the primal worth
That blessed the human soul.

Hence hope we for a sinless sphere,
A land of life and light,
Whose skies are always soft and clear,
Whose bowers are ever bright.

Oh, with what sighs, the wearied long
To taste the living streams ;
To sing the everlasting song,
And realize glad dreams !

Yet wait they man's appointed time,
 Augmenting still the fire
 That, caught from that unsullied clime,
 Will to its source aspire.

THE BETTER WORLD.

"There is another and a better world."

"Another and a better world!"
 What comfort to the heart,
 What gladness to the troubled mind
 Does that high thought impart!
 "Another and a better world!"—
 How pure the soul should be
 That dares in humble faith to hope
 That better world to see!

From that immortal glorious sphere
 Beyond the darkened tomb,
 A single star, but dimly seen,
 May light us through the gloom.
 And, oh! how soon would Reason fail,
 Without that brighter ray,
 To guide us to the better world
 Along so dark a way!

I hear a deep mysterious voice
 That oft the heart has stirred ;
 It tells of songs of endless joy
 By mortal ears unheard ;
 It tells the Pilgrim darkling here
 To fix his weary eye
 Upon that land of living light,
 That " better world " on high !

NOTES TO "DEVOTIONAL."

1. This may be considered as illustrative of a remark in introductory paragraph of this section. The Poet essays to give a reasoning voice to inanimate nature.

2. Another instance, that McPherson's verse consists of simple heart-expressions, rather than of more pretentious elaborations.

3. This reminds of the effects of a "sunburst" on the landscape. Clouds break, glory streams down, and a pulse of admiration pervades nature.

4. A little melody, casting rays of light on the dark places of experience.

5. A piece of fluent moral philosophy.

6. This and verses succeeding, such as Immortality, Better World, &c.,—afford cheering contrast to the mournings and laments that precede.

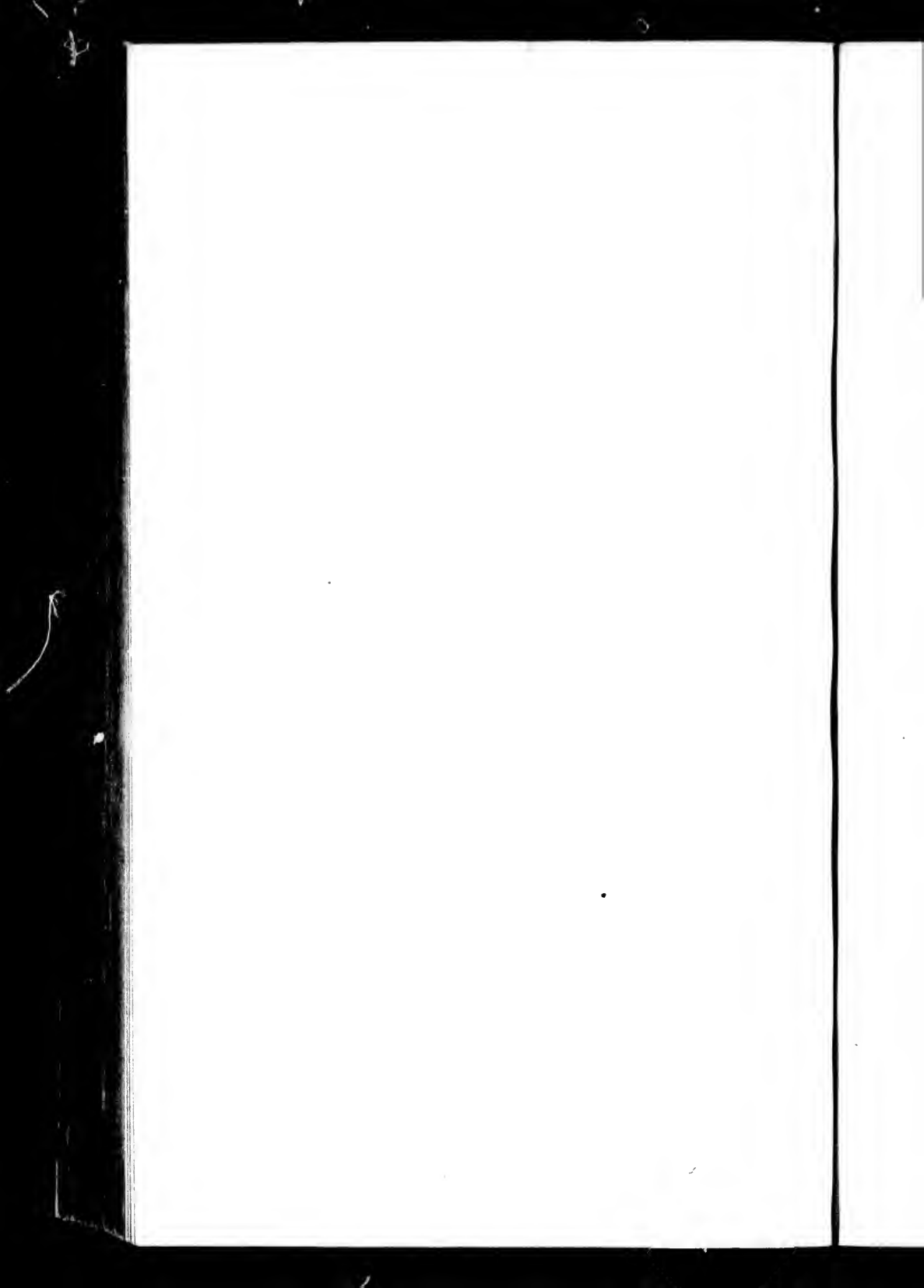
TEMPERANCE.

THE Temperance Reformation attracted the attention, and enlisted the sympathies, of McPherson, at an early period of his more mature life. One of his first literary efforts, of any pretension, was an address on the subject, read at a meeting in the locality where he resided. He frequently gave a ready aid in carrying out organizations by means of varied services, although he lacked either the gift or the habit, of extempore speaking in public.

A reflective mind, of a moral tone, and vivid perception, would be apt to adopt very fervid sentiments in relation to the effects of the common traffic in intoxicating liquors, and to the toleration and countenance of such traffic, by those from whom a different course of conduct might be expected.

In the verses which follow this notice, zeal for a good cause will be visible;—and the same quality is still more observable in verses which remain unpublished.

In reference to Temperance, McPherson took the higher position; his creed was, that intoxicating liquors were non-requisite,—were always dangerous,—were frequently productive of varied evils,—and that the good of society demanded the total abolition of the common traffic in such articles. Who can gainsay the principle? Principles move slowly however, and a quarter of a century has, perhaps, effected as much as might reasonably be expected, when appetite and habit, and other influences, were arrayed in opposition to a question of moral and social improvement. The triumphant days, hoped for by the poet, are yet in the future;—he had the honour, however, of being among those who saw and rejoiced in the prospect, and who faithfully strove for its early realization.



TEMPERANCE.

THE PRAISE OF WATER.

(EXTRACTS FROM A PRIZE POEM OF THAT TITLE.)

(1.)

The essence tortured from the vine
Creates insatiate desire ;
But water, Nature's choice and mine,
Cools, quenches thirst's consuming fire.

This, fresh from Heaven's creative hand,
Descends profusely from the sky,
To fertilize the barren land,
And yield the world a rich supply.

The native of the torrid zone,
And he, in polar circle drear,
Pleas'd with such beverage alone,
Prize duly its refreshing cheer.

The traveller on the desert waste
Athirst and worn, imagines this
As grateful to his eager taste
As nectar to the groves of bliss.

The product of the fiery art
Would mock him, as the mirage, there,
Pour hot Siroccos on his heart,
And drive to frenzy and despair.

But one sweet draught from some lone spring,
O'er which the rippling north wind blows,
Would recompense his toil, and bring
A kind oblivion of his woes.

So pants the hart for Judah's streams
Rejoicing in their mountain course,
So longs the pilgrim, tired of dreams,
To drink at Joy's eternal source.

Pure sparkling water yields a dower
Of exquisite enjoyment—yields
Fresh beauty to the rich man's bower,—
Fresh vigor to the poor man's fields.

The poor man hath a peer's delight,
When Heaven descends in genial rain,
To call his labours into sight,
And bless him with his waving grain.

Our own Acadia's Emblem dear,
Spring's earliest gift to merry May,
Receives full many an April tear,
Before it blooms beside our way.

