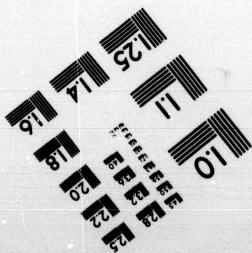
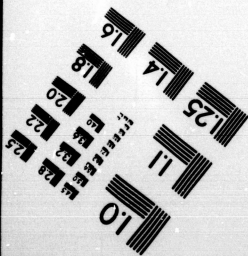
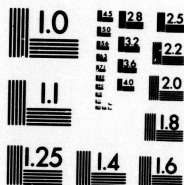


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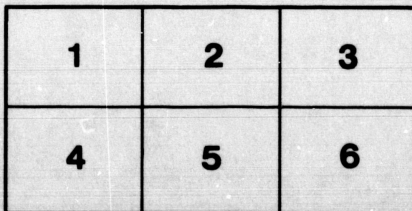
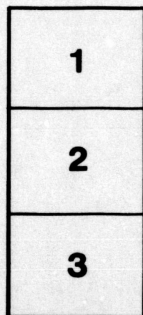
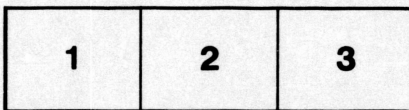
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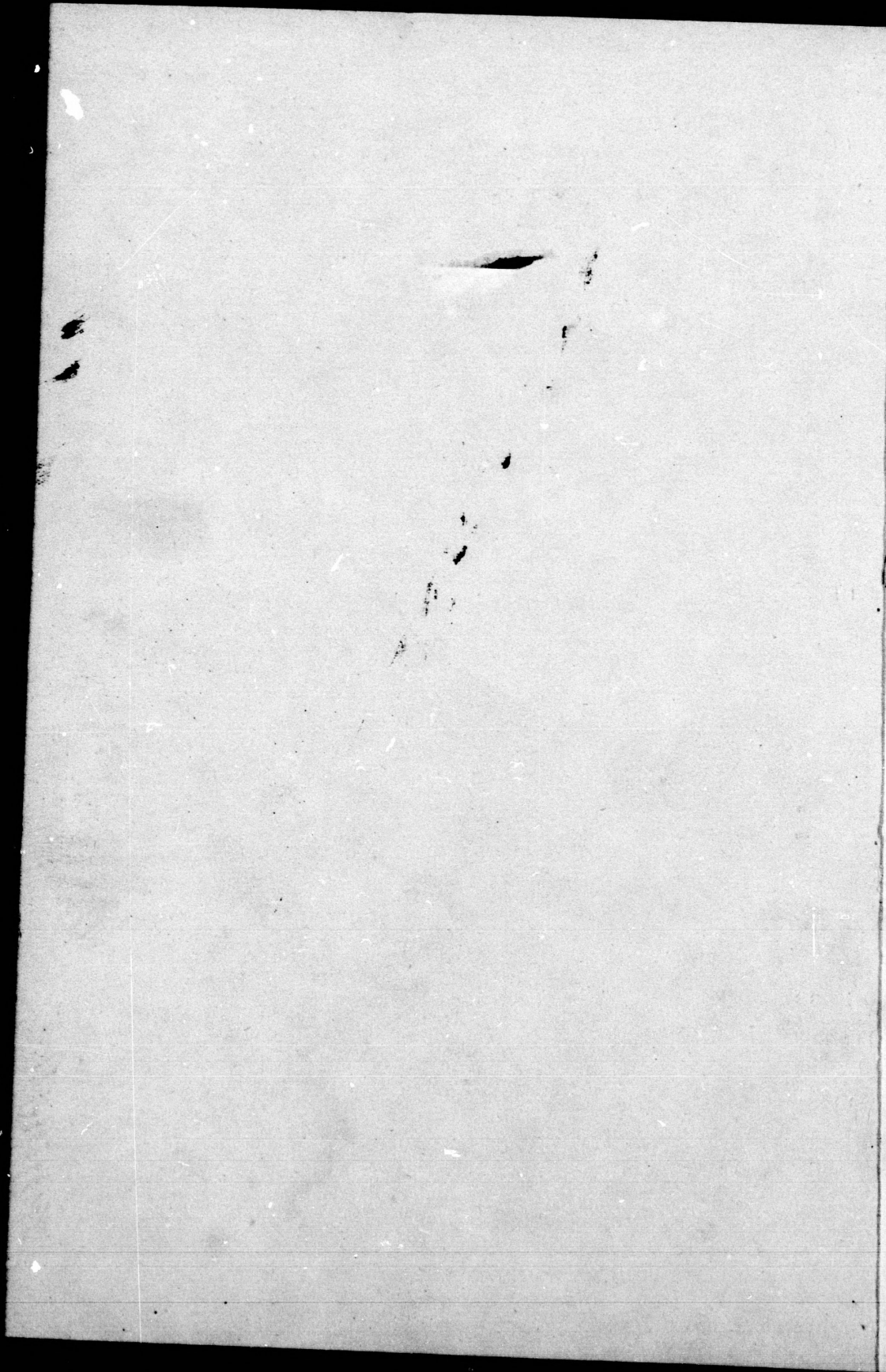
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I

R

POEMS AND HYMNS

BY

Rev. CHAS. INNES CAMERON, M.A.

GEELONG.

Geelong:

JOHN PURDIE, 81 MOORABOOL-STREET.

1870.

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P R E F A C E .

OF the pieces in this volume which the Author, more from conventional usage than from any sense of special fitness, has ventured to call "Poems," he has little to say. As the composition of them has profitably filled up some hours of leisure or forced idleness, he trusts that the reading of them may not be altogether without pleasure or profit. But the special object of the publication is to obtain the opinion of Christian people in regard to the few Hymns which the volume contains. The Author came to the conclusion, a good many years ago, that his was not the poet's vocation, and that even as a secondary pursuit he could not expect to accomplish much good by the study. For some time, however, the conviction has been growing in his mind, that although in the general field of poetry there is no place which he could expect usefully and honorably to occupy, yet in the kindred and in his estimation, more important field of hymnology, his labors might not be altogether in vain. But so many and so important are the other objects which can be pursued consistently with our special calling, that the Author feels reluctant, without a strong conviction of his fitness for such a work, to devote his spare time to the writing

of hymns. Has he a talent entrusted to him which he is bound to employ in the Master's service, or is it only a rudimentary tendency which must be repressed or indulged in only as a pastime? To help him to decide the question, he has ventured to publish this volume. As far as the "Poems," are concerned he is not very careful what verdict may be passed, as he has no intentions of writing others. In regard to the "Hymns," if he finds that the opinions of God's people are favorable, he will be encouraged to persevere in a work, in prosecuting which he might otherwise feel irresolute.

Geelong, 1870.

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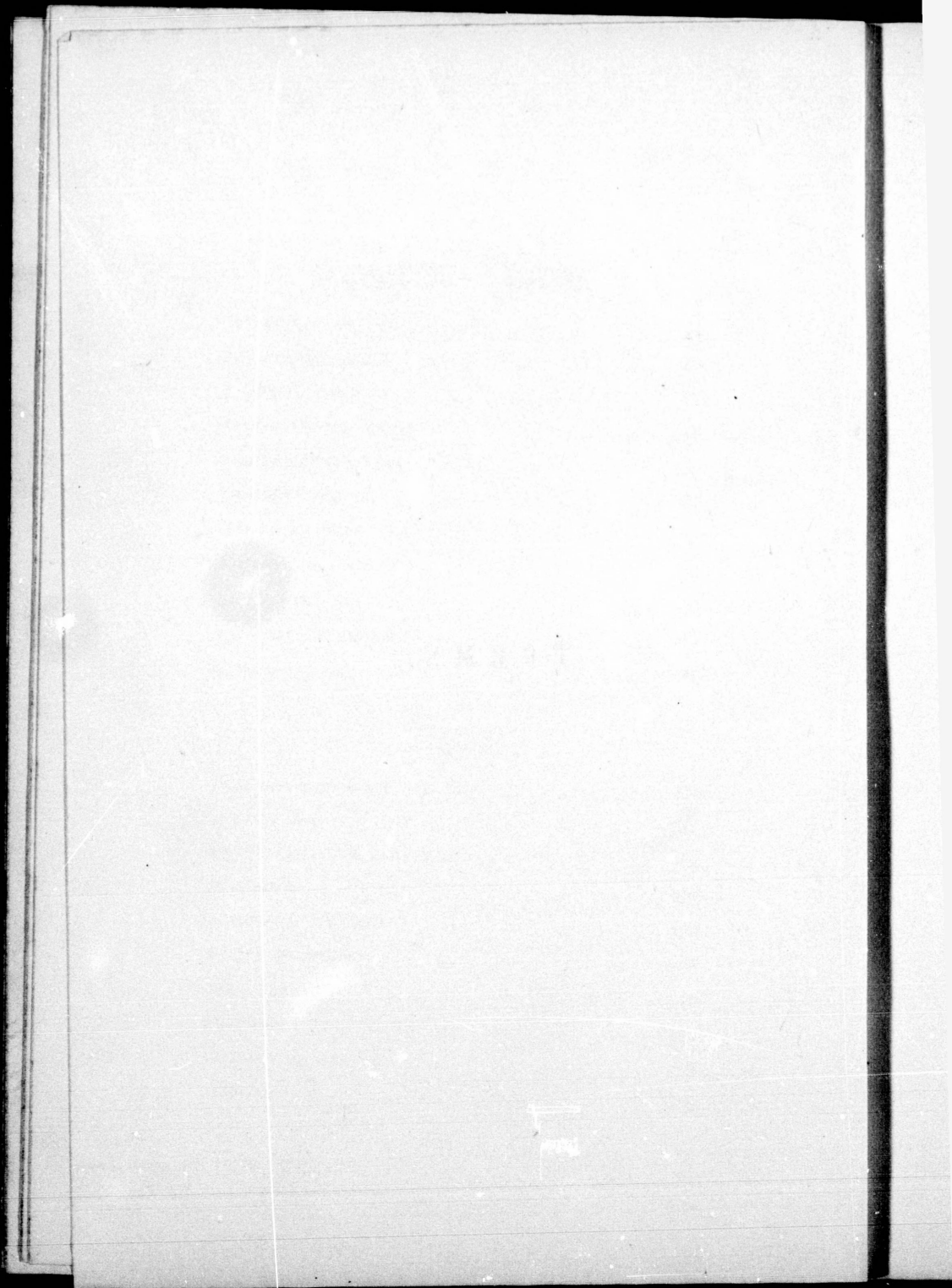
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P O E M S .

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ILLUSION:
A VISION OF FOLLY.

PART I.
THE ENTERPRISE.

I.

THE Sun had almost set. His lessening beams
Gilded with golden light
The radiant clouds, the seas and flashing streams,
The vale and mountain height.

II.

A balmy softness floated all around,
As if from living lips
Breathing upon the soul ; a mingled sound
From vale and woodland slips

III.

Was wafted gently ; sylvan bursts of song
And childish merriment,
Lightening the hum of harvest work. Along
The country's wide extent

IV.

Joy was the garb of Nature, joy her voice :
That quiet evening hour
Bade all in the departing light rejoice,
An ever present power.

V.

Sharing the general joy I wandered slow ;
There reached me through the sky
The sound of rushing wings, and turning, lo !
Three spirits standing nigh.

VI.

Their giant forms against the sky uprose
Like nought of human birth,
As resting in their flight they sought repose
A moment on the Earth.

VII.

