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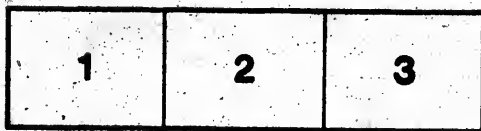
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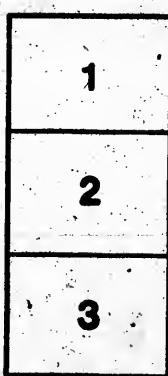
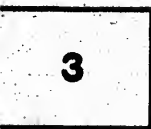
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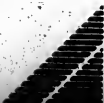
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"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD"

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? *Mat. VI 28, 30.*

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father's leave. *Mat. X. 29.*



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THE BEAUTIES
OF
MODERN SACRED POETRY.

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED.

BY

WILLIAM M'COMBIE, ESQ.



BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.

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PREFATORY NOTE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To have the emotional being disciplined to due measure, and trained to appropriate action, may be described as the last and highest issue of human culture; while to have our emotional life cover the entire range of our relations and stimulate in the case of each in proportion to its importance, would be the only state of such culture meriting to be characterised as finished education. In the misdirection or perversion of our emotional being lies the greatest evil of defective and bad education. Our emotional life is open to three main dangers—seduction, perversion, and extinction. A truly healthful excitement of our emotional susceptibilities is drawn only from the real relations of life, or from the most veritable transcripts of nature in the portrayal of these relations; but it is quite possible to live in an ideal world, where is generated an order of purely factitious emotion. Then, our susceptibilities may be

come perverted amid real relations—the love being bestowed on one object, which is due only to another, enjoyment being sought *where* it ought not, and *when* it ought not,—hence an order of sinful emotion. And, though our emotional life be neither seduced into an ideal, nor perverted into a sinful course, there is yet another danger to which it is open—that of the deadening of susceptibility in our most intimate relations. Few men carry the freshness of youth and youth's affections and emotions through the tear and wear of life's daily toil, harrassment, and care—few have their susceptibilities alive in due measure, and no more, to every appropriate occasion. The variety of nature and the vicissitudes of life are, indeed, standing counteractives to this waning tendency in our susceptibilities, but without a sedulous emotional culture, and extraneous emotional stimulus, these are overborne; and, at last, the eye daily familiar with them, comes to look without emotion on the noblest scenes of nature, and to behold without commiseration the deepest sufferings of humanity.

Hence the value of the poet's function. It is his to present the scenes of nature and life in their pristine freshness—to break up the crust of old familiarity, and introduce us anew as amid the vivid life of nature's primal morn! To make the common aspects of nature—unimpressive and unexciting to the dull habitual eye—

burst out into beauty and vocal life, may be characterised as the poet's natural and spontaneous function—it is what his genius will, as a matter of course, issue in as its lowest product. To be the successful poet of nature needs but the poetic vision and some creditable culture in the use of human speech; to be the successful poet of life and of the social relations (successful as an inspirer and educator of the feelings that have their range and play), demands, not merely poetical susceptibility, but moral culture; and to be successful as the poet of the religious emotions, demands, not only the possession of the poetic vision and moral culture, but the vital action of religion in the soul. But, if the emotions appropriate to our relations to nature, and those, too, appropriate to our relations to social life, are liable to lose their freshness in the daily wear of the spirit, the emotions appropriate to our spiritual life are open to similar unfavourable influences, and to special moral ones besides. Hence, the value of Sacred Poetry, or that which addresses itself to the quickening and expansion of the religious emotions. As these emotions are the highest and most important vital forces of our nature, a peculiar value attaches to this great instrument of their development and culture. Accordingly, we find a large portion of the Scriptures made up of spiritual poetry. And what a power is here—of emotional expansion, of moral culture, of