Acadia, country of my birth,
Thy streams may not be known to Fame,
But those who love thee feel thy worth
In all that human hearts can claim.

Glad rivers course thy fertile vales,
Bright lakes refresh thy verdant hills,
Brooks sing to brooks along thy dales,
Where clear springs run to rippling rills.

We lack not water ! but we thirst
For those sweet streams that fill the mind !
For that deep Fount ordained to burst
With mental blessings for mankind,

Ah ! knowledge is a precious boon ;
For Thought, our Angel, has desires,
Wisely to be supplied and soon
With that which feeds her glorious fires.

Pure water ! even the name seems bliss !
Ianthe, bring the draught I crave,
That I may catch its smile, and kiss
The cooling chrystal of its wave.

What marvel that the Hebrew Chief—
Who felt strong thirst's constraining spell,
And sought kind nature's sweet relief,—
Desired it fresh from Bethlohem's well.

O Brethren, when its simple cheer
Prompts, as it may, the heart to sing,
Glad thought should seek her native sphere,
And drink at pleasure's primal Spring.

Oh! precious gift, who hath not seen
Its glory in the rainbow's hue,
And in the limpid sparkling sheen
Sent from the diamond drops of dew.

It takes a myriad wondrous forms—
Now floats in mist along the vale—
Now soars in clouds—now falls in storms
Of rain, and snow, and sleet and hail.

Now, forced by man's arch-agent fire,
It rises into giant Steam,
Takes mighty wings that doth not tire,
And measures distance as a dream.

How sweet to bathe the fervid cheek,
To cool the thought-encumbered brain,
In some glad stream that seems to speak,
Of buoyant health to every vein!

How sweet to see it glance along
In sunlit radiance to its rest,
To listen to its murmured song
When eve is mirrored on its breast:

The inebriate cannot prize its kiss,
Its pleasant smile—its cheerful song ;
For sinless nature veils her bliss
From him that works his spirit wrong.

Oh ! will he sink to baser ways,
To swine-like wallowing in the mire—
By vitiation which obeys
The tyrant call of low desire ?

Can he fulfil a spirit's lot—
Or represent the Eternal Mind ?
The drunkard is himself a blot
Disgrace and sorrow of his kind ?

The charities that banish strife,
The smiles that bid unrest depart,
The harmonies of loving life,
Possess weak hold upon his heart.

His kindred—must we raise the veil,
To let his fellow-men behold
That mournful mother, weak and pale,
Those children wretched, ragged, cold ?

His step was music doubly dear,
When he was kind and hope was nigh,
But now they shrink from it in fear,
And dread to meet the "evil eye."

But, ah ! how changed his human voice.
How chill and strange its warmest tone !
Oh fallen man ! is this thy choice—
This dark transforming act thine own ?

Our song would grow prolix to tell,
How his example spreads his vice ;
His followers know its power too well—
Their dark experience should suffice.

As are the sinful, were the pure,
The glad, the free may bow to thrall,
Let those that think themselves secure,
Regard their standing, lest they fall.

For ah ! the Circe of the bowl
Beguiles in so occult a way,
That men are neath her fell control,
Ere hardly conscious of her sway.

The drunkard, like a baleful star,
Casts doubt and dread within his sphere ;
He acts as if to rudely mar
The blessings love considers dear ;

To aggravate his mother's cares,
And mock affection's fondest trust ;
To bring his father's hoary hairs
In silent sorrow to the dust.

His brothers, loved in life's young day,
 Confess not now his birthright ties,
 But pass him in the public way
 With burning cheek and down-cast eyes.

His sisters—utter not the name,
 Which they, the good, must blush to hear;
 It has become a word of shame
 To all to whom it should be dear.

His friends! but has the drunkard friends?
 Can friendship breathe in tainted air:
 Howe'er his course began, it tends
 To isolation, doubt, despair.

Who would not fly with timely haste
 To stop him in his dread career,
 And bring him back to be replaced
 In life and love's protecting sphere!

O Friends! O Christians! having shown
 That, fearing God, ye love your kind,
 Restore the drunkard to his own—
 Restore him to the man—the mind.

Heav'n spares him that he may repent—
 Then take him by the trembling hand,
 And woo him, from his evil bent,
 To strengthen Virtue's happy band.

MC PHERSON'S POEMS.

Go seek him when the fiend has fled,
When Reason reasserts her sway,
That ye may take him from the dead,
To walk in Wisdom's pleasant way.

Go bid him hope—he needs your aid
Your effort, to support his grief,
Yet bear him to his God, afraid
To trust to any less relief.

So shall ye save a soul from death,
And hide a multitude of sins—
So gain the zeal-sustaining breath
From him who smiles when virtue wins.

Pleased heaven shall shed her gentle light,
In peaceful halos round your heads—
And angel-guardians of the night
Bring balmy sleep to bless your beds.

Whilst, where the savage drunkard frowned,
And famine waved her vulture wing,
Contenting Plenty shall be found,
And those that sorrowed, learn to sing.

His wife, who watched for him in fear,
While anguish rack'd her matron breast,
Shall smile beside her evening cheer,
And welcome home her husband-guest.

His little ones shall run to greet
The father they were taught to flee,
Inspire him with endearments meet,
And prattle on the parent knee.

His hoary sire shall bless his son—
His mother clasp her ransomed boy—
The grateful household, every one,
And even the stranger, share his joy.

Pure water! were the cup confined
To thy sweet influence alone,
What ills would cease to vex mankind—
What powers of darkness be o'erthrown.

Pure water! I rejoice to hear
Thy low sweet murmurs in my dreams,
For they have wings with which I near
The music of the Eternal streams.

When Hagar watched her fainting child,
An angel showed a fountain nigh;
When Israel thirsted in the wild,
A rock gave out the sweet supply.

But miracles as great as these
The wise observe around them wrought,
Good yielded, evil turned aside,
By ways for which they take not thought.

For He, who gave the soul her dower,
 And taught her to revere her trust,
 Confers new mercies every hour—
 New forms of life from slumbering dust.

The rock still changes to a spring—
 The desert still has bread and quails,—
 The living still look up and sing,
 Because His goodness never fails.

Why, man, abuse His gifts, and toil
 To work yourself and others ill;
 Enough the bounty of the soil,
 The largess of the crystal rill.

THE EFFORT.

(TO THE PATRONS OF THE "OLIVE BRANCH.")

(2.)

The river of Death was still mighty and dark,
 When, praying that its waters might cease,
 Ye sent forth the Dove from the Temperance Ark,
 With the 'Olive Branch,' embleming peace.

Although ye have met with but one partial success,
 When compared with the talents employed,
 Ye have laboured for Him who has promised to bless,
 And whose smile is already enjoyed.

Ye have freed some poor wretch from Ebriety's thrall,
And restored him to freedom's repose ;
Ye have rescued some spirit from Danger's appal,
And dispelled the deep gloom of his woes.

Ye have entered some home which the language of strife,
And the chains of oppression profaned,
And have left it a scene where the kindness of life
And the worship of God are maintained.

Take courage, and, gath'ring your strength for the fight,
With the Demon of Drink and his woe,
Press onward, diffusing additional light
O'er the way in which mortals should go.

Your reward, which is richer than gold, ye shall find
In the Disenthralled's blessing and love—
In the sweet sense of having done good to mankind,
And the Voice speaking peace from above.

SONG OF THE FREED.

We are free—the strong chains of our bondage are broken,
Our banner of triumph is broadly unfurled ;
And the halo of smiles that we bear is the token
That we live a new life and enjoy a new world.
We have turned with firm souls from the cup that decoyed us,
To the sweet gushing waters of hillside and lea ;

We have burst from the spell that had well nigh destroyed us,
And re-entered the homes of the happy and free.

We are free—from the grasp of the hideous Constrictor,
That entices his prey with the basalisk eye,
And in each of our homes the glad glance of a victor
Carries joy to the hearts that were ready to die.
Our wives that were long and unkindly neglected,
Look forward with hope to the bright years to be ;
Our children, that shrunk from their sires, are respected,
As the proud happy heirs of the ransomed and free.

We are free—and bright flowers are blooming around us,
Our pathway is strewn with rich gifts from above ;
For the beautiful Spirit of Temperance has found us,
And restored us to much of life's Eden of Love.
We are plenteously fed by the Genius of Labor,
With the sweet fruit that teems on our liberty tree ;
We are blessed with the kindness of friend and of neighbor,
And content with our lot, because sober and free.