The first their leader seemed. Around his head
A coronet was seen
Of burnished gold ; his flaming eyes surveyed
All things with vision keen,

VIII.

[played
Which seemed to pierce to nature's core ; there
Around his lips a smile
Of mingled pride and scorn, his wings half-spread
Impatient for the toil.

IX.

The next, a being framed in human mould
With sensuous earth-lit eye,
Of giant frame, assertive, prompt and bold,
A son of earth you spy.

X.

Of heavenly form and face the third would seem;
With dull and tarnished grace;
In gold and tinsel decked, an earthly gleam
O'er all you still might trace.

XI.

I heard them talking. In a haughty tone
The first spake, "What is he
That he should arrogate to himself alone
Such power and majesty?"

XII.

"What need of idle forms? In nature lies
A universal power,
The essence of eternal harmonies,
Which of itself each hour

XIII.

"In varying mode is manifest. Although
Yon haughty king were shorn
Of all his glory, and his power brought low,
Nor ever more return

XIV.

“Unto his empire, yet would all things still
Be full of life and joy ;
The worlds would gravitate, the light would fill
The Earth and vaulted sky.

XV.

“Come, spread your pinions, let us mount again,
I long to prove his claim
Over the Earth and sister worlds to reign
Is but an empty name.”

XVI.

His earth-born comrade, “F’itly said ; while he
Retains his place above,
Our place is only second ; it shall be
Our triumph to remove

XVII.

“And place him with his fellows. Hath he power ?
So have we also. Now
In deeds, not words, let’s prove it ; from this hour
Let earth and heaven know

XVIII.

“That we are gods, and godlike actions do
In our self-gotten might,
Nor dare assign to him the homage due
To us of native right.

XIX.

"Besides, a milder heat, a softer light
Our need would satisfy ;
For me, I'd rather dwell in deepest night
Than 'neath his burning eye."

XX.

The third, "In truth he lives too high—too far
To wake our sympathies ;
Better a lamp at hand, than sun or star
Lost in the mazy skies.

XXI.

"Our homage will be truer, heartier, when
Its object takes his place,
Manlike among a race of godlike men,
To light a kindred race."

XXII.

They spoke, and seaward took their eager flight
Towards the setting day— [light,
The murmuring waves were tipped with golden
Across the ample bay.

XXIII.

I followed : far away our pathway stretched
Until the day was done,
And evening shades had fallen, when we reached
The palace of the Sun.

XXIV.

The Monarch lay upon a royal bed
Of clouds celestial fair,
A rosy radiance from his limbs was shed,
Which toned the evening air,

XXV.

And lit the earth with twilight; from his brow
His crown was laid aside,
The glory of his countenance burnt low,
His golden locks were dyed

XXVI.

With fainter fire, the drooping lids were closed
Over his eyes to screen
Their scathing light, as grandly he reposed
In majesty serene.

XXVII.

Like swooping vultures down those spirits swept,
Upon their helpless prey :
They took him bound in fetters as he slept,
And bore to earth away.

PART II.
 APOTHEOSIS.

I.

That night beneath the shining of the stars
 Was heard on road and street
 The tramp of horse, the whirr of rushing cars,
 The tread of many feet,

II.

As gathering crowds hastened from near and far,
 With expectation high,
 To the appointed rendezvous to share
 In the great victory

III.

Gained by their champion. Thousands thronging
 Into the hall of night,
 Lighted by myriad lamps whose wondrous flame
 Rivalled the noonday light,

[came

IV.

Where sat the illustrious three. Above the rest
 Their leader took his place,
 As if of innate kingliness possessed,
 As well as outward grace.

V.

His comrade spirits close on either hand
In conscious triumph sat ;
Around them ranged the illustrious of the land
Decked in imposing state.

VI.

Kings, statesmen, nobles, priests, philosophers,
All those his hopes who shared
And triumphed in his triumph, his and theirs,
Were there that night prepared

VII.

To load with honors due the spirit whose
Strong wing had braved the skies,
And won such victory. At their call he rose
And stood in noble guise

VIII.

Before the admiring crowd. No vanity,
No hate, nor love had place
In his keen eye, no flush of victory
Upon his calm proud face ;

IX.

Only that now and then a shade was seen
Flashing a darker hue,
As if some black abysmal depth within
A moment came to view ;

X.

A second self it seemed, an inner life
Which might in time o'er spread
The outer life, and which in deadly strife
A helpless foe might dread.

XI.

He spake; the hum of admiration stilled
The vast assembly o'er,
His calm strong voice with softest cadence filled
The hall from roof to floor.

XII.

"Men shall I call you? Rather gods henceforth,
No other gods there be
Within our knowledge; Nature's noblest birth
And highest rank are ye.

XIII.

"That being who so long usurped the place
Of Sovereign of the sky,
Professing to dispense with smiling face
Light, heat, and harmony;

XIV.

"Who reigned o'er earth with scarce disputed sway,
And at his lordly will,
Capricious, blundering, partial, ruled the day
And rolling seasons, still

XV.

“Exists, but 'tis as one among his peers ;
He cannot work you harm
Nor thwart your will. For you, the coming years
Your work is to reform.

XVI.

“For now no more his influence severe
Shall dazzle with blinding light,
Or scorch with heat one portion of our sphere,
And leave the rest in night

XVII.

“Or chilling frost. No tempest now shall sweep
O'er the infuriate sea ;
No drought, no blight, no pestilence shall steep
The world in misery.

XVIII.

“Day shall succeed the night, and night the day,
Seasons shall roll their round
In sweeter change, while he who once held sway
Is here a captive bound.

XIX.

“Meanwhile do ye where Nature's secrets hide
In sea, or earth, or air,
Enter, and thence from regions far and wide
Rich loads of knowledge bear.

XX.

" Nature your Empire is — your storehouse too
Of boundless power and art ;
Brute art and power, dumb and blind till you
Intelligence impart.

XXI.

" Assert your deity, your right to call
This boundless power forth,
Direct, control, restrain, impel, till all
Own you the Lords of Earth ! "

XXII.

While thus the spirit spoke the multitude
Gazed on his wondrous face,
Dazzling, angelic ; calm and proud he stood
Before them in his place.

XXIII.

Entranced they listen to his forceful words,
The subtle eloquence,
Which, unimpassioned, stirred the deepest chords
Of passion, pride, and sense.

XXIV.

He ceased ; a space the echoes of his tongue
Seemed hovering o'er the crowd,
Till burst the shouts above the surging throng
Of acclamation loud :

XXV.

“A present god,” they cried, “a god! a god!
In wisdom, power and right,
Man’s great ideal thou. Be thine abode
With us and in thy light

XXVI.

“Still let us live and triumph find. Too long
The usurper had retained
That empire which to us and thee belong,
And now by thee regained,

XXVII.

“And placed within our grasp. Be ours the cause
That empire now to guard,
And prove by power o’er nature’s subject laws
That man alone is lord.

XXVIII.

“If gods we are, the only lawful source
Of true authority—
This world our own, with all its varied force
And latent mystery—

XXIX.

“Then let us cast away and quite destroy
All badges of his power,
Who captive is, and reign on earth in joy
And freedom evermore.”

XXX.

Then wilder tumult rose, and cruel mirth
The crowd from side to side
Filled with demoniac passion. "Bring him forth,"
The heartless rabble cried,

XXXI.

"That he may make us sport." With impious heart,
They dared his crown to take,
His royal robes among themselves did part,
His kingly sceptre brake,

XXXII.

And cast away ; they quenched the glowing light
Of those bright glorious eyes,
That beamed in beauty from the womb of night,
And bade the morn arise

XXXIII.

Upon a darkened world ; his limbs they bound
With harsh and cruel thrall,
And chained and blinded thus they led him round
A spectacle to all.

XXXIV.

Then rose the shouts of merriment amain,
And brutal triumph loud,
Rousing the echoes of the night again
From forest, hill and cloud.

PART III.
CONSEQUENCES.

I.

We heard in grief and silence ; for we knew
That night's primeval reign
Had now returned ; our eyes should never view
The blessed light again ;

II.

No morning star upon our dwelling cast
Its calm and hopeful ray,
No faint aurora brighten in the east
To usher in the day.

III.

Slowly and wearily the hours moved by,
The darkness deepened still,
The sinking winds moved past with fainter sigh,
The air grew damp and chill ;

IV.

Creation drooped and languished ; terror lay
On Nature everywhere ;
The stars from heaven with pale and ghostly ray,
Looked downward like the glare

V.

Of dead men's eyes that, with reproaching, look
Into the murderer's
To chill and freeze his soul. All hope forsook
The heart, the utterers

VI.

Forgot their words, and listened anxiously
With bated heart and breath
For some appalling horror, tremblingly,
As in the Halls of Death.

VII.

The darkness deeper grew ; the lamps of night
Paled and grew lustreless,
Then died, as pales and dies a waxen light
Choked in mephitic gas.

VIII.

The expected Moon arose not o'er the scene,
To light with welcome ray
The argent wave, green earth, and blue serene,
And bring a softened day.

IX.

We waited, but she came not ; for she slept
That night an endless sleep ;
Her Lord and Life that gave her life, and kept
Her light, could no man keep.

X.

The silence deepened ; fitfully and few
The bursts of revelry
Startling the stillness reached us, fainter grew,
And then ceased utterly,

XI.

And hushed and voiceless silence like the tomb
Fell on the revellers. Soon [dome
The sun-bright lamps, which hung from roof and
Making the midnight noon,

XII.

Flar'd with a dull, red, lurid glow amid
The darkness which crept in
With cold insinuating fold, and hid
The walls and room within,

XIII.

Causing the countenance of each to look
Unto the next beside
A voiceless apparition ; then they shook,
Flickered, and slowly died.

XIV.

And, as a chill unnerving horror, Death
His awful presence spread,
Brooding broad-winged o'er all, and with his breath
As of the angel dread

XV.

Who smote the Assyrian, smote them, till at last
Throughout the silent world,
All life and order were dissolving fast,
Back into Chaos hurled.

XVI.

Darkness complete, silence unbroken reigned !
Upon these Spirits fell [remained
The curse their hands had brought them ; there
Nor hope, nor voice to tell

XVII.

Their triumph, or to boast or utter hate.
In pitiful helplessness
They sat among the silent crowd which late
Gave them the lofty place

XVIII.

Of the great Deity, and caused the night
To echo their acclaim ;
Sat with the consciousness that on them lit
The curse and endless shame.

XIX.

Too late they knew that he the king of light
Alone could lead the day ;
That life and beauty flourished in his sight,
That death and swift decay

XX.

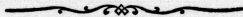
Followed his absence ; and in vain they sought
For light amid the gloom ;
The eternal darkness which their hands had brought
Made earth an eternal tomb.—

XXI.

The vision faded from my brain. I woke.
Across the shaded room
Came the first rays of morning. Bright it broke
Scattering the flying gloom,

XXII.

And bringing light and gladness. Fervently
I thanked the King of light
That none can e'er usurp His majesty,
Or change His day to night.



PART IV.

THE UNASSAILABLE.

I.

Jehovah Jesus lives! He lives and reigns!
 The uncreated Light,
 Centre of all existence, still remains
 Undimmed in glory bright,

II.

In power supreme, unapproached in his abode;
 As when the morning stars
 Together sang and all the sons of God
 Shouted for joy, He bears

III.

The sceptre of the worlds. In vain they try
 Who would His throne invade,
 As well attempt to scale the illusive sky,
 Or plunge the sun in shade.

IV.