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THE BEAUTIES
 OF
MODERN SACRED POETRY.

~~~~~  
**THE GRANDEUR OF DEITY.**

I.

**WRAPT** in the blaze of bright surrounding flame,  
 From Paran's lofty brow the Almighty came :  
 All heaven with terror viewed his rising frown,  
 His dazzling eyes with living splendour shone,  
 Blazed the blue arch; the eternal portals glow !  
 Each rocking mountain bowed and glowed below !  
 A troop of ghastly phantoms strode before,  
 Blue blasting plague, and war that floats in gore ;  
 Loud fury roaring with tumultuous cries,  
 And frantic pain, that tears her burning eyes :  
 Revenge, that boils like some tormenting flood ;  
 Grief that consumes, and rage that weeps in blood.  
 On Judah's broad domain he cast his view ;  
 His eyes, all radiant, piercing as he flew !  
 Then marked its bound, and with one stern command  
 The affrighted nations shook, and swept them from the  
 land.

Then heaven-bred terror seized on every soul,  
 And rocked the labouring earth from pole to pole ;  
 Creation tottered at the dreadful sound :  
 Groaned all the hills ! and burst the solid ground !  
 The sweeping winds, each towering mountain bear  
 Full on their wings, and whirl them in the air.  
 On Cushan's tents he aimed a fatal blow,  
 And Midian trembled at the Almighty foe.

B

He called the deep ;—its tumbling waves obey !  
 The astonished flood rolls back to make him way !  
 Whence rose his ire ? did e'er the flood displease  
 Its God ? or raged his fury on the seas ?  
 When Israel's wandering host JEHOVAH led,  
 Why shrunk the backward rivers to their head ?  
 Why roared the ocean from its inmost caves ?  
 What arm repressed and froze the boiling waves ?  
 O'er its broad bosom heaven's Eternal rode,  
 The waves divide before the advancing God !  
 In heaps the cleaving billows lay o'erthrown,  
 He stopped their course, and touched them into stone !

Lo ! where he comes !—descending from afar  
 In all the pomp of desolating war !  
 His cloudy brow with frowning vengeance lowers,  
 And bursting round the forky thunder roars,  
 See his red arm unsheathes the shining spear,  
 The glittering blade hangs naked in the air :  
 It rends the rock : from all its gushing veins  
 A swelling deluge bursts, and pours along the plains.  
 Hark ! he commands :—obedient to his will,  
 The pale moon quakes ; the arrested sun stands still :  
 Earth hears and shakes, devouring tempests rise,  
 Thick clouds and whirlwinds blacken all the skies ;  
 Tremble the poles !—in wild confusion thrown,  
 Sink the deep hills—the eternal mountains groan.

What dire portents my wandering soul affright :  
 What scenes of terror swim before my sight :  
 See mighty Babylon (so heaven ordains),  
 The scourge of God, stalks wildly o'er our plains !  
 Sweeps like some swelling flood our hosts away,  
 Or, swift as lightning, springs, and grasps the prey.

Yet, fear not, Israel, at his dreadful ire,  
 Thou favourite child of heaven's exalted sire !  
 What though pale rage in her triumphal car,  
 Drives o'er thy fields, and sounds the blast of war !  
 What though thy warriors load the purple plain ;  
 Though bellowing slaughter strides o'er heaps of slain,  
 Though horror numbs thy sense, and freezes every vein.

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'Tis thus thy God makes boasted might subside.  
 Thus spurns his foes, and bends the brow of pride ;  
 Yet, know, those wounds avenging justice gave,  
 Stern ire impelled, but mercy meant to save :  
 Triumphant mercy ! that exalts the low.  
 Sighs o'er the oppressed, and melts at human woe !  
 Wipes every tear, bids pining anguish cease,  
 And pours o'er all the healing balm of peace.

But see once more the interpid victor near !  
 The shouts of battle thunder on my ear ;  
 Mark, mark yon yielding throng !—'tis Israel flies ;  
 Groans, noise, despair, and tumults rend the skies.  
 I faint, o'erpowered beneath the whelming flood,  
 Wild numbing grief congeals my creeping blood :  
 I see, I shudder at the approaching train ;  
 My lips too quiver with convulsive pain :  
 Fixed dumb with horror at this dreadful blow,  
 I stand,—a speechless monument of woe !

Yet, mighty God ! be all thy powers resigned !  
 And thine each nobler hope that warms the mind.  
 Then though no more to crown the peasant's toil,  
 The bleeding olive stream with sacred oil ;  
 Though figs no more their leafy tendrils join,  
 Though scorching lightning blast the budding vine :  
 Though the rough steed lie panting on the plain,  
 Nor wave the autumnal fields with golden grain,  
 Yet shall my soul thy wondrous grace proclaim,  
 Yet this fond heart shall triumph in thy name,  
 When o'er the earth thou wav'st the avenging rod,  
 When nature trembles at an angry God :  
 When the bold breast with terror not its own,  
 Shakes at thy voice, and withers at thy frown ;  
 Then by no storms dismayed, no fears deprest,  
 In thee my soul shall find perpetual rest :  
 O'er me secure thy hov'ring wing shall spread,  
 And sleep's mild opiate bless my peaceful bed.

OGILVIE.

## THE UNSEARCHABLE JEHOVAH.

## II.

JOB xi.

CANST thou by searching find out God?  
Mount up on ardent wing, and through  
The starry tract thy course pursue  
The milky way, by angels trod.

Still speed thy flight, and soar away  
Into the blue expanse—and climb  
The steep ascent,—the height sublime,  
Where daylight in successive ray  
Spreads through the vast immensity—  
Then sink to earth's profoundest cell  
The nethermost abyss of hell—  
Into the dark condensity  
Of the unfathomable deep—  
Explore each cavern, noisome, rheumy,  
Each dungeon, terrible and gloomy,  
Its precipices huge and steep:  
Take then the morning's fresh'ning plume,  
And scale, on well-poised wing upborne,  
The broad terrene; first where the morn  
Awakes the sunbeam—then resume  
Thy sweeping circuit to the west—  
And on the whirlwind daring forth  
Embrace the axis of the north;  
And mingle with the southern mist;  
Then to the ocean tempting fly,  
And with extended pinions skim  
O'er its wide surface to the rim,  
Where its rude surges lash the sky!  
'Tis all in vain. No thought can reach  
The summit of his glory's height!  
Imagination's wildest flight  
Is lost in the romantic stretch!

God is unsearchable! The place  
Of his abode cannot be spoken!  
The boldest seraph's wing is broken  
In the illimitable space!

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'Tis high as heaven what canst thou do?—  
 Deeper than the lowest glade  
 Of the infernal Stygian shade ;  
 Far, far beyond thy power to know !

RANSON.

THE GREATNESS AND PURITY OF GOD.

III.

JOB XIV.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still,  
 And stand on terms with his Creator's will !  
 Shall this high privilege to clay be given ?  
 Shall dust arraign the Providence of Heaven ?  
 With reason's line the boundless distance scan ?  
 Oppose Heaven's awful majesty to man ?  
 To what a length his vast dimensions run !  
 How far beyond the journeys of the sun !  
 He hung yon golden balls of light on high,  
 And launched the planets through the liquid sky :  
 To rolling worlds he marked the certain space.  
 Fixed and sustained the elemental peace.  
 Unnumbered as those worlds his armies move,  
 And the gay legions guard his realms above ;  
 High o'er the ethereal plains the myriads rise,  
 And pour their flaming ranks along the skies :  
 From their bright arms incessant splendours stream,  
 And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.  
 To this low world he bids the light repair,  
 Down through the gulphs of undulating air ;  
 For man he taught the glorious sun to roll  
 From his bright barrier to his western goal.  
 How then shall man, thus insolently proud,  
 Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God ?  
 How from his mortal mother can he come  
 Unstained from sin,—untinctured from the womb ?  
 The Lord from his sublime empyreal throne,  
 As a dark globe regards the silver moon.  
 Those stars that grace the wide celestial plain,  
 Are but the humblest sweepings of his train,

Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky ;  
 And the sun darkens in JEHOVAH's eye.  
 But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,  
 And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man ?  
 Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know ?  
 This short-lived sovereign of the world below ?  
 His frail original confounds his boast,  
 Sprung from the ground, and quickened from the dust.

PITT.

JEHOVAH THE GOVERNOR OF NATIONS.

## IV.

PSALM LXXIV. 16, 17.

My God ! all nature owns thy sway,  
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day !  
 When all thy loved creation wakes,  
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
 And when she pours her choral song,  
 Her melodies to Thee belong !  
 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,  
 The evening slowly spreads her shade ;  
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
 Can more than day's enlivening bloom  
 Still every fond and vain desire,  
 And calmer, purer, thoughts inspire ;  
 From earth the pensive spirit free,  
 And lead the softened heart to Thee.  
 In every scene thy hands have dressed,  
 In every form by Thee impressed,  
 Upon the mountain's awful head,  
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;  
 In every note that swells the gale,  
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
 The cavern's depth or echoing grove,  
 A voice is heard of praise and love.

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As o'er thy work the seasons roll,  
 And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul.  
 Oh never may this smiling train  
 Pass o'er the human soul in vain !  
 But oft, as on the charm we gaze,  
 Attune the wandering soul to praise,  
 And be that joy what most we prize—  
 The joys that from thy favour rise !

MISS WILLIAMS.

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 THE VOICE OF DEITY.

V.

PSALM XXIX.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,  
 And pay due honours to your awful King.  
 His boundless power to all the world proclaim,  
 Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.  
 For, hark ! his voice with unresisting sway,  
 Rules and controls the raging of the sea ;  
 Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,  
 And in their watery cavern awes the deeps ;  
 Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around  
 Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.  
 The blasting cedars low in dust are laid,  
 And Lebanon is left without a shade.  
 See ! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,  
 And fly for shelter from the thundering God :  
 Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,  
 And in wild measures lead the unwieldy dance.  
 His voice, his mighty voice divides the fire  
 Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.  
 E'en Cades trembles when JEHOVAH speaks,  
 With all his savages the desert shakes.  
 At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,  
 And in the lonely forest drop their young ;  
 While in his hallowed temple all proclaim  
 His glorious honours, and adore his name ;

High o'er the foaming surges of the sea  
 He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey ;  
 He reigns o'er all ; for ever lasts his power  
 Till nature sinks and time shall be no more.  
 With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,  
 And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

PITT.

## G O D.

## VI.

O THOU Eternal One !, whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;  
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight.  
 Thou only God ! There is no God beside !  
 Being above all beings ! Three in One !  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;  
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone :  
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call GOD—and know no more !

In its sublime research, philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
 The sands or the sun's rays—but God ! for Thee  
 There is no weight nor measure :—none can mount  
 Up to Thy mysteries ; Reason's brightest spark,  
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark :  
 And thought is lost e'er thought can soar so high,  
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
 First chaos, then existence ;—Lord ! on Thee  
 Eternity had its foundation :—all  
 Sprung forth from Thee :—of light, joy, harmony,

Sole origin :—all life, all beauty Thine.  
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;  
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.  
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !  
 Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround ;  
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !  
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
 And beautifully mingled life and death !  
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee :  
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy Praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
 Wander unwearied the blue abyss :  
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command ;  
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—  
 A glorious company of golden streams—  
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?  
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.

RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

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THE OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

VII.

PSALM CXXXIX.

GREAT GOD, from thy all-seeing eye,
 Weak man in vain attempts to fly ;
 Through space immeasured, unconfined,
 Thou hold'st thy audit, MIGHTY MIND !

Nor thought, nor word, nor act, can be
Kept secret, and concealed from thee :
All-active, thou inspir'st the whole
With vivid, universal soul.

If 'mongst yon glowing orbs I rise,
And rush into the trackless skies,
Thy vivifying presence reigns
Upon those bright ethereal plains ;
Stars learn to shine by thy command,
And planets own thy guiding hand ;
Propelled by thy unerring force
Each dancing runs his fix'd course.

If drawn by gravitation's law,
I to the constant centre go,—
Or to the chambers of the tomb,
Shut up in earth's dark silent womb,
In hope t' elude thy piercing eye,
And wrapt in shade unnoticed lie ;—
In vain :—though nought to me appear,
'Tis light to thee for thou art there.

If on the pinions of a dove,
Swift through the yielding air I move,
To where the sun first cheers our sight,
Or where he dips his orb in night,
Or seek the regions of the pole,
Where frost-bound seas forget to roll ;
Yet, still a shade I strive to gain
Impervious to thee,—in vain.

Then teach my soul that spark divine,
Absurd evasion to decline ;
A portion of thy grace impart
To mould anew this rebel heart.
Give me that living faith to prove
That fear dispels, and " works by love ;"
Then within earth, or stars among,
Redeeming love shall be my song.

ANON.

THE SAVIOUR.

I.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
The thunders clothe his cloudy car.
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
To 'scape the horrors of his ire !

'Tis He the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees his well-beloved's face,
And spares us in his hiding-place

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
To him, though guilty still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here, below ;
Potions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage—days and years will glide
And we shall lay these clouds aside !
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE SAVIOUR.

II.

SWEET to see the flowret blushing,
 Opening all its beauties wide,
 Sweet to taste the streamlet gushing,
 Fresh'ning from the mountain's side.

Sweet to hear soft numbers flowing
 From the lute's melodious string;
 Sweet to hear mild zephyrs blowing,
 Bearing odours on their wing.

Sweeter far Jehovah's Jesus
 To the sight, the ear, the taste;
 He has every thing to please us,
 With such gentle glory graced.

He a flower is, ever precious,
 None its various tints can paint;
 He life's waters to refresh us,
 When the thirsty soul is faint.

His dear name, like heaven's high chorus,
 Sounds in accents passing sweet;
 And his spirit breathing o'er us,
 Heaven and earth appear to meet.

Ever shall our souls adore thee,
 O thou matchless Lord of light!
 While thy beauties in full glory,
 Burst upon the ravished sight.

SEARLE.

A VOICE FROM THE DESERT.

III.

LUKE III. 4.

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill,
 "The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way;
 The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to
 heaven,
 And be the low valley exalted on high ;
 The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even
 For, Sion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

The beams of salvation his progress illumine,
 The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God.
 The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
 And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

DRUMMOND.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

IV.

HAIL, sacred morn !
 That spring, or winter drear,
 Or autumn's golden ear,
 Didst with thy beam adorn ;
 When, of the Hebrew maid,
 The SON OF GOD was born,
 And in a manger laid.
 —Then that prophetic star,
 Athwart the heaven divine,
 Did on the Magi shine,
 In eastern lands afar.
 And hark ! on Bethlehem's plain,
 That bless'd jubilee,
 That charmed each shepherd swain,
 Loud as the swelling main ;
 Heaven's highest minstrelsy !

For angels bright and holy,
 Through the mid-air descending,
 Did purge the night's dark womb,
 Of all her irksome gloom,
 And shadows melancholy,
 Their light and music blending,

" Ye midnight watchers, hail !
 That tend your fleecy sheep,
 And ceaseless vigils keep,
 Lest ravening beasts assail,
 While all mankind do sleep.
 Fear not—to you we bring,
 From heaven's eternal king,
 The wondrous joyful story :
 For even now is born,
 (This long expected morn,)
 The prince of light and glory !
 And Satan's reign is ending,
 Behold the fiend descending,
 From yon aerial throne !
 His power and kingdom gone !
 And lost his victory.—
 To David's city haste,
 The shadows now are flying,
 The deeper gloom is chased.
 From off the mountains wild ;
 Go ! find the holy child,
 In humble manger lying."

So spake the voice divine,
 The ear with rapture bending,
 While heavenly choirs attending,
 Their harmony combine :
 " Glory to God most high ;
 O'er earth let peace and love
 Their balmy pinions move :
 Bid human tears be dry ;—
 All silent is heaven's thunder,
 And God is reconciled,
 Through the blest virgin's child :
 Let men and angels wonder !"

ANON.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

V.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rap'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy
To bear the news to man:

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high,
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

Hail! prince of life, for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Though earth, and time, and life, should fall,
Thy praise shall never end.

MEDLEY.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

VI.

IN such a marvellous night, so fair,
 And full of wonder strange and new,
 Ye shepherds of the vale, declare
 Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

FIRST. I saw the trembling fire look wan.

SECOND. I saw the sun shed tears of blood.

THIRD. I saw a God become a man.

FOURTH. I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,
 The bosom's awe and reverence move;
 But who such prodigies has wrought?
 What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas love!

What called from heaven that flame divine,
 Which streams in glory from above;
 And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,
 And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bid the glorious sun arrest
 His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
 In tears, the saddest, lovliest,
 Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
 E'en to the starry seats above,
 That for one mortal progeny,
 A man, became a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
 Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
 Led the great source of day to night;
 And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,
 The victories all,—beneath,—above;
 And earth and heaven shall shout, as one,
 The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
 And told the wond'rous tales aloud,—
 The trembling fire that looked so wan,
 The weeping sun behind the cloud.
 A God—a God—become a man!
 A mortal man become a God!

VIOLANTE DO CEO.

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THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

VII.

THE night is fair, the planets glorious  
 In silent pomp, their rule maintain  
 The shepherds on the hills of Judah,  
 Behold with awe the starry train;  
 And worship, bending low the head  
 Him who through heaven such wonders spread.

What voice is that!—symphonious numbers,  
 Which through the air are faintly heard!  
 And now it nearer draws, and nearer!  
 Cherubs are seen! and lo! the word  
 Steals softly as the zephyr's birth,  
 Good will to man! and peace on earth!

The hour draws on for hell to suffer,  
 Too long below a sovereign king,  
 The Son of God, from heaven descending,  
 Comes borne upon the seraph's wing.  
 While countless guards, in concord sweet,  
 "Glory to God!" aloud repeat.

Love undeserved, our thoughts surpassing,  
 (How full the fount from which it flows)  
 The Prince of Peace assumes our nature,  
 To rescue man from endless woes!  
 He comes with mercy full and free,  
 To sound the sinner's Jubilee!

The hope of earth, so long predicted,  
 In all his Father's might appears !  
 Ye righteous, rich in consolation,  
 Glad tidings now salute your ears !  
 See Prophecy her page unfold !  
 The vision of the Lamb behold !

What royal birth-place *him* must welcome  
 What sumptuous palace ? garb of state ?  
 What monarchs proud of their obeisance,  
 Must bend around a guest so great ?  
 All sapphire robes of Tyrian dye,  
 Before the Lord of Life must lie !

Ah, no ! his palace was a stable !  
 No guards obsequious homage pay :  
 His royal birth-place was a manger,  
 And straw the couch on which he lay !  
*Humility* for ever crowned,  
 Here was the Heir of all things found !

Well might the breasts of happy spirits,  
 Experience high and strange delight,  
 Well might such spectacle of mercy,  
 From heaven angelic hosts invite,  
 To witness, 'till that hour unknown,  
 Such grace to man rebellious shown.

What, friend of sinners ! shall we render,  
 That thou to earth didst cast thine eye ;  
 That thou *thyself* didst freely offer,  
 That we in hope, should live and die !  
 We would before thee prostrate fall,  
 Accept our love, our hearts, our all !

ANON.

## THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

## VIII.

RICH in perfections all divine,  
Behold the Lord of glory shine,  
Amidst the hosts on high ;  
But oh ! His wondrous grace adore,  
He stoops to earth, is mean and poor,  
To raise us to the sky.

No downy pillow rests His head,  
The manger only is His bed ;  
When He to earth comes down,  
O, what a stoop for one so great,  
To leave His splendid, matchless, state,  
And lay aside His crown.

And this His grace was all for us,  
To save us from the heavy curse  
Which must on sinners lie ;  
For this He took our flesh and blood,  
And in His people's stead He stood,  
That they might never die.

Lord, we adore Thy wond'rous grace  
Towards such a vile, apostate race,  
Was ever love so strong ?  
And when we join the ranks above,  
This deed of Thy surprising love,  
Shall be our endless song.

COBBIN.

## THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM.

## IX.

O SAVIOUR, whom that holy morn  
Gave to our world below ;  
To mortal want and labour born,  
And more than mortal woe !

Incarnate Word! by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Who lived to yield our ills relief,  
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,  
In dangerous wealth we dwell;  
Remind us of Thy manger-bed,  
And lowly cottage-cell?

If prest by poverty severe,  
In envious want, we pine,  
O may the Spirit whisper near,  
How poor a lot was thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene  
From sin preserve us free!  
Like as Thou hast a mourner been,  
May we rejoice with Thee!

HEBER.

THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

X.

ABASH'D be all the boast of Age!  
Be hoary Learning dumb!  
Expounder of the mystic page,  
Behold an-infant come!

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading power  
Beside th' Eternal stood,  
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,  
The land, the sky, the flood;—

Yet didst not Thon disdain awhile  
 An infant form to wear ;  
 To bless Thy mother with a smile,  
 And lisp Thy falter'd prayer.

But in Thy father's own abode,  
 With Israel's elders round,  
 Conversing high with Israel's God,  
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore thy name !  
 And, Saviour deign to bless  
 With fostering grace the timid flame  
 Of early holiness !

HEBER.

THE SAVIOUR TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

xi.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound  
 From lips of gentleness and grace,  
 When listening thousands gathered round,  
 And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,  
 To heaven He led His followers' way ;  
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
 Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;  
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"  
 Yes, sacred Teacher,—we will come—  
 Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest !

Decay then, tenements of dust !  
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
 A nobler mansion waits the just,  
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

## THE SAVIOUR PERFORMING MIRACLES.

## XII.

FULL of mercy, full of love,  
 Look upon us from above !  
 Thou who taught the blind man's night  
 To entertain a double light,  
 Thine and the day's, (and that Thine too :)  
 The lame away his crutches threw ;  
 The parched crust of leprosy  
 Returned unto its infancy ;  
 The dumb amazed was to hear  
 His unchained tongue to strike his ear ;  
 Thy powerful mercy did even chase  
 The devil from his usurped place,  
 Where Thou Thyself shouldst dwell ; not he :  
 Oh let Thy love our pattern be !  
 Let thy mercy teach one brother  
 To forgive and love another ;  
 That, copying Thy mercy here,  
 Thy goodness may hereafter rear  
 Our souls unto Thy glory, when  
 Our dust shall cease to be with men !

BISHOP TAYLOR.

## THE SAVIOUR BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

## XIII.

"SUFFER that little children come to me,  
 Forbid them not." Emboldened by his words,  
 The mothers onward press ; but, finding vain

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The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes  
 To strangers' hands : the innocents alarmed  
 Amid the throng of faces all unknown,  
 Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern  
 The countenance of Jesus, beaming love  
 And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,  
 And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

GRAHAME.

## THE SAVIOUR WALKING ON THE SEA.

XIV.

LOUD blew the storm of night; the thwarting surge  
 Dashing, boiling, on the labouring bark. Dismay,  
 From face to face reflected, spread around :—  
 When, lo! upon a towering wave is seen  
 The semblance of a foamy wreath, upright,  
 Move onward to the ship: the helmsman starts,  
 And quits his hold; the voyagers, appalled,  
 Shrink from the fancied spirit of the flood:  
 But when the voice of Jesus, with the storm  
 Soft mingled, "It is I, be not afraid,"  
 Fear fled, and joy lightened from eye to eye.  
 Up He ascends, and, from the rolling side,  
 Surveys the tumult of the sea and sky  
 With transient look severe: the tempest, awed,  
 Sinks to a sudden calm; the clouds disperse;  
 The moon-beam trembles on the face divine,  
 Reflected mildly in the unruffled deep.

GRAHAME.

## THE SAVIOUR GIVING SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

XV.

BLIND, poor, and helpless, Bartimeus sat,  
 Listening the foot of the wayfaring man,

Still hoping that the next, and still the next,  
 Would put an alms into his trembling hand.  
 He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle  
 Among the sycamores; it is the tread  
 Of thousand steps, it is the hum of tongues  
 Innumerable: but when the sightless man  
 Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,  
 He cried, and said, "Jesus, thou Son of David,  
 Have mercy upon me!" and, when rebuked,  
 He cried the more, "Have mercy upon me!"  
 "Thy faith hath made thee whole;" so Jesus spake,  
 And straight the blind beheld the face of God!

GRAHAME.

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THE DUMB CURED.

XVI.

MARK VII. 31-37.

His eyes uplifted, and his hands close clasped,
 The dumb man with a supplicating look,
 Turned, as the Lord passed by: Jesus beheld,
 And on him bent a pitying look, and spake:
 His moving lips are by the suppliant seen,
 And the last accents of the healing sentence
 Rang in that ear which never heard before.
 Prostrate the man restored falls to the earth,
 And uses first the gift, the gift sublime
 Of speech, in giving thanks to him, whose voice
 Was never uttered, but in doing good.

GRAHAME.

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### THE SAVIOUR COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

## XVII.

LET not your hearts be troubled: ye believe  
 In God, believe also in me His Son.

Doubt not but in the compass of the heavens  
 My Father will provide for all His saints  
 Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,  
 Where spirits made perfect after death shall dwell,  
 And rest from earthly toils : thither I go  
 To seal your sure election, and prepare  
 For you, my faithful servants, an abode ;  
 That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss  
 With me, your Lord, now dying for your sakes,  
 Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live  
 In heavenly communion undisturbed.  
 Lament not therefore if I now depart,  
 Your provident precursor, for ye know  
 Whither I go, and also know the way.

CUMBERLAND.

THE SAVIOUR WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

XVIII.

O Salem ! who, in proud disdain,  
 My faithful prophets slew ;  
 And soon the cup of guilt to drain,  
 Wilt slay thy Saviour too !  
 How had my love thy children blest.  
 Their deeds of blood forgot,  
 And led them to eternal rest !  
 But they consented not.

Now shall thy house be desolate,  
 Thy glory now shalt close ;  
 Nor leave one trace of ruined state,  
 To tell where Salem rose.  
 Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,  
 Nor hail thy crown restored,  
 Till thou shalt say " How blest is he  
 Whom thou hast sent, O Lord !"

DALE.

## JESUS PASSING OVER KEDRON.

XIX.

JOHN xviii. 1.

THOU soft flowing Kedron, by thy silver stream,  
 Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beam  
 Shone bright on the waters, would often-times stray,  
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day!

How damp were the vapours that fell on his head!  
 How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!  
 The angels astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
 And followed their master with solemn delight!

O garden of Olivet—dear honoured spot!  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot!  
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
 The triumph, of sorrow, the triumph of love!

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet;  
 O give him the glory, the praise that is meet!  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

MARIE DE FLEURY.

## OUR SAVIOUR AT CALVARY.

XX.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,  
 A long reiterated cry:  
 My Saviour! every mournful word  
 Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony!

A horror of deep darkness fell  
 On thee, the Immaculate, the Just;  
 The congregated hosts of hell  
 Combined to shake thy filial trust.

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The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,  
 These thou couldst bear, and not repine;  
 But when JEHOVAH veiled his face,  
 Unutterable pangs were thine.

Let the dumb world her silence break;  
 Let pealing anthems rend the sky!  
 Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!  
 He died, that we may never die!

Lord, on thy Cross I fix my eye;  
 If e'er I slight its pure control,  
 O let that dying piercing cry  
 Melt and reclaim my wandering soul!

CUNNINGHAM.

## THE SAVIOUR'S REQUEST:

XXI.

LUKE xxii. 19.

REMEMBER me, when far away,  
 You journey through this world's wide waste;  
 Remember me at early day,  
 Or when the evening shadows haste.  
 When high the pensive moon appears,  
 And Night with all their starry train,  
 Gives rest to human hopes and fears,  
 Remember I that rest ordain.

Remember me whene'er you sigh,  
 Be it the midnight's silent hour;  
 Remember me, and think that I  
 Return that sigh, and feel its power.  
 Whene'er you fear I'm far away,  
 Or when you bend the pious knee,  
 Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,  
 O then, dear friends, Remember me.

Remember me, the Saviour cries ;  
 Who ever kindly thinks on thee,  
 Remember me your sacrifice,  
 Who loved you from eternity.  
 Whene'er you think on what you were,  
 Sad hopeless slaves of misery,  
 And then consider what you are,  
 Oh then, dear friends, Remember me.

Remember me, whene'er you sigh  
 O'er frail humanity's deep throes ;  
 Remember me, and think that I  
 Sink under far, far deeper woes.  
 Whene'er you think on human friends,  
 Who flatter only to betray,  
 Who kiss, and sell their dearest friends,  
 Oh then, oh then, Remember me !

Remember me, whene'er you sigh  
 O'er millions born to sin, and groan ;  
 Remember me, and think that I  
 Sustained a world of sin alone,  
 When high the waves of trouble roll,  
 In seas of deep adversity,  
 Think of the floods that whelmed MY soul—  
 Remember dark Gethsemane.

Remember me when men oppress—  
 And slanderous tongues traduce your name,  
 Remember my extreme distress—  
 The rabble's sport, the soldier's game ;  
 Under fell persecution's thrall,  
 And hard oppression's iron band ;  
 Then think on Herod's judgment hall,  
 Remember Pilate's blood-stained hand.

Remember me, when rebel sin  
 Resumes his hateful sway again ;  
 And hosts of foes arise within,  
 Whom you once hoped had all been slain.  
 When the base world, with all her wiles,  
 Her meretricious charms display,

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And Satan's angel-form beguiles,  
And draws thee from the narrow way.

Oh! then remember what it cost  
The Saviour to redeem thy loss;  
Shall all his pains and tears be lost?  
Wilt thou re-nail him to the cross?  
To save thee from thy three-fold foe,  
He left the bosom of his God;  
Groaned out a life of toil below,  
Then breathed away his soul in blood.

Remember me, whene'er you sigh  
Under your heavenly Father's rod;  
Or when that awful hour is nigh  
Which summons man to meet his God:  
When flesh and heart together fail,  
Verging on dread eternity;  
And hosts of fiends your soul assail,  
Ah! then remember Calvary.

Remember me, when life's last hour  
Of sin and suffering hastens nigh;  
Remember Death, then lost its power,  
When breathing my last painful sigh;  
When the dark passage through the grave  
Eternity's dread secrets bare  
Remember then my power to save—  
Remember, thou shalt meet me there.

ANON.

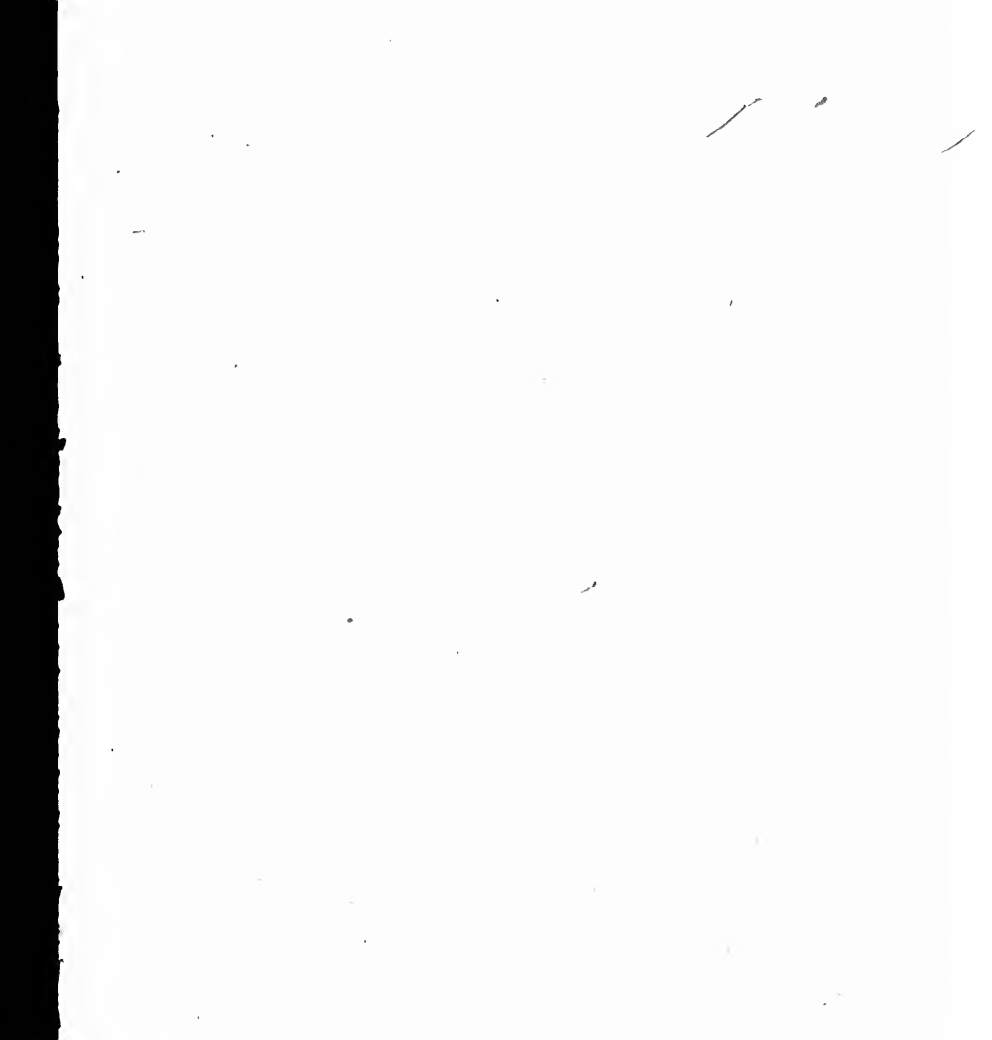
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THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

XXII.

MATT. XXVII.

No more of earthly subjects sing;  
To heaven, my muse, aspire;  
To raise the song, charge every string,  
And strike the living lyre.





Begin, in lofty numbers show.  
 Th' eternal King's unfathomed love,  
 Who reigns the Sovereign God above  
 And suffers on the cross below.  
 Prodigious pile of wonders I raised too high  
 From the dim ken of frail mortality.  
 What numbers shall I bring along?  
 From whence shall I begin the song?  
 The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspired,  
 Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,  
 Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,  
 How by the rage of man the God expired.  
 I'll make the traceless depths of mercy known,  
 How to redeem his foe God rendered up his Son;  
 I'll raise my voice to tell mankind  
 The victor's conquest o'er his doom;  
 How in the grave he lay confined,  
 To seal more sure the ravenous tomb:  
 Three days th' infernal empire to subdue;  
 He passed triumphant through the coasts of woe;  
 With his dart the tyrant Death he slew,  
 And led Hell captive through her realms below.  
 A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,  
 And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,  
 The shouts of murd'ers, that insult the slain,  
 The voice of torment, and the shriek of pain.  
 I cast my eyes with horror up  
 To the curst mountain's guilty top;  
 See, there! whom hanging in the midst I view!  
 Ah, how unlike the other two!  
 I see Him high above his foes,  
 And gently bending from the wood  
 His head in pity down to those  
 Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.  
 His wide-extended arms I see  
 Transfixed with nails and fasten'd to the tree.  
 Man, senseless man! canst thou look on,  
 Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?  
 The rage of all thy grief exert,  
 Rend thy garments and thy heart:  
 Beat thy breast and grovel low,  
 Beneath the burden of thy woe;

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Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,  
 Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.  
 Behold thy King, with purple covered round ;  
 Not in the Tyrian tinctures dyed,  
 Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride ;  
 But in his own rich blood that streams from every  
 wound

Dost thou not see the thorny-circled red ?  
 The guilty wreath that blushes round His head !  
 And with what rage the bloody scourge applied.  
 Curls round His limbs, and ploughs into His side.  
 At such a sight let all thy anguish rise ;  
 Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.  
 Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,  
 Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.  
 Weep from thy soul till earth be drowned ;  
 Weep till thy sorrows drench the ground.  
 Canst thou, ungrateful man ! His torment see,  
 Nor drop a tear for Him, who pours His blood for thee ?

PITT.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS.

XXIII.

MATT. xxvii.

He dies—the Saviour, the incarnate God  
 Bows from the accursed tree, and renders up  
 His human nature as the prey of Death ;  
 Of Death, who trembles while he strikes, and shrinks  
 In terror from the victim of his power.  
 Tremendous hour, thick darkness covers all,  
 Palpable darkness—save that from the crown—  
 The thorny crown that binds Emanuel's brow,  
 A fearful glory shines at intervals,  
 Serving to shew such sights as once again  
 Shall fright the sinner's eye—what time from heaven  
 The Son of Man amidst the clouds appears,  
 And calls the world to judgment. Lo ! the graves  
 Resign their sleepers, earthquakes heave the ground,

Pale spectres rise, and damn'd spirits howl,  
Anticipating their eternal doom.—  
The marble tombs, like monuments of snow,  
Melt into air, the wormy beds beneath  
Yawn wide, and each send forth a ghostly shape  
To stalk in the broad streets of Salem, where  
The terror-struck inhabitants are seen  
Smote with the tongueless voiceless agony  
Which losing hope, takes refuge in despair.  
Hark! shall the everlasting mountains fall  
Or do the god-built pillars that sustain  
This world of beauty, life, and intellect,  
Totter in ruin? Hark! again a sound,  
Loud as the echo of the thunderbolts  
That drove the rebel angels down to hell,  
Breaks on my ear, astounding as the blast  
Of the last trumpet which shall wake the dead!  
It shakes! the temple shakes;—the sacred veil,  
Which hid the mercy-seat, wherein of old  
Jehovah sat between the cherubim,  
Is rent, dishonoured like a thing profane.  
Oh, horror, see the stars shoot from their spheres,  
The planets are arrested in their course,  
Their brightness dwindled to as pale a flame  
As that which plays round an expiring lamp:  
The sun is dark the moon is turned to blood:—  
Ye men of Judah, whither can ye fly?  
Where hide ye from the arrows of his wrath,  
Whose frown convulses nature, and o'erwhelms  
The wonderful creations of his power?  
It must be so—the last—the last day is come:  
Time is no more—Eternity begins—  
Fall on your knees devoted Israelites,  
And deprecate the anger of your Judge,  