We have pledged to be slaves to the tempter no longer,
We have turned from the mocker that smiles to destroy,
And our fair phalanxed band shall wax stronger and stronger,
Till the round ransomed world swell the anthem of joy,
Heaven smiles on our efforts—our banners are brightening
On hill-side and valley, on island and sea,
We pray that the truth shall go forth as the lightning,
Till the whole human race raise, the Song of the Free !

RIGHT PERSEVERANCE

(TO THE PATRONS OF THE "OLIVE BRANCIL.")

(3.)

Go forth, with the Emblem and Motto of Peace,
 And visit the homes of our land,
 Till the sorrows that flow from Intemperance cease,
 At the touch of Sobriety's wand.

Go forth in a spirit determined, yet meek,
 To admonish, to pity, to soothe,
 To strengthen the strong and encourage the weak,
 In the search after wisdom and truth.

Aye, forward, confiding in Him who looks down
 On your poorest endeavour in love ;
 For He, having sanctioned your mission, will crown
 Your efforts with aid from above.

If ye ever should think of relaxing your wing,
 As ye faint with the toil of the day,
 Contemplate the hearts that made happy, will sing
 When the Cause that ye plead shall bear sway.

If ye rescue but one from the maelstrom of vice,
 From the pit of the morally slain,
 Even *one*, re-illumined and freed, is of price,
 And your labour has not been in vain.

But forward, and marshal the hosts of the land
 In the phalanx that never shall fall,
 Till the foe feel the touch of Sobriety's wand,
 And the triumph be echoed by all !

TEMPERANCE.

The man who striveth for the mastery
 Is temperate in all things—disinclined
 To aught that can contaminate the mind,
 Placid of brow—lord of himself, and free.
 Blest with the glorious privilege—"To BE,"
 He is most careful to preserve his heart
 From every snaring blandishment of art,
 And all excess, which is idolatry.
 For what is life to him who is the slave
 Of Appetite, or unallowed desire ?
 The Good control the lusts that are the grave
 Of human peace and joy ; the good aspire ;
 And recognizing Virtue's high pursuit,
 Seek Wisdom's tree and share immortal fruit.

A MONARCH.

A monarch, resting from the fight,
 And fainting on the battle even,
 Deferred his own intense delight,
 And gave the precious draught to heaven.

O thou, my brother, hear the call—
 Beware the inebriating wine,
 And, bursting from the tempter's thrall,
 Propitiate the Power Diviue.

Escape from Folly's mildew breath,
 From sinful Pleasure's charnel air ;
 To tamper with disease, is death ;
 To sin against the soul, despair.

Thou hast a better sense than lust,
 A nobler life than Passion's fire ;
 O rise, indignant of the dust,
 Be free, and, day by day, aspire.

THE MODERATE DRINKER.

(4.)

Friend, thou may'st hate a cause of shame,
 And feel too strong to fall,—
 But he who bears the drunkard's name,
 And gropes in night's appal,
 Was once as confident and proud,
 And scorned to think that he could bow
 To so debased a thrall.
 But mark the instructive sequence well—
 He trusted to himself, and fell.

Allured by Fashion's specious guile,
 He sought the cheating bowl,
 And, lur'd by mocking Pleasure's smile,
 Resigned his self-control ;
 Then basely, wildly, madly drank,
 Till unconsulted reason shrank
 In deep eclipse of soul ;
 And he whom love had blessed, became
 An object of contempt and shame !

Alas ! how fearfully deranged
 The likeness of his Lord !
 The " human face divine " how changed,
 How forfeit high reward.
 His mind, once toned to cheerful thought,
 Became a fearful waste, where nought
 But hideous fancies rise ;
 And gibbering fiends, with ghastly glare,
 Whisper delirium and despair.

O, shun the rock where he was wrecked,
 The snare by which he fell ;
 Preserve true manhood's self-respect,
 And honor virtue well.
 False joy may have a syren breath,
 But ah ! her feet go down to death,
 Her steps take hold on hell.
 Then leave, Oh, leave her slippery way ;
 Seek virtue's path, and reason's ray.

Reflect, how false the lurid light
That centres in the bowl ;
Reflect, how ruinous the blight
Of Error's fell control.
Then use the boon of life's brief hour
To keep still pure the glorious dower
Of life's best life—the soul ;
Blessed in thyself, by heavenly plan,
Be blessing to thy fellow man.

Feel'st thou the bands are waxing strong ?
Assert thy freedom *now!*
And stand amidst the ransomed throng,
With heaven-aspiring brow.
The good will take thee by the hand,
And greet thee to their happy band,
And hear thee breathe their vow ;
Oh, turn from folly's dark'ning way,
To wisdom's bright and bright'ning day.

THE MARCH OF THE DRUNKARDS.

They come from palaces and halls—
They come from festal shrines,
They come from bare and joyless stalls,
Where meagre famine pines.

They come to break the kindly ties,
To cloud the world with woe,—
To mock the groans, they cause to rise,
The tears, they cause to flow.

Can music rise where drunkards tread?
Can sounds but those of fear?
Their shuddering world is one of dread
Deep sigh and scalding tear.

Wronged suffering woman's maniac cry—
Weak childhood's piteous wail—
The broken heart's last withering sigh,
Rise o'er them on the gale.

The wide world hath few forms of woe
Like those which haunt their air;
The dark abyssmal depths below,
Give type of their despair.

Men speak of loving life's sweet ties,
Of glorious claims of soul,—
Such have slight beauty in the eyes
Which seek the blighting bowl.

They hear of Nature's drink divine,
The chrystal from the spring;
Why ask that spirit of the vine
That holds the spirit's sting?

They take the luring draught, designed
To drown all high desire,
And madly quench remorse of mind
With floods of liquid fire.

They change the "human face divine,"
To loathsomeness and shame,
They desecrate the spirit's shrine,
And spurn the soul's high aim.

They bear a galling weight of chains
That press them to their graves,
Yet serve the demon that maintains
Dread empire o'er his slaves.

Oh! stop, nor steep your souls in crime,
Nor earn an outcast name,
Nor madly seek, with varied woe,
The drunkard's doom of shame.

REMONSTRANCE.

(5.)

Forbear, ye Mammonites, to ply
The man-debasing trade,
Which, rife with crime's condemning dye,
Is active to degrade.
Forbear, for filthy lucre's sake,
The higher laws of heaven to break.

How vast the sum of human woe,
The ills that ache the heart ;
From wholesome plants and genial fruit,
Distilled by wicked art ;
The spirit forced from genial grain
Has men in many myriads slain.

Where'er Heaven's blessings are abused
There is no smile for peace ;
Where'er the liquid fire is used
The better feelings cease ;
And lust and wrong and cruel strife
Shut out the charities of life.

But ah, the soul, the deathless soul,
O'erwhelmed with sinful gloom,
Unmeet to reach yon blissful goal
Shall dread a penal doom ;—
May sink in deep self-sought despair—
The victim of Corruption's snare !

THE FIELD.

The free must arm for more effective war
Against the demons whom their souls abhor.
Rise, fellow men ! the banners which we keep,
For moral Freedom, brook no idle sleep.

To rest from action ere our field be won,
 Is to forego, the good already done—
 To lose the auspicious day—the hour of prime!
 And give the Spoiler fearful rallying-time!!

To breast the billows of so vast a sea
 Of opposition, good men should agree.
 Ours be the ear responsive to the call,
 To save the drunkard from perdition's thrall;
 Ours be the eye, that while it loves the light,
 Fails not to see the poor inebriate's night;
 Ours be the unwavering, persevering part,
 And ours the generous, genuine Temperance heart,
 That nobly vigorous, faints not in the way,
 O'ercomes all obstacles, makes no delay;
 And deems the greatest of its conquests small,
 Compared with triumphs which may rescue All!

ABJURE THE BOWL.

Abjure the bowl—the tempting bowl
 Which lends but frantic joy,
 And is not “wreathed with flowers of soul”
 But chains that oft destroy.

It is to poor deluded man
 As Circe's cup of yore,
 And desecrates his mortal span
 With ills unknown before.

Strange that a being half divine,
 Possessed of deathless trust,
 Should madly tarry at the wine
 And grovel in the dust !

Indulge thy laudable desire
 For flights mid purer air,
 But bow not to the liquid fire
 That scathes with fell despair.