He lives in Heaven! The burning spirits above
 Around the Sapphire throne
 Cherubs of light and Seraphim of love,
 By and in Him alone

V.

Their being have ; and all their marvellous might,
 Love and intelligence,
 Are but the radiance from the eternal height
 Of His Omnipotence.

VI.

He lives on Earth below ! The floweret small
 Bending beneath the dew
 Of early morn, the forest giant tall,
 Alike their being drew

VII.

From Him, whose power still keeps them. Every [form
 Of moving life is His
 From viewless monad or despised worm
 To man's exalted race.

VIII.

Because He chooses they have life, and when
 Their death He chooses, they
 To death return ; monads and mighty men
 Hear and the word obey.

IX.

He lives on Earth below ! 'Tis life and light
 Within His light to be ;
 Parted from Him there is only death and night,
 And rayless misery.

X.

He reigns in Heaven! Powers, principalities,
Thrones and dominions wide,
Submissive serve Him; throned archangels rise
Quick at His voice, and bide

XI.

Calm waiting His disposal. No desire,
No wish, no will have they
Save only this, with glowing, quenchless fire,
To love and to obey.

XII.

He reigns on Earth below! The mystic wheels
Begirt with living eyes
Unresting roll; and God sometimes reveals
Their vast o'er shadowing size

XIII.

Omniscient and omnipotent, flashing past—
And oft our souls recall
With awe the sight—unsleeping, sovereign, vast,
Guiding, controlling all.

XIV.

He reigns on earth below! His sovereign will
His willing servants wait,
And Earth's proud dwellers His commands fulfil
Whether in love or hate;

XV.

And must and shall fulfil. Though gathering
Princes and Kings conspire
Against the Lord and His anointed King,
With resolute desire

XVI.

To break their yoke, the Lord that sits in heaven,
Secure upon His throne,
Shall laugh the boast to scorn ; for He has given
The Kingdom to His Son.

XVII.

And He shall reign, and He does reign supreme
O'er Heaven and Earth below ;
Though for a time to blinded man it seem
As if it were not so.

XVIII.

The night may come ; the King of light contemned
May hide His gracious face,
And man forgetting God, may be condemned
To well-deserved disgrace.

XIX.

The Pride of Intellect, the Lust of Power
And Superstition fell,
Religion's spectral ghost, may rule the hour,—
A Trinity of Hell,—

XX.

And filled with rage and hellish malice, cast
O'er Earth a flood of ill
Wasting and overwhelming ; it can waste
But as His sovereign will

XXI.

Will suffer it. He whose Almighty hand
The raging seas controls,
The wrath of man will still. At His command
The tide of Passion rolls

XXII.

Back to its place in silence. Night may come,
And Nature's comely face,
Chaotic death and ruin may entomb ;
'Tis only for a space.

XXIII.

The day shall also come. And as the morn
With fresher lustre breaks
After a night of storm, shall day return,
When Earth's last morn awakes,

XXIV.

In fresh and fadeless colors. Never more
Shall Night regain her sway :
The eternal Light shall flood from shore to shore
The Earth with eveless day.

PART V.

THE INEVITABLE.

I.

JEHOVAH Jesus lives! He lives and reigns!
 O Earth and Heaven rejoice!
 Man is not God and reigns not; Christ remains
 For ever King; His voice

II.

The worlds obey, not man's. The bold attempt
 His empire to o'erthrow,
 But swift and sure recoils on those who tempt
 His arm to strike them low.

III.

O puny hands that grasp the scorching flame!
 Your baby strength desery!
 Strong only for your own rebuke and shame;
 Before the war you try

IV.

With boundless Wisdom and Omnipotence
 Some lowlier enterprise
 Let prudence dictate; let intelligence
 Direct your course; be wise!

V.

Go bid the sun in his midday career,
His fiery chariot stay,
As Joshua did at Aijalon ; his ear
Might hear you and obey.

VI.

Go bid the stormy billows' turmoil cease ;
Command the fathomed deep
To render back his spoils, and thence in peace
Your merchant navies keep.

VII.

Arrest the rolling lava's fiery track,
And quench the hidden fire ;
Bid the wild torrent of the mountain back
Quick to its source retire !

VIII.

They are only creatures ! Mighty though they are,
'Tis delegated might ;
'T were wise to try the creature ere you dare
The Great Creator's right

IX.

To question. If the simplest law to evade,
In God's wide reaching plan
Defies your skill, how cope with Him who made
And keeps both law and man ?

X.

O poor great Intellect ! Oh ! pithless power
Of men in fetters bound !
Vessels of clay that perish in an hour,
Albeit so full of sound,

XI.

And self-assertion loud ; while spared alive,
Prefer a humbler path,
Let earth's frail potsherd with their fellows strive,
But not provoke His wrath

XII.

Whose power alone sustains you. Know you not
That He who from His birth
The man of sorrows was ; His work who wrought
Upon this weary Earth,

XIII.

A wearier man than any ; on whose brow
They placed the crown of thorns,
And for a sceptre gave a reed, to show
Their bitter hate and scorn,

XIV.

And mock His claim to kingly honors ; whom
Upon the cross of shame
They crucified ; and laid within the tomb
Lifeless and still—the same

XV.

Is Sovereign King and Saviour? Sovereign King
As well as Saviour! They
Who trust Him find Him precious, but they bring,
His word who disobey,

XVI.

Unerring ruin on themselves. For He
A stone of stumbling is
And of offence a rock. Whoe'er he be
That stumbleth at this

XVII.

Shall broken be; but upon whomsoe'er
Shall fall in wrath this rock,
He perish shall. And you, how can you bear,
Or how avoid the shock?

XVIII.

Be therefore wise ye Kings and Rulers all,
Priests and ye Ministers
Of nature's mysteries, hear Wisdom's call
Ye proud Philosophers,

XIX.

Yield to the Nazarene King. His royal word
In lowly reverence hear;
For all in Heaven and Earth must own him Lord,
Whether in love or fear.

XX.

And so His grace shall spare your humbled head,
When all opposing power
In Earth and Heaven, to Jesus shall be made
Subject for ever more ;

XXI.

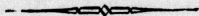
When Love shall reign, and in His smile the Earth
In heavenly light shall glow,
And man and nature in the second birth
Their God and King shall know ;

XXII.

When o'er the ransomed Earth our yearning sight
At last the day shall see,
When from hill top and shaded vale the night
For ever more shall flee ;

XXIII.

And from on high the Sun of Righteousness
Shall end the years of gloom—
O Son of David ! Son of God ! to bless
Thy Earth, Emmanuel come !

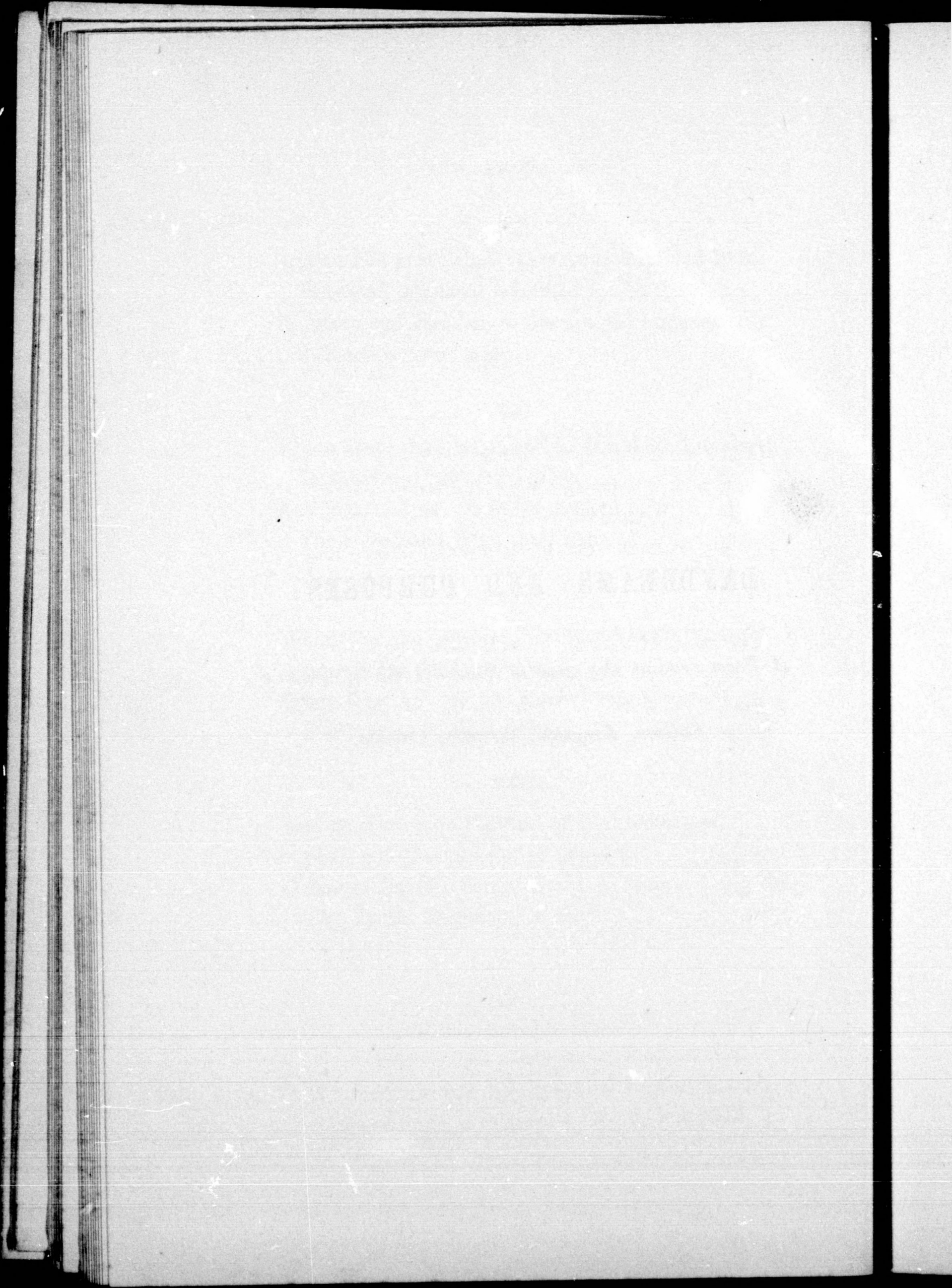


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DAYDREAMS AND PURPOSES:

A Poem read at the close of Session 1862-3, Queen's

College, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.



DAYDREAMS AND PURPOSES.

PROLOGUE.

I.

Once more we meet. For many a day
We have lived and loved and labored here
And now before we pass away,
Would spend one hour of social cheer.

II.

The years in varying change have flown
Since first we met within this place,
And many a bud of Hope has blown,
And sorrow clouded many a face.

III.

Shall we then now these scenes recall
And trace the records of the past?
Ah no! The lay would heedless fall
This night in silence let them rest.

IV.

What is the Past? 'Tis but a dream
Where Passion's voice in silence falls,
And gleams of Memory fitful stream
Like moonbeams through the empty halls,

V.

Of ruined castle, old and lone,
On some wild headland by the main ;
The revellers long since are gone,
And never shall return again.

VI.

And Quiet sits upon the wall
And listens to the fitful moan
Of restless waves that rise and fall
But tell no story out their own.

VII.

Its joys are like the broken strings
Of harp that sounded through the night,
When song and dance awoke the springs
Of merriment and wild delight.

VIII.