Whose vengeance is as a two-edged sword:  
Vain prayers—Lost, lost—the sentence is gone forth,  
An earthquake to the centre heaves the ground,  
And the blue arrowy lightning flashes fierce,  
While desolation in the thunder speaks.  
The firmament is like a shrivelled scroll,  
The cloud-encompassed hills dissolve like wax,  
The mighty of the nations, princes, kings,

And warriors strong in battle, are grown weak  
 As infants at the breast. Oh, Galilean !  
 Thou that wert despised,—cast off—rejected—  
 Meek sufferer, Man of Sorrows, that didst bear  
 Thy trials from the cradle to the grave,  
 With the mild majesty of fortitude,  
 How are thy awful prophecies confirmed !  
 This was indeed, a present Deity,—  
 The Son of Mary was the Son of God.

ANON.

## THE SAVIOUR IN THE TOMB.

XXIV.

How sweet, in the musing of faith, to repair  
 To the garden where Mary delighted to rove ;  
 To sit by the tomb where she breathed her fond prayer,  
 And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love ;  
 To see the bright beam which disperses her fear,  
 As the Lord of her soul breaks the bars of her prison,  
 And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear,—  
 The Lord is a captive no more—" He is risen !"

O Saviour ! as oft as our footsteps we bend  
 In penitent sadness to weep at Thy grave,  
 On the wings of thy greatness in pity descend,  
 Be ready to comfort and " mighty to save."  
 We shrink not from scenes of desertion and wo,  
 If there we may meet with the Lord of our love.  
 Contented, with Mary, to sorrow below,  
 If, with her, we may drink of Thy fountain above.

CUNNINGHAM.

## THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

XXV.

MATT. xxviii. 1-16.

THE setting orb of night her level ray  
 Shed o'er the land, and on the dewy sward,  
 The lengthened shadows of the tripled cross  
 Were led far stretched, — when in the east arose,  
 Last of the stars, day's harbinger : no sound  
 Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot :  
 Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom  
 Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,  
 The Holy One : but lo ! a radiance faint  
 Began to dawn around his sacred brow ;  
 The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath,  
 Drifted by storms into a mountain cave :  
 Bright and more bright the circling halo beamed  
 Upon that face clothed in a smile benign,  
 Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign  
 Of death ; the eyes that wept for human griefs  
 Unclose, and look around with conscious joy.  
 Yes ; with returning life, the first emotion  
 That glowed in Jesus' breast of love, was joy  
 At man's redemption, now complete ; at death  
 Disarmed ; the grave transformed into the couch  
 Of faith ; the resurrection and the life.  
 Majestical He rose ; trembled the earth ;  
 The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away ;  
 The keepers fell ; the angel, awe-struck, shrunk  
 Into invisibility, while forth  
 The Saviour of the World walked, and stood  
 Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds  
 Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

GRAHAME

## CHRIST AT EMMAUS.

XXVI.

LUKE XXVI. 29.

ABIDE with us—the evening shades  
Begin already to prevail ;  
And as the lingering twilight fades,  
Dark clouds along the horizon sail.

Abide with us—the night is chill,  
And damp and cheerless is the air ;  
Be our companion, stranger, still,  
And thy repose shall be our care.

Abide with us—thy converse sweet  
Has well beguiled the tedious way ;  
With such a friend we joy to meet,  
We supplicate thy longer stay !

Abide with us—for well we know  
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour :  
Like balm thy honied accents flow,  
Our wounded spirits feel their power.

Abide with us—and still unfold  
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore :  
What wondrous things of Jesus told !  
Stranger, we thirst—we pant for more.

Abide with us—and still converse  
Of Him who late on Calvary died :  
Of Him the prophecies rehearse—  
He was our friend they crucified !

Abide with us—our hearts are cold,  
We thought that Israel he'd restore ;  
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,  
And, stranger, we complain no more.

Abide with us—we feel the charm  
That binds us to our unknown friend:  
Here pass the night secure from harm,  
Here, stranger, let thy wanderings end.

Abide with us—to their request  
The stranger bows, with smile divine;  
Then round the board the unknown guest  
And weary travellers recline.

Abide with us—amazed they cry,  
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,  
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,  
With radiant glory on his head.

Abide with us—thou heavenly friend,  
Leave not thy followers thus alone—  
The sweet communion here must end,  
—The heavenly Visitant is gone!

RAFFLES.

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THE SAVIOUR ASCENDING FROM OLIVET.

XXVII.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes:
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven;
There the mighty conqueror waits,
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the king of glory in."

Circled round with angel-powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin,
Take the king of glory in:

Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Though returned to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above ;
 See, he shows the prints of love ;
 Hark ! how his gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his church below :
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Saviour of the human race:

Master, (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day,
 See thy faithful servants, see !
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may hither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee !

MADAN.

CHRIST IN HIS OFFICES.

A PROPHET.

I.

PROPHET of the elder day !
 How thy lustre waned away,

When the greater Prophet came
 Flesh-veiled from his throne of flame?
 Thou on earth hadst peerless been,
 Had not earth JEHOVAH seen.

Prophet of the latter days!
 Beaming with unfading rays;
 Brightness of the Father's light;
 Image of his love and might;
 Fill my soul with purer awe,
 Than dark Sinai's fiery law.

Sprinkle with thy Paschal blood;
 Lead me through each hostile flood;
 Sweeten Marah's bitter spring;
 O'er my path the manna fling;
 Broach the flint rock's crystal wave;
 Strongly succour—promptly save!

Sooth the passions of my breast;
 Guide me tow'rd's the promised rest!
 Keep thy bleeding cross in sight,
 Lifted o'er the shades of night;
 Bid me fear and doubt no more,
 'Till I land on Canaan's shore!

ANON.

A PROPHEP.

II.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord.
 That comes with truth and grace;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.
 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name;

By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

WATTS.

A PRIEST.

I.

O THOU who once didst wander here,
 A pilgrim's weary way ;
 No stranger thou to every fear
 That shakes the inhabitant of clay
 For sorrow's stormy cloud its torrent shed,
 And aimed its thunders at thy guiltless head.

The thorns that pierced thy bleeding brow,
 Wound, as I pass, my pilgrim feet ;
 A stranger I, like thee, below,
 Seek in the grave my last retreat ;
 There shall I slumber, free from rude alarms,
 From pain's sharp conflict, and from life's deep harms.

Safe from the false world's summer smiles,
 Safe from the winter's angry frown,
 Safe from the tempter's cruel wiles,
 With thee, my Lord, I lay me down,
 On thy low bed, till angels bid me rise,
 And share thy triumphs in thy native skies.

DR. COLLYER.

A PRIEST.

II.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,

A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrow had a part ;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heav'nly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

A KING.

I.

YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honours of his name :
Jehovah reigns, be all our song ;
'Tis he thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

Ye princes, boast no more your crowns,
 But lay the glittering trifles down
 In lowly honour, at his feet ;
 A span your narrow empire bounds,
 He reigns beyond created rounds,
 In self-sufficient glory great.

Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
 Formed like your slaves of brittle clay,
 Down to the dust your sceptres bend ;
 To everlasting years he reigns,
 And undiminished pomp maintains,
 When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

So shall his favoured Zion live ;
 In vain confed'rate nations strive
 Her sacred turrets to destroy ;
 Her sov'reign sits enthroned above,
 And endless power, and endless love
 Ensure her safety, and her joy.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

A KING.

II.

GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
 Make the word of truth thy car ;
 Prosper in thy course triumphant,
 All success attend thy war :
 Gracious Victor,
 Bring thy trophies from afar.

Majesty combined with meekness
 Righteousness and peace unite
 To insure thy blessed conquests
 Take possession of the right :
 Ride triumphant,
 Decked in robes of purest light

Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
 Blest are all that own thy reign ;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from its galling chain ;
 Saints and angels,
 All who know thee, bless thy reign !

ANON.

 CHRIST IN VARIOUS RELATIVE ASPECTS.

 THE HEAD OF SAINTS AND ANGELS.

I.

HAIL ! great Immanuel, ever honoured name !
 Spread it, ye angels, through heaven's sacred frame :
 Ye sceptred cherubim before his throne,
 And flaming seraphim, bow humbly down ;
 He is your head ; with prostrate awe adore him,
 And lay, with joy, your radiant crowns before him.

Arrayed in his refulgent beams ye shine,
 And draw existence from his source divine ;
 Grateful, ye wait the signal of his hand,
 Pleased to obey your Sov'reign's high command ;
 In him the indwelling Deity admiring,
 To bear his brighter image, still aspiring.

Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,—
 Their sweetest songs of praise with yours combine ;
 Mean as we are, with griefs and sins beset,
 We glory that in him we stand complete :
 He is our Head, and we with you adore him,
 And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before him.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

A BROTHER.

I.

WHEN every scene, side-side the grave,
Seems dark and cheerless to the eye,
How sweet at such an hour to have
A brother in adversity!

When father, mother, all are gone,
When bursts affection's closest tie,
How sweet to claim, as still their own,
A brother in adversity!

When frowns an angry world unkind,
And hope's delusive visions fly,
How sweet in such an hour to find,
A brother in adversity!

And who is this whom still we find,
When father, mother, husband die,
Still faithful, tender, loving kind?
A brother in adversity!

Jesus! my Lord! ah, who can trace
Thy love unchanging, full, and free
Or tell the riches of thy grace,
Thou brother in adversity?

Ye travellers in this wilderness,
Who somewhat of his beauty see;
For ever, oh! for ever bless
This brother in adversity!

ANON.

FORERUNNER.

III.

WHEN the vale of death appears,
(Faint and cold this mortal clay),
Kind Forerunner soothe my fears,

Light me through the darksome way ;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

Starting from the dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire !
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre :
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day ;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

And when mighty trumpets, blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour own my name !

MISS TAYLOR.

FRIEND.

IV.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sovereign good to fill the mind ?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

Say, will the Stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart ?
Could Plato find these blissful streams
Amongst his raptures and his dreams ?

In vain I ask ; for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour :
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave

Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
 Arrayed in majesty and blood,
 Thou art our life; our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid,
 In thee, our surety, and our head!
 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne
 Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
 The eternal life, and Jesus' name;
 A word of his Almighty breath,
 Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

WATTS.

TAYLOR.

INTERCESSOR.

V.

THOU, who didst for Peter's faith
 Kindly condescend to pray,
 Thou, whose loving-kindness hath
 Kept me to the present day,
 Kind Conductor,
 Still direct my devious way!

When a tempting world in view,
 Gains upon my yielding heart,
 When its pleasures I pursue,
 Then one look of pity dart!
 Teach me pleasures
 Which the world can ne'er impart.

When I sit beneath thy word,
 At thy table cold and dead,
 When I cannot see my Lord,
 All my little daylight fled,
 Sun of Glory,
 Beam again around my heart.

When thy statutes I forsake,
 When my graces dimly shine,
 When the covenant I break,
 O Jesus, then remember thine !
 Check my wanderings
 By a look of love divine.

Then if heavenly dews distil,
 If my hopes are bright and clear,
 While I sit on Zion's hill,
 Temper joy with holy fear
 Keep me watchful,
 Safe alone when thou art near.

When afflictions cloud my sky,
 When the tide of sorrow flows,
 When thy rod is lifted high,
 Let me on thy love repose ;
 Stay thy rough wind
 When the chilling eastern blows.

MISS TAYLOR.

PHYSICIAN.

VI.

WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed ?
 Whence these wild tumults in my breast ?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound,—
 No kind physician to be found ?

Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes ;
 Behold the Prince of Glory dies !
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
 Here to receive a cure, or die;
 But grace forbids that painful fear,—
 Infinite grace which triumphs here.

Thou wilt extract the poisoned dart,
 Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
 With blooming health my face adorn,
 And change the gloomy night to morn.

Now give a loose, my soul, to joy;
 Hosannas be thy blest employ,
 Salvation thine eternal theme,
 And swell the song with Jesus' name.

SCOTT.

SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

VII.

WHEN rising wind and rain descending
 A near approaching storm declare,
 With trembling speed, their wings extending,
 The birds to sheltering trees repair.

So I, by faith, with sin oppressed,
 Would refuge take, O Christ, in thee;
 Thou art my hiding-place and rest,
 From every evil shelter me.

FROM THE GERMAN

MORNING STAR.

VIII.

BRIGHTER than the rising day,
 When the sun in glory shines,
 Brighter than the diamond's ray,
 Sparkling in Golconda's mine.
 Beaming through the clouds of wo,
 Smiles in mercy's diadem,

TAYLOR.

ed?
 ?

Brighter on the world below,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When our eyes are dimmed with tears,
'Tis this that lights them up again—
'Tis like music to our ears—
'Tis a balm to every pain.
Never shines a ray so bright
From the purest earthly gem,
Oh! there is no soothing light
Like the Star of Bethlehem.

Grief's dark clouds may round us roll,
Every heart may sink in wo,
Gloomy conscience rack the soul,
And sorrow's tears in torrents flow,
Still through all these clouds and storms,
Shines the purest heavenly gem,
With a ray that kindly warms
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When we cross the roaring wave
That rolls on life's remotest shore,
When we look into the grave,
And wander through this world no more,—
This is the lamp whose genial ray
Like some brightly glowing gem,
Points to man his darkling way,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

Let the world be sunk in sorrow
Not an eye be charmed or blest
We can see a fair to-morrow,
Smiling in the rosy west.
For this beacon hope displays,
Far in mercy's diadem,
Shines with faith's serenest rays,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When this gloomy life is o'er,
When we smile in bliss above,
When on that delightful shore,
We enjoy the heaven of love;

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Oh! what dazzling light shall shine,
 Round salvation's purest gem!
 Oh! what rays of love divine,
 Gilds the star of Bethlehem!

ANON.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

IX.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness! thy beams impart,
 And cheer my eyes, and warm my languid heart;
 Thou source of beauty! Everlasting fair!
 In thee ten thousand, thousand charms appear.

Where'er I turn thy glories are displayed,
 The morn, the noon, the grateful evening shade,
 Present thy matchless beauties to my sight,
 And strike with wonder, or inspire delight.

Thy power and love, in plenty's smiling form,
 O'er the wild fields, each grateful bosom warm:
 From thee the gentle evening's breezes spring,
 And waft refreshment on their balmy wing:

Thy beauty glitters in the pearly dew;
 And smiles amid the bright ethereal blue,
 Which paints yon spacious arch; and charms our eyes
 In evening's soft inimitable dyes.

Jesus, thy glory, beaming from afar,
 Great source of light illumines every star:
 Thy word informed the planets where to roll,
 And stationed every orb that gilds the pole.

To thee, 'midst all the glories of the skies,
 To thee alone, I raise my longing eye;
 Let me but dwell beneath thy light divine,
 And all the charms of nature I resign.

MRS. STEELE.

ALL IN ALL.

Thou hidden source of calm repose;
 Thou all-sufficient love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for thou art mine.
 Thou art my fortress, strength, and tower;
 My trust and portion evermore.

Jesus, my all in all, thou art;
 My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
 The balm to heal my wounded heart;
 In storms my peace; in loss, my gain.
 My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My refuge in temptation's hour.
 My comfort, should distress befall;
 My life in death, my All in All.

ANON.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I stand,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend;
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought:
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

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HOLY SPIRIT.

I.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosanna languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

E 2

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie  
 At this poor, dying rate?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

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### HOLY SPIRIT.

## II.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
 Let thy bright-beams arise;  
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
 And open all our eyes.

Convince us of our sin,  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
 And to our wondering view reveal,  
 The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life on every part,  
 And new-create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts ;  
 Our minds from bondage free :  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

HART.

HOLY SPIRIT.

III.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,  
 Enlivening, consecrating fire,  
 Descend, and with celestial heat  
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire.  
 Our souls refine, our dross consume !  
 Come, condescending Spirit, come !

In our cold breasts, O strike a spark !  
 Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel,  
 Nor let us wander in the dark,  
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still :  
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come,  
 And make our hearts thy constant home !

Let pure devotion's fervour rise ;  
 Let every pious passion glow :  
 O let the raptures of the skies  
 Fill in our cold hearts below !  
 Come, condescending Spirit, come,  
 And make our souls thy constant home !

PRES. DAVIS.



## THE BEAUTIES OF

## HOLY SPIRIT.

## IV.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 Though I have done thee such despite,  
 Cast not the sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been  
 Of all who e'er thy grave received,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;

Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honour of my great High Priest ;  
 Nor in thy righteous anger sware,  
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
 E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;  
 Into thy rest of love receive,  
 And let my soul on thee repose.

E'en now my weary soul release,  
 And raise me by thy gracious hand ;  
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
 And bring me to thy promised land.

C. WESLEY.

## THE GOSPEL.

## I.

O WORTHY gift of heavenly love to man !  
 Blessed exposition of salvation's plan !  
 By truth confirmed, through each important line,  
 A revelation of the Will Divine !

The rule to which our stubborn hearts should bend,  
 The rich man's monitor, the poor man's friend !  
 The good man's trust, the scoffer's secret dread !  
 A song of peace to soothe death's fearful bed,  
 Of peace from God, long tempted, oft denied,  
 To man the contrite, humble child of pride !

H. BELWYN.

THE GOSPEL.

II.

This world that we so highly prize,  
 And seek so eagerly its smile—  
 What is it?—vanity and lies—  
 A broken cistern all the while,

Pleasure, with her delightful song,  
 That charms the unwearied to beguile—  
 What is it?—the deceiver's tongue—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

And earthly friendships fair and gay,  
 The promise much with artful wile,—  
 What are they?—only treachery—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

Riches, that so absorb the mind  
 In anxious care and ceaseless toil—  
 What are they?—faithless as the wind—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord !  
 To those that wander far from thee :  
 The living stream is in thy word,  
 Thou Fount of Immortality !

DR. RAFFLES.

## THE GOSPEL.

## III.

IN summer how sweet is the beam  
Which ministers gladness afar ;  
How sweet in the soft rippling stream,  
Is the ray of love's evening star.

But sweeter, far sweeter, the light  
Which beams on the Christian below,  
Which speaks of unfading delight  
In the world where no sorrow shall flow.

ANON.

## TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

## IV.

PROOF needs not here : for whether we compare  
That impious, idle, superstitious ware  
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,  
In various ages, various countries bore,  
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find  
None answering the great ends of human kind  
But this one rule of life, that shews us best  
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.  
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,  
The word is scarce more ancient than the law :

Heaven's early care prescribed for every age ;  
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.  
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
Or on the writers, or the written book,  
Whence, but of heaven, could men unskilled in arts,  
In several ages born, in several parts,  
Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,  
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?  
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,  
Starving their gains, and martyrdom their prize.

If on the book itself we cast our view,  
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true :  
 The doctrine, miracles ! which most convince,  
 For Heaven in them appeals to human sense :  
 And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,  
 When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,  
 It speaks no less than God in every line :  
 Commanding words—whose force is still the same  
 As the first fiat that produced our frame.  
 All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,  
 Or sense indulged, has made mankind their friend :  
 This only doctrine does our lust oppose,  
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows,  
 Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin,  
 Oppressed without, and undetermined within,  
 It thrives through pain ; its tormentors tries ;  
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.  
 To what can reason such effects assign  
 Transcending nature, but to laws divine,  
 Which in that sacred volume are contained ;  
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained ?

DRYDEN.



TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

V.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross  
 Of our Redeemer, God ?  
 Shall infidels reproach his laws,  
 Or trample on his blood ?

What if he choose mysterious ways  
 To cleanse us from our faults ;  
 May not the works of sovereign grace  
 Transcend our feeble thoughts ?

## THE BEAUTIES OF

What if his Gospel bids us fight  
 With flesh, and self, and sin ;  
 The prize is most divinely bright  
 That we are called to win.

What if the foolish and the poor  
 His glorious grace partake ;  
 This but confirms the truth the more,  
 For so the prophet spake.

Do some that own his sacred name  
 Indulge their souls in sin ?  
 Jesus should never bear the blame—  
 His laws are pure and clean.

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,  
 Our lips profess his word ;  
 Nor blush nor fear to walk among  
 The men that fear the Lord.

WATTS.

## TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

## VI.

A glory gilds the sacred page  
 Majestic, like the sun :  
 It gives a light to every age ;  
 It gives—but borrows none.

The Power that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat :  
 Its truths upon the nations rise ;  
 They rise—but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine  
 For such a bright dispensation  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

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BELIEF OF THE GOSPEL.

VII.

FAITH speaks aloud, distinct—even adders hear,
 But turn and dart into the dark again.
 Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,
 To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun.
 And lands Thought smoothly on the farthest shore.
 Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes ;
 That mountain barrier between man and peace :
 'Tis faith disarms destruction, and absolves
 From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb.
 Why shouldst thou disbelieve ?—'tis Reason bids—
 "All sacred Reason."—Hold-her sacred still ;
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame,
 Reason ! my heart is thine ; deep in its folds
 Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two.
 My reason did baptise me when adult ;
 Weighed true and false in her imperial scale ;
 And made that choice which once was but my fate.
 Reason pursued is faith ; and unpursued
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more ;
 And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
 Or Reason lies, and Heaven designed it wrong ;
 Absolve we this ? What then is blasphemy ?
 Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,
 Reason we grant, demands our first regard,
 The mother honoured, as the daughter dear—
 Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flower—
 The fading flower shall die ; but Reason lives
 Immortal as her Father in the skies.
 Wrong not the Christian—think not reason yours ;
 'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear ;

'Tis Reason's injured rights his wrath resents.
 Believe, and shew the reason of a man ;
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
 Believe and look with triumph on the tomb !
 Through Reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die ;
 Which dying, tenfold terrors gives to Death,
 And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

YOUNG.

BELIEF OF THE GOSPEL.

. VIII.

I LOVE the sacred book of God ;
 No other can its place supply,—
 It points me to the saint's abode ;
 It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

Blest book ! in thee my eyes discern
 The image of my absent Lord ;
 From thine instructive page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.

Then shall I need thy light no more,
 For nothing shall be then concealed ;
 When I have reached the heavenly shore,
 The Lord himself will stand revealed.

When 'midst the throng celestial placed,
 The bright original I see,
 From which thy sacred page was traced,
 Best book ! I've no more need of thee.

But while I'm here thou shalt supply
 His place, and tell me of his love ;
 I'll read with faith's deserving eye,
 And thus partake of joys above.

KELLY.

BELIEF OF THE GOSPEL.

IX.

By the thoughtless world derided,
 Still I love the word of God ;
 'Tis the crook by which I'm guided,
 Often 'tis a chastening rod ;
 'Tis a sword that cuts asunder
 All my pride and vanity,
 When abased I lie and wonder
 That he spares a wretch like me.

This confirms me while I waver,
 Sets my trembling judgment right—
 When I stray how much soever
 This is my restoring light.
 Satan oft and sin assail me,
 With temptations ever new—
 Then, O nothing can avail me,
 Till my bleeding Lord I view.

Faith I need ; O Lord bestow it !
 Give my labouring mind relief—
 Oft, alas ! I doubt—I know it—
 Help, O help my unbelief !
 Dearest Saviour, by thy merit,
 May I gain a future crown—
 Guide, O guide me by thy spirit,
 Till these storms are overblown.

DR. COLLYER.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

X.

WHAT is that thought that lifts the soul
 Above the woes that cling around it,
 And bids the wheels of triumph roll
 O'er each unhallowed wish that bound it,
 From hopes and commandings sublime,
 To perishable things of time ?

The star that flung her lonely ray
 Across its earthly path may perish,
 And one by one into decay
 May sink the hopes it loved to cherish,
 But heaven's undying light hath shed
 "Eternal sunshine on its head."

The pilgrim-spirit owns that there
 His path is strewd with thorns of sorrow,
 And hails with joy a beam appear,
 To guide him to a brighter morrow;
 That same unfading beam from high,
 That lit his Saviour to the sky.

Love warms his breast, and lights his eye,
 While thoughts of heaven within are springing,
 And holy hopes that cannot die,
 Around his inmost soul are clinging;
 His Saviour's love hath filled his breast,
 To light his path to realms of rest.

This is the thought that lifts the soul
 Above the miseries that bound it,
 While joys unutterable roll
 Their hues of mantling glory round it,
 And sprinkle on the bursting tomb,
 The brightness of immortal bloom.

ANON.

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### THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

#### XI.

LIKE snow that falls where waters glide,  
 Earth's pleasures fade away;  
 They melt in time's destroying tide,  
 And cold are while they stay.

But joys that from the gospel flow,  
 Like stars that gild the night,  
 Amid the darkest gloom of woe  
 Shine forth with sweetest light.

The Gospel's ray no clouds obscure;  
 But o'er the Christian's soul  
 It sheds a radiance calm and pure,  
 Though tempests round him roll.

His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke;  
 But to its latest thrill,  
 Like diamonds shining when they're broke,  
 The Gospel lights it still.

ANON.

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THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL

XII.

Be thou my star in reason's night!
 Be thou my rock in danger's fright!
 Be thou my joy, 'mid passion's way!
 My moon by night—my sun by day!

Be thou my hope 'midst dark'ning care!
 When friends forsake, be thou my prayer!
 While prosperous, be my constant stay!
 My home through life's bewildering way!

Be thou my guide on Error's sea!
 My compass, chart, directing me!
 When tossed on Doubt's tumultuous tide
 Thy promises my anchor bide!

Be thou my friend in want or pain!
 In disappointment be my gain!
 When, weeping for the blest, loved dead—
 Oh! wipe the tears these eyes may shed!

Be thou, when other lights shall fade,
 My torch to guide me through the grave!
 Be thou my passport to the sky—
 My song throughout eternity!

ANON.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

XIII.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the Gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case
 Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls
 Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring :
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial-spring !

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace :
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

MEDLEY.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

XIV.

COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my ways your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou, who houseless, sole forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise :

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care,
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come, for here is found-
 Balm that flows for every wound !
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS BARBALD

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THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

XV.

GOD'S holy law proclaims  
 The wretched sinner's state ;  
 The least defect it loud condemns,  
 And still its claims repeat.

Its awful threatenings fill  
 The criminal with fear ;  
 Its only work to slay and kill,  
 Its only fruit despair.

In vain we seek to draw  
 Substantial comfort thence ;  
 What comfort can a broken law  
 To guilty souls dispense ?

But see from Christ the Lord  
 Immortal blessings flow ;  
 His life and death new hopes afford  
 Of grace and glory too.

We now approach the throne  
Of an offended God ;  
There make our sins and sorrows known,  
And plead a Saviour's blood.

BEDDOME.

## THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

## XVI.

Ho ! every one that thirsts draw nigh :  
'Tis God invites the fallen race :  
Mercy and free salvation buy ;  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come !  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call :  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find my grace is free for all.

See from the Rock a fountain rise !  
For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls :

Nothing ye in exchange can give,  
Leave all you have, and are behind ;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?  
On ashes, husks, and air, ye feed ;  
Ye spend your little all in vain.

In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife :  
Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?  
I have the words of endless life.

Hearken to me with earnest care,  
 And freely eat substantial food;  
 The sweetness of my mercy share,  
 And taste that I alone am good.

I bid you all my goodness prove,  
 My promises for all are free;  
 Come, taste the manner of my love,  
 And let your souls delight in me.

Your willing ear and heart incline,  
 My words believ'ingly receive;  
 Quickened, your souls, by faith divine,  
 An everlasting life shall live.

ANON.

RESULTS OF THE GOSPEL.

XVII.

MARK the soft falling snow  
 And the diffusive rain;  
 To heaven from whence they fell,  
 They turn not back again;  
 But water earth  
 Through every pore,  
 And call forth all  
 Its secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,  
 The hills and valleys shine  
 And man and beast are fed  
 By Providence Divine;  
 The harvest bows  
 Its golden ears,  
 The copious seed  
 Of future years.

## THE BEAUTIES OF

So saith the God of grace,  
 My gospel shall descend,  
 Almighty to effect  
 The purpose I intend ;  
 Millions of souls  
 Shall feel its power,  
 And bear it down  
 To millions more.

Joy shall begin your march,  
 And peace protect your ways,  
 While all the mountains round  
 Echo melodious praise.  
 The vocal groves  
 Shall sing to God,  
 And every tree  
 Consenting nod.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

## RESULTS OF THE GOSPEL.

## XVIII.

There was a loud, a piteous cry,  
 From Africa's resounding wild,  
 A yell of bitterest agony ;  
 A piercing shriek that rent the sky,  
 Of many a mother for her child,  
 Torn from her arms ere manhood's bloom,  
 To languish in a living tomb ;  
 Or tremble at the sounding thong,  
 And drag the strained load along,  
 In slavery's hopeless gloom.  
 From superstitions dark domain  
 The bounding wave the summons bore,  
 And freighted it to Britain's shore ;  
 Could Christian hearts refrain ?  
 No ! from their valued native land

MODERN SACRED POETRY.

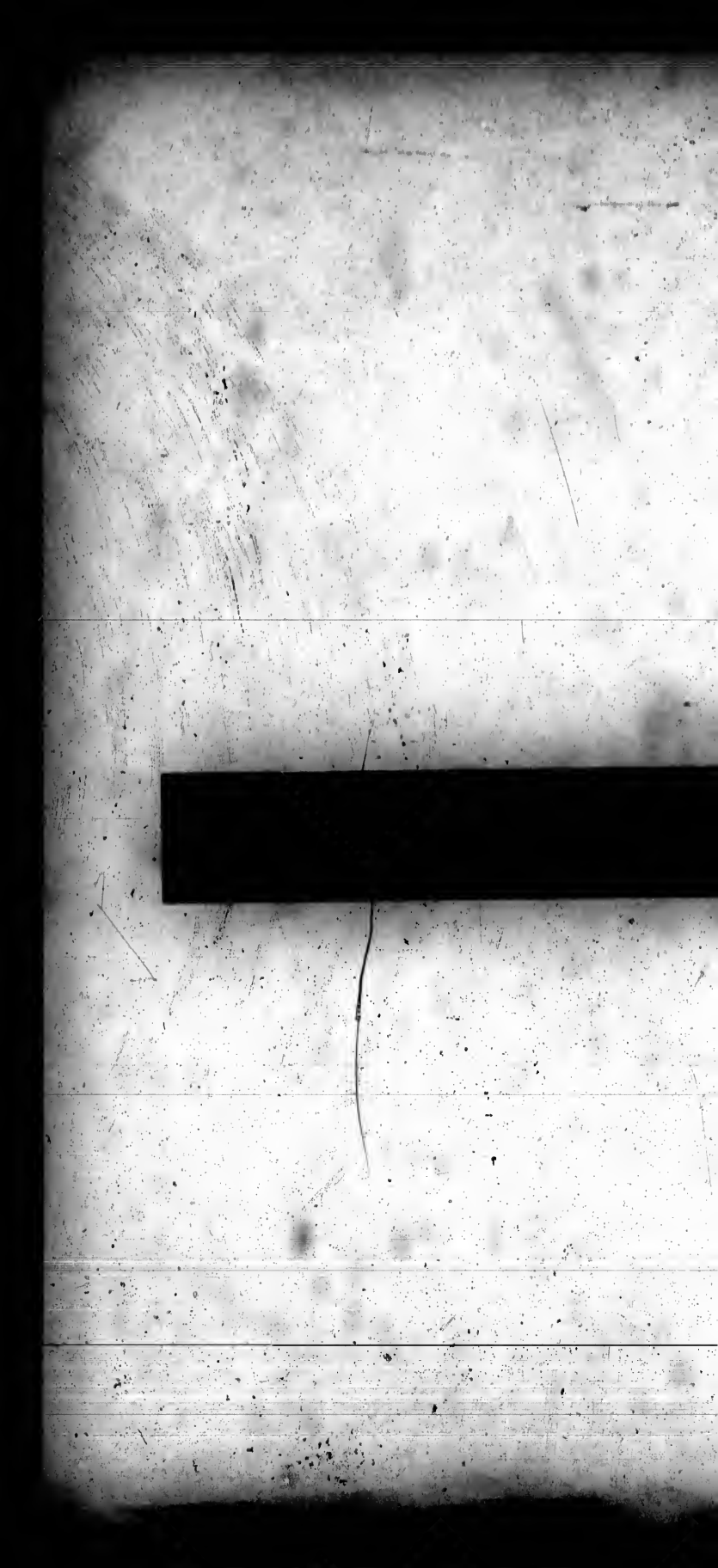
And every dearest earthly tie,  
Obedient to their Lord's command,  
A self-devoted zealous band  
Attends the negro's cry.  
The conscious billows gently drove  
Their precious charge along ;  
The negro found a Saviour's love,  
The negro heard of joys above,  
And savage bosoms nought could move,  
Have poured a grateful song.  
Where once the woods re-echoed with the din  
Of superstition's shrieking sacrifice,  
The native mourns beneath a sense of sin,  
Or loud Hosannas penetrate the skies.

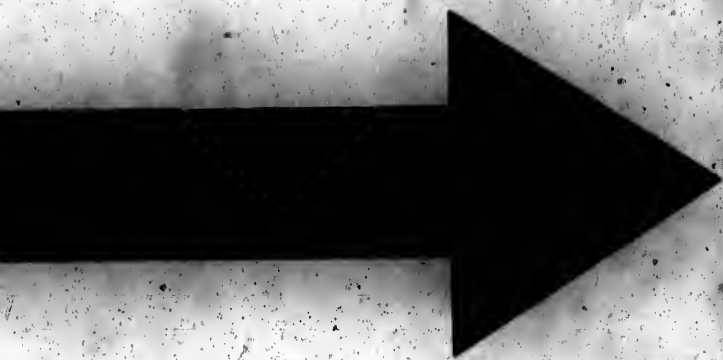
And many a shoot of worthless line  
Is grafted on the living vine ;  
And many a soul has winged its way  
To regions of celestial day.

See ! the Gospel Sun arising,  
Where its beams have never shone,  
All the fiends of hell surprising ;  
Satan trembles on his throne.  
Lo ! the prophecies fulfilling,  
All shall seek the Saviour's face ;  
Every nation shall be willing,  
In the day of sovereign grace.  
Haste thy coming, Judah's Lion,  
Make the powers of darkness flee ;  
Come thou comforter of Zion,  
All thy people wait for thee—  
Comfort all her desert places,  
Make her wilderness to bloom,  
Let her fruit of holy graces  
Pour thee forth a rich perfume.

ANON.

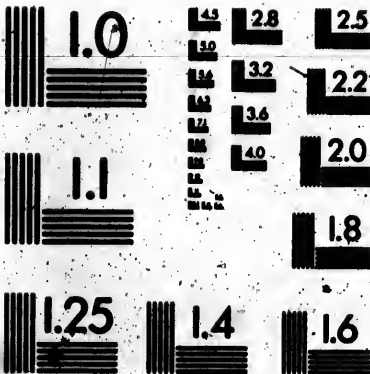






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## RESULTS OF THE GOSPEL.

## XIX.

YE friends of Zion hail !  
 The cheering dawn salutes our eyes,  
 Soon shall the glorious day arise,  
 And Satan's empire fail :  
 Behold yon herald's peaceful band !  
 How spreads their sound from land to land !  
 Soon shall the thronging Jews no more delay—  
 And see, the northern prince prepares the destined way.  
 Divine Messiah—hail !  
 We Gentiles, partners in thy love,  
 Joint heirs of blood-bought seats above,  
 Await the favouring gale :  
 And when at last they anchor weigh,  
 And Salem's banners high display,  
 Loud songs of praise shall rend the vaulted sky—  
 " Thy kingdom now is come—glory to God on high ! "

ANON.

## RESULTS OF THE GOSPEL.

## XX.

HAIL ! that blissful day approaching,  
 When the sacred word shall spread  
 To the earth's remotest regions,  
 And to life restore the dead !  
 When all nations  
 Shall acknowledge Christ their head.

Precious Bible ! what a treasure  
 Is within thy pages stored ;  
 Sacred promises and precepts,  
 Doctrines worthy of thy Lord :  
 Streams of mercy  
 Flowing far and wide abroad.

By their influence the desert  
 Shall become a fertile plain ;  
 Buds and blossoms spread their beauties,  
 Concord there began its reign :  
 Precious Bible !  
 May it still new conquests gain.

BEDDOME.

## EXTENSION OF THE GOSPEL.

## XXI.

BE sheathed, O sword of war !  
 The work of death is done !  
 The nations, near and far,  
 Their race of blood have run.

But still one foe remains,  
 The foe of God and man ;  
 The soul-destroyer reigns,  
 The monster—"man of sin !"

"Sword of the Spirit," wake !  
 From Britian's scabbard fly !  
 His holds of glory shake,  
 And hurl him from on high !

From Superstition's den,  
 And Error's ten-fold night,  
 Chase thou the fiends within,  
 And slay them in thy might.

While God's own soldiers well  
 Thy strength, resistless, wield,  
 The powers of earth and hell  
 Shall quit the vanquished field.

"Sword of the Spirit," go—  
 Thy victory's complete ;  
 Then lay thy every trophy low  
 At our Immanuel's feet.

ANON.

## EXTENSION OF THE GOSPEL.

## XXII.

Go, ye messengers of God,  
 Like the beams of morning fly ;  
 Take the wonder-working rod,  
 Wave the banner-cross on high.

Visit every heathen soil,  
 Every barren burning strand ;  
 Bid each dreary region smile,  
 Lovely as the promised land . .

In yon wilds of stream and shade,  
 Many an Indian wigwam trace ;  
 And with words of love persuade  
 Savages to sue for grace.

Circumnavigate the ball,  
 Visit every soil and sea ;  
 Preach the cross of Christ to, all ;  
 Jesus' love is full and free.

ANON.

## EXTENSION OF THE GOSPEL.

## XXIII.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand ;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand :  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from Error's chain.

What, though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile—  