As thou wouldst break Oppression's chain,
 Spurn Appetite's control ;
 If thou art free from darkening stain,
 Preserve "the whiteness of thy soul."

Let not so dark, so foul a blight,
 Obscure thy earthly span,
 Assert in heaven-inspiring might
 The dignity of man.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

The cry of mortal misery went up
 From myriads drugged with desolation's cup ;
 Weak tender babes, and mournful mothers pale,
 The drunkard's victims, raised their piteous wail ;
 Heaven felt compassion for their bitter woes,
 And the bright Star of Temperance arose.

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Then crowds, thought lost, returned with gladdening song,
And brought new peace to bosoms outraged long ;
Then proved man's heart the light of woman's truth,
While woman found the lover of her youth ;
Then little children, old in grief and care,
First learned to smile, and breathe Affection's air ;
While fervent Hope, and Peace, the timid dove,
Returned with Plenty, at the call of Love,
To make the rescued spirit doubly gay,
And guide it, singing, on its heavenward way.

If mortal man may hear the voice of fame,
The moral champion hath the foremost claim ;
But he, so bold in every righteous cause,
Is apt to shrink from popular applause ;
His heart best pays him—he hath inward store—
And, Heaven approving, what can Earth give more ?
False fame may stalk with armies in its train ;
True, bids each strive for blessing, not in vain.
The world may raise the martial victor's name,
No sufferings dim the moral hero's aim ;
And, when the laurel hath foregone its bloom,
Sweet flowers of memory strew the good man's tomb.
What though no column pointing to the sky,
May tell the pilgrims where his ashes lie,
His name, in honour kept, from day to day,—
May live, when towering cenotaphs decay.

Some will have wealth, though wrung from misery's grasp,
And forced from famine in its final gasp,
And hence—Distilleries and their adjuncts, rise,
Fountains of ill—mocking the angry skies,
Belching thick blackness o'er the realms o' mind.

O'er health, and hopes, and homes of humankind.
 Much hath been done ! but piteous still the case
 Of countless myriads of the human race.
 Day dawns upon us faintly from afar,
 And slowly rises Reformation's Star !
 That star shall culminate, that Moral Day
 Extend its healing animating sway ;
 Peace, like a river of refreshing flow ;
 And smiles of joy succeed the tears of woe !

Oracular voices, heard in many a clime,
 Proclaim the auspicious movements of the time.
 Faith lifts her eye, and Hope's angelic wing
 Ripples the waters of Recovery's spring ;
 Improvement's flag is gloriously unfurled ;
 The bow of promise spans the suffering world !

Much hath been done ;—but what stern toil remains
 Herculean task, to break the drunkard's chains—
 Control false custom—free the moral slave—
 And raise the soul from Mammon's iron grave !
 But who will falter ?—who withhold his name
 To save a brother from the paths of shame ?

O Sons of Freedom ! well might bitter tears
 Bewail the carelessness of thoughtless years.
 Proceed in faith impenetrably strong,
 Cheered by sweet hope with a celestial song,—
 And though the victory make long delay,
 Be found still constant—still in duty's way.
 Head, heart, and hand, should be united now,—
 The strong, the weak, to speed the Temperance plough.
 Gold is not spared to dazzle and deceive,
 Give ye of yours to strengthen and retrieve.

Men placed on high, like watch-towers, ought to show
True light and guidance to the crowds below ;
But crowds, the sinews of the world, should feel
That they, themselves, can help or mar their weal—
Can shun the pathways of disastrous fate
And rise superior, tho' of low estate.
But in high place, is low example, too !
Which tens of thousands may have cause to rue.

Love ye your neighbours, Ministers of Peace,
Who hold aloof and see men's woes increase ?
Say is your faith evinced, your pity proved,
Your duty done, if ye pass by unmoved—
Some poor weak wretch who asks your aid to rise,
From dark abasement, to be good and wise ?
Shrink ye from contact with such men as these ?
Shrank your Great Master from earth's dire disease ?
Unglove your white hand, seek the poor man's shed,
And raise him, temperate, from the living dead.
But go beyond, and point him to the skies,
And lure him kindly, till ye gain the prize.
Withhold no longer—join the Temperance cause,
And stand true Champion for its righteous laws ;
Think not of supererrogation here—
Your Christian duties call you to our sphere ;
Give name—example—varied talent—all—
And work, for blessings, if ye preach, like Paul !

TEMPERANCE AND PEACE.

As pierceth Day's bright orb, the gloom
 That nightly o'er the earth prevails,
 E'en so shall Temperance Truth illumine
 That darkness which the soul assails ;
 That worse than Stygian gloom, dispersed
 By Christian Charity's pure ray,
 The wondering world shall hail the burst
 Of moral Freedom's glorious day !

Oh ! haste the bright the happy time
 When man shall war no more with man,
 When all on earth in every clime
 Shall share Salvation's gracious plan ;
 When hearts, Heav'ns altars, now profaned,
 Shall duly feel their priceless worth,
 When Paradise shall be regained,
 And, once more, angels walk on earth !

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NOTES TO "TEMPERANCE."

(1.) A small prize, offered for the best poem on the subject of Temperance, resulted in the verses entitled "Praise of Water." The article was printed in a pamphlet form, and rather extensively circulated. The extracts given contain about half the poem as published. It was one of those efforts whose money reward was by no means commensurate with the labor and talent required for its production.

(2.) Several years ago a periodical devoted to Temperance, and appropriately designated the "Olive Branch," was published in Halifax. It was edited, for some time, by Miss Sarah Herbert;—John McPherson occasionally contributed to its columns. Verses entitled "The Effort," and other pieces in this section, were written for the "Olive Branch."

(3.) The virtue of perseverance has been found of special consequence in Temperance; it is a great requisite in all good causes. The lines to which this note has reference, were among those written for the "Olive Branch."

(4.) Moderate drinking, as a support of the liquor traffic, and as affording temptation to excess, has frequently been a subject of Temperance advocates.

(5.) This, and other pieces in the collection, and more especially some lines not printed, might be understood as paraphrases on some very emphatic passages of Scripture. McPherson was a student of Scripture, well inclined to be influenced by its teachings on themes which he adopted. If any suppose that his zeal was evinced by overwarm expression, they may find that the sacred writings gave good precedent for more earnest remonstrance.

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OCCASIONAL.

INCLUDING PIECES DESCRIPTIVE, DIDACTIC AND PERSONAL.

THE term "Occasional," as applied to literary efforts, is generally understood as signifying those literary products, which, instead of being parts of series, or in accordance with some pre-arranged plan—are rather the effects of some passing thought or suggestion.

The verses which follow have been so designated, because they did not appear to come distinctly under any of the preceding sections, although they may approach one or other of them at several points.

Many scenic allusions may recall the division entitled "Love of Nature." Those relating to the household and the family circle, may remind of the verses more immediately "Domestic and Social." Others are fraught with incidents related to the "Personal." The religious characteristic so prevails as in some places to suggest the "Devotional" classification; while moral and reformatory features will be found to link the section with that of "Temperance."

Thus the closing division of McPherson's poems may be deemed, as in some degree, harmonizing the other parts. The hope is that they may convey both pleasure and profit; that the volume will be welcomed in many circles as conducive to the utility which was among the poet's fondest ambitions, as well as to the enjoyments arising from innocent sources, to which his mind was so sensitive.

The blending of exterior comeliness or beauty with usefulness, seems specially provided for in the works of the Creator: the stream adorns while it fertilizes the smiling valley; the *lily* is delicately elegant, as if grass and grain were intended as much for ornament as sustainment; the clouds which waft refreshing vapours hither and thither, present, in form and colour, objects of great attraction to the cultivated vision;—He who crowneth the year with His goodness, clothes the lily of the field in textures which outvie the robes of Solomon. Rational nature, surely, might learn lessons from this, so that beneficence might become one of the daily attributes of intellect.

OCCASIONAL.

CHEERFULNESS.

(1.)

The outward world is cheerful—the pure air
And its gay winged inhabitants rejoice,—
The flocks and herds that make the hills their choice
As they the wold's luxuriant herbage share ; —
The winds and waters have a low sweet voice,
And breathe the same soft murmurs everywhere.
All things seem grateful to the Sovereign care
That erst pronounced the new Creation—" Good !"
And bade the soul be happy, if it would,
In that sweet garden which He made so fair !
Light laughs upon the billows, which seem glad,
Making wild music round the good ship's way ;
O man, immortal, why art thou so sad,
Whilst all things else are innocently gay.