Its sorrows like the broken chain
That rusts within yon dungeon keep,
It wakes no more a double pain,
Nor clanks to make the captive weep.

IX.

Its Hopes—Alas! what were they e'er,
But gossamer webs in moonlight wrought,
And rent before a breath of air
They broke, and strewed the wold with—nought.

X.

And now that Passion's tide runs high
And glimmers in the sunlight bright,
We can't afford a smile or sigh
For bye-gone pain or past delight.

XI.

For facing manhood's grand ideal
Eager its mystery to unseal,
These shadowy scenes are too unreal
The impatient heart's desires to fill.

XII.

Let then the Past her treasured dead
Of joys and griefs in silence hoard,
We will not wake her from her bed,
A ghost beside our festive board.

XIII.

While Fancy with a fearless hand,
Her harp attunes to a bolder key
Through the circle of the mystic land,
And revels in the bliss to be.



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ought.

PART I.

DREAMS.

I.

O Spring ! what beauty slumbering lies
Within thy wide extended bounds,
What harmonies of heavenly sounds
What blendings of all brightest dyes.

II.

The mantling snow has passed away,
The ice-bound brooklets leaping run,
And wakening 'neath a kindlier sun
The Earth prepares her bridal day.

III.

Resistless energies diverge
Through Nature's frame in every part,
The life-blood coursing from the heart
Throbs quivering to the farthest verge,

IV.

Swells in the maple's bursting leaf,
Trills in the robin's morning glee ;
The promise of the wealth to be,
When Harvest binds the golden sheaf.

V.

We gaze upon the awakening earth
And verdure struggling into life,
Impatient of the silent strife,
And longing for the fuller birth

VI.

Which Summer brings in flower and leaf
When Earth assumes her regal dress,
Nor statelier Autumn crowns the less
With russet leaves and ripened sheaf.

VII.

What joys are thine, O manhood's Spring!
What promise of the days to be,
When Youth full-leafed and flowered shall see
The Autumn richer trophies bring!

VIII.

And standing here upon the shore
Of Life, impatient of delay,
Our souls would rise and haste away
Its hidden treasures to explore.

IX.

Come Fancy! launch upon the sea
Of future bliss and boundless joy,
Where Love and Hope have no alloy,
And life is nought but harmony.

X.

Let Reason close his dotard eyes,
Let Doubt assume an angel smile,
And fairy Fancy lead the while,
And revel in her fantasies.

XI.

The waters sparkle in the light,
The sails are filled with perfumed air,
And all in heaven and earth is fair,
And fairer grows upon the sight.

XII.

Delicious music fills the soul
And blends with thousand harmonies,
While distant murmurs o'er the seas
Their deep-toned diapason roll.

XIII.

Before us o'er the smiling deep
Bright palaces and groves arise,
And bathed in sunlight, to the skies
Green mountains rear their flowery steep.

XIV.

A magic loveliness surrounds
The fairy landscape near and far,
The gem-like glimmerings of a star
Bedewing it through all its bounds.

XV.

Joy! joy! Let every voice ring clear,
Joy! joy! Let sea and sky resound,
And Love and Youth in eddying round
Dance giddy as the shout they hear.

XVI.

—Hush! I am weary of my lay,
It is not real; my soul would clasp
The Phantom, but it shuns my grasp,
And fades in cold damp mist away.

XVII.

My aching head is zoned with pain,
I wake from out my flimsy dream;
The strings have snapped; my eyes are dim,
And emptiness and darkness reign.



PART II.
PURPOSES.

I.

Once more, my Harp, attune thy strings
To nobler, loftier, holier strains,
Calm Hope, and Faith which e'er remains
The substance of eternal things.

II.

Life is a noble thing and true,
A priceless gift from God above,
Which may be wrought in deeds of love
Or filled with crimes of blackest hue,

III.

Or squandered thriftless in pursuit
Of pleasure and inferior joy,
Which mar the spirit, and destroy
Each flower which else might grow to fruit.

IV.

Ours be the noble task to use
Our life subservient to its end,
And all our powers with vigour bend
To action in the path we choose ;

V.

To work the work that God has given,
To grow in truth from hour to hour,
In purity and love and power,
The traits that mark the Sons of Heaven ;

VI.

To battle with each giant wrong
Which meets us on our daily road,
To bear the weaker brother's load,
And aid in right the brave and strong.

VII.

The Mount of Life before us lies—
True life of noble thoughts and deeds ;
Peak beyond peak in light recedes,
Summit o'er summit seeks the skies.

VIII.

The good and great of other times, [streams,
Who climbed those heights and drank those
And bask immortal in the beams
All glorious of unfading climes,

IX.

Have left their footprints on the road,
Rugged and rough, which upwards leads,
To teach us by their godlike deeds
How we may gain that blest abode.

X.

Come, let us go, nor longer stay
Where Pleasure tempts with luring smile ;
Strain every nerve to generous toil,
In dust and sweat to gain the day.

XI.

Like them, above the crowd to rise,
Like them, while we have life to live
And take of all that life can give
The highest and the worthiest prize.

XII.

What though beside us pale-faced Fear
And faltering Doubt our pathway cross,
And point to Failure and to Loss,
Twin spectral sisters hovering near,

XIII.

We heed not. On our listening soul
Fall harmonies of coming times,
And stirring calls and bracing chimes
O'er rainbow-arched valleys roll.

XIV.

And He who travailed in the race,
And life's rough pathway bravely trod,
Resisting even unto blood,
To gain for us a higher place,

XV,

And open Life's high portals wide,
That we may enter in and view,
Through opening vistas ever new
The home where Love and Truth abide,

XVI.

Stands over all to cheer us on ;
Extends to us the helping hand,
To lead us to that glorious land
By paths which He pursued alone.

XVII.

Come, let us go, nor lingering stay,
While life and glory call us on
To a loftier than an empire's throne,
A prouder than triumphal day.

XVIII.

And so those seeds of soul desire
Which spring to being here below,
Shall spite of storm and tempest grow
With hourly growth from high to higher.

XIX.

Till God shall end this yearning strife
And we shall know our nobler birth,
And Spring's bright promise shall bring forth
The Harvest of an endless Life.

UNDER THE UPAS TREE.

Come, I will tell you what I have seen
 Under the upas tree,
Whose clustered leaves look so fresh and green,
Revealing the rich ripe fruit between ;
Oh! false is all to him who hath been
 Under the upas tree.

There is many a sad and woeful sight
 Under the upas tree ;
Skeleton leaves which once shone bright,
Flowers withered in a night,
And fruit smit through with a deadly blight,
 Under the upas tree.

There are broken resolves all lavishly strewn
 Under the upas tree ;
Budded hopes which have never blown,
Blighted seedlings in tears once sown,
Noble designs, at the first overthrow,
 Under the upas tree.

There are bleeding wounds which can never be bound
Under the upas tree ;
Dark stains of blood defile the ground,
Loathsome corpses are always found,
And dead men's bones are scattered around,
Under the upas tree.

There are fair young faces grown old with care
Under the upas tree ;
Clouded minds which once promised fair,
Broken and bleeding hearts are there,
And souls which languish in nerveless despair,
Under the upas tree.

There are hell-born spirits that find a home
Under the upas tree ;
Coming and going athwart the gloom,
Mocking the souls that approach the tomb,
With mirthful glee o'er their coming doom,
Under the upas tree.

And yet in our land we let it grow,
This baneful upas tree ;
It towers o'er the roof-tree of high and low,
Swaying its branches to and fro,
Scattering its poison o'er all below—
The fatal upas tree.

We vainly try to thin it out,
 This dark-shaded upas tree ;
With gossamer fence we fence it about,
But from Heaven there comes a mighty shout,
'Tis the voice of God the world throughout—
 CUT DOWN THE UPAS TREE!

N I G H T .

I.

The day is done, and o'er the stillness brooding
The night with folded pinions quietly rests,
A dull impenetrable gloom intruding,
The earth and sky with sable cloak invests.

II.

Darkness on Earth below! the scenes which lightened
The labors of our daylight hours are fled,
The smiling faces which our pathway brightened,
Have left us, in unconscious slumber hid.

III.

Darkness in Heaven above! the kindly tapers
Which smiled upon our way with softened light,
Have faded all, quenched in the steaming vapors,
The unbroken gloom of black and rayless night.

IV.

Darkness the Soul within! no form of beauty,
No glimmering hope, no dumb desire is there
Wrapped in the night-cloud, even the Star of Duty
Gleams faintly through the thick and turbid air.

V.

Darkness and stillness ! not a murmur waketh
The slumberous calm ; no distant wave's hushed moan,
No rustling leaf, no, not a whisper breaketh
The spirit's nightmare dream—*alone ! alone !*

VI.

The soul seems sinking without dread or wonder,
Dumb into chaos, from the ended strife—
Oh ! for the earthquake dread, the crashing thunder,
To break the hideous spell, and waken life.

VII.

And life shall wake, and light shall come ; a morning
Follows the night ; the world awakes from sleep :
Blessed be God, His life and light returning
Shall rouse the souls which sloth and darkness keep.

Cantire, 1865.

HEART BROKEN.

Heart broken! Can it be that that calm face,
Pale though it be in marble loveliness ;
And that bright smile which parts with winning grace
The ruby lips, conceal unhappiness ?

Why not? Have you scanned life with sage's eye,
And know not that such things may sometimes be,
Nay, often are? How oft its flowers belie
The canker-worm that eats within the tree!

The fulness of heart-gladness does not bring
That smile; it does but hidden grief betray;
'Tis not the smile of summer or of spring,
'Tis the cold sun-gleam of a winter day.

At eve the laughing streamlet rambles on
In dimpled eddies 'neath the balmy air;
That night the frost comes on,—the life is gone,
But firm in ice the dimples still are there.

He was her sun ! Beneath the gladdening ray
Of his bright eye her heart had learned to smile
On every thing that met her on her way.
He went ; her face retains the impression, while

The life is gone. Her heart no longer speaks
In that bright smile ; it is an aimless thing—
The dimples frozen on the marble cheeks [spring.
While the stream stagnates whence they used to

And thus she may live on, but day by day
Her heart still colder growing, till at last
The stream of life itself shall ebb away
The struggle end, and all the pain be past.

But there's one remedy ! Her heart, indeed,
Nor now, nor ever shall by earthly love
Be influenced ; yet her dull, dead soul may heed
A purer, holier radiance from above.

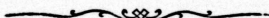
There is one Sun that can the cold dispel,
And cause the streamlet once again to run
In living eddies. In His light to dwell
And not to love all things beneath the sun,

With holy, pure affection, cannot be.

His matchless love may win her love's warm flow,
And gladness to her heart restore, since He

Has loved her thus. God grant it may be so!

Priceville, Ontario, 1861.



THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

I.

It is not always May,
Nor does the sun forever cloudless shine ;
Dark shadows aye
On earth with brightest sunbeams intertwine.

II.

The morning streams
From orient mountains with its flood of light ;
Yet soon those beams
Shall waiting stand before the gates of Night.

III.

The flowers of Spring
Shall fall and wither where they sweetly rose ;
The larks' light wing
Shall droop at length in silence and repose.

IV.

All things must die,
Or change, or wither, or be lost in gloom ;
Beneath the sky
There's but one certain destiny—the tomb.

V

And yet not all !
Athwart the clouds soft rays of sunlight stray ;
And where they fall
They fill the soul with never-ending day.

VI.

The flowers which grow
Within the Christian's heart nor fade, nor die ;
But bright below,
Shall brighter bloom around the throne on high.
Kingston, Ontario, 1862.