 In vain with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strawn,—  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to man benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! O, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

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 THE CREATION.

I.

GEN. I.

FROM the throne of the Highest the mandate came  
 forth,  
 From the word of Omnipotent God;  
 And the elements fashioned His footstool the earth,  
 And the Heavens His holy abode:

And His Spirit moved over the fathomless flood  
 Of waters that frothed in darkness around,  
 Until, at His bidding, their turbulent mood  
 Was hushed to a calm, and obedient they stood  
 Where he fixed their perpetual bound.

By the word of Omnipotent, valley and hill  
 Were clothed with the grass and the flower ;  
 And the fruit-tree expanded its blooms by the rill,  
 And the nourishing herb in the bower ;  
 And the sun of the morning—the fountain of light—  
 Threw his cherishing rays through creation afar ;  
 And the region of darkness—the season of light—  
 The sister of chaos—grew beauteous and bright  
 By the beams of the moon and the star.

By the word of Omnipotence, nature brought forth  
 The fish, and the beast, and the bird ;  
 And they played in the waters, and browsed on the  
 earth,

And the air by their carol was stirred ;  
 And man, in the image and likeness of God,  
 Erected his person majestic and tall ;  
 And though, like a worm, he was formed of the clod,  
 Yet the favourite of Heaven, he conspicuously trod  
 The lord and possessor of all.

From the work of creation, which rose by His word—  
 When finished the heavens and the earth—  
 On the seventh day rested th' Omnipotent Lord,  
 As he looked on each beautiful birth ;  
 On the firmament, stretched from the east to the west,  
 On the far flowing sea, and the fast teeming land ;  
 And He saw they were good—and the Sabbath was  
 blest,  
 The Sabbath !—the sanctified season of rest  
 To the creatures that came from His hand.

KNOX.

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## THE CREATION.

## II.

## GEN. I.

HAIL, Source of Being ! hail, Eternal Word !  
 Sole Source of all things ! whose command was heard  
 At Nature's birth, through all the realms of Night,  
 And on her empire poured celestial light :—  
 Whose mandate calmed the elemental strife,  
 Educing order and imparting life :  
 Thee would I worship in immortal strains,  
 Like those which echoed through th' ethereal plains,  
 When choirs seraphic the Creator sang,  
 And heaven's high arches with the anthems rang.  
 O ! could I catch your rapturous notes of praise,  
 Sons of the Morning ! whose ecstatic lays  
 Proclaimed the power " who spake and it was done,"  
 Jehovah's equal and eternal Son.

Inspire my muse, ye first-born sons of light !  
 Pourtray the scene that burst upon your sight,  
 When earth's stupendous fabric first was reared.  
 And in primeval dignity appeared ;  
 When nature first, in innocence arrayed,  
 The bloom of immortality displayed ;  
 Beauteous in form, and exquisitely fair,  
 While yet unfaded, undefiled, she bare  
 Her Maker's impress, and resplendent shone,  
 The perfect image of the Holy One.

Say, (for ye witnessed the enchanting sight,)  
 How, 'midst the trackless void, new worlds of light,  
 Fixed in their orbits by mysterious laws,  
 Unknown to all but the supreme First Cause,  
 In beauty decked, with godlike splendour crowned,  
 Successive rose, and poured their radiance round.  
 Wrapt in amazement, ye behold from far  
 The nascent glories of each solar star ;  
 Gaze on each system, and revolving sphere,  
 Soon as commenced its luminous career ;  
 And hailed, in choral songs and seraph strains,  
 Each brilliant orb, that gilds the ethereal plains.

'Twas *then* ye heard, with reverential awe,  
 Th' Almighty ruler promulgate that law  
 Which filled the caverns of the vast profound,  
 And taught th' obedient waves to know their bound.  
 With verdure clothed, *then* bloomed the new made earth,  
 O'erspread with herbage of spontaneous birth ;  
 Uprose the forests, in majestic pride,  
 Whose cedars flung their shadows far and wide ;  
 Eden *then* smiled, enriched with fruits and flowers,  
 Various in colour, taste, and latent powers :  
 So fair the structure, so sublime it stood,  
 That He who fashioned it, pronounced it " good."

Tell how, obedient to the high behest  
 Of nature's God, myriads of creatures pressed  
 Into existence,—from the reptile worm  
 To huge Leviathan's unwieldy form :—  
 Beings of every order, class, and name,  
 Of curious texture, and mysterious frame ;  
 Tenants of every element and clime ;  
 All sprang to life, in their appointed time  
 And due gradation—perfect in their kind,—  
 The finished work of an Omniscient Mind.

But, chiefly say, ye seraphs round the throne,  
 How glorious in his Maker's image shone  
 The new made man ! though moulded at the first  
 From shapeless matter, and of meanest dust,  
 Beauteous and fair, his yet immortal frame  
 With matchless skill constructed, soon became  
 Fit dwelling for a pure ethereal soul,  
 Destined to live, when ages cease to roll.

O, who can tell by what mysterious ties,  
 Concealed alike from ignorant and wise,  
 The great Eternal first was pleased to bind  
 Unconscious matter to reflecting mind ?  
 Who can discern the dignified retreat,  
 Where thought and reason fixed their sacred seat ?  
 Where reigned the imperial Spirit, veiled from sight,  
 Yet throned in innocence, and robed with light ?  
 O, who can estimate that Spirit's worth,

Offspring of heaven, of pure celestial birth :  
 A flame unquenched, e'en by the damps of death,  
 Kindled and cherished by th' Almighty's breath ;  
 Bright emanation from the Source of Good !  
 Fruit of the counsels of a Triune God !

Fountain of Being ! Universal Lord !  
 By all thy creatures be thy name adored !  
 In heaven, on earth, to nature's utmost bound,  
 Where'er the wonders of Thine hand are found :  
 Thy goodness all with one accord proclaim,  
 Let all re-echo, " Hallowed be thy name."

T. MORELL.

THE CREATION FINISHED AND SURVEYED.

III.

Gen. i. 31.

HERE finished he, and all that he had made  
 Viewed, and behold all is entirely good ;  
 So even and morn accomplished the sixth day ;  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,  
 Up to the heaven of heavens his high abode,  
 Thence to behold his new created world,  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shewed  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
 Followed by acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
 Angelic harmonies ; the earth, the air,  
 Resounded, (thou rememb'rest, for thou heardest,)  
 The heavens and all the constellations rang,  
 The planets in their stations listening stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant,  
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sang,  
 Open, ye heavens, your everlasting doors ; let in  
 The great Creator from his work returned  
 Magnificent, his six days' work, a world.

MILTON.

## ADAM.

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

(GEN. II.)

THE mighty Lord of heaven and earth,  
 By Gihon's pure and placid stream,  
 That from the new-born hills came forth,  
 To sparkle in the sun's young beam—  
 Upraised, all lovely as a dream  
 To hearts of holy feeling given,  
 The garden bowers with joy that teem  
 For the peculiar wards of heaven :—

For man and woman—blessed pair !  
 In innocence and beauty made ;  
 With sinless lips to breathe the air,  
 Whose odorous gales around them played ;  
 With hearts as pure as dew-drops laid  
 Within the rose's virgin breast ;  
 With souls that never felt a shade  
 Of gloom upon their prospects rest.

O blessed state ! O happy souls,  
 Whose feelings intermingling flow,  
 Like meeting streams whose current rolls  
 Unstopped by barrier-rocks below,  
 Whose hearts, unwrung by jealous throes,  
 Untouched by boding fears of death,  
 Cling to the hopes that round them show  
 A fair and everlasting path !

Delightful word ! how happy they,  
 To kneel upon the flowery sod,  
 At coming, at departing day,  
 And pour their fervent praise to God !  
 While angels from their blest abode  
 Beyond the radiant stars of even,  
 Oft meet, on their descending road,  
 The anthem, on its way to heaven.

KNOX.

## ENOCH.

## I.

Gen. v. 24.

He was an aged man. Around his way  
 Full many a soared and shattered leaf was strowed,  
 While mournful memory pictured that bright day,  
 When love and friendship cheered his rugged road.  
 Still, though in grief, some melting looks he threw  
 O'er the wide wreck unsparing death had made ;  
 His hope unharmed, revived, and bloomed anew.  
 Firmer from every blast—fairer from every shade,  
 And his meek spirit held, in silent prayer,  
 Deep, dally converse with his destined heaven.  
 Till, mild as summer evening's whispering air,  
 The welcome word for his release was given.  
 He heard, he smiled, and left this drear abode,  
 With this undying fame,—“ He walked with God.”

ANON.

## ENOCH.

## II

Gen. v. 22, 24.

Dellightful record! Enoch walked with God :  
 How great his happiness, sublime and pure !  
 Here is all excellence, all solid bliss,  
 And all of heaven that can be found below.

He, as ourselves, was fallen, frail, and weak !  
 By nature guilty, sinful, far from God :  
 But grace, descending with effectual might,  
 Made him exalted 'midst the sons of men.

His was an evil day ; and all around  
 Impiety and grossest vice prevailed ;  
 But he avoided, faithful to the truth,  
 The vile contagion, standing all alone.

What was his life? A life of holy thought,  
Of circumspection, faith and righteous deeds,  
Of ceaseless conflict, of sincerest prayer,  
Of bold exertion for the weal of all.

I see him in his majesty serene,  
Grieving for others, happy in himself;  
His voice solemnity, his spirit love;  
Himself far more the man of heaven than earth.

Vain, froward mortals treat thee with contempt,  
And hate thy good example and thy words;  
But thou advancest in thy sacred course,  
Walking with God in faith and blest desire.

But, lo, the shining chariot now arrives;  
Escorting angels guide thee to the sky:  
Mortality is swallowed up of life,  
And one blest moment puts thee high in bliss.

O, while I dwell a sojourner on earth,  
With steadfast purpose may I walk with God!  
And though I cannot shun the gates of death,  
I shall soon triumph in immortal peace.

JOSEPH JONES.

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NOAH.

THE DELUGE.

1.

Gen. vi.

TREMENDOUS judgments of an angry God!
See round the world a shoreless ocean roll;
Men and the works of men are swept away;
'Tis thus the Highest punishes offence.

Nothing is seen except the billowy waves
Of restless waters, glittering in the sun,
And not a voice is heard, and not a sound,
Save the deep murmur of the rushing main.

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But see one vessel floating on the deep,
 Charged with the few whom awful justice spares :
 There Noah lives, the only righteous man :
 So God protects him in the day of wrath.

In a perverse, incorrigible age,
 He walked with God, stood perfect in his day :
 Faith wrought in him ; a faith with works adorned,
 A solid, living, and obedient faith.

Let others tremble ; he is void of fear :
 Let others perish ; he in safety smiles :
 The dire commotion that convulsed a world
 Leaves him in blest tranquillity of soul.

Safe in the ark, he finds a gracious God
 His friend and guardian in the general wreck ;
 And seeing those around him whom he loves,
 He gratefully extols his awful name.

Thou, Lord, art still the same ; the just and pure ;
 And thou wilt pour thy fury on the vile :
 O where is safety from the dreadful storm ?
 'Tis in the Church of Christ that sacred ark.

O may I walk with God in faith and love !
 Why should I heed the laughter of the world ?
 Come then what will, in each tremendous hour
 I shall be safe, and smile amidst the gloom.

JOSEPH JONES.

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 NOAH.

THE DELUGE.

II.

GEN. VII.

THE hundred kings have perished on the pile,  
 While feasts succeed with dance and orgies vile :  
 The revellers at death and danger smile !  
 Lo ! in the midst is seen an unknown light—  
 Red clouds arise—a silence deep as night  
 Reigns through heaven's canopy ! while far and near  
 The birds, on wildest wing, betray their fear.







Now, the portentous pause has ceased to reign !  
 The northern clouds burst on in threatening train !  
 Heaven's flood-gates cast their torrents from the sky !  
 And loud is heard the wind's shrill harmony !  
 The wine of Ashtaroth no longer cheers,  
 Each leaves the banquet, thoughtful, each appears.  
 And on the gathering storm, more dark, more dread,  
 Gazes, perplexed, and silent, shakes his head !  
 The eve comes on in tenfold gloom arrayed !  
 And, now, amid the heart-appalling shade,  
 Lightnings, in eminence of forked fire,  
 Burst furious on, and back the night retire !  
 Ah ! what stupendous thunders shake the air !  
 And what fresh bursts of long-enduring glare !  
 Where is the firm, the proud disdainful brow !  
 Where is the lofty look, the boaster now ?  
 While the dread scenes the stoutest hearts appal,  
 In vain on Ashtaroth aloud they call !  
 Moloch their prayer regards not ! Louder still,  
 Tempests, the air, with unseen terrors fill !  
 The forests, crashing, yield at last their reign !  
 The storm-rent mountains, rolling to the plain,  
 Swell the vast uproar, whilst the earth below,  
 Trembling, augments the unimagined woe !  
 No voice is heard from man ; aghast he stands,  
 Starting at every sound with grasped hands !  
 And waiting for the morn her beam to shed.  
 Though fearing fiercer foes, and deeper dread !  
 What startling horrors now their breasts invade !  
 The morning comes, in darkness still arrayed !  
 Night hath its bounds, but morn, so dim and drear,  
 Gives to the shuddering heart intenser fear !  
 Ah ! now the struggling twilight finds its way  
 Through warring mists that bar distracted day !  
 The monarch from his slave no pity shares,  
 'Tis man that suffers, man his burden bears !  
 All sympathy, disdainful, far is thrown,  
 Where each deliverance seeks for one alone !  
 The storm still waxes higher ; 'mid the sky,  
 Thunders still roll and lightnings fiercer fly !  
 Torrents, augmenting, through the valleys pour ;  
 The clouds, on deluged earth, exhaust their store !

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The new-born rivers rise, and bear away  
 Spoils, heaped on spoils, with a resistless sway !  
 The waters fast increase ! Another night  
 Now spreads, oppressed with terrors infinite !  
 Another morn arrives ! the distant sea,  
 Bursts its weak bounds, and, from dominion free,  
 With lawless rage rolls on the impetuous wave,  
 Sweeping whole nations to their watery grave !  
 Ah now, too late the lofty sons of earth,  
 Confounded, mourn the moment of their birth !  
 Hosts to the hills, for safety vain, have fled,  
 Soul-agonized, oppressed with speechless dread !  
 Striving to gain the pinnacle on high,  
 With furious fear or with the ghastly-eye,  
 Their spirits quenched ! despairing ! refuge o'er !  
 Gazing on billows huge that round them roar.  
 Like isles, emerging from the troubled sea,  
 The mountains rise, stript of their majesty,  
 Around whose base, and up whose craggy side,  
 Conflicting waves advance, with rapid stride !  
 The rains augment in fury as in form,  
 And fiercer far, and blacker still the storm !  
 Ah, impious race ! your scoffing day is past !  
 Vengeance, so long defied, arrives at last !  
 Earth casts you forth ! Your very breath defiles,  
 Whilst Mercy, changed of nature, view and smiles !  
 The patriarch's words, which late you heard to scorn,  
 Sound in your ear, and swell the pang forelorn !  
 Now you behold him, as the storms descend,  
 Safe in the ark of faith, with God his friend ;  
 And to partake his refuge, in this hour,  
 Would barter, baubles vain ! earth, pomp, and power !  
 Too late the warning-voice conviction brings,  
 Your outraged conscience, like the scorpion stings !  
 Too late you mourn o'er hell's destructive sway,  
 While the last hope, uncherished, dies away !  
 Hold faster still the mountain's rugged side !  
 Climb higher, from the onward-rolling tide !  
 Force some more wretched being from his stand !  
 And lift for safety brief, weak, murderous hand !  
 Fiercer the waves advance ! Ah ! now they sweep  
 The last of mortals to the raging deep.

## NOAH.

## THE DELUGE.

## III.

Gen. vii. viii.

BEHOLD the wrathful Deity enthroned  
 In darkness awful, inaccessible,  
 And order almost into chaos changed; [beams,  
 Tremendous gloom! that blots the sun's bright  
 And more than midnight horrors shroud the skies!  
 The faint grey twilight gleaming through the clouds,  
 Discover, floating on a shoreless sea,  
 The chosen eight embosomed in the ark,  
 One family preserved, to renovate  
 The world Jehovah's judgements have destroyed.

The direful devastation which alone  
 Th' inspir'd pen of Moses could describe,  
 In vain the painter labours to pourtray.

Vainly the matron clasped her blooming babe,—  
 Vainly the husband and the lover strove  
 The tender objects of their care to save;  
 Youth, smiling innocence, and hoary age,  
 Sink undistinguished in the general wreck.

Bloated with poison, as with fraudulent guile,  
 The wily serpent climbs the highest bough;  
 But sure destruction terminates his life;  
 For overwhelming waters higher rise,  
 And one stupendous ruin covers all.

O! tremble at a Deity incensed,  
 Whose power is infinite, whose word is truth,  
 Whose high behests the hosts of heaven obey.  
 But God remembers Noah in his ark,  
 And all the creatures that with him survive.

No more the rushing cataract descends,  
 The floods subside at the Creator's voice,  
 Who holds the ocean's vast profound abyss  
 Within the hollow of his potent hand!

Here once again the mountain tops are seen,  
 Strewn with the victims of Jehovah's wrath !  
 Bloated with water and deformed with ooze ;  
 The soul recoils and sickens at the sight,  
 And trembling views the dire effects of sin.

Exulting in his liberty long lost,  
 The sable bird his sounding wing expands,  
 And skims promiscuous the watery waste.  
 The snowy dove, sweet messenger of peace,  
 On the green olive lights with tired wing ;  
 She plucks the leaf, and through the misty air  
 Joyful returns to her preserver's hand.

But see the Bow, its new created dyes  
 Begin to beam propitious from the cloud ;  
 Of verity divine, conspicuous seal  
 To the covenant of mercy to mankind,  
 The sacred promise to the patriarch,  
 His sons, and every creature that hath life,—  
 " Destructive waters shall no more prevail,  
 No more become a flood upon the earth."

S. HUGHES.

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 NOAH.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DOVE.

IV.

GEN. vii. 8, 9.

THE dove flew forth from Noah's ark,
 And winged her dreary way
 O'er endless waves, and waters dark
 That dim before her lay :—
 But distant seas and frowning skies,
 Were all that met her seeking eyes.

Onward she kept, but could not trace
 One rock, or living thing,
 Or branch to form the blissful place
 To rest her weary wing :—
 Far rolling waves but met her view,
 And skies 'neath which she rapid flew.

Homewards her flight found all that's dear,
 Nor mount, nor distant hill,
 But gazing anxious far and near,
 Beheld an ocean still :
 And Noah welcomed back his dove
 Without the olive branch of love.

Yet once more o'er the waters wide
 Her pennon dared to stray,
 When brightness lengthened o'er the tide,
 And sunbeams mark her way, —
 And then from ocean rising grand
 She saw a wide and verdant land.

When evening's shadows round the ark
 In solemn silence spread,
 The watchful Noah from his bark
 Beheld her o'er his head ;
 And in her bill saw trembling shine
 The harbinger of grace divine.

R. RYAN.

NOAH.

THE RAINBOW.

V.

Gen. ix.

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud philosophy
 To teach me what thou art—

Still seems as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

Add yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams,
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey father's forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Enraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,
 Or mirrored in thy ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem.
 As when the eagle from the ark
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age
 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

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ABRAHAM.

I.

Gen. xii.

I VIEW the man of faith: he well deserves  
 My calm attention; my most serious thought:  
 Best principles are planted in his soul,  
 Which give his life the highest excellence.

Forsake thy kindred and thy native land!—  
 So bids the Highest; and the man obeys:  
 Go sacrifice thy son, thy only son!  
 The mandate is with readiness observed.

I see him wandering in a foreign realm,  
 A potent prince, respected and revered;  
 I see him wield the awful sword of war;  
 Rich without pride; affectionate and kind.

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I see him now conversing with his God,  
 In intercession, humble, earnest, free,  
 Or now I view him mourning o'er his dead  
 In all the manliness of tender grief.

Whence all his excellence? From faith alone;—  
 This was the principle that formed his life,  
 That made him nobly confident in God,  
 Obedient, and rememb'ring other worlds.

Hath God declared, and will he not perform?  
 Is he not worthy of our boundless trust?  
 He speaks,—then let us in his words believe;  
 He bids,—then let us his commands obey.

O for a true and all-controlling faith,  
 To honour God, and in his love repose!  
 To view thee, Saviour, as my life and hope;  
 To bear my cross, and daily follow thee!

Bright is their honour, ample is their joy,  
 Who copy Abraham in his faith and life:  
 What is the pomp and pride of earth to them?  
 It is enough that Abraham's God is theirs.

J. JONES.

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ABRAHAM.

THE HOSPITABLE PATRIARCH.

II.

GEN. xlii.

So when angelic forms to Syria sent
 Sat in the cedar shades by Abraham's tent,
 A spacious bowl the admiring patriarch fills
 With dulcet water from the scanty rills;
 Sweet fruits and kernels gathers from his hoard,
 With milk and butter piles the plenteous board;

While on the heated hearth his consort bakes
 Fine flour well kneaded in unleaved cakes ;
 The guests ethereal quaff the lucid flood,
 Smile on their hosts, and taste terrestrial food ;
 And while from seraph-lips sweet converse springs,
 They lave their feet, and close their silver wings.

DARWIN.

ABRAHAM.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

III.

GEN. xix.

THE blue sky to carnation had varid its hue,
 And the mountains were spangled with dew as with rain,
 When refulgent with glory the sun rose to view,
 And extended his beams over Jordan's green plain.

And the rose with her fragrance replenished the air,
 And the delicate myrtle bent down to the breeze,
 And the lotus expanded her leaves broad and fair,
 And the golden pomegranates embellished the trees.

The dark mulberries shone, and the fruit of the vine
 Intermingles with olives in violet ties,
 And the well watered valleys were covered with kine,
 And Gomorrah's high battlements rose to the skies.

But destruction soon raised o'er the cities his sword,
 Desolation abode where fertility bloomed ;
 A fire came from heaven by command of the Lord—
 The inhabitants, cities, and plains were consumed.

Like phosphor ignited, the bitumen burned,
 And the ocean's vast waves like volcanoes arose,
 Consternation and terror to misery turned,
 Man complained for a moment—death finished his woes.

As the world's were consuming, the darkening clouds
 Aspired to the zenith of heaven in their rage;
 And triumphantly death slew his victims in crowds,
 And the grave bared his arm in the fray to engage.

Terror governed each heart, the inhabitants fled
 From the country around, at this terrible sight,
 The wild beasts sought their dens, the flocks trembled
 with dread,
 And the beeves strangely wandered, o'erpowered by
 the light.

And this Eden is gone, and her beautiful bowers
 In the spring of their bloom have forsaken the world,
 And Gomorrah and Sodom's sublimely raised towers
 Are consumed in an hour—to oblivion are hurled.

T. WOOD.



ABRAHAM SURVEYING SODOM.

IV.

GEN. xix.

THE sun had risen on Jordan's sacred flood,
 Tinged the blue mountain-tops, and blushed upon
 The purple mantled sky, when slow and sad
 The lingering patriarch entered Zoar. And now
 Abram the faithful gat him up and stood
 On Mamre's hill, where in the evening shade,
 (Presenced with God in colloquy sublime)
 He urged with awe his iterated plea
 For guilty Sodom, wallowing in her crimes.

In this sequestered spot his soul was wont
 To hold high converse with celestial powers,
 Or rapt in thought profound to scale the heavens,
 And count the sapphires of the firmament.
 Here holy visions met the prophet's eye,
 The burning furnace and the lamp of flame,
 Portending all the fortunes of his seed—
 The kilns of Egypt, and the guardian care
 Of him who led them through the wilderness
 And Jordan's flood to Canaan's promised land.
 Here would he feed his eye on verdant plains,
 Sodama's green retreats, that watered well,
 Bloomed like another Eden, from the banks
 Of teeming Nilus to umbrageous Zoar,
 And Siddin's vale irriguous. Ah, how changed!
 A lovely scene no more. Where plenty smiled,
 And laughing pleasure led the jocund hours,
 Sulphureous vapours, flame and pitchy smoke
 Ascend in volumes dire. All-patient heaven
 Wearied at length, upon the sons of pride
 And sloth had poured the sudden vengeance down;
 Whelming her towers, and fane idolatrous
 In one promiscuous ruin.

ANON.

 ABRAHAM.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

V.

GEN. xxi. 14—20.

As Hagar wandered with her child,
 Amid Beersheba's desert wild,
 Their cruise of water failed at last,
 Where no refreshing streamlet passed—
 And 'neath a shrubby arbour nigh,
 Young Ishmael laid him down to die.

But could a mother stay to look
 Upon the eyes that light forsook ?
 Upon the lips that strove in vain
 To still a mother's heart of pain ?
 She feebly to a distance crept,
 And lifted up her voice and wept.

But, hark ! the angel of the Lord
 Lone Hagar's drooping heart restored :
 "Go raise," he cried, "the fainting boy,
 For he shall prove a mother's joy,
 And mighty nations yet shall be
 Descendants of thy son and thee,"

And, lo ! with wonder she espied
 A gushing fountain by her side,
 At which the empty cruise was filled,
 As Ishmael's heavenly Father willed—
 And Hagar with her darling child,
 Pursued her journey through the wild.

KNOX.

ABRAHAM.

THE PARENTAL SACRIFICE.

VI.

Gen. xxii.

THE morning sun rose bright and clear,
 On Abraham's tent it gaily shone ;
 And all was bright and tranquil there,—
 All save the patriarch's heart alone.

When God's command arose to mind,
 It forced the painful silent tear ;
 For though his soul was all resigned,
 Yet nature fondly lingered there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
 And Sarah at the banquet smiled,
 Joy o'er her face its lustrous shed,
 For near her sat her only child ;

The charms that pleased the monarch's eye,
 Upon her cheeks had left their trace,
 His high augureal destiny
 Was written in his smiling face.

His groaning father turned away,
 And walked the inner tent apart ;
 He felt his fortitude decay ;
 While nature whispered in his heart ;

" O must this son to whom was given
 The promise of a blessed land,
 Heir to the choicest gifts of heaven
 Be slain by a fond father's hand ?

This son, for whom my eldest born
 Was sent an outcast from his home ;
 And in some wilderness forlorn,
 A savage exile doomed to roam !

But shall a feeble worm rebel,
 And murmur at a Father's rod ;
 Shall he be backward to fulfil
 The known and certain will of God !

Arise, my son, thy God is here,
 And store the sacrifice due supplied
 For we must seek Moriah's hill,
 And offer there a sacrifice."

The mother raised her speaking eye,
 And all a mother's soul was there ;
 She feared a desert drear and dry,
 She feared a serpent lurking there ;

Abraham beheld, and made reply,
 "On him who all blessings flow
 My best beloved, we will rely,
 'Tis he commands, and we must go."

The dutious son in haste obeyed,
 The scrip was filled—the mules prepared,
 And with the third day's twilight shade,
 Moriah's lofty hill appeared,

The servants now at distance stand :
 Alone ascend the son and sire ;
 The wood on Isaac's shoulders laid,—
 The wood to build the funeral pyre.

No passion swayed the father's mind,
 He felt a calm and deathlike chill ;
 His soul all chastened,—all resigned,—
 Bowed meekly—though he shuddered still.

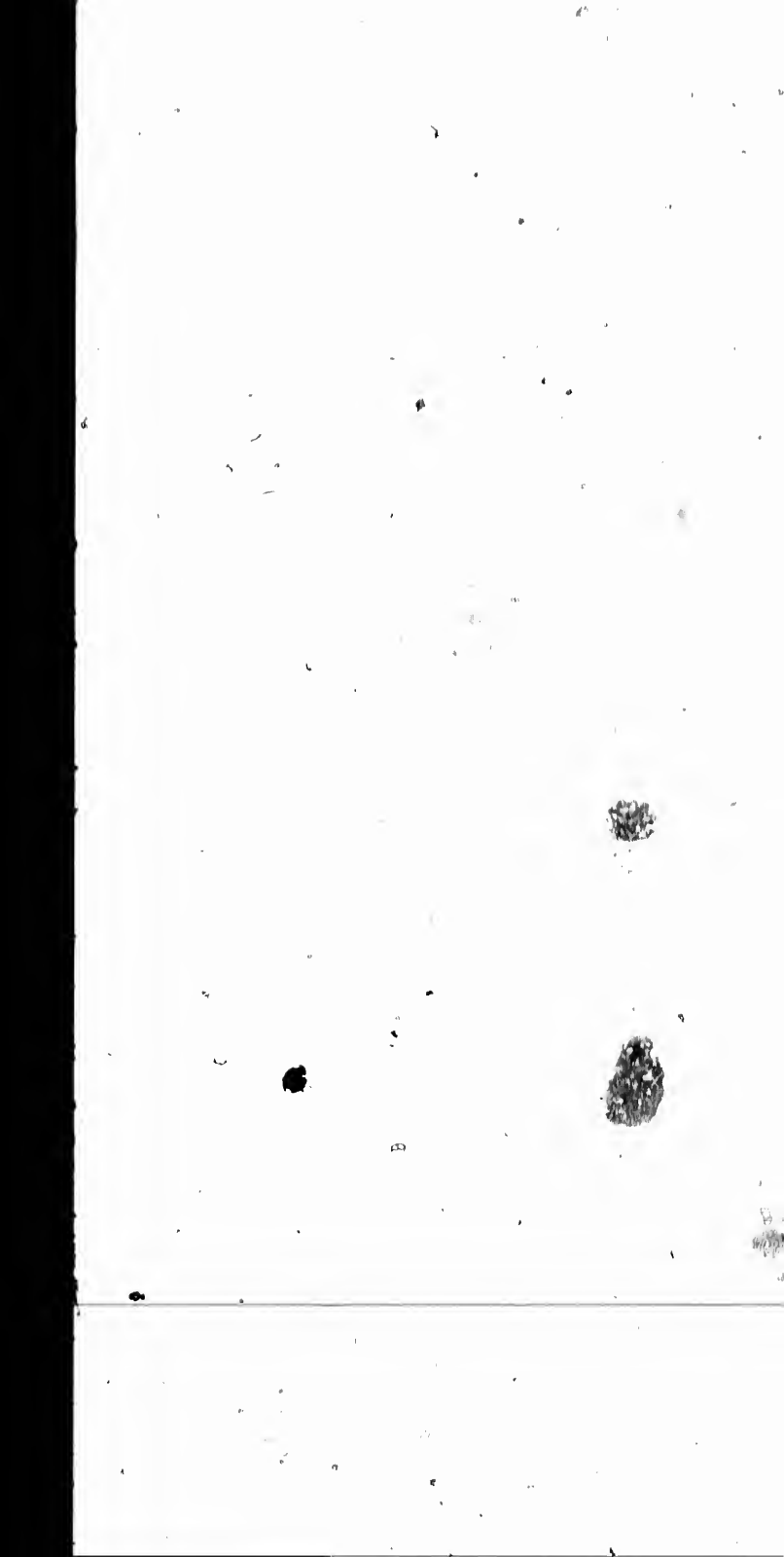
While on the mountains brow they stood,
 With smiling wonder Isaac cries,
 "My father ! lo, the fire and wood !
 But where's the lamb for sacrifice ?"

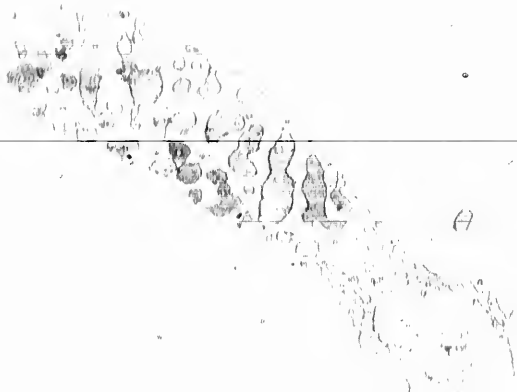
Holy Spirit stayed his mind,
 While Abraham answered low and calm,
 With steady voice and look resigned
 "God will provide himself a lamb."

But let no pen profane like mine,
 On holy themes too rashly dare ;
 Turn to the book of books divine,
 And read the sacred history there.

Ages on ages rolled away,
 At length the hour appointed came,
 And on the Mount of Calvary,
 God did indeed provide a lamb.

ANON.





H

JACOB'S DREAM.

I.

Gen. xxviii. 10—18.

THE setting orb his shadows cast,
 As slow the weary pilgrim past
 To Padan-Aram's land ;
 The heaven's wide from east to west
 Crimsoned, as fleet the sun to rest
 Sunk robed in splendour grand.

The twilight then began to spread
 Above the pious wanderer's head ;
 And slow from clouds afar
 Emerged, arrayed in purest light,
 The moon and that loved orb of night,
 The trembling evening star.

And soon, where'er he fixed his eyes,
 On the broad concave of the skies,
 New splendours shone around ;
 Each constellation rose in turn,
 And planets clad in glory burn,
 And gem the vast profound.

'Twas then by cruel hardship taught,
 Huge stones the pilgrim anxious sought,
 And plied them for his head ;
 Then laid him down, while silence kept
 Her nightly vigils as he slept,
 And hovered round his bed.

He dreamt he saw the clouds which glide
 Effulgent, ope on every side,
 And distant skies seemed riven ;
 And, as they rode in light away,
 He gazed on realms of endless day,
 And saw the gates of heaven.

He looked, and saw from earth to skies
A flight of golden steps arise,
And angels moved thereon,
Descending from the empyrean height,
While others to abodes of light,
Ascended and were gone.

From the bright portals whence they trod,
The pilgrim heard the voice of God—
The will divine declare,—
That he and his posterity
Unnumbered on the earth should be,
And heavenly guidance share.

He trembling woke, and shook with fear,
And cried, "The Lord my God is near,
How dreadful is this place ;
This is His house whereon I lie,
And in yon bright and boundless sky
His awful throne I trace."

The eastern clouds as gold shone bright,
While gorgeous rose, enthroned in light,
The never-tiring sun :
With glory crowned he treads the skies,
And light, and life, and health supplies,
Until his course is run.

Then Jacob rose, and bent the knee,
And cried, "Thou, Lord, my God shall be,
Guide Thou my life's pathway."
And while morn broke serenely grand,
The pilgrim sought the distant land,
Where Padan-Aram lay.

R. RYAN.

JACOB WRESTLING WITH AN ANGEL.

II.

GEN. xxxii.

COME, Oh thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself has called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never would unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell!
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long
I rise superior to my pain,
"When I am weak then am I strong,"
And when my all of strength shall fail
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
 Be conquered by my instant prayer;
 Speak, or I never hence will move,
 And tell me if thy name be Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou'st died for me,
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal Love thou art:
 To me let thy compassion move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God! the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive,
 Through faith I see thee face to face,—
 I see thee face to face and live:
 In vain I have not wept and strove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus the feeble sinner's friend;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Arose with healing in his wings.
 Withered his native strength; from thee
 My soul its life and succour brings:
 My help is all laid up above,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On the alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from thee to move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sea with edse o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

WESLEY.

JACOB RECEIVING TIDINGS OF JOSEPH.

III.

GEN. xlv. 23.

It is enough ! the Patriarch cries,
 While joy illumed his aged eyes,
 And trickling tears bedewed the ground,
 My much-loved, long-lost child is found.

Joseph, my son, is yet alive,
 My spirits with the thought revive ;
 No beast his blood-stained garment tore,
 And I shall see my child once more.

These waggons prove that Joseph lives ;
 Enough, my heart no more misgives ;
 He sends our wants a full supply,
 And I shall see him ere I die.

Oh ! then arise and let us go,
 The patient camels move too slow ;
 Like the fleet hart I fain would run,
 To meet my darling Rachel's son.

ANON.

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JACOB AND PHARAOH.

IV

GEN XLVII.

PHARAOH, upon a gorgeous throne of state
 Was seated; while around him stood submiss
 His servants, watchful of his lofty looks.
 The Patriarch enters, leaning on the arm
 Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the glare
 Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
 Upon the pageant show; for, from his youth,
 A shepherd's life he led, and viewed each night
 The starry host; and still, where'er he went,
 He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
 His eye is bent on Joseph, him pursues.
 Sudden the king descends; and bending, kneels
 Before the aged man, and supplicates
 A blessing from his lips; the aged man
 Lays on the ground his staff, and stretching forth
 His tremulous hand o'er Pharaoh's uncrowned head,
 Prays that the Lord would bless him and his land.

GRAHAME.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

I.

EXOD. II.

SLOW glides the Nile: amid the margin flags,
 Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left;
 Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
 Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
 The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
 Approach the river bank; approach the spot
 Where sleeps the innocent; she sees them stoop
 With meeting plumes; the rushy lid is ope'd
 And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,
 As when along a little mountain-lake,
 The summer south-wind bathes with gentle sigh,
 And parts the reeds, unveiling, as thy bend,
 A water lily floating on the wave.

GRAHAME.

MOSES IN PHARAOH'S COURT.

II.

Exod. II.

In Pharaoh's court he stands, august and great,
Renowned in all the wisdom Egypt boasts :
Caressed, revered, in all his honours bright,
Hath he not gained the pinnacle of bliss ?

But, lo, he lays his splendid honours down,
To bear affliction with the chosen race !
For forty years he walks in humble life,
On Midian plains, conversing there with God.

See him return, armed by the King of kings,
To work deliverance for the weary tribes ;
With ten dire plagues to scourge a guilty land,
And bid the iron heart of Pharaoh bend.

See Israel leave the thralldom, hard and vile,
A present God, their guardian and their guide ;
While Moses, waiting every high command,
Conducts them onward to the rest they sought.

For forty years he bore the wayward race,
Meekest of men, undaunted, wise, devout ;
To God he fled in every trying hour,
And found the help of which he stood in need.

How high thy honour, when on Sinai's mount
Thou didst converse with God ; his glory view !
Who can describe thee, as thou stoodst at last
On Pisgah's height, to see the promised land !

Thy choice was wise to leave the royal court,
Its pomp, its riches, and its idle joy ;
In heart, preferring the reproach of Christ,
And anxious to perform the will of God.

O, may I learn of thee, and keep in sight
The everlasting city God hath built ;
Renounce the transient pleasures of a day,
And those secure which are for evermore.

J. JONES.

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MOSES.

III.

THE MIDNIGHT SLAUGHTER.

Exod. xii.

THE sun's parting rays on the flood and the fountain
 Shone bright as he sank the broad ocean behind,
 And the faint light of evening still hung on the mountain,
 Asleep was the zephyr, and still was the wind.
 Night saw it, and starting she shook her black pinion,
 Then rose from her dark halls of silence and rest ;
 And spread forth her mantle, her mark of dominion,
 But there was not one gem to illumine the west.

The fond mother hung o'er her innocent treasure,
 And hushed it to sleep as night shrouded the sphere,
 And revelled in ideal visions of pleasure,
 Nor dreamt of the danger that hovered so near.
 While loudly the dwellings of Pharaoh resounded,
 With boisterous pleasure, enjoyment, and mirth,
 And the juice of the vine in the goblet abounded,
 To drown each foreboding which thought might give
 birth.

But the children of Israel had gathered together,
 To praise the Almighty, to bow 'fore his throne,
 Expecting that shortly the God of their fathers,
 Would free them from bondage, would call them his own.
 They slew the pure victim Jehovah demanded ;
 (Unspotted—unblemished—twas ta'en from its dam,)—
 Advanced to the portals as he had commanded,
 And sprinkled them o'er with the blood of the Lamb.

Then soon came fell midnight, unthought of—unheeded
 By Egypt's great nation—by Egypt's proud king ;
 And though death was approaching, yet no one receded
 Nor thought of the havoc which vengeance should bring.
 The angel of death, on his broad pinions soaring,
 Approached them ; terrific and grand was his form ;
 There was heard a loud noise as a whirlwind,—and a
 roaring
 Like the rushing of ocean 'mid tempest and storm.

In his hand the bright weapon shone sparkling and gleaming,
 The hand of destruction, and vengeance, and wrath,
 And he waved it aloft, while the fire from it streaming,
 Marked plainly the course of its terrible path :
 And long ere the sun had proclaimed a to-morrow,
 O'er Pharaoh's wide realm lamentation was heard,
 And loud rose the wild shriek of terror and sorrow,
 For the first-born of Egypt lay slain by death's sword.

But where on the lintel the red blood would deepen,
 The dwelling of Israel's sons to declare,
 The Angel beheld it and passed, for the weapon
 Of heaven's displeasure might not enter there.
 And when the destroyer in peace had passed over
 The marked habitations of God's chosen race,
 They rose up in haste, and they quitted for ever,
 The land of their bondage, their shame, their disgrace.

ANON.

MOSES.

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

IV.

Exod. xii. 29, 30.

'Tis midnight—'tis midnight o'er Egypt's dark sky,
 And in whirlwind and storm the Sirocco sweeps by ;
 All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast ;—
 Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom beats fast.

And the young mother wakes, and starts in her rest,
 And presses more closely her babe to her breast ;
 But the heart that she presses is death-like and still,
 And the lips that she kisses are breathless and chill.

And the young brother clings to the elder in fear,
 As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his ear ;
 But that brother returns not the trembling embrace—
 He speaks not—he breathes not—death lies in his place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around :
 'Tis a sigh—'tisa moan—and then slumber more sound ;
 They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits are fled ;
 They but wake into *life* to repose with the *dead*.

And there lay the infant, still smiling in death,
 Scarce heaved its young breast as it parted with breath ;
 And there lay the boy, in youth's budding bloom,
 With the calmness of sleep, but the hue of the tomb !

And there fell the youth, in the pride of his prime,
 In the spring-tide of life, and perchance too of crime ;
 And unnerved is that arm, and closed is that eye,
 And cold is that bosom that once beat so high.

And the fond mother's hope, and the fond father's trust,
 And the widow's sole stay, are returning to dust,
 Egypt has not a place where there is not one dead,
 From the proud monarch's palace to penury's shed.

And the hearths of that country are desolate now,
 And the crown of her glory is struck from her brow :
 But while proud Egypt trembles, still Israel is free,
 Unfettered, unbound, as the wave of the sea.

ANON.