The outward world is cheerful : Beautous flowers
(That yield their sweetness to the murmuring bee,
Their perfume to the winds that fan the lea,
And woo the village maidens to their bowers,
To pass the golden noon in guileless glee) —

Burst into bloom beneath the genial showers !
 Whilst—where Acadia's April day-orb pours,
 Through parting clouds, his more than April beams
 By wood-nymph-neoks and naiad haunted streams
 Gay fluttering myriads sport away the hours.
 The outward world is cheerful ;—Nature's brow
 Is wreathed with rapture as a face with smiles
 When first chaste love has sealed its sacred vow,
 And breathed its Eden o'er the heart's green isles.

The outward world is cheerful. Man, alone
 Of all heaven's creatures, willfully repines,
 And, like a peevish school-boy, frets and whines,
 And vents his heart-wrung anguish in his groan,
 Because, though yonder genial sun still shines,
 His Maker's will accords not with his own !
 Oh ! were his principles of action shown
 In wise observances of Nature's laws,
 And right submission to the great First Cause,
 How would he thrill at Rapture's mystic tone !
 O did he yield to such serene control,
 What springs of grateful happiness would start,
 From deeply pious impulses of soul,
 And wells of gladness gushing in the heart !

Too humble for the festive halls of Pride—
 Too gentle for the jealousies, so rife
 Among the lucre-loving sons of strife—
 The Enchantress, Cheerfulness, loves to reside
 Where, finding the amenities of life,

She may sit down with Concord, side by side ;
 For she, coy Nymph, still loveth to confide
 Her high endearments to the quiet cot
 Where honest toil, contented with his lot,
 And temperate youth and vigorous age abide.
 Yet is she limited to no abode,
 Restricted to no rank or class of mind,
 But ready to relieve from earking load,
 And bless with smile benign, all human kind.

SHUN THE PATHS OF FOOLISH PLEASURE.

Shun the paths of foolish Pleasure,
 Which with vain allurements shine—
 Shun the sordid, seek the treasure
 Which will not with Earth decline.
 Trust not Fortune's specious seeming,
 But, while youth and hope are thine,
 Time's eventful hours redeeming,
 Seek the light and life divine !

Then, though many ills assail thee,
 Though thy fondest dreams decay,
 Though all earthly comfort fail thee,
 God will be thy constant stay.
 Heavenly hope shall sweetly cheer thee,
 Peace and joy attend thy way,
 Heavenly aid be always near thee,
 And thy strength exceed thy day !

CHANGES.

(2.)

Alas ! how fortune changes,
 How health and hope decay !
 How poverty estranges
 The friends of life's young day ?
 The goodly tree I cherished,
 Expectant of sweet fruit,
 Has prematurely perished
 With canker at the root.

We leave the clear bright fountain,
 The sweet flowers springing nigh,
 And climb the rugged mountain,
 To reach a genial sky ;
 But when our feet, o'erweary,
 Require the promised land,
 The scene grows dark and dreary—
 We gaze on desert sand.

Look upwards, suffering mortals,
 Who sigh for living streams ;
 Heaven lights her glorious portals
 With myriad guiding beams.
 Look upwards to the regions
 Beyond expression fair,
 And seek to join the legions
 Who rest enraptured there.

NATURE'S LESSON.

Bright watchers o'er this vale of tears—
Sun, moon, and myriad stars,
Ye move in your appointed spheres
Unmoved by worldly jars !
Ye still, as at the first, obey
Your great Creator's voice,
Roll duly on your heavenly way,
And ceaselessly rejoice.

Man, too, hath his allotted part—
High duties to fulfil,—
To bind all goodness to his heart,
And shun each tempting ill ?
But when, assertive of his soul,
And mindful of his trust,
Will he despise the base control,
The bondage of the dust ?

Roll on, rejoicing in your light,
Ye wonders of the sky.
Prophetic visions glad my sight—
The dawn of heaven seems nigh !
Dark hate and dreadful war shall cease,
The fiercest foes be kind ;
And trusting love and gentle peace
Breed o'er the human mind.

VISIONS.

Fair Maiden of the lustrous eye,
And pale, pure intellectual brow,—
Beloved of the days gone by,
Where art thou now ?

Thy smile was like a living beam
Upon the desert of my breast ;
But thou hast gone—and I must dream
In wild unrest.

Unsunned by that celestial eye,
Uncheered by that persuasive tone,
Unblessed by that responsive sigh,
I feel alone.

When thou, my gentle love, wast near,
My heart was light, my spirit glad ;
But thou hast left this darkened sphere,
And I am sad.

Yet, in my visions of the night
I feel as if I could rejoice ;
For I behold thy form of light,
And hear thy voice.

Thou seemest of the spirit-land,
And speakest of that world above,
Whose bowers are bright, whose air is bland—
Whose life is love.

Well—I will pass as best I may
The years that seem so drear and long,
And then, lay down the load of clay
And join thy song.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

(3)

I asked the Spirit, Sleep,
(That is so like to death,
Pulseless, and passionless, and deep,
In all but mortal breath.)

What things dost thou behold
In earth, or sea, or sky?
What radiant mysteries unfold
Before thy dreaming eye?

Sleep seem'd to answer —“ Much
From waking eyes concealed,
Of such as I may tell, and such
As may not be revealed.”

What seest thou, O Sleep?
"A pure immortal shore
Where those who wake on earth to weep
Shall wake to weep no more."

What dost thou yet behold?
"A still more glorious dream—
A city having streets of gold
Beside a living stream."

Who dwells therein, O Sleep?
"The ransomed of the Lord,
Who, brought through tribulation's deep,
Enjoy the great reward.

With these a glorious band
Who were not doomed to die—
The bright ones of the spirit land—
The dwellers in the sky."

Again what seest thou?
"The throne of the Great King,
Before whom men and angels bow
And strike their harps and sing."

What hearest thou, O Sleep?
Songs of enraptured praise
Which high intelligences keep,
And sainted spirits raise.

The burthen of their song
Is—" Holy is the Lamb,
And might and majesty belong
Unto the great I AM ! "

" THE EVENING SHADES OF LIFE. "

When day's last gleam of glory dies,
And Evening breathes her tranquil tone,
I love to stray from human eyes,
And pass sweet memory's hour alone.
Morn speaks of prospect dear to youth,
And wears a countenance of cheer,
But Evening tells a tale of truth
That sad experience sighs to hear.

Our course began with hopeful trust
In kindred love and friendly aid ;
But, lo ! our idols dashed to dust,
Our altars, trampled and decayed !
While spectres of departed years
Flit round us with regretful sighs,
And move the wearied heart to tears
For lost delight and broken ties.

The wise, whose hearts had ceased to yearn,
Forewarned us of the world's deceit ;
But generous youth is loath to learn
That life's fair aspect hides a cheat.

Yet, when we rise to manhood's scale,
And ask to gaze on promised skies,
Experience lifts the shining veil,
And blights the trusting victim's eyes.

Untutored in the world's cold ways,
And hopeful in its proffered tone,
The young and joyous heart obeys
Too oft, no impulse but its own.
It looks at will on cloudless skies,
That love would weep to see o'ercast,
And fondly deems that smiling eyes,
Will lend it sunshine to the last.

But (oh ! that earthly thought could range
On subjects free from grief's appal !)
Time flies, and brings a mournful change—
Youth fades and feels affliction's thrall.
How blest, then, he that timely, here
Looks forward to his heavenly rest,
Before "the evening shades" appear,
And life forgoes its early zest.

This vex'd probationary state,
Whose hours of rapture seem so brief,
Is not the sport of penal fate—
Not all a pilgrimage of grief.
Though earth's fond votaries shall see
Their gold grow dim with time's alloy,
The truth that makes the captives free
Imparts an endlessness of joy.

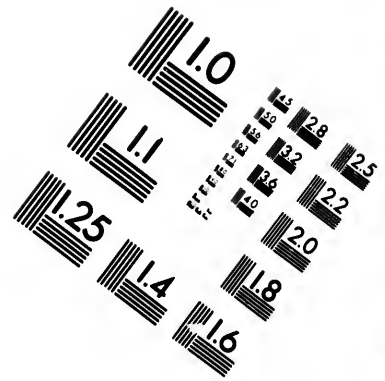
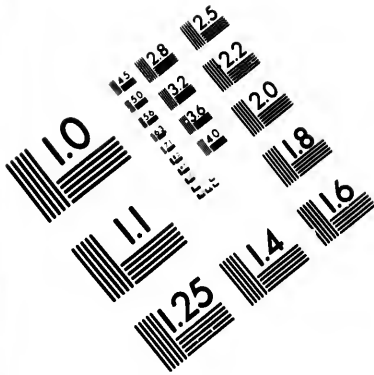
BEHOLDING THE PROMISED LAND.