TIMES AND SEASONS.

Times and seasons ! how they hasten
With a swifter flight each day ;
And each one that passes finds us
Farther on life's onward way.

Through the Winter dark and dreary
How we longed for Spring's soft gales,
For the glory of the Summer,
And brown Autumn's fruit-clad vales.

'Tis but yesterday, it seemeth,
Since that wish my breast possessed—
Spring soon came in wonted sweetness,
Clothed the landscape, and was past.

Summer came in robes of splendor,
Dazzled us, then fled away—
Showers of blossoms tempest-riven
Were the signs of its decay.

Autumn next. How we were willing
To prolong its mirth and cheer ;
But bleak winds and snow-capp'd mountains
Soon proclaimed the Winter near.

Now again, o'er field and forest
Winter strides impatient on ;
And the circuit of the seasons
Once again is almost run.

Thus do times and seasons hasten
With a swifter flight each day ;
And each one that passes finds us
Farther on life's onward way

And the seasons of our lifetime,
Like the seasons of the year,
With accelerated swiftness
Thus arrive and disappear.

In the daydreams of our childhood
How we long for youth's bright page,
For the strength and stir of manhood,
And the fame of riper age.

Years like seasons gliding o'er us
Swiftly bring youths's longed-for prime,
With the promise and the yearning
Looking still to coming time.

Manhood's Summer flashes on us
Ere we know that youth is done ;
Soon the blossoms scattered round us
Show that manhood too is gone.

And old age astonished finds us
Scant of fruit and scant of power ;
Months, and weeks, and hours departing,
Till our last on earth is o'er.

O thou Lord of life and nature !
Teach us so to use our time,
That when life and time are ended
We may enter that blest clime

Where no change of rolling seasons
Marks duration's endless flow,
Where the good, the true, and noble
Ever better, nobler grow.

Banavie, Scotland, 1857.

TIME'S TREASURES.

A SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

I.

Rearward, ever rearward, are the moments flashing,
Ceaseless as the rivers to the ocean run ;
Forward, ever forward, is our being rushing,
Pauseless as the annual circuits of the sun.

II.

In the waning twilight, in the dawning morning,
Through the silent night and daylights' busy prime,
Ever, ever going, never more returning,
Ceaseless come and go the priceless gifts of time.

III.

Though the big hopes slowly down the future coming
Seem almost at rest because so far away,
As the distant mountain on the horizon looming
O'er the vessel's track for half a summer day ;

IV.

And, although impatient, with expectant spirit,
Wait we for the mystic blessing held in store,
'Tis for one short moment to our hands they bear it,
Then into the past they fade for evermore.

V.

A moment ! yes, 'tis all, and a life-long endeavor
Ripens to fruit or sinks into the tomb ;
Seized, the expected blessing makes us glad forever ;
Lost, our years are shaded with a cheerless gloom.

VI.

As long parted friends whose ships meet in mid-ocean
See and know each other, waving nopeless hands ;
For the heedless vessels never cease their motion,
Taking each her course to far-divided lands ;

VII.

So the freighted moments their expected treasure
Often from our hands forever bear away—
Not for love or hatred, not for pain or pleasure,
Not for joy or sorrow, shall they, can they stay.

VIII.

Gifts of priceless value, threads of tissue golden,
God's rich blessings bring they for the use of man.
Take them—take them instant, while they may be
holden ;
Weave them in life's tissue, perfect out life's plan.

IX.

Thus each winged moment, as it rearward flashes,
Robbing of its treasures quickly e'er 'tis gone,
Shall our being onward as it ever rushes
Gather lawful spoil from time's rich store-house won.
Melbourne, Quebec, 1864.

EILEAN-NA-CRAOIBHE.

*Written on re-visiting one of the islands at the entrance
of Loch Eil.*

Sweet island spot ! On yonder shore
My childhood 's lowly dwelling rose ;
And I could see thee from the door
Upon the water's breast repose.

And year by year, in Spring's sweet reign,
I saw the daffodils appear,
And o'er thy breast, through sun and rain,
Their drooping bells of yellow rear.

I watched the planetree's leaves expand
In summer's prime to brighter green,
Its branches spreading o'er the strand
Where danced the wavelets pure and sheen.

I watched the sea that all around
Forever laved thy peaceful form,
As slow it moved in calm profound,
Or fiercely raged in wintry storm.

In Summer's eve, with pauseless roll,
Peaceful rose the murmuring tide,
Slowly, calmly ; and my soul
Gazed as the sea could fill its void.

In wintry days how wild the roar—
The water's crash, the sea-fowl's scream—
In boyish glee I paced the shore,
Or lost myself in aimless dream.

What feelings thrilled my childish heart
When first I trod thy mystic shore !
That seemed than of the earth a part,
A fairy land of ancient lore.

How fresh and fair each object seemed !
The shell-strewn beach, the flowerets bright,
The sunlight through the leaves that streamed,
And barred the sward with changeful light !

The years have gone—I come again
Once more to see thy well known shore ;
And feelings thrill my heart as then,
But blithe and joyous now no more.

My childhood's home—I see it not,
Nor home, nor house is longer there ;
Wide waves the cornfield o'er the spot
Where blazed the hearth with cheerful glare.

No more a loving father's face
Shall greet the household here below ;
And they who brought me to the place—
O brothers dear ! where are you now ?

Their names are graven on this tree,
So rude and deep with boyish art ;
But deeper on my heart there be
Their memory, and shall ne'er depart.

Their lives arise before me, fraught
With many a line of joy and pain—
O thralling power of love and thought
That makes the past alive again !

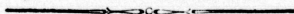
Hush Memory ! 'Tis enough, now rest,
Thou art too faithful of thy trust,
Thy brightness can their lives invest,
But cannot wake their clay-cold dust.

Farewell, dear spot! Where'er I be,
In distant lands beyond the main,
Still will thy form come back to me
With mingled dower of joy and pain.

Soft, gentle Sea! nor fiercely lash
This lonely shore, to me so dear;
On other strands in fury dash,
But spare this sacred spot, Oh! spare!

Still may the planetree shade thy shore!
And Spring thy flowery covering bring!
May youthful footsteps tread thee o'er!
And youthful memories round thee cling!

1856.



TO THE SEA.

*Pencilled in a Pocket-Book while looking across the
Arabian Sea from Malabar Hill.*

Calmly now thy waves are sleeping,
Gentle Sea !
Soft the breeze, with scarce a ripple,
Comes o'er thee ;
Sleep, sleep, I dread thy waking,
Faithless Sea !

Deep beneath thy peaceful surface,
Cruel Sea !
Many a loved and lost one sleepeth,
Down with thee,
Mourned and waited for ; what reck'st thou ?
Heartless Sea !

Break thy calm, call forth the tempest
Murderous Sea !
Rouse to fury all thy billows,
Fierce and free ;
Better thus than smiling falsely,
Treachurous Sea !

Even now upon thy bosom,
Mighty Sea!
Some strong bark to hopeless ruin
Near may be;
Grappling with thy wolfish surges,
Giant Sea!

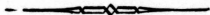
Even now in helpless terror,
Reckless Sea!
Manhood strong, and gentle woman,
Infancy,
Sinking in thy cold embraces,
Insatiate Sea!

Yet I love thee for thy beauty,
Beauteous Sea!
For thy changeful, changeless beauty
Love I thee;
For thy wondrous fascination,
Wondrous sea !

Nor for all thy harmful power,
Awful Sea !
Not for all thy wasteful terror,
Dread I thee;
Thine a creature's freedom only,
Fettered Sea !

He who walked the crested billows,
Stormy Sea!
All thy beauty, power, and mystery,
Giveth thee;
Ever holds thee as His vassal,
Subject Sea.

1868.



SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

I.

I stand upon the shore,
While at my feet the murmuring wavelets play,
Chasing each other o'er
Their bright and pebbly way.

II.

Far on the horizon's verge
A stately vessel outward bound I see
Upon the heaving surge,
Holding her course so free.

III.

Slowly sinks the sail ;
Farther and farther with her gallant crew,
She speeds with fav'ring gale,
And now she's lost from view.

IV.

Yet still her form I see,
As last I saw her calm and gently glide
Upon the heaving sea,
And in the distance hide.

V.

'Tis thus we sometimes stand
In pensive mood upon the shores of time,
While on the sounding strand
The waves sad music chime ;

VI.

And see our hopes depart,—
Leaving as from our eyes they move away,
Upon the yearning heart
The impression of their stay.

VII.

Yet from beyond the years,
Freighted, like ships from far beyond the main,
With the fruit of prayers and tears,
They may come back again.

1858



ON THE ATLANTIC.

The night is dark and dismal,
The wind is roaring high ;
I hear the voice of the shrieking blast
Through the shrouds as it revels by.

We sweep through mist and spray,
'Mid the angry billows' war,
While the bottom lies many a mile down,
And the land is distant far.

One after one the waves' proud heads
Bolder and higher they urge,
Till—a start—a pause—then a sudden crash—
'Tis the charge of the highest surge.

And the ship as if frightened staggers
O'er the yawning gulf below ;
Then rushes fierce like the warhorse
To the rout of the vanquished foe.

While the giant engine labors
And pants with throbbing breast,
Relentlessly urging her onward
Through the elements' wild unrest.

I hear the rush of the waters
Upon the deck o'er-head,
Like a masked assassin seeking
His victim with stealthy tread.

And ever and anon, in the pauses
Of the wild and fitful gale,
The shriek of the whistle sounds high and clear
With a sad and deathlike wail.

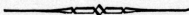
O 'tis dismal, and dread, and eerie,
Thus to lie awake and hark
To those ominous sounds so frightful
Around our feeble bark !

And yet in this deep and frightful sea,
Beneath the storm-tossed foam,
The playful porpoise happy dwells,
And the whale finds himself a home.

They rest secure and never dread
The breath of the angry squalls ;
For the gracious One provides for them,
Who sees when the sparrow falls.