~~~~~  
 MOSES.

## THE EXODUS.

## V.

## Exod. xv.

Lo ! yonder toiling, fettered band  
 Of captive wretches—who are they ?  
 Beneath oppression's iron hand,  
 They struggle through the live-long day.

There stands, in human shape, a fiend  
 Whose breast no pity ever knew ;  
 The tyrant's dreaded minion—screened  
 From vengeance, and from justice too.

Ho lifts the knotted, wiry scourge—  
That scourge which drips with human gore ;  
Onward each trampled slave to urge—  
With toil o'ercome—what can they more ?

Each breath appears a groan supprest,  
Each stop a pang, each look despair ;  
No gleam of comfort warms that breast,  
O God ! regard the wretch's prayer.

Forbear, ye dogs of hell—or dread  
That power who makes their cause his own ;  
And fear His arm with vengeance red,  
Which your proud crest shall soon bring down.

Israel rejoice—your father's God  
Shall smite your chains and break your yoke :  
Proud Pharaoh soon shall own his rod,  
And Egypt feel the avenging stroke.

'Tis night—all nature now is hushed,  
Except his prayer whom sorrow wrings :  
Hark—what was that which by me rushed ?—  
The sounding of immortal wings.

And, hark again—the death cry sounds,  
The shafts of terror thickly fly,  
By heavenly hands and unseen wounds,  
Ere morning light the first-born die.

'Tis morn : and Israel's host go on  
(With Egypt's spoils) their gladsome way,  
But will not Pharaoh venture one  
Last desperate struggle for his prey ?

In grim array his armed host,  
With fierce pursuit at length appear ;  
While Israel crowd the Red-sea coast,  
Like timorous, trembling, death-struck deer.

But lo! where on that hated strand,  
The aged seer o'erlooks the flood!  
And at Jehovah's high command,  
He smites the waters with his rod.

That sign the murmuring waves obey;  
The roaring deep its channel bears,  
And leaves an open untrod way,  
Which ransomed Israel safely dares.

"Drive on, and vengeance be our cry!"  
The frowning, furious monarch said,  
"For Egypt's gods the ocean dry,  
That we may conquer in its bed.

"Is not the earth and sea our own?  
This our right hand what power shall brave?  
Not e'en Jehovah from his throne  
Yon rebel host from death shall save."

As night descends they onward rush,  
With clattering arms, and curses loud:  
But now, the streams of light which gush  
Through darkness from yon pillared cloud

Arrest their headlong, thundering speed;  
And dire dismay each bosom feels:  
Confusion grows as they recede—  
The morning watch her grief reveals—

Israel hath gained the shore—and lo  
The spell-bound waves again give way;  
Jehovah bids the waters flow—  
Can Egypt's monarch bid them stay?

The tempests roar, the surges lash,  
And each expiring shriek they smother:  
Deep calls to deep, and billows dash  
The mailed warriors 'gainst each other.

That shore is strewed with many a corse,  
By hungry dogs and vultures torn :  
And Egypt—thy o'erwhelmed force,  
Now let thy widowed daughters mourn.

So may oppression perish—so  
May pride and cruelty be broken :  
And let earth's haughty tyrants know,  
In *thine* of their own doom the token.

ANON.

## MOSES.

## THE EGYPTIANS DESTROYED.

## VI.

## EXOD. XV.

OUR slavery is finished, our labour is done ;  
Our tasks are relinquished, our march is begun :  
The arm of the Lord has divided the sea,  
Jehovah has conquered, and Israel is free.

“ Why slay ye the fast going chariots ? and why  
Is the far-floating banner uplifted on high ?  
Quick, quick ! let the corslet your bosoms embrace ;  
And harness the courser, and hasten the chase !”

Thus Pharaoh has spoke in the storm of his pride,  
And rolled on our footsteps his numberless tide ;  
The falchions are bright in the hands of the foe,  
Their quivers are rattling, and bent is each bow.

As the clouds of the tempest which gloomily frown,  
That wide spreading hand in the evening comes down  
As the thunder cloud bursts at the sun's piercing ray,  
That hand on the morrow shall vanish away.