Obedient to his early vow—
 His Maker's high behest—
 The Prophet stood on Pisgah's brow
 And viewed the Land of Rest ;
 To which through long and weary years
 Amidst alternate hopes and fears,
 Jehovah's choice was made ;
 And which, with flowing streams
 Was daily presenting sweet dreams.

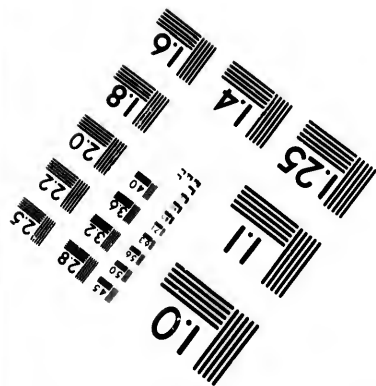
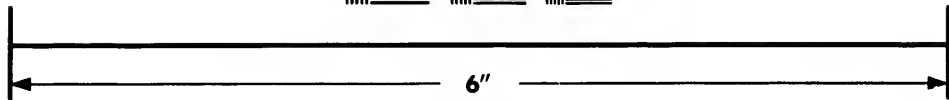
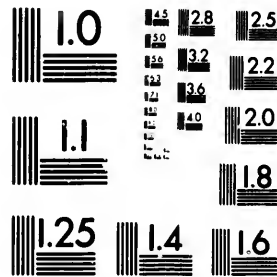
The clime of many a mountain scene
 Magnificently grand,
 The clime of bright perennial green,
 By fragrant breezes fann'd,
 The clime denied to Israel's tears
 Till faith should have resigned her fears,
 Was gloriously at hand—
 And, far and near, enriched his sight
 With one wide prospect of delight !

But sadness o'er his spirit fell,
 And tears were prone to start ;
 For feelings, that at times rebel,
 Surcharged his human heart :
 He knew that ere the host he led
 Could reach the land before him spread,
 His spirit should depart :





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He saw it with his failing eyes,
But might not rest beneath its skies.

The thought that he should sit at last
 Within its verdant bowers,
And, all his weary wanderings past,
 Repose among its flowers—
The thought that still from day to day
Had nerved his heart throughout the way,
 And oft renewed his powers,—
That thought, the nursed of years, had flown,
And left his heart a sombre tone.

But—turning to his Father—Lord !
 The Patriarch-prophet bowed
In meek submission to the word,
 That sometimes smites the proud.
He felt how frail was mortal dust,
Confessed his last sad trial just,
 Shook off the darkening cloud—
And giving up his wayward will,
Adored Eternal Goodness still.

The hope that had his soul sustained
 Along the Desert's way,
The hope of better life, remained,
 To cheer his latest day !
He knew that, though he might not sleep
Where Hebrew maids at eve would weep
 And Gentile pilgrims pray,

His spirit, ready for her flight,
Should dwell with Jacob's God in light.

He might not join the songs of Praise,
The grateful and the deep,
That Israel's rescued sons would raise
On many a starlit steep—
But, he may hold sublimer Lyre
Aiding the blest celestial choir,
Who heavenly anthems sweep!
So, bursting from the ties of Time,
He sought the glorious spirit-clime.

SO BRIEF IS LIFE.

Death equals! Yes, the rich, the poor,
Whom little vulgar aims divide,
Must all the same sad change endure
And darkly moulder side by side!
So brief is life—so insecure!
So vain a thing is human pride!

The rock of Tyre—the proud remains
That o'er Zenobia's city lie,—
The rubbish on a thousand plains
Where once a world sent up its cry,—
All prove that man, despite his pains,
Must loose his hold on earth, and die.

The wretch who makes his gold his god,
 The suffering outcast whom he spurns,
 Alike, beneath the valley's clod
 The hoary sexton, Time, inurns :—
 The glittering wealth for which we plod
 And bow to crime, to dust returns.

Confining infinite desires
 To this poor perishable scene,
 We miss what most the heart requires—
 That peace unspeakably serene,
 With which the Lord of Life inspires
 The wise who on His mercy lean.

Here, Sin obscures and saddens all ;
 Here towering minds to meanness stoop ;
 Here private wrongs and outrage, gall
 More deeply than misfortune's swoop ;
 Here vile detraction's arrows fall—
 The wicked thrive— the righteous droop.

But when our baseless hopes are o'er—
 When death asserts his dreaded claim
 And, conscience, wakes to dream no more,
 How will the soul endure her shame !
 How, all-regretfully deplore
 The dark perversion of her aim !

Since He Whose word directs our way
Will be to all our wanderings just,
Why stand we idly all the day—
Regardless of our glorious trust?
Why do we Wisdom's work delay
Until the grave demands our dust?

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

Unbar not now my dungeon door—
Set not the helpless free ;
Ye cannot youth and hope restore,
And what is light to me ?
My heart from every human tie
Long years ago was wrenched :
Then may the old and friendless die
Where life's best lights were quenched.

They led him forth ;—he felt the air—
Beheld the earth and sky—
But nature seem'd no longer fair
To his delightless eye.
He wandered on, but saw no face
At which his bosom thrilled ;
He sought his own—another race
The old possessions filled.

"Take—take me back!" the old man said;
 The world is dark and strange—
 None live to shield my aged head,—
 I cannot bear the change.
 Let that bright orb the world illumine
 For earth's tyrannic lords,
 But give me back the place of gloom
 That with my fate accords.

My soul was torn from beings dear,
 At manhood's busy stage,
 What now, alas! remains to cheer
 My dim and joyless age?
 I speak, yet hear no fond reply—
 No kind consoling tone;
 I gaze—yet meet no kindred eye;—
 O! give me back my own.

If I could weep, perchance this gloom
 This frenzy might depart,—
 But quenchless care seems now to doom
 My outraged human heart.
 Affliction's wild, yet sweet relief,
 Has not been mine for years,
 And worn by unaccompanied grief
 These eyes have now no tears.

Then take me back;—the dungeon's gloom
 Hath so familiar grown
 That light were but a stranger doom
 Than life liv'd out alone.

Farewell! ye prove not all too cold
 To mourn for such as I,
 Farewell, ye leave the poor and old
 Whose hour of rest is nigh.

DREAM.

"I had a dream that was not all a dream."—BYRON.

"O that for me some home like this would smile."—CAMPBELL.

Methought I had a pleasant dream,
 Of scenes, in which I loved to stray
 And find the objects of my theme,
 From sunny morn till close of day.
 While hope, that sometimes comes to cheer
 The poor man's path with cheerful gleam,
 Half whispered—"If a friend were near
 This dream would not be all a dream."

A cottage veiled by waving pines
 That taste had left to please the eye—
 A home that held some sacred shrines,
 Looked upwards to a smiling sky.
 Farm-buildings, barn, and lattice near,
 Screened from the north by circling trees;
 An orchard there—a garden here—
 And gay flowers fragrant to the breeze.

Green waving fields of grass and grain,
 Rich pastures cropped by peaceful kine—
 And placid flocks that clothe the swain,
 Bade frugal labor cease to pine.
 "O that some home like this were mine" —
 Burst from my full heart like a prayer—
 What cheering Sun-beams then would shine
 Upon my dark cold night of care!"

Then, when the fire of Genius flamed,
 And thrilled the proudly conscious soul,
 The eagle, Thought, might soar unblamed,
 And spurn depression's dull control.
 Then love, while circled by its own,
 Would meet their gaze with happier eyes,
 And breathe a more ecstatic tone
 And balm inhale from brighter skies.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Balmy power! whose silken wing
 Lulls the wearied frame to rest,
 Come, O come, and sweetly bring
 Solace to my aching breast.

Toil and *Fortune* feel thy balm
 Softly o'er their senses steal;
 O let *Sorrow*, know thy calm,
Want and *woe*, thy soothing feel.