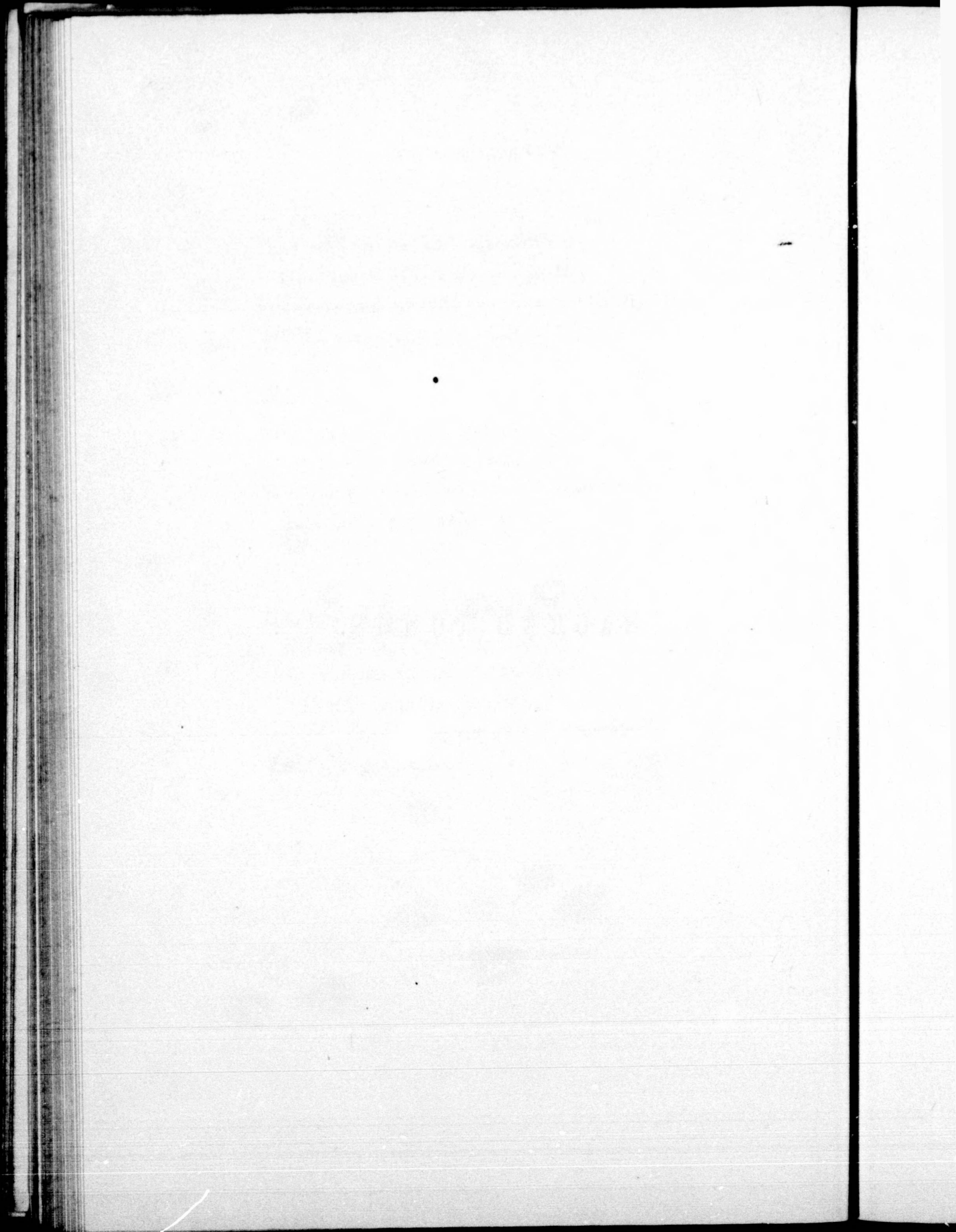
And I, shall I dread the storm,
Or yield to baseless fear,
While my Father rules the land and sea,
And He is ever near ?

Oh, no ! When winds embroil the sea,
I'll smile and trusting say,
" He who has loosed the tempest
" Can bid the tempest stay."
On Board the S.S. " America,"
Lat. 50deg. 18min., N. ; Long. 40deg. 14min., W.
October 29th, 1858.



SACRED POEMS.

v.
is.



OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight ; yet I will look
again toward thy holy temple."—Jonah.

O God! in mercy deign a pitying glance
Unto a wretched creature, bowing down
Low at Thy feet in bitterness of soul
And heart with sorrow brimful. Hear, O God!
And save me in Thy love from going down
Quick into hopeless ruin ; Thou hast found
A ransom for me. For His sake who bore
The bitter curse and drank the cup for me,
My life deliver. Stay not! Haste, Oh haste!
My soul stands trembling on the brink of Hell,
Ready to slip into the jaws of death.
The enemy triumphs with malicious joy
Above the prey as if it were his own
Already. Clouds and thickest darkness veil
That gracious countenance whence used to flow
The beams of light and love which made my life
A foretaste of the life above, and gave
A blessedness the world can never give
Nor take away. And now in misery

And utter wretchedness I lie before thee,
Burdened with the consciousness of Thy displeasure,
Which I a thousandfold have merited
For my unfaithfulness to Thee my King.
'Tis darkness all within, and darkness round
On every side ; my eyes with looking up
And waiting for the expected day-spring fail.
It never comes. How long ? O Lord, how long ?

But Thou art gracious, merciful, and just
In all thy doings ; mine alone the guilt.
I've wandered far from Thee, like a lost sheep
Deceived by pleasant fields before me seen,
And ever seeming fairer to the sight.
But as I reached them one by one, I found
Them gall and wormwood to my taste. But I,
The shadow followed still, though at each step
The briars tore my feet, and o'er my head
The thunder rolled, and forked lightnings flashed.
And now I cannot go ; for on my path
The darkness from eternal hills has fallen,
Enfolding me as in a living tomb ;
And mocking voices through the gloom, cry " Lost !
Lost ! Lost ! "—Lost ! am I, O my God ?
Where art Thou, gracious One, who savest those
Who call upon Thee when nought else can save.

I cannot see Thee, but I call to Thee.
Shall darkness evermore Thy face conceal,
And dread despair shut up my hopeless soul
In dumb and nerveless death for evermore?
No! No! It cannot be! Can darkness hide
From Thee the suppliant? Can thick clouds shut out
His prayer from Thy mercy seat? Art Thou
Not stronger than the Grave, and Death, and Hell?
Is not Thine arm Omnipotent to snatch
From deepest depths of ruin? Is not Thy love
From all eternity? And is it not
To endless ages changeless? Hast thou not
So loved the world as to give up Thy Son—
Thine only and beloved Son to die,
That whosoever looks to Him in faith,
Might never, never perish? Is He not
The living One who died and rose again,
And liveth evermore? Who over Death,
And Hell, and Satan triumphed, and has now
The keys of Death and Hell, and whom He saves,
Shall never, never perish? Is He not
The Shepherd of the flock, and follows after
The wanderers from the fold?

Oh! hear me then,
Thou gracious Shepherd! In thy mighty arms,

The guilty wandering sheep bear to the fold ;
That 'mong the hosts of heaven there may be joy,
That I redeemed, thy mercy may proclaim,
On earth to men, and evermore in heaven,
Sing hallelujahs to Thee Thy Holy Name.

Banavie, Scotland, 1855.



THE BETTER CHOICE.

“For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?”—JESUS.

Oh ! 'tis a sorry freak for deathless souls
To make this world their portion ; to believe
An aberration of the moral vision,
Disturbing the proportions of the present
And of the future ; so to act, as if
The things of time were greatest, since they seem so ;
As if eternal things were little worth,
Because foreshortened in the vast abyss !
How poor his portion is, and how unworthy
Of his high destiny, who makes this world
His all in all ; who lives but in his gold,
Or in the breath of popular applause,
Or in the dreams of his ambitious brain !
His gold is fled ; the sweet toned voice of praise
Is changed into the serpent's hiss ; his dreams
Remain but phantoms, and he feels it so.
And yet his soul lives on, and lives for ever.
Impoverished, and naked, and distressed ;

While in eternity there is enough
To clothe, and feed, and make him rich indeed.
Happy is he whose soul, before it leaves
Its tenement of flesh, is taught to feel
The utter vanity of such frail store
As earth affords ; and turns away in time,
Satiated, loathing such gross earthly food,
And longing for its own pure nourishment—
The spiritual manna sent from God.

Grenville, Quebec, 1863.

A LITTLE WHILE.

The Time is Short.—I Cor., 7.29.

I.

Courage, ye fainting saints
Who tread the narrow road
With weary, bleeding feet, nor sink
Beneath life's heavy load!
'Tis but a little while;
Be patient and endure;
The time is short, the end is near,
And your reward is sure.

II.

If sore oppressed with ills,
With trouble, toil, and care—
Fightings without, and fears within—
Oh do not still despair!
'Tis but a little while;
Lift up the languid eye;
The battle's almost won, and your
Redemption draweth nigh.

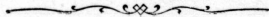
III.

Though now the howling winds
Blow fierce, the curtained night
Be dark and cheerless, nor the East
Betoken warmth or light ;
'Tis but a little while ;
The storm shall pass away,
And calm, and light, and beauty come
With never-ending day.

IV.

Yea, though the frequent fires
Of trial's furnace burn
With seven-fold fury, and the eye
No issue can discern ;
'Tis but a little while ;
And then the Lord will come,
And call our weary souls to rest
For evermore at home.

Grenville, Quebec, 1863.



A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."--Job.

Yes! it is best,
 Though wave on wave of trial o'er us sweep;
 And seeking rest,
 We're tossed about upon a restless deep.

Oft on the brink
 Of ruin, 'mid wild seas and wilder sky,
 We cannot sink;
 A Presence breathes around us--Christ is nigh.

The crested deep
 His pathway is; the stormy winds His wings;
 He does not sleep
 When cloud-robed Night her gloom and terror bring.

He trod the wave
 When winds descended fierce from Hermon's height,
 Intent to save
 His loved ones in that wild and starless night.

Still He is nigh ;
Though oft we see Him not for blinding spray,
Or tear-dimmed eye ;
We *feel* Him, and in trust pursue our way.

Our hearts are sad,
And breaking almost, sometimes, but we seek
No other road ;
The spirit fears not, though the flesh is weak.

'Tis best ; we know
'Tis best ; we would not even wish to move
One pain, or woe,
Or sorrow from our path. We know 'tis love

Hath planned the whole ;
And when at last we've gained the heavenly rest,
From that blest goal
We can look back, and *see* that all was best.

Grenville, Quebec, 1863.

THE BELIEVER'S PLEA.

"Christ died for our sins."—I Cor. xv, 2.

Enough! My Lord has died—
Has shed His blood for me;
My fears and doubts are laid aside,
I seek no other plea.

Justice! I see thee rise—
Stern Justice! here am I;
I calmly view thine awful eyes,
Nor dread thy coming nigh.

What would'st thou have of me?
Speak! It is true, I know,
That once a debt I owed to thee,
But now no longer owe.

Behold! I'm not alone,
The Surety at my side
Is standing; God is now at one
With me; for Jesus died.

Rememberest thou that day
Thy sword was bathed in blood,
While for the sins of men He lay
Beneath the avenging rod ?

Would'st thou again demand
A price already paid ?
In Christ my Lord, complete I stand,
When in thy balance weighed.

We meet in friendship now ;
No longer at thy feet,
A trembling culprit low I bow,
The dreaded stroke to meet.

For Christ my Lord has died—
Has borne the curse for me ;
My every doubt is satisfied,
I seek no other plea.

1860.

THE BEST FRIEND.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than any brother."—

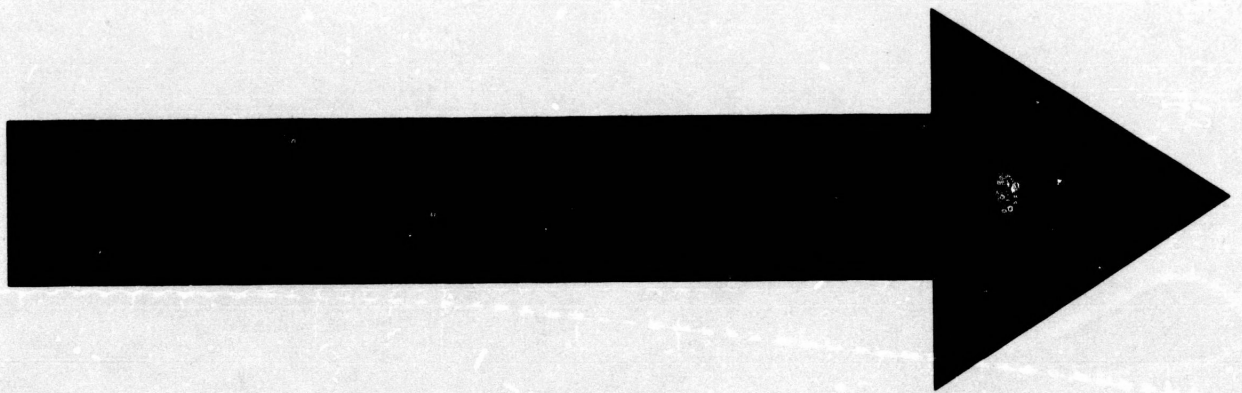
Pro. xviii. 18.