Proud boaster of Egypt ! be silent and mourn ;  
Weep, daughter of Memphis, thy banner is torn ;  
In the temple of Isis be wailing and woe,  
For the mighty are fallen, and princes laid low.

Their chieftains are fallen, though their bows are still bent,  
 Their legions are sunk, though their shafts were unspent;  
 The horse and his rider are 'whelmed in the sea;  
 Jehovah has conquered, and Israel is free.

ANON.

MOSES.

THE MIRACULOUS PASSAGE OF ISRAEL THROUGH THE  
 RED SEA, AND JOURNEY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

VII.

EXOD. xv.

WHEN Egypt's king, God's chosen tribes pursued,  
 In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood;  
 When through the desert wild they took their way,  
 The rocks relented and poured forth a sea.  
 What limits can Almighty goodness know,  
 When seas can harden, and when rocks can flow!

ANON.

DEATH OF MOSES.

VIII.

DEUT. xxxiv.

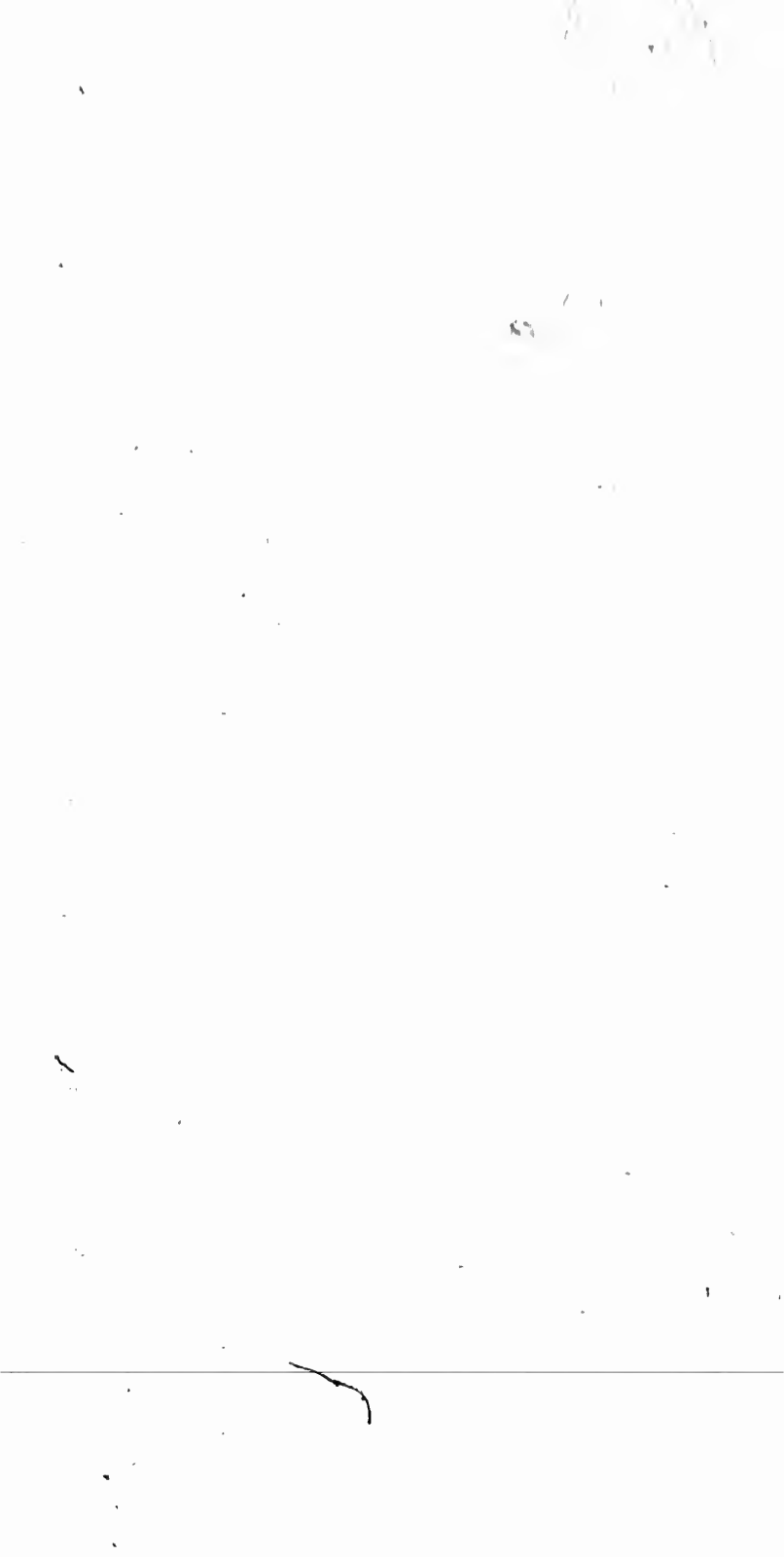
SWEET was the journey to the sky,  
 The wondrous prophet tried;  
 "Climb up the mount," says God, "and die,"  
 The prophet climbed—and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay  
 Upon his maker's breast;  
 His Maker kissed his soul away,  
 And laid his flesh to rest.

WATIS.







## SAUL AND DAVID.

I.

1 SAM. xvi.

DEEP was the furrow in the royal brow,  
 When David's hand, lightly as vernal gales  
 Rippling the brook of Kedron, skimmed the lyre :  
 He sang of Jacob's youngest born—the child  
 Of his old age—sold to the Ishmaelite ;  
 His exaltation to the second power  
 In Pharaoh's realm ; his brethren thither sent ;  
 Suppliant they stood before his face, well known,  
 Unknowing—till Joseph fell upon the neck  
 Of Benjamin, his mother's son, and wept.  
 Unconsciously the warlike shepherd paused ;  
 But when he saw, down the yet-quivering string,  
 The tear-drop trembling glide, abashed, he checked,  
 Indignant at himself, the bursting flood,  
 And, with a sweep impetuous, struck the chords :  
 From side to side his hands traversely glance,  
 Like lightening 'thwart a stormy sea : his voice  
 Arises mid the clang, and straightway calms  
 The harmonious tempest, to a solemn swell  
 Majestical, triumphant ; for he sings  
 Of Arad's mighty host by Israel's arm  
 Subdued ; of Israel through the desert led,  
 He sings ; of him who was their leader, called  
 By God himself, from keeping Jethro's flock,  
 To be a ruler o'er the chosen race.  
 Kindles the eye of Saul ; his arm is poised ;—  
 Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.

GRAHAME.

SAUL.

II.

1 SAM. xxviii.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,  
 Bid the prophet's form appear,  
 " Samuel, raise thy buried head !  
 King, behold the phantom seer !"

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Earth yawned ; he stood the centre of a cloud :  
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud,  
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;  
 His hand was withered, and his veins were dry ;  
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,  
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare :  
 From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,  
 Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came ;  
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak  
 At once, and blasted by the thunder stroke.

" Why is my sleep disquieted ?  
 Who is he that calls the dead ?  
 Is it thou, Oh king ? Behold  
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :  
 Such are mine ; and such shall be  
 Thine to-morrow when with me :  
 Ere the coming day is done,  
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
 Fare thee well, but for a day ;  
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.  
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shalt guide :  
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
 Son and sire, the house of Saul !"

BYRON.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

III.

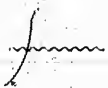
1 SAM. xxxi.

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword  
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord ;  
 Heed not the corse, though a king's in your path :  
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !  
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !  
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
 Or kingly the death which awaits us to-day !

BYRON.



## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

## I.

1 SAM. xvii.

THE rival armies crowned the heights above ;  
 Beneath them smiled the cultivated vale.  
 Alas that in these hallowed scenes of love  
 The sword should o'er the pruning hook prevail !  
 But vine and olive, trampled in his wrath,  
 Must strew the God of war a flowery path.

Yet mightier woes had from the conflict flowed !  
 And Israel captive traversed Pagan lands,  
 To mourn the insults heaped on Zion's God,  
 With harps unstrung, or smote by impious hands ;  
 And not Jehovah on Goliath's brow  
 Inscribed in blood Philistia's overthrow.

Not from the camp, but from the tented field,  
 Israel's avenger to her rescue sprung,  
 Hands, which the shepherd's crook was wont to wield,  
 He, unto whom the shields of earth belong,  
 First taught to spoil the lion of his prey,  
 Then roll a nation's dire reproach away.

Shieldless, unarmed, rushed forth the ruddy youth,  
 Fearless that heaven would guide the destined stone ;  
 And by one brilliant miracle for truth,  
 Proclaim, " the battle is the Lord's alone."  
 Breathless both armies heard its hissing flight,  
 Then saw Goliath's eyelids closed in night.

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The gorgeous panoply, the glittering sword,  
Served but to decorate the mighty dead,  
And in the dust their vanity record.—  
The instructive scene, by hosts assembled read,  
Still throws its splendours o'er the sacred page,  
To teach proud man Ambition's heritage.

Homeward the son of Jessie bends his way,  
Each scene recalls, and hymns Jehovah's praise.  
Their homage to the victor rush to pay,  
Salem's fair daughters, and with rapturous lays  
Sing, as they hail safe escaped the plain,  
"Thousands hath Saul, ten thousands David slain."

ANON.

~~~~~

DAVID.

II.

THE DEATH OF GOLIATH.

1 SAM. xvii.

His heart is cold—his head is low,
And his pride of strength departed;
Withered in death the dauntless brow,
And the look that terror darted.

O! Elah's vale is red with gore,
And steel with steel is clashing—
But where is he, who rushed before,
Like a flame through the columns dashing?

Young hero of Elah! did sleep
Thy sword in its scabbard that morning?
No—many a maiden shall weep,
When she sees not her lover returning!

And many a widow lament
The chariot wheel's delaying,
Of the lord of her heart, thou hast sent,
To his long sleep, thy valour displaying.

Ye daughters of Israel rejoice,
 With tabret and wild cymbals sounding,
 And raised be the loveliest voice,
 The fame of the hero resounding !

But vainly the sword of the brave
 Might flash, like the meteor gleaming,
 Had the Lord not arisen to save,
 His chosen from slavery redeeming !

But hush !—for the scoffer's at hand,
 And the spirit of song is departed—
 O ! 'tis strange in a far distant land,
 That my harp from its willow is parted.

VERNON.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND
 JONATHAN.

III.

2 SAM. I.

The beam of the mighty is mantled in night,
 His glory is set in the blaze of the light ;
 His bow-string is shaftless, his spear is at rest,
 His sabre unwavering, and sighless his breast.

The beauty of Jacob is laid in the dust,
 His armour is broken, and caskered with rust ;
 His eye is in darkness, a spot on its ray,
 His vigour is death, and his bloom is decay.

The hills of Gilboa shall summer no more,
 Jehovah's anointed hath stained them with gore ;
 Their trees shall be leafless, their verdure destroyed,
 Their altar a ruin, and nature a void.

Philistia shall triumph—the pulse of the brave,
Whose thrill was destruction, is lost in the grave;
One spirit sublimed them—adversity tried—
They existed in love, and in unity died.

Weep, daughters of Jacob, for Saul and his son!
Attune your bright harps to the deeds they have done;
The arm of the lion, the foot of the roe,
Weep, daughters of Jacob, be mighty in woe.

Oh, Jonathan! Jonathan! ghostless art thou,
There's gore on thy visage, and dust on thy brow.
Yet the angel of beauty is ling'ring by,
She revels in rapture, and flits to the sky.

Yes, thou art a corpse, but thy spirit's above,
Diverging in glory, and beaming in love;
And friendship is blasted, and saintless her shrine;
My soul has no kindred, and anguish is mine.

ANON.

THE LAST WORDS OF DAVID.

IV.

2 SAM. xxiii. 1-7.

THUS hath the son of Jesse said,
When Israel's God hath raised his head.
To high imperial sway:
Struck with his last poetic fire,
Zion's sweet psalmist tuned his lyre
To this harmonious lay.

Thus dictates Israel's sacred rock:
Thus hath the God of Jacob spoke
By my responsive tongue:
Behold the just One over men
Commencing his religious reign,
Great subject of my song!

So gently shines the genial ray,
 The unclouded lamp of rising day,
 And cheers the tender flowers,
 When midnight's soft diffusive rain
 Hath blessed the gardens and the plain
 With kind refreshing showers.

Shall not my house this honour boast?
 My soul th' eternal cov'nant trust,
 Well ordered still and sure?
 There all my hopes and wishes meet;
 In death I call its blessings sweet,
 And feel its bond secure.

The sons of Belial shall not spring
 Who spurn at heaven's appointed king,
 And scorn his high command:
 Though wide the briars infest the ground,
 And the sharp pointed thorns around
 Defy a tender hand.

A dreadful warrior shall appear,
 With iron arms and massy spear,
 And tear them from their place:
 Touched with the lightning of his ire,
 At once they kindle into fire,
 And vanish in the blaze.

DODDRIDGE.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

I.

1 KINGS xvii.

SORE was the famine throughout all the bounds
 Of Israel, when Elijah, by command
 Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook,
 No rain drops fell, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn,

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Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale ;
 The withering herbage dies ; among the palms,
 The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
 An autumn rustle ; no sweet songster's lay
 Is warbled from the branches ; scarce is heard
 The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
 And trusts in God, and lays his silvered head
 Upon the flowerless bank ; serene he sleeps,
 Nor wakes till dawning ; then with hands enclasped,
 And heavenward face, and eyelids closed, he prays
 To him who manna on the desert showered,
 To him who from the rock made fountains gush :
 Entranced the man of God remains ; till roused
 By sound of wheeling winds, with grateful heart,
 He sees the ravens fearless by his side
 Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

GRAHAME.

ELIJAH IN HOREB

II.

1 KINGS xix. 9-16.

FROM Jezebel's pursuing wrath,
 The heathen queen who sought his death,
 Elijah made his lone abode
 In Horeb's hill—the mount of God.

And there within his desert cave
 Of grief and gloom—a living grave,
 The prophet heaved his lonely sigh,
 And prayed, with fervent heart, to die.

The Lord passed by—a strong wind blew,
 The mountains shook like drops of dew ;
 And like the hoar-frost on the ground,
 The shattered rocks lay strewed around.

The wind was stilled—an earthquake came,
Like ague through creation's frame;
And even the firm established earth
Trembled like child of human birth.

The earthquake passed—a fire of dread
The glowing firmament o'erspread,
As when the Lord to guilty souls
Speaks—and the rattling thunder rolls.

But in the wind that rent the rock,
Or in the earthquake's fearful shock,
Or in the radiant fire that shot
Athwart the sky—the Lord was not.

And, then, there came a still small voice,
That made the prophet's heart rejoice;
A still small voice, with soothing words
Of hope and peace—it was the Lord's.

Elijah left his lone abode,
Confiding in his guardian-God;
And journeyed on to Syria's land,
To execute the Lord's command.

KNOX.

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### THE TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.

#### III.

#### 2 KINGS II.

His lecture to the sad young prophet done,  
And last adieus, the reverend seer goes on,  
Obedient as the sacred instinct guides,  
And now advanced to Jordan's verdant sides;  
Elijah with his great successor stood,  
And gave a signal to the passing flood;  
Th' obsequious waters stay, for well they know

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What to his high authority they owe.  
 While wave on wave, with silent awe crowds back,  
 To leave a clear and spacious sandy track,  
 Elijah on with his companion goes ;  
 Behind them soon the crystal ridges close,  
 No more reversed the troubled current flows }  
 Then forward still they went, discoursing high  
 Of heavenly bliss and immortality,  
 When from a cloud breaks (like the purple dawn)  
 By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn ;  
 A glittering convoy swift as that descends,  
 And in an instant parts the embracing friends ;  
 To the bright car conducts the man of God,  
 And mounts again the steep ethereal road.  
 The passing triumph lightens all the air  
 With ruddy lustre than high noon more fair,  
 And paints the clouds, than even beams more gay,  
 Through which, with wond'rous speed, they cut their  
 way.

Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,  
 The artillery of heaven they leave below ;  
 Behold the glimmering moon's pale regency  
 They leave, and now more free ascend the sky,  
 Breathing again immortal air, nor here  
 Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.  
 By holy ecstasies and flames intense,  
 Here purged from all the dregs of mortal sense ;  
 With heavenly lustre eminently gay,  
 Elijah wondering does himself survey ;  
 All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,  
 While now stupendous objects meet his eyes.  
 With his new being pleased, thus the first man  
 As just to live and reason he began,  
 On hills and valleys, groves and fountains gazed ;  
 With skies and light thus ravished, thus amazed.  
 But now the utmost firmament they cleave,  
 And all the starry worlds behind them leave ;  
 Hark, angels sing ! of light appear new streaks !  
 Celestial day with beauteous splendour breaks !  
 On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread,  
 The blissful paths that to God's presence lead ;  
 While to the new inhabitant all the way,

Loud welcomes on their harps the guardians play :  
A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet  
The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

MRS. ROWE.

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JERUSALEM.

ADDRESS OF KING HEZEKIAH, ON THE INVASION OF
JUDAH BY SENNACHERIH.

I.

2 CHRON. xxxii.

Oh! fear not the hosts so resplendently gleaming,
Whom their leader hath bid in his dark pride assemble ;
With us is our God, and we heed not the beaming
Of blades, which a forest of steel might resemble :
Our warrior's the Lord, and Assyria's stern pride
Will fall by the God they have mocked and defied.

Though close as the cedars that shadow the fountains,
Are the spears that are upheld, above and around him,
Though thick as the bees that are found on the moun-
tains,

Gleam the swords that are drawn by the slaves that
surround him ;

Yet vain is each arm, for in man is their trust,
And soon will each hero lie low in the dust.

How few, when the sun-light shall brighten the valley,
Will start from their sleep when the glad trumpet's
sounding ;

How few round Sennacherib's banner will rally,
With hearts lit with hope, warm, exulting, and bound-
ing :

For the Lord shall but speak, and Death shall prepare
His darts for the boldest and bravest that's there.

RYAN.

JERUSALEM.

NEHEMIAH TO ARTAXERXES.

II.

NEH. II. 3 and 5.

'Tis sorrow, O King! of the heart,
 Not anguish of body or limb,
 That causes the hue from my cheek to depart,
 And mine eye to grow rayless and dim.

'Tis the memory of Salem afar,
 Of Salem, the city of God,
 In darkness now wrapt like the moon and the star,
 When the tempests of night are abroad

The walls of the city are razed,
 The gates of the city are burned;
 And the temple of God where my fathers have praised,
 To the ashes of ruin are turned.

The palace of kings is consumed,
 Where the timbrels were wont to resound;
 And the sepulchre tombs, like the bones they entombed,
 Are mouldering away in the ground.

And the fugitive remnant that breathe
 In the land that their fathers have trod,
 Sit in sorrow and gloom, for a shadow like death
 O'erhangs every wretched abode.

I have wept—I have fasted—and prayed—
 To the great and the terrible God,
 For this city of mine that in ruin is laid,
 And my brethren who smart by its rod.

And now I beseech thee, O King!
 If favour I find in thy sight,
 That I may revisit my home, where the wing
 Of destruction is spread like the night.

And when I to Shushan return
 From rebuilding my forefather's tomb,
 No more shall the heart of thy cup-bearer burn
 With those sorrows that melt and consume.

KNOX.

 JERUSALEM IN RUINS.

III.

Neh. II.

WHEN the silence of night, like the stillness of death,
 Reign'd around all the dwellings of man ;
 And sleep's soft embraces had hush'd the loud breath
 Which from sorrow or rioting ran.

The moon's silver radiance, soft empress of night,
 Shed her beautiful rays on the earth,
 Unobstructed by clouds, her pale silver light
 Seemed t' invite or give sympathy birth.

'Mid the quiet profound the prophet rode forth
 By the valley's circuitous round,
 And gazed and wept at the tokens of wrath
 Where the ruins of Jebus were found.

By the side of dark Kedron the prophet survey'd
 Once the city of prophets and God,
 And over its fragments he mournfully strayed,
 And the fate of his country deplored.

For the Chaldean legions with fire and sword
 Like the beasts of the forest came down ;
 The temple they razed, and the warriors gored,
 And the monarch despoiled of his crown.

And the walls of the city in heaps were all thrown,
 With fire the gates were consumed,
 And the relics of grandeur confus'dly were strown
 Where the broad spreading roses once bloomed.

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The rude clang of arms, and the terrific yell,
 All afresh seemed to strike on his ear,
 It was agony's groan, from the Hebrews who fell
 While defending their all that was dear.

The uncircumcised shout, they triumph, they reign,
 And Jerusalem captive is led ;
 Nor beauty, nor youth, the barbarians restrain,
 And they sport o'er the dying and dead.

The thick circling columns of fire all ascend,
 Both the temple and city are burned,
 The glory and pride of Jerusalem end,
 Nehemiah dropped a tear and returned.

J. YOUNG.

~~~~~  
 BIRTH-DAY OF JOB.

I.

JOB III. 3-18.

O LET the day when I was born  
 For ever perish from the earth !  
 And let it be like night forlorn,  
 And let it hear, at eve or morn,  
 No song of choral mirth :

And let the eye of God disdain  
 To look upon it from on high ;  
 And let a cloud of darkness stain,  
 And let a shade from death's domain  
 Upon it ever lie :

And let its twilight stars in vain,  
 Look for the expecting dawning near ;  
 And let its solitary reign  
 Of hopeless grief and writhing pain,  
 Be blotted from the year.

Because it hid not from my sight  
 The miseries of man's mortal doom :  
 Because it threw its faithless light  
 Around me, like an evening bright  
 That shuts in starless gloom.







Why died I not as infants die,  
 Whose lips no murmur ever gave ?  
 Why did a mother hush my cry ?  
 Why did her breast the food supply  
 That kept me from the grave ?

For now I should have lain at peace  
 Within my bed of dreamless sleep—  
 Where wicked ones from troubling cease,  
 The weary spirits find release,  
 The sad no longer weep.

KNOX.

~~~~~  
 J O B.

II.

BRIGHT is thy sun, blest Patriarch ! bright thy day ;
 For thou possessest all terrestrial stores ;
 And sons and daughters smile in youth and health,
 Filling thy heart with large and living joy.

I hail thee, Man of Uz, and bid thee still
 Enjoy the bliss of true prosperity ;
 For thou art wise, benevolent, and just,
 Servant of God, and by mankind revered.

But, O vain wish ! I see thee in the dust
 Weeping and sad ; all joy and comfort fled :
 Silence and groans prevail ; and thou art plunged
 In darkness, and in heartfelt agony.

Thy riches are the prowling wanderer's prey ;
 Thy sons and daughters slumber in the grave ;
 One, only one, is left of all the wreck,
 Himself the messenger of deepest woe.

But O that voice ! how worthy of thyself !
 What resignation in thy bitter hour !
 The Lord hath given, he hath taken away ;
 His ways are just ; and blessed be his name.

Shall not thy wife now prove a comforter,
 And bow like thee, and own thy sovereign hand?
 Shall not thy friends with tender hearts condole,
 And kindly aim to mitigate thy woe?

Loud is thy mourning, bitter thy complaint;
 Sometimes thou errest in the warm debate:
 Still thou art great, and in thy gloomy day
 There is a light, affliction cannot quench.

But, lo, the sun adorns the evening hours,
 And pours its glory on thy happy tent:
 Lord God, thou in thy wisdom scourgest thine:
 Yet they shall triumph in abundant peace.

J. JONES.

~~~~~  
 J O B.

## VISION OF ELIPHAZ.

## III.

## JOB IV.

A SPIRIT passed before me: I beheld  
 The face of immortality unveiled—  
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—  
 And there it stood—all formless,—but divine:  
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;  
 And as the damp hair stiffened thus it spake:

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure  
 Than he who deems e'en seraphs insecure?  
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!  
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just?  
 Things of a day! you wither ere the night,  
 Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light.”

BYRON.

## JOB.

## THE VISION OF ELIPHAZ.

## IV.

## JOB. IV.

AT midnight's lonely solemn hour,  
 When silence reigns o'er field and tower,  
 When slumbers, such as sleep the dead,  
 (Though not so cold and drear the bed)  
 Give ease from pain—from ills of life release,  
 For now the weary rest, the bad from troubling cease.  
 As musing by my taper's flickering light,  
 My thoughts, like shapeless visions of the night,  
 Roamed undefined o'er scenes of joy and woe;  
 Now turned on God above, and now on man below,  
 On time and chance—on dark decrees of fate—  
 On man's sad present, unseen future state,  
 I mused—what was it broke the chain?  
 What was't I saw—what is't I see again?  
 A spirit flashed before my sight,  
 My hair rose stiffening with afright;  
 It silent stood, and formless seemed,  
 I wist not if I waked or dreamed;  
 I gazed with streaming eye-balls—wild despair,  
 And trembling seized on me,—it still was there.  
 At last it waved a hand, and in such tones  
 As mortals hear not, spake—fear thrilled my bones;  
 I heard as if one from the dead had spoke,  
 While thus the spectre its dread silence broke:  
 "Remember what *thou* art, and what thy God,  
 Nor murmur if thou feel'st a father's rod.  
 In justice he afflicts, in mercy spares,  
 And now the frown of wrath he wares,  
 And now the smile of heavenly love appears;  
 Is *He* not wise? submit to his decree—  
 Art *thou* not weak? adoring bow the knee;  
 Angels above are faulty in his sight,  
 He trusts not e'en those radiant sons of light,

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And shall God then put confidence in *thee* ?  
 And durst thou say, ' I am more just than He ?'  
 Your home's the dust, from morn to eve ye die,  
 No one regards, or asks the reason why,—  
 Before the moth ye perish, and your fame  
 Is like the brief memorial of a dream."