Let me in thy silent bower
 Taste of Lethe's fabled stream—
 Feel thy sweet oblivious power,
 Sleep, without a restless dream.

Or if dreams my couch attend,
 Let them wear no sable frown ;
 But the raptur'd spirit lend
 Such as sleep with blessings crown.

Balmy sleep! whose silken wing
 Lulls the wearied frame to rest,
 Come, O come, and sweetly bring
 Solace to my aching breast.

LOST AT SEA.

(4)

When thy daring bark departed
 O'er the waste of waters blue,
 And Affection's tribute started
 For the gentle and the true,
 We expected soon to greet thee,
 To thine own, thy native shore.—
 But on earth we may not meet thee,
 For thy mortal race is o'er.

Oft, from vision'd sleep awaking,
Bade we yon dim taper burn ;
Oft, the sleepless couch forsaking,
Watched we for thy hoped return.
Long ere darkling doubt assailed us,
Friendship at thine absence wept ;
And, when life's last solace failed us,
Love his aimless vigils kept.

Yet, amidst our tribulation,
One sweet solace still remains,
In the light of that salvation
Which the wearied soul sustains.
Though we still must sadly mourn thee
As the lov'd and lost of Time,
Have not guardian angels borne thee
To their own immortal clime ?

Freed we trust art thou from sadness,
In a world exceeding fair ;
And we hope that, crowned with gladness,
We may breathe its balmy air ;
We would greatly joy to greet thee
E'en on this sepulchral shore,
But we hope that we shall meet thee,
Where the happy part no more !

THE SHIPWRECKED.

As Day's last parting light was shed
I sat beside the deep,
And thought upon the shipwrecked dead
That in its waters sleep ;
The brave, the fair, the young, the old—
The rich with all their shining gold,
O'er whom its billows sweep !
Beneath the dark insatiate wave
What thousands find a watery grave !

When burst the dark tempestuous storm
Amidst the lightning's glare—
When frowned Destruction's awful form,
What frantic fear was there !
When life's last hour drew near its close,
What loud tumultuous cries arose—
What shrieks of wild despair !
No rescue nigh—earth's visions o'er—
The seaman sank afar from shore !

Ye wanderers of the dark blue wave,
The sport of every gale,
Whom nought but help from Heaven can save
When storms your path assail—
Where'er life's fragile bark is cast,
The soul is safe from adverse blast,
If moored " within the veil !"
O gallant hearts ! much need have ye
To trust in Him who rules the Sea !

MARINER'S SONG.

The sun has set, the shades of eve
Glide softly o'er the sea,
And bring to all a sweet reprieve,
A dream of love to me.

For, freed from toil, I fix my gaze
Upon the first pale star
That wakes with soft religious rays,
Fond thoughts, of scenes afar

At this calm hour a lady mine,
Who dwells beside the sea,
Is constant at the vesper shrine
To pray to Heaven for me.

She, too, observant of her vow,
"The registered above,"
Beholds that glimmering planet now,
And names her absent love.

I almost think I see her face—
Her sweet yet chastened smile,
And o'er her lovely features trace
Her inmost thoughts the while.

She wakes the blissful moments fled—
The looks of fond regret—
The sighs we breathed—the tears we shed—
Our hopes when last we met.

O waft our gallant ship, ye winds,
The bounding billows o'er,
Till it the destined haven finds,
And I my native shore.

THE RETIRED SAILOR.

When first I heard the thrilling tale
Of mighty ocean's reign,
I longed to hoist the adventurous sail
And cleave the liquid plain.
But would the dream to leave my home,
To try the changeful sea—
Oh! would the restless wish to roam
Had never come to me.

Tossed by the spirit of the blast
Where warring waters rave,
Upon the high and giddy mast
Above the yawning grave,—
Remote from all the heart holds dear,
Sick, sick upon my cot,
With none to speak a word of cheer,—
This oft has been my lot.

Dread hunger, thirst, and polar cold,
Let others brave for gain ;
Keep, merchant, keep your proffered gold,
I cease to tempt the main.
Beside my own hearth's cheerful blaze,
Content, though small my store,
I pass my unambitious days
In peace unknown before.

TO THE MARINER.

Hail Mariner ! whose feelings are as warm
And simple as in childhood—who has won
The name of " Ocean's simple-hearted son " ;
Hail, thou, familiar with the Almighty's form,
Seen in the lightning's far-surrounding flash—
Heard in the thunder's overwhelming crash
And all the voices of the mid-sea storm.
Remember Him, Who lets the waters bear
Thy gallant bark, wherever thou wouldst roam,
Who holds the winds that waft the traveller home,
And makes His children His peculiar care.
O, then, remember Him, in storm or calm,
In Morn's glad hymn, in Evening's solemn psalm,
And in the life-breath of unceasing prayer.

MARINER'S RETURN.

I wandered far from my native land,
O'er many a stranger scene,
But I look once more on the rugged strand,
And the hill tops gaily green.
The surf that breaks on her seaward rocks,
Hath a welcome in its roar,
To a heart that, tired of the world's rude shocks,
Would mix in its wars no more.

I come—I come to the laughing streams
That will greet me with sweet song—
To the dear old scenes of my school-boy dreams,
And the happy household throng.
I come from the busy world's alarms,
With a new and strengthening zest,
To household friends in whose fostering arms
My cares shall be lulled to rest.

I suffered much since I left them last :
Fierce heat and polar cold ;
But the future joy may redeem the past,
And repay me a thousand-fold.
I have braved the storm on the wave-washed deck—
I have run on a dread lee-shore—
Yet escaped with life from the shattered wreck,
To return to my own once more.

I wandered far with the hope of wealth
 That was destined to depart,
 But I thank Thee, Lord, that I still have health,
 And the boon of a grateful heart.
 My "lov'd ones" long to be once more blest
 With the sight of my storm-beat face ;
 My roof-tree waits for a weary guest,
 I haste to the dear old place !

I wandered far, but my native vale
 Shall hear my soul rejoice,
 And the cheek of the watcher growing pale,
 Be bright at my well-known voice.
 I come from the angry tempest's roar,
 From the deep sea's troubled foam,
 To the quiet scenes of my native shore,
 And the dear delights of home.

LINES FOR THE LADIES.—No. I.

TO ACCOMPANY THE PIANO OR THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

(5.)

O Girls ! how highly pleased we feel
 With humble admiration,
 When blushes on your cheeks reveal
 Fair Hebe's bright carnation.
 But, ah ! we cannot brook to see
 A lass her form defacing,—
 We cannot bear that you should be
 Self-sacrificed to "lacing !"

Consumption, fragile beauty's foe,
 Among the sex so frequent,
 May be, as learned Doctors show,
 On "modern lacing" sequent.
 And then by fragile shoes and hose
 Which fashion-traders take, you
 May both your bloom and comfort lose—
 May health indeed forsake you.

If ye were fashioned *out of taste*
 We might excuse the passion
 For living delicately laced
 And dying "*in the fashion.*"
 But, trust me, Nature, when she made
 Dear woman's form of beauty,
 Knew how the shape should be arrayed,
 But fashion swerves from duty,

We read that men, in former days,
 Armed "cap á pie," when banded,
 But women had no name for stays,
 Their waists at will expanded.
 And that the dames, in times of old
 Of mighty men, were mothers,
 Is proved by Greece and Rome,—and told,
 By Homer and some others.

I had a sweetheart once—a maid
 Whose form was fairly moulded,
 Whose eye beneath its silken shade
 A lofty soul unfolded.

I hoped—in truth, a happy lot,
 The future fondly tracing ;
 But, when about to share my cot,
 She fell a prey to lacing !

I mourned her loss in silent woe
 Like any other lover,
 Until a lass who lacked a beau
 I happened to discover.
 Her cheek was like 'the red, red rose'—
 Her waist a proper feature ;
 There was no hectic near her nose—
 She was a prudent creature.

E'en now (but lately made a bride)
 In wedded beauty blooming,
 She sits her clean-swept hearth beside,
 My humble home illuming.
 I hope with her to see good days,
 Because, unlike the other,
 She does not patronise the stays,
 Her gentle heart to smother.

LINES FOR THE LADIES.—No. II.

There goes an honest man to Jail !
 His wife has debts contracted,
 Though she might know his means would fail
 To pay them when exacted.

Poor thing! had she not sense to know
 The course she was pursuing,
 Might bring herself deserved woe,
 And end in his undoing?