I have a Friend, a Friend above
 All other friends most dear to me ;
 Oh ! let me tell you of His love,
 His boundless grace and favor free !

I once was friendless, sick and poor,
 A wretched being steeped in woe ;
 I 'm happy now for evermore,—
 It was His hand that blessed me so.

In rags I wandered through the land,
 Without a shelter for my head ;
 He clothed me, took me by the hand,
 And to His own bright mansion led.

Hungry and thirsty by the way
 I fainted and lay down to die ;
 He passed and saw me where I lay,
 And looked on me with pitying eye ;



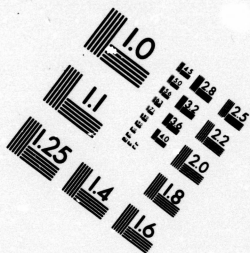
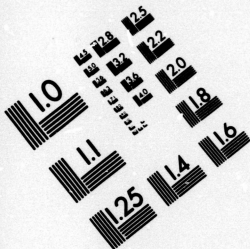
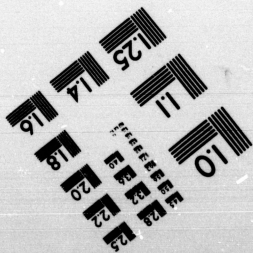
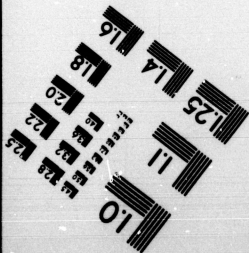
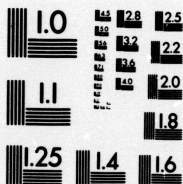


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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He took me where the waters sweet
Gushed from the rock, a living rill ;
He fed me with the choicest wheat,
The manna which His lips distil.

Beat down and wounded in the fight,
Bleeding and bruised I lay as dead ;
He came to me, and at the sight
My cruel foes turned back and fled.

He took me from the bloody field,
And nursed me with a brother's care ;
My wounds and bruises all He healed,
And taught me both to do and bear.

Condemned, with none to plead my case,
Guilty before the Judge I stood ;
He saw, and—Oh, amazing grace !
He paid my ransom with His blood !

And now I am no more mine own ;
He bought me—paid the price for me ;
I am my Lord's and His alone,
Henceforth to all eternity !

—This is my Friend, a Friend above
All other friends most dear to me :
Oh ! hear the story of His love,
And taste His grace and mercy free !
Durham, Quebec, 1864.

SOWING IN HOPE.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Psalm 136. 5.

Working and waiting still,
Scattering the seed from morn till eventide,
No harvest blessing comes with joy to fill
Our bosom's yearning void.

We watch with weary eyes
For early shower or latter rain ; alas !
The barren earth as iron seems, the skies
A firmament of brass.

Yet must we not give way
To weakening doubt, but trust upon the Lord
That we shall reap in due time, if we stay
Our hope upon his word.

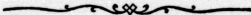
In the approaching years
Some seedling struggling through the clods of earth,
Watered with sighs and prayers in dimming tears,
May spring to glorious birth,

And in our presence grow,
To cheer us with the Master's favoring smile,
Reaping with thankful hearts while still below,
The first-fruits of our toil.

Or if our work should end—
The busy feet be still, the lips be mute,
Ere we have reaped, another God will send
To gather in the fruit.

Then let us faithful prove,
Sowing with lavish hand the precious grain,
Assured that if we sow in faith and love,
Our work shall not be vain.

Melbourne, Quebec, 1864.



COMFORT IN JESUS.

“And lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end
of the age.”—Jesus.

I.

Why should our hearts be sad ?

Jesus is near !

Why yield to baseless dread ?

Jesus is near !

His is the heart to feel,

His is the power to heal,

He shall do all things well ;

Jesus is near !

II.

Kind friends are far away ;

Jesus is near !

Comforters do not stay ;

Jesus is near !

Rough is the chosen road,

Heavy the appointed load ;

'Tis the choice of our God,

Jesus is near !

III.

Long though the battle be,
Jesus is near!
Strong be the enemy,
Jesus is near!
Many the toils we share,
Many the hours of care,
His is the Cross we bear;
Jesus is near!

IV.

Sorrow shall have an end;
Jesus is near!
Ours is a gracious Friend;
Jesus is near!
Time flies with ceaseless haste,
Soon shall our toils be past,
We shall reach home at last;
Jesus is near!

V.

Far may our ashes lie—
Jesus is near!
Far from the mourner's eye;
Jesus is near!
Safely they sleep and blest,
Who lie on Jesus' breast,
Low where their ashes rest,
Jesus is near!
"City of Paris," Indian Ocean, 1865.

ALONE WITH GOD.

I.

Alone with Thee, my God! when morn is breaking
With soften'd radiance from the glowing east;
When shadows vanish and the soul is waking
To light and labor from its slumbers past;
Alone with Thee! from Thy pure word to gather
Guidance and courage for the coming day;
To plead the care and blessing of my Father,
Ere setting out upon the narrow way.

II.

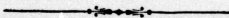
Alone with Thee, my God! when noon-day swelters
With swooning heat, a moment from the strife,
To rest beneath the shadowing rock which shelters
The gushing fountain of the stream of life;
To drink and feel the living draught restoring
My faint and jaded frame with full-tide strength;
To drink, and so receive with heart adoring
The assurance of full victory at length.

III.

Alone with Thee, my God! when shades are falling,
And day's appointed task is almost done;
And through the gloom the Master's voice is calling
The souls to rest whose race is nobly run;
Alone with Thee! in that dread hour to gather
Strength for the parting journey from Thy word,
To seek for grace and pardon from my Father,
Ere I lie down to sleep in Christ, my Lord.

IV.

Ever with Thee, my God! in morning ardor,
In noon-day heat and weakness, and at eve
When flesh and heart fail, and the welcome warder
Echoes the blessed home-call to relieve.
Ever with Thee! when life's brief toil is over,
Nor morn, nor eve shall more divide the day,
With deepening love and wonder to discover
The grace that led me through the toilsome way.
"City of Paris," Indian Ocean, 1865.



THE CITY OF REFUGE.

"Escape for thy life."—Gen. 19. 17.

The gate is open, the path is clear,
Finger posts guide you all the way,
That reading and running you need not fear
In your trembling haste to be led astray.

No hiding place? No, none but that—
The City of Refuge before you there:
The avenger is coming; if outside the gate
He find you, believe me, he will not spare.

Your gold and silver? Cast them away—
Your goodly garment? Strip it off;
Your life is more precious far than they;
Fool! if you lose it for such poor stuff.

Your feet are bleeding? Better so
Than that your heart should bleed instead—
Your limbs are stiff and aching? Go!
Man! there's no ache among the dead.

Look! on the hill-top stands the goal ;
Run for your life, nor turn, nor wait !—
O God have mercy on that poor soul ;
He'll perish unless he reach the gate!
Geelong, 1870.



A WISH.

Suggested by seeing the moon set on a calm cloudless night.

I.

When I depart, I would behind
Me leave a halo soft and bright,
As does the moon in cloudless night,
When sinking from the western sky ;
Not like the sun's decreasing light—
Gorgeous in setting majesty ;
But soft and calm my life would cease,
An emblem of ensuing peace.

II.

But like the sun I would arise
When death's long night and drear is o'er,
In eveless day to know no more
The loneliness of cheerless night,
All bright and glorious to adore,
For e'er the Source of life and light.
Oh! thus to sleep and rise again!—
Father! may it be so. Amen.

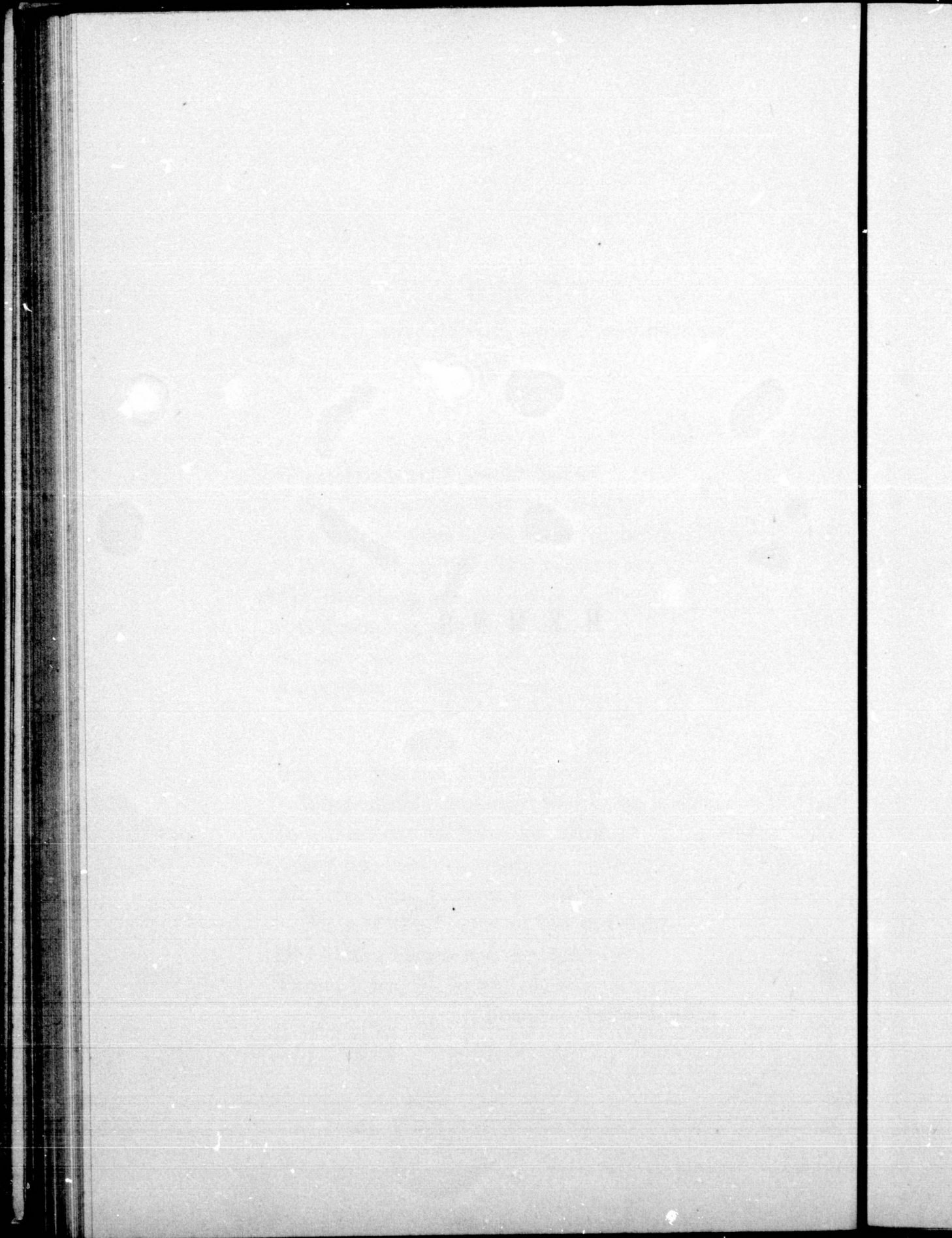
Banavie, Scotland, 1854.