ANON.

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JOB—THE ENQUIRY.

" WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND ?"

V.

JOB xxviii. 12.

WHERE shall wisdom's pearl be found ?
 Seek we knowledge under ground ?
 The earth cries out—" 'tis not in me"—
 " Nor is it here"—replies the sea.
 For diamonds, pearls, or purest gold,
 The pearl of price was never sold.
 Where is wisdom then concealed ?
 And to whom the place revealed ?
 For wisdom we must seek within,
 And knowledge is to fly from sin.

ANON.

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J O B .

THE EAGLE.

VI.

JOB xxxix. 27—30

THE royal bird his lonely kingdom forms  
 Amid the gathering clouds and sullen storms :  
 Through the wide waste of air he darts his flight,  
 And holds his sounding pinions poised for sight ;

With cruel eye premeditates the war,  
 And marks his destined victim from afar.  
 Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,  
 His pinions like the rush of waters sound ;  
 The fairest of the fold he bears away,  
 And to the nest compels the struggling prey.

MRS. BARBAULD.

## JOB.

## THE BEHEMOTH.

## VIII.

JOB xl. 15-20.

BEHOLD my Behemoth his bulk appear,  
 Made by thy Maker, grazing like a steer.  
 What strength is seated in each brawny loin !  
 What muscles brace his amplitude of groin !  
 Huge like a cedar, see his tail arise ;  
 Large nerves their meshes weave about his thighs ;  
 His ribs are channels of unyielding brass,  
 His chine a bar of iron's hardened mass.  
 My sovereign work ! and other beasts to awe,  
 I with a tusky falchion armed his jaw.  
 In peaceful majesty of might he goes,  
 And on the verdant isles his forage mows ;  
 Where beasts of every savage name resort,  
 And in wild gambols round his greatness sport.  
 In moory creeks beside the reedy pools,  
 Deep plunged in ooze his glowing flanks he cools,  
 Or near the banks enjoys a deeper shade,  
 Where lotus and willows tremble o'er his head.  
 No swelling river can his heart dismay,  
 He stalks secure along the watery way ;  
 Or should it heap its swiftly eddying waves  
 Against his mouth, the foaming flood he braves.  
 Go now, thy courage on this creature try,  
 Dare the bold duel, meet his open eye ;  
 In vain ! nor can thy strongest net confine  
 A strength which yields to no device of thine.

SCOTT.

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## JOB.

## THE LEVIATHAN.

## VIII.

Job xli.

DOUBTLESS, with hook and cordage thou art bold  
 To draw Leviathan from his watery hold ;  
 To strain the noose about his dreadful jaw,  
 And tame his fierceness with domestic law ;  
 Will he, in humble parle, before thy feet.  
 With mollifying words thy grace intreat ?  
 And, if thy clemency his life but spare,  
 Eternal service to his victor swear ?  
 What duty wilt thou, to this slave assign ?  
 Tied, like a household bird, with silken twine,\*  
 His gameson mood thy weighty cares may ease  
 Or his soft touch thy gentle damsels please.  
 Or wilt thou send him into foreign lands,  
 Bartered to Zidon's ships, or Tema's bands ?

Is open war thy choice ? What fame is won,  
 If thou invade him basking in the sun ?  
 Surely, thy javelins will transpierce his side,  
 And showers of fanged harpoons his skull divide.  
 Assail him, but remember well the foe,  
 Fell him at once, or aim no second blow.  
 Deceiving hope ! his look thy heart appals,  
 The foe appears, the swooning champion falls.  
 Not even the fiercest chief, with war's whole pow'r,  
 Dare rouse this creature in his slumbering hour.  
 Who then will face my terrors ? Where is he  
 Whose rash presumption will contend with me ?  
 Where is the giver to whose gifts I owe,  
 Owner of all above and all below ?

Come forth, Leviathan, harnessed for the fight,  
 In all thy dread habiliments of might !  
 Behold his limbs their symmetry survey,  
 For war how well adjusted his array :  
 The tempered morion, o'er his visage braced,

What hardy valour ever yet unlaced?  
 Who, near his mouth, with double rein, will draw,  
 And lift the huge portcullis of his jaw?  
 Behold he yawns, the hideous valves disclose  
 Death's iron teeth, embattled rows on rows,  
 Proud o'er his mailed back his scales are classed,  
 Like serried shields, locked each in each so fast,  
 And sealed together that no breath of wind  
 Insinuates; so close the plates are joined,  
 So soldered that the stoutest force were vain  
 To pierce the stout wedged joints, and burst the chain.  
 His sneeze is lightning, from his eye the ray  
 Streams like the pupil of emerging day.  
 He bleches flame, and fire at every blast  
 Leaps sparkling out: a smoke his nostrils cast  
 Like clouds which from a boiling cauldron rise,  
 Or marsh mist beneath the morning skies.  
 His breath enkindles coals; so hot it steams  
 That his wide mouth a furious furnace seems.  
 Strength on his neck is throned; where'er he turns  
 Woe springs before him and the carnage churns.  
 His flesh coheres in flakes, with sinews barred,  
 Compact as steel, indissolubly hard:  
 His heart is from the quarry hewn, compressed,  
 Hard as the nether millstone is his chest.  
 The valiant tremble when he lifts his head,  
 Down sink the mighty, impotent with dread.  
 The sword at hand, the missile arms from far,  
 Will thunder on his skin an idle war:  
 The sword breaks short, the blunted spears rebound,  
 And harmless clank the javelins on the ground.  
 Iron as straw, and brass as mouldering wood.  
 He scorns; nor flees, nor flinches to elude  
 The whirring shaft; as stubble is the stone,  
 From the strained sling with forceful eddies thrown;  
 As stubble is the pounding mace; his hide  
 Death's every brandished weapon will deride.

Sharp ragged pebbles are his chosen bed,  
 On pointed rocks his almy couch is spread,  
 What time he flounders in the wave and mire.  
 He boils the water like the rage of fire;

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The boiling water to the thick perfume  
 Works, as he dashes the discoloured spume,  
 The flood turns hoary, while his way he cleaves,  
 And in his rear a shining path he leaves.

• Dire reptile, on the dust without a peer,  
 Filled with a soul incapable of fear :  
 All beasts of lofty stature he disdains,  
 And fiercest o'er the fierce, supreme he reigns.

SCOTT.

SOLOMON.

HAPPINESS ARISING FROM WISDOM.

I.

PROV. III. 13-18.

HAPPY the man who wisdom can obtain,  
 And getteth understanding.—'Tis a prize  
 Far better than the silver's merchandise :  
 In value greater than the latent vein  
 Of sparkling ore ;—than the rich ruby's gem  
 More precious : man's ideal world displays  
 Nought that can equal her ; since length of days  
 In her right hand shines like a diadem,  
 While wealth and honour in her left appears.  
 Her ways are truly ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are paths of peace.  
 To him that dares, unmoved by tim'rous fears,  
 Hold her with firm and steadfast grasp, she'll prove  
 A tree of life.—Thrice happy he who can retain her love!

ANON.

## SOLOMON.

## THE INSTRUCTIVE INSECT

## II.

Prov. vi. 6-11.

TURN to the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,  
 Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:  
 No stern command, no monitory voice  
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
 Yet, timely provident, she hastes away  
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;  
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,  
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.  
 How long shall sloth usurp the useless hours,  
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers;  
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,  
 And soft sollicitation courts repose?  
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight  
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,  
 Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,  
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambushed foe.

DR. JOHNSON.

## SOLOMON.

## DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

## III.

Prov. xiv. 32.

OH! have ye not marked on the lip of the dying  
 When praises have fluttered in life's latest gale,  
 When the blood-streams of life in their fountains  
 were  
 drying, [pale,  
 And the cheek once so blooming, was death-like and  
 That the righteous hath hope in his death?

For the brightness of joy on his spirit is beaming,  
The light of heaven's splendour his bosom illumine,  
And visions of bliss on his rapt soul are streaming,  
The visions that gild the dark vale of the tomb—  
For the righteous hath hope in his death.

And, hark ! o'er his pillow to soothe him while dying,  
Angelic harps welcome his spirit away ;  
'Tis past :—and his soul enfranchised is flying  
On the wings of swift seraphs, to regions of day—  
Oh the righteous hath hope in his death.

ANON.

SOLOMON.

T O - M O R R O W .

IV.

PROV. xxvii. 2.

To-morrow !—mortal, boast not thou,  
Of time and tide that art not now !  
But think in one revolving day  
How earthly things may pass away !

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring  
The youth to beauty's lip may cling ;  
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss  
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press  
Her husband in a fond caress ;  
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed  
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain  
The milk-stream from its mother's vein ;  
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,  
That bosom-current may be still

To-day—thy merry heart may feast  
 On herb, and fruit, and bird, and beast :  
 To-morrow, spite of all thy glee,  
 The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou  
 Of time and tide that are not now !  
 But think, in one revolving day  
 That e'en thyself may pass away.

KNOX.

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SOLOMON.

NOVELTY UNKNOWN—"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER
 THE SUN."

V.

ECCLES. 1. 9.

IN vain we search for something new,
 In all we hear, in all we view ;
 For things of every kind have been,
 In substance what they now are seen.
 In proof among the names of note,
 A Solomon we freely quote,
 Who ranged the field of knowledge o'er,
 And left us nothing to explore.
 That which is now with rapture seen,
 As it before had never been,
 Is but the child of former times,
 Or other men, or other climes.
 The same pursuits mankind engage ;
 The same vile passions rule, or rage ;
 The same their fears, and hopes, and joys,
 Their arts, their studies, and their toys :
 Man is but man, whate'er his name,
 And right and wrong are still the same.

BULMER.

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SOLOMON.

THE PREACHER'S ADMONITION.

VI.

ECCLES. xii. 1-7.

Now in the golden days of vig'rous youth,
 Improve thy active mind with sacred truth :
 Adore the God of nature, and of grace,
 Who gave thee pious friends to guide thine early race.

Now, while unanxious thoughts thy mind engage,
 No distant views of sad declining age
 Perplex thy sprightly hours, or years draw nigh,
 When, all thy powers departed, thou shalt wish to die.

Or e'er the sun, from thy dim fading sight,
 And moon, and shining stars, withdraw their light :
 And weary life with constant cares is worn,
 And after wint'ry storms the gloomy clouds return.

Thy trembling limbs shall then refuse their aid ;
 Thine arm be feeble, and thy strength decayed ;
 The untasting palate dainties shall despise ;
 And art and nature's work no more delight thine eyes.

Thy lips from whence the ready music flows,
 A ghastly silence shall for ever close :
 No strains of truth thy tongue shall e'er dispense,
 All harmony forget and charms of eloquence.

The soft refreshing sleep, that now repairs
 Thy weary limbs, and dissipates thy cares,
 In feeble age the gentlest whisper breaks :
 And, earlier than the dawn, the slumb'rer starts and
 wakes.

The peevish senses trifles will displease,
 Thy trembling nerves will shake with every breeze ;
 All pleasing passions will desert thy soul ;
 And haggard fear, alone, thy wretched hours control.

Thy whitening locks shall emulate the snow,
 Thy loins beneath the weight of age shall bow ;
 The springs of life shall cease, her hands shall break ;
 The flesh beneath the dust her last long slumber take.

Whilst the pale corpse is borne amidst the throng,
 Surviving mourners slowly move along ;
 The parting spirit takes a long farewell,
 And mounts the heavenly hills, or plunges down to hell.

ANON.

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SOLOMON.

## THE DEPARTURE OF MAN.

## VII.

ECCLES. xii. 7.

THOUGH chains of death the body bind,  
 Unfettered is the heaven-born mind,  
 Down to the earth the mortals tends,  
 The spirit up to heaven ascends,  
 While the frail body wastes away,  
 To mingle with its native clay.

ANON.

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SOLOMON.

THE CHURCH.

VIII.

CANT. v. 10.

SAY who is she that looks abroad
 Like the sweet blushing dawn,
 When with her living light she paints
 The dew-drops of the lawn ?

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Fair as the moon, when in the skies
 Serene her throne she guides,
 And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
 In full-orbed glory rides ;

Clear as the sun, when from the east,
 Without a cloud he springs,
 And scatters boundless light and heat
 From his resplendent wings ;

Tremendous as an host that moves
 Majestically slow,
 With banners wide displayed, all armed,
 All ardent for the foe ;

This the church, by heaven arrayed
 With strength and grace divine,
 Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
 And thus her glories shine.

ANON.

BABYLON.

THE JEWISH CAPTIVES.

I.

PSALM CXXXVII.

We sat by Babel's waters ; and our tears
 Mingled, in silence, with the silent stream ;
 For, oh ! our hearts went back to happier years,
 And brighter scenes, that faded like a dream.

Our harps, neglected, hung upon the trees
 That threw their shadows o'er the waves' dark rest,
 And sighed, responsive to each passing breeze
 That stirred a ripple on its slumbering breast.

But they who led us captive touched the string,
 And waked its music with unhallowed hand,
 And—mocking all our sadness—bade us sing
 The song of Zion in a foreign land.

Oh! never, never!—hushed be now its strains!
 Far, far away her exiled children roam,
 And never will they sound, on other plains,
 The holy music of their native home.

Jerusalem! all ruined as thou art,
 Thy temples by profaning footsteps trode,
 Still art thou fondly cherished in each heart,
 Land of our sires, our childhood and our God!

And, while we wander from thy sheltering wing,
 To lay on distant shores the weary head,
 Like houseless doves—alas! how can we sing?
 Our harps are tuneless, and our souls are sad!

T. K. HARVEY.

THE ISRAELITES IN BABYLON.

II.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE great Euphrates' murmuring waters flow,
 There sat we down oppressed with mighty woe;
 Wept while we thought of Zion's towers,
 Her temple and her shady bowers;
 And on the willows by the side
 Of the gently flowing tide
 Our harps we hung, through grief unstrung:
 In fruitless tears consumed the day,
 And passed the joyless hours away.

For they who trod our city down,
 When under great Jehovah's frown;
 And tore us from our native place,—

And brought us captives in disgrace,
 Our hands require to touch the lyre ;
 In scorn they say, t' increase our pains,
 "Come sing us one of Zion's strains."

But how, in foreign lands,
 Shall our unwilling hands,
 Touch with seraphic fire,
 And sweep the sounding lyre ;
 The lofty songs of Zion sing,
 The sacred honours of our King ?

If e'er my heart forget to move
 For thee, Jerusalem, in thoughts of love ;
 If e'er my sorrows cease to flow,
 In sad remembrance of thy woe ;
 Eternal silence bind my tongue,
 And cease my voice to raise the joyful song ;
 No more my hands the harp inspire,
 Nor wake to rapture the celestial lyre.

But when in Salem's happier day,
 Thine anger shall be turned away,
 O Lord! the avenger of thy saints,
 Forget not all their sad complaints ;
 Remember Eden's sons who cried,
 "Be Solyma, and all her towery pride,
 Razed to the ground! and all around
 Her dreary and forsaken plain
 Let desolation hold her reign!"

Daughter of Babylon! presumptuous state!
 Prepare to meet thy righteous fate :
 The terrors of Jehovah's rod,—
 The wrath of an offended God.
 —Happy is he whose powerful hand
 Shall pour destruction on thy land ;
 Make all the sorrows, woes, and toil
 That we have felt; on thee recoil :
 —And happy he, who, deaf to tears,
 A mother's cries, or mother's prayers,—
 Unmoved by all their tender moans,
 Shall dash their young ones on the stones.

ANON.

BABYLON.

THE BEAUTY OF ZION DEPARTED.

III.

LAM. I. 6.

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne?
 Where the lone desert rears the craggy stone!
 Where suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring.
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
 Where now thy power, which all those kings subdued?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gates,
 No suppliant nation at thy temple waits,
 No prophet bard thy glittering courts among
 Wakes the full lyre, and swells the tide of song;
 But lawless force, and meagre want is there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless fear;
 While cold oblivion, 'mid the ruins laid,
 Holds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

HEBER.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

IV.

LAM. II.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice
 The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
 The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

BYRON.

BABYLON.

BELSHAZZAR'S IMPIOUS FEAST.

V.

THE chiefs were enthroned, the proud banquet was
crowned

With the vases and goblets, held dearer than all
That in wanton profusion shone dazzling around,
The heart to bewilder, the soul to enthrall.

Vessels gleamed, which his father had torn from the
shrine

Whence prayers to the only true God were sent up;
And lips that were maddening with lust and with wine,
With daring impiety drank from each cup.

But when mirth ran the highest, and revelry passed
Through the circle, enlivened by minstrelsy rare,
Belshazzar grew nerveless and pale and aghast,—
He tottered, and fell on his face in despair.

A hand moved terrific, and wrote on the wall
A sentence appalling, in characters clear;
The song of pleasure for ever was hushed in the hall,
And the heart of each reveller trembled with fear.

Then rose the proud monarch, and cried, hither bring
Magicians and sages those lines to unfold,
And he who their meaning declares to your king,
Shall be clothed with scarlet and crowned with gold.

They approached—but vain was each effort they made,
To Belshazzar no truth could their wisdom disclose:
Again they essayed, and again sunk dismayed,
While calm and sublime youthful Daniel arose.

By Jehovah inspired, did Daniel declare
The monarch's dark rites and revelries o'er,—
The Medes and the Persians his kingdom should share,
And the sceptre of pride be Belshazzar's no more.

Full soon did the red flames illumine the sky,
 And the thunder of war echoed loud from the plain,
 Till 'mid the tempest arose the deep tremulous cry,
 Which announced to the Mede that Belshazzar was
 slain.

R. RYAN.

BABYLON.

FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

VI.

DAN. V.

BELSHAZZAR, king of Babylon,
 A high and sumptuous feast ordained :
 And there around his midnight throne,
 Wild revelry and riot reigned :
 There while the light of beauty's eye
 Its radiance round the banquet poured,
 While every princely heart beat high,
 And golden idols were adored,
 The sacred cup of Israel flowed
 With offerings—not to Israel's God.

But in that hour of heathen mirth,
 While hung the high and festive hall,—
 The figure of a hand came forth,
 And wrote upon the lightened wall ;
 The monarch's soul like ocean tost,
 The heart its merriment forgot ;
 His trembling joints its firmness lost,
 His knees against each other smote ;
 For well he felt in every limb,
 Some fearful message came for him.

The eye of beauty swam in tears,
 Each princely heart was turned to stone,—
 While thus the death-pale monarch hears
 The words that thrilled him to the bone :—
 " King ! thou art in the balance weighed,
 And thou art found unfit to live ;
 Yes, all thy splendours now displayed,
 The Lord shall to another give ;
 The Lord, ere morrow's sun hath shone,
 Shall set Darius on thy throne !"—

Like thunder-peal the accents ran
 Through every freezing heart that heard ;
 The reveller's reddened cheek grew wan ;
 The gates of iron were unbarred ;
 The warlike Persian and the Mede
 Rush down the stream's unguarded shore ;
 The monarch and the people bleed,
 The banquet hall is drunk with gore ;
 And in one wild funeral yell,
 The Babylonian empire fell.

KNOX.

BABYLON.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

VII.

DAN. V.

THE king was on his throne,
 The satraps thronged the hall ;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival,
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine !

In that same hall and hall,
 The fingers of a band,
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote on it in sand,
 The fingers of a man—
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw and stood,
 And bade no more rejoice,
 And bloodless waxed his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 "Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which threaten our royal mirth."

Chaldea's wits are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw the writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night,
 The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his rob of state,
 His canopy the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on the throne."

BYRON.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

VIII

DAN. V.

RESPONDENT the morn of the last day shone
 On the cloud-capped towers of Babylon :
 And her lofty walls rose, in proud array,
 And her terraced gardens looked green and gay ;
 And the stream of the river of Paradise,
 Flashed a flood of light to her clear blue skies ;
 She stood in the strength of her haughty sway,
 The pride of the turretted Cybele.
 Yet the sentinel sees from her battlements high,
 The Medes and the Persians before her lie,
 And their steel helmets blaze in the full sunbeam,
 Far, far as their vision can catch their gleam.
 And long by her hundred gates they had sate,
 While she laughed in contempt at their battle state,
 And trusting to bulwark and massy wall,
 Gave her days to pleasure and festival.
 But her hour is come—the last sun shone
 On the tower of magnificent Babylon.
 The day that shall see her the spoil of the foe,
 And trample the strength of the mighty low.

'Tis midnight, and the feast is done,
 The revellers wrapped in sleep :
 The long drawn streets of Babylon
 Are hushed in silence deep ;
 And her palace doors are floating in wine,
 And pearls and gold in the pale moon shine
 Restrained in many a heap :
 Her slaves are stretched drunk in the marble hall,
 Her nobles shall wake at the trumpet's call ;
 And her dancing courtiers lie tranquil there,
 Their hearts are in the crimes of a court shall share ;
 And her harem's repose in the harem's bound,
 That she shall dance to the timbrel's sound
 The monarch alone on his golden bed
 Tosses sleepless and fevered, and hurried,

L

He had seen at the revel a phantom hand,
 Unearthly in hue, and of outline grand ;
 On the banquet wall trace in letters of light
 The doom of his kingdom and fall of his might.
 But wherefore?—was not every gate
 Of brass, and guarded well ?
 And if his trusty guards were beat,
 Their shouts and cries must tell.
 He had thousands to aid him as brave as their foe,
 Then why should danger be threatening him now,
 And fear unloose her spell !
 He starts, then he listens,—no sound, not a breath !
 Up, king ! 'tis the silence that harbingers death.

They have turned the Euphrates, its channel is dry,
 And the armed host is entering privily ;
 The soldiers of Cyrus, the lord of the east,
 Are entering the chambers of revel and feast,
 And pouring forth blood mixed with wine on the floors
 Ere the inmates awake or the battle-din roars.
 Now the tumult begins, and lock, bolt, and bar,
 Give way to the conqueror's cimetar,
 And cries, and shrieks, and groans, of despair,
 Ascend to the skies with the flame's red glare ;
 And Belshazzar prepares like a satrap to die,
 Rolling fierce in rage his fiery eye,
 And grasping his sword (for he knows no retreat),
 The victors assail him.—

————The dream of his state—
 The glory of Babel, the proud, is no more ;
 She hath perished, as lesser things perished before ;
 She is desolate now, and the dragon crawls
 O'er the muddy heaps of her ruined walls ;
 And the serpents creep, and the wild beasts stray
 Where her chambers of state and her proud halls lay ;
 And nothing is left, save a tale of her fame,
 The fame of her glory, and wreck of her name.

ANON.

ANTICIPATION OF SABBATH.

SATURDAY EVENING.

I.

Six days has man in duteous toil employed :
 His sum assigned. And now the eve appears,
 Prelude to sweetest hours of holier rest ;
 Kind respite in the round of weekly time,
 For travelled dust to call its labourer home,
 The partner mind to steal her from the throng
 Of loud intruders, charged with worldly care :
 To cleanse her soils, adjust her decent dress,
 And mould her, in composure fit, to wait
 In His full court, the universal King :
 The chamber, for the milder presence, fixed
 Of condescending Deity. So went
 The obedient Sire, his dear devoted Son
 Consorting up the appointed mount of God,
 And only tended, with exclusion meet,
 At distance left below his servile train.

BROWN.

ANTICIPATION OF SABBATH.

SATURDAY EVENING.

II.

THE week is past ! and it has brought
 Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
 If it has left some memory dear
 Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
 It has not winged its flight in vain,
 Though it should ne'er return again.
 And who would sigh for its return ?
 We are but pilgrims, born to mourn ;
 And moments as they onward flow,
 Cut short the thread of human wo,
 And bring us nearer to the scenes
 Where sorrow ends and heaven begins.

ANON.

ANTICIPATION OF SABBATH.
SATURDAY EVENING.

III.

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in ;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin :
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest !

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And wordly care and business cease ;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace ;
Delightful season ! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal Sabbath-day !

ANON

ANTICIPATION OF SABBATH.
SATURDAY EVENING.

IV.

ANOTHER week has passed away,
With goodness and with mercy crowned ;
Kindness has marked each various day—
I still am with the living found.

How many thousands of my race,
 Have sunk into an awful grave !
 Whilst I behold thy richest grace,
 And joyful feel thy power to save.

Not more than others can I claim ;
 Yet thou hast made my cup run o'er ;
 O may I at thy glory aim,
 And own thy goodness more and more.

And then with each revolving week,
 I shall the glorious prize pursue ;
 And gain at length the heaven I seek,
 And there my grateful theme renew.