Her pride—or mayhap want of thought,
 Has sported sundry dresses,
 Which to her humble hearth have brought
 Dstraint and sore distresses.
 O Woman! must my pen record
 A truth so melancholy
 As this—that man—Creation's lord—
 Has cause to weep thy folly?

From man's mistakes, from worldly strife,
 We have enough of sorrow,—
 From woman, oft a hope of life,
 More care we sometimes borrow!
 Ye wives—be good, be prudent wives—
 Guard well your husband's earnings;
 Yourselves will lead far happier lives
 If pride forego its yearnings.

Ye girls—read wisdom's sage "Advice"—
 Rather than dreamy novels;
 A useful book of trifling price
 May keep some out of hovels.
 Be prudent—act a careful part,
 Shun pride that so disgraces,
 And tears—less frequently—will start
 To spoil your pretty faces.

Instead of many precious hours
In slothful dreamings wasting,
Improve the mind's immortal powers,
The sweets of knowledge tasting.
Instead of, dull to healthful shame,
Some slander-theme retailing—
Be tender of another's fame ;
You too, may have a failing.

Shun Fashion's vain unthinking crowd—
And life with virtue filling,
Not even of houswifery be proud ;
Save wisely many a shilling !
Pardon me, and forget not this,
That, what we all are craving,
The sunshine of Domestic Bliss,
Has much to do with saving !

SEPERATION.

As one who roams the wild at night
Yet hails no friendly star,
So reft am I of calm delight
When forced from thee afar.

I love not thus my bark to steer
Across the ocean's foam,
Unless, with every hour, I near
My own delightful home.

We now can converse but in thought,
But sweet is Fancy's power ;
And Hope, from kindred feeling caught,
Foretells a brighter hour.

VANISHED NOT LOST.

Day, in starless gloom expiring,
Winds may wail and dew-drops weep ;
Yet the shades of night retiring,
Morn will mantle tower and steep.

But the loved whom Sickness blighted—
Whom our memory still deplores,
While we wander undelighted—
Neither Spring nor Morn restores.

Many a glad smile hath been banished,
Many a cherished hope been crossed ;
But the spirits who have vanished,
Though departed—are not lost.

We who loved them long may mourn them,
Yet we trust an angel band
O'er the shadowy vale hath borne them
To their own all-glorious land.

BENEVOLENCE.

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they do good, and be glad to give."

O ye who bask beneath the constant beams
 Of Fortune's golden sun — whose lot is cast
 Among earth's greenest spots, by pleasant streams—
 Whose days in peace and affluence are pass'd,—
 Consider that the bounteous hand of heaven
 Your ample stores for righteous ends hath given.

Lo! distant lands, lands sunk in moral night,
 Where dreadful scenes the deathless soul degrade,
 Are loudly calling for the lamp of light!
 O send the blessing — be the call obeyed.
 Ye are the stewards of your Master's treasure,
 And *He* demands the willing, flowing measure.

Go feed the hungry — clothe the shivering, go;
 The widow and the orphan claim your care;
 The house of mourning visit, and bestow
 The balm of joy on those who languish there.
 Thus shall your peace flow onward like a river,
 Your soul be blessed. He loves the cheerful giver.

THE YELLOW LEAF.

When life, which Truth calls, brief,
 And likens to a day,
 Is in "the sere and yellow leaf"
 Of natural decay,—

We love to lift the pall
 Of by-gone hopes and fears,—
 To pause, look youthwards, and recall
 Our “beautiful past years.”

Fond Memory waves her wand—
 And distant scenes draw near ;
 And first fond hopes, a shadowy band,
 And buried joys appear.
 She gives the calm sweet face—
 The kind consoling tone—
 The thrilling touch, the true embrace,
 That linked us to our own.

But meteor lights that shine
 Upon our earthly ways—
 The forms that bow at Pleasure's shrine,
 Shrink from our “feeble days.”
 While spectres of the past
 That tell of broken ties,
 Flit by on the autumnal blast,
 And utter mournful sighs.

Sometimes in her reflux dream
 Of visionary truth,
 The founts of human feeling seem
 Reanimate with youth.
 But, ah ! we wake to find
 Earth's life without its zest,
 And bow to weariness of mind,
 And think of better rest.

DAILY MERCIES.

Throughout the earth, the sea, the air—
Around — beneath — above —
Life, light, and all bright things declare
That nature's source is love.
Day, night, successive months, bestow
Unasked, unpurchased good,
But He "from Whom all blessings flow"
Is oft misunderstood.

With so much lent us to enjoy,
We seek for ills, unspent ;
And thus, with wilfulness, destroy
The source of wise content.
Weighed we our merits with our lot,
Sweet patience would be given,
To gild earth's darker, drearier spot,
With happy beams from heaven.

Forgive, O Lord ! the darkling thought,
Direct the wayward will ;
The soul, which Thou Thyself hast taught,
Regard in mercy still.
We would not wander from Thy fold,
Nor pious trust resign,
But Oh ! our drooping hearts uphold ;
Inspire with life divine !

NOTES TO "OCCASIONAL."

(1.) The lines here given, are but extracts from a comparatively long poem, composed of a series of sonnet-like verses. Part of the remaining passages were nearly illegible, and to others objections might appear, which would require correction by the author. In this, and other of his poems, McPherson evinced very strong feelings on the subject of *war*; he saw great present evils vividly, and thought he might speak out plainly, as became his idea of a true bard.

(2.) The writer's own experience evidently tinges these and Evening Shades of Life, and other verses of this section, as it did so prevalingly, the "Personal" poems.

(3.) The strain here is more imaginative and ambitious than usual, in McPherson's poetry. Its management tends to prove, that to the additional training and experience which he so much desired, he might, if spared, have aimed above the sweet lyrical department to which he had chiefly devoted his attention.

(4.) This, and pieces which immediately follow, remind of the Author's experience in sea affairs:—they are indicative of a class of subjects apt to be familiar to a Nova Scotian, who finds waters of Ocean, or Bay, or Gulf, in comparative proximity to every acre of the Province.

(5.) The lively, and somewhat sarcastic and playful style, indulged in these and next succeeding verses, appear in strong contrast with the laments which had become so frequent in consequence of privation and disappointment. McPherson has more than once intimated, that his literary powers should not be judged exclusively by what he had accomplished, but rather by what might have been effected under happier circumstances.

GENERAL NOTE.

The small volume now presented, will be found peculiarly indicative of the author's experience and character.

Prominent among its recommendations are, very fluent verse, good moral tendencies, and heart-expression which appeals to the hearts of readers.

Several imperfections, typographical and other, may, no doubt, be discernable in the book. Some of these may be attributable to the state of parts of the copy, which required revision by the author,—and some to the hurry with which the press-work was prepared for and performed. Long delayed, from several causes, when taken up, the economizing of time became of consequence. Much of the editing was attended to at hours beyond the usual time of retiring to rest.

The volume, including the memoir, contains 300 pages, as intimated in the Prospectus. Some advantages might have been obtained by having the mechanical part of the work performed out of the Province; but home-manufacture was thought especially appropriate in the publication of a volume, written by one who hoped to be remembered as, "The Bard of Acadia."

A few grammatical inaccuracies may appear, and may be accounted for by circumstances already mentioned. In one place, for instance, the word "forgot" is used instead of forgotten;—for this, excuse might be given, in reference to requirements of metre, and in reference to respectable precedent also.

Among several unpublished manuscripts is an address to England, including advocacy of more attention to Public Education, reproof of War principles and practices, and commendation of the Christian amenities and Charities of Life. McPherson wrote about as strongly in reference to War, as he did concerning Intemperance. Lines entitled "Pastime," were referred to in the Memoir, as illustrating a simple incident in the writer's history; only a part of the copy of this piece was found in preparing for the Press, so that it does not appear as intended.

A blank for date occurs in memoir, under title of Localities,—the settlement alluded to took place, it appears, about 1812, or 1813.

In selecting for publication, several of the poems were somewhat abbreviated: thus, less finished passages were omitted, and space was gained, for other verses, within the prescribed limits of the volume.

By dates attached to some of the manuscripts, most of the poems given, appear to have been written within a period from the year 1844, inclusive.

Some of the verses styled "Occasional" would have been otherwise classed, if they came under more timely review.

The "Harp of Acadia" is now respectfully commended to that patronage, which was a cherished hope by the Author during the composition of its verses.

— Dec. 19, 1862.

J. S. T.

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