88

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54.



THE YOUNG PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

The weary way is long and drear,
And o'er my drooping head
The clouds with threatening front appear,
And fill my soul with dread.

May not my steps be led astray
Before I reach the goal?
May not the foes that throng the way
O'ercome my weary soul?

May not the world's enticing smile
Beguile my wayward heart?
Or care, affliction, pain, and toil
Cause me with Christ to part?

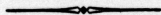
Lord of my life! I turn to Thee,
My refuge from despair,
And from my heart on bended knee
I breathe one only prayer.

And is my prayer heard in heaven,
Shall this great boon be mine?
Oh! for thy love to sinners given,
Dear Saviour, make me thine!

Entirely Thine, to be content
To live or die for Thee;
For Thee to spend and to be spent,
As thou wilt choose for me.

Then shall my life be free from ill,
My soul be strong in love,
And onward move and upward, till
I see Thy face above.

Grenville, Quebec, 1863.



SONS OF GOD.

1 John iii. 1, 2.

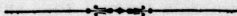
Sons of God! O peerless favor,
Kingliest gift of love Divine!
Holy Father! gracious Saviour!
What transcendent grace is Thine!
Sunk in guilt, from God and Heaven
Homeless, hopeless souls we strayed;
Now in Christ redeemed, forgiven,
Sons and heirs of glory made.

Hopeless, homeless now no longer,
Though as yet away from home,
Hope is growing clearer, stronger,
As we near the rest to come.
Though we walk through toils and dangers,
Should our hearts be sad or weak?
Princes we, and kingly strangers,
While our Fatherland we seek.
α 2

Oh, to know our full salvation !
Oh, to rest in perfect love !
Boldly claim our royal station,
And our Sonship's right approve !
To the likeness of our Brother
Daily growing nearness show ;
Learn to know and love each other,
Whom the world refuse to know !

Wait we thus until the morning
Break upon our dark abode,
And our Lord, from Heaven returning,
Manifest the Sons of God.
Then to see as now He sees us !
Know Him as we now are known !
Share the glory with our Jesus,
Reign with Him upon His throne !

Poona, 1868.



THE EVER-LIVING REDEEMER.

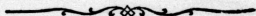
“Who is, who was, and who cometh.”—Rev i. 8.

O Lamb of God, surrendered
To shame and death for me !
By Thee my debt was rendered,
My ransom paid by Thee.
O sad and joyful story !
O deed of matchless fame !
Be ever mine the glory
To bear Thy cross and shame.

And now enthroned in Heaven
Whose hosts before Thee bow,
All power to Thee given,
Our Friend and Brother Thou.
O blest and safe assurance
Of every waiting saint,
Our ground of calm endurance
When weary, worn, and faint.

Soon in Thine advent splendor
We look for Thee again,
That Earth and Heaven may render
Obedience to Thy reign.
Thy faithful word, how cheering,
"Behold I quickly come!"
Oh! hasten Thine appearing,
And call Thy ransomed home!

Poona, 1868.



OUR HOPE.

"The Lord Jesus Christ, our hope."—1 Tim. i. 1.

We are pilgrims here, and strangers,
Travelling onward to our home ;
Hope of rest we cannot cherish
Till our Lord, our Hope is come ;
For our souls have seen His glory,
And our hearts are sick with love,
And we cannot quiet their longing
Till we rest with Him above.

Not in weariness nor sorrow
Tread we life's rough, changeful way,
Our Redemption is approaching,
And we hail with joy the day ;
For our souls have seen His glory,
And our hearts are sick with love,
And we cannot quiet their longing
Till we rest with Him above.

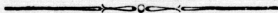
Oh, 'tis sweet to wait with patience,
While for such a Hope we wait!
Oh, 'tis joy to watch and labor
For a love so true and great!
For our souls have seen His glory,
And our hearts are sick with love,
And we cannot quiet their longing
Till we rest with Him above.

With such Hope we dare not linger
'Mid the scenes of bliss below;
Well we knew, too well we loved them,
But we now no longer know;
For our souls have seen His glory,
And our hearts are sick with love,
And we cannot quiet their longing
Till we rest with Him above.

All we know is this—that Jesus
Gave His life to set us free;
All our soul's deep, constant breathing,
Our dear Lord, to be with Thee!
For our souls have seen Thy glory,
And our hearts are sick with love,
And we cannot quiet their longing
Till we rest with Thee above.

Come, O come, Thou gracious Saviour !
Quickly bring that joyful day,
When our eyes shall greet Thy coming,
On Thy glorious bridal way !
Then our eyes shall see Thy glory,
And our hearts shall rest in love,
And our souls shall quiet their longing,
Ever more with Thee above !

Poona, 1868.



A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

"Christ who is our life"—Col. 3-4.

Redeemed by grace, and raised from death
To endless life in Christ above,
We live on earth the life of faith,
And triumph in unchanging love.

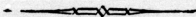
Our Lord, our Life, our Hope is He
Who gave His life that we might live;
We shall not die, but live and see
The glory which His grace shall give.

We shall not die, for Jesus died!
We shall not bear the death He bore!
By that one offering justified,
What judge can e'er condemn us more?

We shall not die, for Jesus lives!
He lives for us—we live in Him;
'Tis this which now our triumph gives,
And lights in us Hope's quenchless beam!

Yea, though beneath the hand of death
The heart grow cold, and dim the eye,
We'll sing with our expiring breath,
"We shall not die!—we shall not die!"

O, safe shall Christ the spirit keep!
And safe the flesh within the tomb!
For those in Christ that fall asleep,
God shall bring back when Christ shall come.
Geelong, 1870.



P

am!

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

“To whom be the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”—

2 Tim. 4-18.

Eternal Son of God most High !
The eternal Father's image bright !
We would with lowly hearts draw nigh,
And grateful hymn Thy grace and might ;

Thy grace that saved us at the first,
Raised us from death to life in Thee,
The chains of sin and error burst,
And bade us walk in liberty !

Thy grace that led us safe till now,
Through all the dangers of the past,
That grace shall bring us safely through,
Till crowned as conquerors at last.

And let our crowns be e'er so bright,
Those crowns—we'll cast them at Thy feet ;
Thine, Thine alone, the grace and might,
Whereby we're made for glory meet !

Thine be the glory—Thine the praise,
Eternal King!—Incarnate Lord!
Both now and to eternal days,
By saints and angel hosts adored!

Geelong, 1870.

ABBA, FATHER.

"And because ye are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son unto your hearts to cry, Abba, Father."—Gal. 4-6.

Hid in unapproached glory,
 Far removed from mortal eye,
 Angel armies bow before Thee,
 Holy, holy, holy cry ;
 Abba, Father !
 Thee we call, O God most high !

Humbly, reverently, yet fearless,
 With the saints we take our place ;
 'Twas Thy love and wisdom peerless,
 Snatched us from our hellward race ;
 Abba, Father !
 Thou hast saved us by Thy grace.

'Twas Thy love and grace that sought us
 Wandering far in misery ;
 From our helpless bondage bought us,
 Gave Thy Son for us to die ;
 Abba, Father !
 Thou Thyself hast brought us nigh.

Thou hast given to us Thy Spirit,
Sons and heirs of Thee to be ;
Born the kingdom to inherit
With our Lord eternally ;
Abba, Father !
All the glory be to Thee !

Still our sin and weakness knowing,
From Thy face we would not hide,
From the blood our pardon flowing,
Doubt and fear we cast aside ;
Abba, Father !
We would e'er with Thee abide :

By Thy word and Spirit learning,
Clearer still Thy love and grace ;
Clearer still our place discerning,
Till within Thy dwelling place,
Abba, Father !
Thee we worship face to face.

Geelong, 1870

THE GLORY THAT EXCELS.

We've heard the wondrous story
Of God's redeeming love ;
Our souls have seen the glory
Which comes from realms above ;
And earth's pale light has faded,
As night from summer dells,
Since o'er us gleams unshaded
The glory that excels.

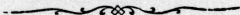
Ambition's bow has vanished
Quite from the sunlit sky ;
Earth's night-born dreams are banished
By visions from on high ;
A fairer prospect lightens
The heart where Jesus dwells ;
In endless vistas brightens
The glory that excels.

The lamplight faintly gleameth
When shines the noonday ray ;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day ;
That pales earth's brightest story,
Earth's twilight shades dispels ;
'Tis that which gleams from glory—
The glory that excels.

No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills ;
No Siren music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills ;
Above earth's boisterous voices
Within the spirit swells
The song which Heaven rejoices—
The glory that excels.

Oh ! he who once sees Jesus,
Shall never more again
Count aught that earth possesses
A thing of joy or gain ;
O'er every hope prevaieth
The hope His word foretells ;
O'er every gain avaieth
The glory that excels.
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Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above ;
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.



CITIZENS OF HEAVEN.

"The city which hath the foundations, whose builder and
maker is God."—Heb. 11. 10.

A pilgrim band are we,
Upon the earth unknown,
Looking abroad with happy hearts,
Where we no portion own.

We have no city here,
No dwelling place have we ;
Homeless amid the homes of earth—
Amid its troubles free.

We seek no city here ;
Our place would not be found
Among the Kingdoms of the world,
Where Jesus is disowned.

We covet not their good
Who have it here below ;
The pleasure and the pride of life
We do not want to know.

Our city is above—
Jerusalem the free :
We cannot stay, we cannot rest,
Till we its joys shall see.

The New Jerusalem,
Oh! how surpassing fair!
Decked out in royal majesty,
In light and glory rare.

That is our native land ;
Among the twice-born race
As citizens we now are known,
And soon will claim our place.

There in the Book of Life,
Within the eternal page,
Our names are written with the saints
Who share our pilgrimage.

There is our King and Lord,
There shall we see His face,
There in His presence shall we dwell
With all the blood-bought race.

His advent now we wait
To bring us to our home,
And pray with longing, hopeful hearts
Oh! come, Lord Jesus, come!
Geelong, 1870.



LONGING.

"Even we ourselves groan within ourselves."—Rom. 8. 23.

He is coming from the ages,
Surely now He must be near;
Weary Nature! hush thy wailing,
If His footsteps we may hear,
Thief-like through the heedless clamor,
Noiseless 'mid the strife of tongues,
Coming back to claim His ransomed,
And redress earth's countless wrongs.

Long has been the weary watch-night,
Sick our hearts with hope deferred;
O my longing soul! be patient
Resting in His plighted word;
Longest night must have a morning,
Longest watch will end at last;
Surely now the day is nearing,
Surely night is almost past.

Blessed day of eveless brightness,
Dawning on the troubled night,
When the glory long expected,
Bursts upon our raptured sight!
When from Heaven the Royal Bridegroom
Comes to claim His ransomed Bride,
Ever thence to take her station
By her Lord and Saviour's side.

Oh! to see Him crowned in glory,
Once by men in mockery crowned,
Join the myriad-voiced Hosanna,
Raised by ransomed hosts around!
Oh! to fill the lowliest station
In Emmanuel's kingly train!
Solace this for many a lifetime
Spent in watching, toil, and pain.

Lord how long? Thy plighted promise
Bids us trust the hour is nigh;
"Quickly, lo! I come," Thou sayest,
"Quickly, Lord," our hearts reply;
'Mid the world's rude strife and clamor,
'Mid the heedless revelry,
In the silence of the spirit,
With hushed hearts we wait for Thee.
Geelong, 1870.

JOHN PURDIE, GEELONG.

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