J. W. GREEN.

ANTICIPATION OF SABBATH.

SATURDAY EVENING.

V.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath-day !
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour
 Through the week, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by Almighty power,
 Fed and guarded by his hand :
 Though ungrateful we have been,—
 Only make returns of sin.

While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Shew thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame :
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee :

When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near !
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in thy house appear !
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints :
 Such may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above !

NEWTON.

SABBATH MORNING.

I.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still ;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
 And echo answers softer from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill :
 Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !
 The rooks float silently, in airy drove ;
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move ;—
 So smiled the day, when the first morn arose !

LEYDEN.

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SABBATH MORNING.

II.

HAIL! sacred day of holy thought,
 Sweet Sabbath of serene repose:
 Be earth's low pleasures all forgot
 In joys the worldling never knows.

The peaceful strains that fill the grove,
 Now with increasing sweetness flow,
 In notes of harmony and love,
 Like Paradise renewed below.

And now more pure the dew-drop seems,
 And lovelier is the flowret's bloom,
 And brighter are the morning's beams,
 And richer is its sweet perfume.

Fair emblem of eternal rest!
 Where nothing earthly shall control,
 Nor sin, nor grief, nor care molest,
 Or cloud one Sabbath of the soul.

There was a Sabbath once below,
 Brighter than fancy's loveliest dream;
 Free from the canker worm of wo;
 Unsullied as the solar beam.

And such a Sabbath, bright and pure,
 In all its beauty shall return,—
 In all its glory to endure;—
 Who would not greet *that* Sabbath morn!

MISS TUCK.

SABBATH MORNING.

III.

AH! why should the thought of a world that is dying
 Encumber the pleasures of seasons like these?
 Or, why should the Sabbath be sullied with sighing,
 While faith the bright things of eternity sees?

Now let us repose from our care and our sorrow,
 Let all that is anxious and sad pass away ;
 The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow,
 And let us be tranquil and happy to-day.

Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
 As Abraham said to his men on the plain—
 There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
 And tarry you here, till I seek you again.

To-day on that mount we would seek for thy blessing,
 O Spirit of Holiness, meet with us there ;
 Our hearts then will feel, thine high influence possessing,
 The sweetness of praise and the fervour of prayer.

EDMESTON

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SABBATH MORNING.

IV.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray ;  
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapped  
 The heathen world in gloom !  
 O what a Sun, which broke this day  
 Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung ;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
 To hail this welcome morn,  
 Which scatters blessings from its wings  
 To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human-kind.  
With strong compassion moved,  
Descended, like a pitying God,  
To save the souls he loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain,  
To bind his soul in death ;  
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep  
The hope of Judah's line ;  
Corruption never could take hold  
On aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies ;  
While, broke, beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And lord of all below,  
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,  
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,  
A brother's pity flows ;  
And still his bleeding heart is touched  
With memory of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour, and my King,  
Glad homage let me give ;  
And stand prepared, like thee to die,  
With thee that I may live.

BARBAULD.

## SABBATH MORNING.

## V.

WELCOME, returning day of rest,  
 Welcome to souls by sin oppressed,  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 Sweet Sabbath-day!

United hymns of prayer and praise,  
 To Him whose love still guides our ways,  
 We hasten at thy dawn, to raise,  
 Sweet Sabbath-day!

Oh! may we feel that Saviour near,  
 Whose presence dries the mourner's tear,  
 And makes thy hallowed hours more dear,  
 Sweet Sabbath-day!

May thy delightful season prove  
 How much we owe a Saviour's love;  
 And fit us for the joys above,  
 Sweet Sabbath-day!

ANON.

## SABBATH MORNING.

## VI.

'Tis past!—the dreary week of toil,  
 Rolled on the wheels of time away,  
 Retires, to bring with pleasing smile  
 Another happy, holy day.

Sabbath! I love thy coming near,  
 The thought of thee revives my breast;  
 Sabbath! 'tis music to mine ear,  
 A sound that whispers peace and rest.



Away, terrestrial thoughts away !  
 I hail the sacred morning's dawn ;  
 My spirit owns devotion's sway,  
 From earthly joys and cares withdrawn.

I love in Zion's gates to meet  
 With thy dear saints, O Lord, and thee ;  
 Yes, Sabbath ! thou art truly sweet,  
 Blest emblem of eternity !

ANON.

## SABBATH MORNING.

## VII.

TEACH me thy love to know,  
 That this new light, which now I see,  
 May both the work and workman shew ;  
 Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

HERBERT.

## SABBATH MORNING.

## VIII.

My soul, with rapture hail the day  
 That drives thy worldly cares away,  
 That ushers in a sweet repose  
 From sensual joys and earthly woes !

The day of days supremely blest,  
 A Sabbath of delightful rest ;  
 An antepast of joys to come,  
 In the believer's heavenly home.

Then onward speed my willing feet,  
 To God's own house, his saints to meet ;  
 With them to offer prayer and praise,  
 To hear his will and learn his ways.

And when, in course (time running on),  
 The day is past, the Sabbath gone,  
 O may the Saviour long remain  
 To guide, to govern, to restrain.

S. S. PRUST.

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 SABBATH MORNING.

## IX.

DEAR is the hallowed spot to me,  
 When village bells awake the day;  
 And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,  
 Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!  
 To feel devotion's soothing power,  
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen!  
 Which echoes through the blest abode,  
 Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,  
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,  
 Sung with the pomp of village art;  
 That holy, heavenly melody,  
 The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,  
 And still the anxious tear would fall;  
 But on thy sacred altar laid,  
 The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
 Has bound me in its six-day's chain,  
 This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,  
 And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;  
 The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;  
 These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
 And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre,  
 Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;  
 Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
 That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

SABBATH MORNING.

X.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,  
 That calls me to thy honoured dome,  
 Thy presence to adore :  
 My feet the summons shall attend,  
 With willing steps thy courts ascend ;  
 And tread the hallowed floor.

E'en now to our transported eyes,  
 Fair Sion's towers in prospect rise,  
 Within her gates we stand ;  
 And, lost in wonder and delight,  
 Behold her happy sons unite  
 In friendship's firmest band.

Hither from Judah's utmost end  
 The Heaven-protected tribes ascend ;  
 Their offerings hither bring ;  
 Here, eager to attest their joy,  
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
 And hail th' immortal King.

By his command impelled, to her  
 Contending crowds their cause refer ;  
 While princes from her throne,  
 With equal doom, th' unceasing law  
 Dispense, who boast their birth to draw  
 From Jesse's favoured Son.

Be peace on earth implored on thee,  
 O Salem, while with bended knee,  
 To Jacob's God we pray :  
 How blest he calls himself thy friend !  
 Success thy hours shall attend,  
 And he will guard his way.

O mayest thou free from hostile fear,  
 Nor the loud voices of tumult hear,  
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore ;  
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,  
 And in thy courts, with lavish hand,  
 Distribute all her store.

Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !  
 How can thy tongue, O Salem fail  
 To bless thy loved abode !  
 How cease the zeal that in me glows  
 Thy good to seek, whose wall enclose  
 The mansions of My God !

MERRICK.

## SABBATH MORNING.

## XI.

WELCOME, thou peaceful dawn !  
 O'er field and wooded lawn  
 The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.  
 And, hark ! the village bell !  
 Whose simple tinklings swell,  
 Sweet as soft music on the straw-roofed shed,  
 And bids the pious cottager prepare,  
 To keep th' appointed rest, and seek the house of prayer.

How goodly 'tis to see,  
 The rustic family  
 Duly along the church-way path repair,

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The mother, trim and plain,  
 Leading her ruddy train,  
 The father pacing slow, with modest air.  
 With honest heart and humble guise they come,  
 To serve Almighty God, and bear his blessing home.

At home they gaily share  
 Their sweet and simple fare,  
 And thank the Giver of the festal board !  
 Around the blazing hearth  
 They sit in holy mirth,  
 Or turn with awe the volume of the Lord :  
 Then full of heavenly joy retiring pay  
 Their sacrifice of prayer to him who blessed the day.

O Sabbath bell, thy voice  
 Makes hearts like these rejoice ;  
 Not so the child of vanity and power :  
 He the blest pavement treads  
 Perchance as custom bids,  
 Perchance to gaze away a listless hour ;  
 Then crowns the bowl, or scours along the road,  
 Nor hides his shame from men, nor heeds the eye of God.

When the seventh morning's gleam  
 Purpled the lovely stream,  
 On its green bank of old the Christian bowed ;  
 The hand, adoring, spread,  
 And broke the mystic bread ;  
 And, leagued in bonds of holy concord vowed  
 From the cleansed heart to wash each foul offence,  
 And give his days to peace and saintly innocence.

In vain the Roman lord  
 Waved the relentless sword,  
 And spread the terrors of the circling flame ;  
 In vain the heathens sought,  
 If chance some lurking spot  
 Might mar the lustre of the Christian name ;  
 Th' Eternal Spirit, by his fruits confessed,  
 In life secured from stain, and steeled in death the breast.

O would his influence bless  
 With faith and holiness  
 The laggart people of our favoured isle !  
 But if too deep and wide  
 Have spread corruption's tide,  
 O may he deign on me and mine to smile !  
 So shall we ne'er with due devotion fail  
 The consecrated day of solemn rest to hail ;

So shall we still resort  
 To Sion's hallowed court,  
 And lift the heart to him that dwells above ;  
 Thence, home returning, muse  
 On sweet and solemn views,  
 Or fill the void with acts of holy love ;  
 Then lay us down in peace to think we've given  
 Another precious day to fit our souls for heaven !

BISHOP MANT.

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SABBATH MORNING.

XII.

HAIL, day of holy rest !—faint emblem thou
 Of heaven's eternal Sabbath !—May the stream
 Of thy pure blessings ever richly flow
 Within my soul—that, nourished by the beam
 Of Gospel-brightness, grace may bud and bloom ;
 And fruits of righteousness may ripen fair,
 To prove the power of godliness is there.
 May hope be given to cheer my spirit's gloom ;
 May love its holy warmth within me shed ;
 And while in prayer I bend the suppliant knee,
 May faith's bright pinions towards heaven be spread,
 To waft each fervent wish, my God, to thee ;
 And may my praises to thy throne arise,
 Like evening's incense to the twilight skies.

ANON.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

I.

As one, in days of old, would fly
 To some protecting shrine
 From dread pursuers threat'ning nigh,
 And, panting, there recline—
 Lord, to thy dwelling I repair,
 And cling around thine altar there!

Or, as the swallow, chased away
 From cruel man's abode,
 Beneath thy sacred walls will lay
 Her cherished young, O God!
 So there I oft that peace obtain,
 Which elsewhere I have sought in vain.

When sheltered safe, well pleased we hear
 The waves and tempest roar;
 And raging winds, without, endear
 The warmth within the more;
 O thus I feel, from peril free,
 Retired within thy sanctuary.

Or it might seem as if my boat
 O'er raging seas had past,
 And calmly were allowed to float
 To some bright isle at last,
 There to refit the shattered sail,
 Ere yet again she tempt the gale.

The world's tempestuous ocean dark
 Around still foams and swells,
 But thou art as the happy ark
 Where only safety dwells,
 And peace; who skims that troubled sea,
 Returns the olive branch to thee.

Farewell, thou dark and stormy world ;
 Farewell thy grief and fear ;
 The port is won, the sails are furled,
 Ye cannot touch me here !
 But welcome, peace and rapturo, now,
 And, O my Saviour, welcome Thou !

TOWNSEND.

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## DUTIES OF THE SABBATH

### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

#### II.

SWEET is the day for worship set apart  
 To those who thus assemble ! On the smiles  
 Of Love Omnipotent, at once they feast ;  
 And for those smiles with one accord give thanks.  
 They love the hours that bring that welcome morn,  
 And joyfully salute the dawning light  
 That calls them from their rest to seek the Lord.  
 \* \* \* \* \* Glory's dawn,  
 And emblem is this sacred day of rest.  
 The faint and weary then their strength renew,  
 And mount to glory as on eagles' wings ;  
 Fresh as the morning's dews, and swift as light,  
 Their heavenly race, unwearied they pursue ;  
 And, without fainting, walk in duty's path.  
 These are the courts Jehovah keeps below  
 When often on his children he bestows  
 Rich earnest of eternal life to come,  
 And precious tokens of his present care.  
 Go, stranger—walk the stately city round !  
 Mark well her bulwarks, count her lofty towers,  
 And to the generations yet unborn  
 Transmit a just account. Her gates are praise :  
 Her walls are a strong salvation, founded deep  
 On God's immutable decrees of grace,  
 And raised beyond the flight of creature thought.  
 Her steadfast bulwarks, with omnipotence



Are girt about ; and, with paternal love  
 Closely cemented is each precious stone  
 That joins the stately structure to compose.  
 A river flowing with eternal grace,  
 Supplies her blest inhabitants with streams  
 Of solid peace, which they with gladness drink,  
 And shout her joys aloud through all her gates  
 Her lovely gates, on either side are placed ;  
 For entrance into fellowship the one,  
 The other for translation to the skies.  
 All those who enter come with grateful notes,  
 Adoring, as they pass, the matchless power  
 That saves them from destruction's opening gulf :  
 And those who leave her courts below, to dwell  
 For ever in her palaces above,  
 Oft, as in love's bright chariot they ascend,  
 Shout to the heavens above and earth beneath,  
 And tell two worlds at once the bliss they feel ?

SWAINE.

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DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

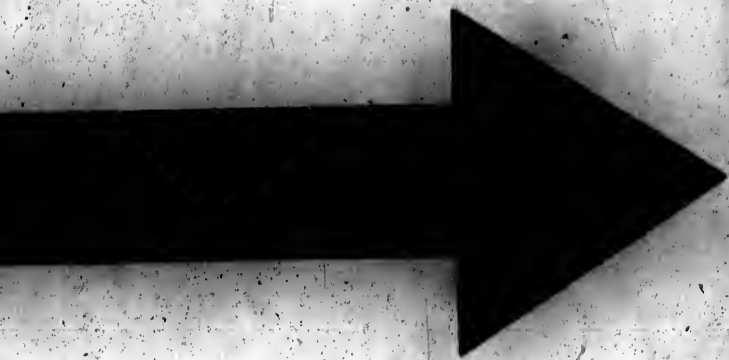
III.

PURE is the air, serene the sky,
 Around that blest domain,
 O'er which, unseen by nature's eye,
 Truth holds her peaceful reign.

There, on a vast commanding height,
 Her spacious temple stands,
 The centre of that glorious light,
 Which beams on distant lands.

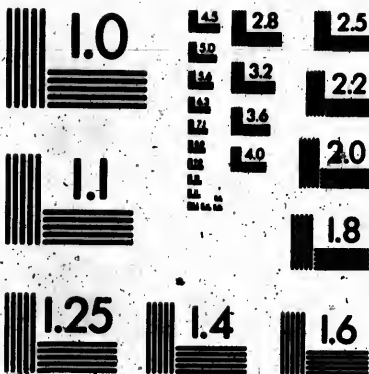
Unknown this mount to souls terrene
 Its steep ascent unbraved ;
 Truth is an element too keen
 For minds by sin depraved.





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Pollution's eye in vain may gaze
 On truth's celestial light ;
 Sin's weakened vision shuns the blaze,
 That gilds her portals bright.

But those that breath her genial clime,
 Are born of virtue's race,
 Nurtured to manly deeds, sublime,
 And taught by heavenly grace.

Braced by a rectitude of soul,
 They reach their blest abode,
 Virtue both points them to the goal,
 And soothes the rugged road.

ANON.

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### DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

#### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

I 134

SIN has stained creation o'er,  
 Changed the scene, (so bright before),  
 That the Infinitely blest  
 Loathes it as a place of rest !

Tender birds from Orient sky,  
 'Neath our stormy climate die :  
 How then shall Heaven's highest guest  
 Make rough earth his place of rest ?

Justice with a breast of war,  
 Burns 'gainst those who break her law ;  
 Shudder, then, O sinner, lest  
 Mercy find no place of rest !

Spangled insects of the light  
 Shun the blackened face of night !  
 So does truth dark acts detest,  
 Though they seem a place of rest !

Since, then, this terrestrial sod  
 Abrogates the laws of God,  
 And contemns the peaceful zest,—  
 Where shall the Creator rest?

He shall dwell among the few  
 Who have souls created new :—  
 In the Church, His spirit blest,—  
 There shall the Creator rest !

ELVINS. ;

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 DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

LITANY.

V.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to thee,
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
 O, by all thy pains and wo,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
 By thy life of wants and tears,
 By thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,—
 By the dread permitted hour,
 Of the insulting tempter's power,
 Turn, O turn, a pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept,
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,—
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode,—
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within thy fold,
 From thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn litany !

By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,—
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to the humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God,
 O, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany.

BRIDGES.

 DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

VI.

GIVE glory unto God on high!
 To Him who arched the vaulted sky;
 Who mighty Earth's circumference spanned,
 And weighed its waters in his hand;
 Who formed the countless orbs that gem
 Dark night's resplendent diadem;
 Gave life unto each living thing;
 Created man their earthly king:
 Then gave his Son for man to die:
 Give glory unto God on high!

Give glory to the Son who came
 Clothed in our fleshly, mortal frame;
 Who bore our sins, vouchsafed to give
 Himself to die, that we might live;

Who—holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Was patient—spurned, was dumb—reviled ;
 Who, in the agonies of death,
 Poured for his foes his parting breath ;
 Was perfect God and man in one ;
 Give glory to the Incarnate Son !

Give glory to the Holy Ghost !
 Who, on the day of Pentecost,
 From earth to heaven in mercy came,
 Descending as in tongues of flame ;
 The promised Comforter and Guide,
 Through whom the soul is sanctified ;
 Who still is manifest within,
 To prompt to good, convict of sin ;
 Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost !

Join all on earth, in heaven above,
 In honour, blessing, glory, love ;
 Sing praises to the great I AM ;
 Sing praises to the spotless Lamb ;
 Sing praises to that Power Divine
 Who sanctifies the inner shrine ;
 That so the Father's glorious name
 All creatures hallowed may proclaim ;
 And, through the Spirit shed abroad,
 Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord !

Though reason gives not finite man
 Divine infinitude to scan,
 Yet man may his Creator own—
 May bow before a Saviour's throne ;
 The Comforter with awe receive ;
 Their true Divinity believe ;
 And while he chaunts the Father's love,
 Who sends the Spirit from above
 To win dominion for the Son—
 With joy confess that God is one !

BARTON.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

THE PREACHER.

VII.

THE Preacher's merit rate not by thine ear,
 His phrase, his accent :—
 To truth thy reverence pay, and not its dress ;
 Esteem him for his embassy ; the blame
 Of missed improvement oftenest is our own.
 Mere planters are Apollos and a Paul ;
 Growth is the Spirit's gift, his virtual act
 Alone ; his vital, germinating dew
 Shed in the soul ; his influential beam.

BROWN.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

DOMESTIC INSTRUCTION.

VIII.

THE solemn work is over ; hear the priest,
 With awful mein and lips of grace, pronounce
 The parting benediction. But is all,
 All ending here ? Is now the vacant time
 For trifling visits—for the vain discourse
 Of worldly friends ? by nearer interests claimed,
 The calls, domestic, of intrusted souls.
 The soft companion of thy life's vowed hours,
 Where, where is she—thy other dearer self ?
 Where her loved offspring—wedlock's sweetest bonds,
 Pledges of mutual faith, of chastest joys ?
 Invite them round thee by a father's voice ;
 That voice of mildest, soft authority ;
 Examine, teach, exhort them, warn, reprove :
 Their instrument of being, ah ! be moved,
 Be roused, be arduous for their highest weal.

BROWN.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

ACTS OF BENEVOLENCE.

IX.

FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent and kind.
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure; unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye exprest,
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
 Thus to shew our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

X.

THERE is a family on earth,
 Whose Father fills a throne ;
 But, though a seed of heavenly birth,
 To men they're little known.

THE BEAUTIES OF

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
 They feel the public scorn;
 For men their fairest claims deny,
 And count them basely born.

But 'tis the King who reigns above,
 Who claims them for his own;
 The favoured objects of his love,
 And destined to a throne.

The honours that belong to them,
 By men are set at nought:
 Whatever shines not they condemn:
 Unworthy of a thought!

But ah! how little they reflect!
 For mark the nnnerring word!
 "That which, with men, has most respect,
 Is odious to the Lord."

Were honours evident to sense,
 Their portion here below,
 The world would do them reverence,
 And all their claims allow.

But, when the King himself was here,
 His claims were set at nought:
 Would they another lot prefer?
 Rejected be the thought!

No! they will tread while here below,
 The path their Master trod;
 Content all honour to forego,
 But that which comes from God.

And when the King again appears,
 He'll vindicate his claim:
 Eternal honour shall be theirs;
 The foes be filled with shame.

KELLY.

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DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

XI.

If human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh;
 O shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To him who died our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's wo?

While yet, his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee;
 What love his latest words displayed,—
 "Meet, and remember me!"
 Remember Thee, thy death, thy shame,
 Our worthless hearts to share!
 O memory, leave no other name
 But his, recorded there!

NOËL.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

XII.

WITH blood—but not his own—the awful sign
 At once of sin's desert and guilt's remission,
 The Jew besought the clemency divine,
 The hope of mercy blending with contrition.
 Sin must have death! Its holy requisition
 The law may not relax. The opening tomb
 Expects its prey; mere respite, life's condition;
 Nor can the body shun its penal doom.

Yet, there is mercy ; wherefore else delay
 To punish ? Why the victim and the rite ?
 But can the type and symbol take away
 The guilt, and for a broken law requite ?
 The cross unfolds the mystery,—Jesus died :
 The sinner lives : the Law is satisfied.

With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near
 The mercy-seat, and heaven received his prayer.
 Yet still his hope was dimmed with doubt and fear :
 “If thou shouldst mark transgression who might dare
 To stand before thee ?” Mercy loves to spare
 And pardon : but stern Justice has a voice,
 And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
 Uncleaness in the people of his choice.
 But now One Offering ne'er to be renewed,
 Hath made our peace for ever. This now gives
 Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace.
 No more base fear and dark disquietude.
 He who was slain—the Accepted Victim!—lives,
 And intercedes before the Father's face.

CONDER.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

XIII.

THINE is Redemption !
 Redemption ! 'twas creation more sublime ;
 Redemption ! 'twas the labour of the skies ;
 Far more than labour, it was death in heaven.
 A truth so strange, 'twere bold to think it true,
 If not far bolder still to disbelieve.
 Here pause and wonder. Was there death in heaven !
 What then on earth ? On earth which struck the blow ?
 Who struck it ? Who ?

YOUNG.

DUTIES OF THE SABBATH.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

XIV.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
 Fathomed the depths of seas, of states, and kings;
 Walked with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains;
 But there are two vast spacious things,
 The which to measure it doth behove,
 Yet few there are that sound them—Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
 Unto Mount Olivet: there shall I see
 A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
 His skin, his garments, bloody be.
 Sin is that press and vice which forceth pain
 To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
 And taste that juice which, on the cross, a life
 Did set abroad; then let him say
 If ever he did taste the like.
 Love is that liquor, sweet and most divine,
 Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine.

HERBERT.

SABBATH EVENING.

I.

WELCOME the hour of sweet repose,
 The evening of the Sabbath-day!
 In peace my wearied eyes shall close
 When I have tuned my vesper lay
 In humble gratitude to Him
 Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
 In the calm solitude of even,
 To hold with Heaven communion meet,
 Meet for a spirit bound to heaven ;
 And, in this wilderness beneath
 Pure zephyrs from above to breathe !

It may be that the Eternal Mind
 Bend sometimes from his throne of bliss ;
 Where should we then his presence find,
 But in an hour so blest as this—
 An hour of calm tranquillity,
 Silent, as if to welcome thee ?

Yes ! if the Great Invisible,
 Descending from his seat divine,
 May deign upon this earth to dwell—
 Where shall he find a welcoming shrine,
 But in the breast of man, who bears
 His image, and his Spirit shares ?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
 My soul,—and let my heart prepare
 A throne :—Come, veiled in awful shade,
 Spirit of God ! that I may dare
 Hail thee ! nor, like thy prophet, be
 Blinded by thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wand'ring thoughts within,
 To hold communion, Lord, with thee ;
 And, purified from taint of sin
 And earth's pollutions, let me see
 Thine image,—for a moment prove,
 If not thy majesty, thy love—

That love which over all is shed—
 Shed on the worthless as the just ;
 Lighting the stars above our head,
 And waking beauty out of dust ;
 And rolling in its glorious way
 Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

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To Him alike the living stream
 And the dull regions of the grave :
 All watched, protected all, by Him,
 Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
 In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
 Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
 Drops in the hour-glass, never still,
 So, gathered in by Death's rude hand,
 The storehouse of the grave we fill ;
 And sleep in peace, as safely kept
 As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here ?—To tend
 From good to better—thence to best ;
 Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend,
 Unmurmuring, to our bed of rest ;
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
 Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
 Of our existence sinks in night,
 Memorials sweet of mercies done,
 May shrine our name in Memory's light ;
 And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom
 A hundred fold in days to come.

BOWRING.

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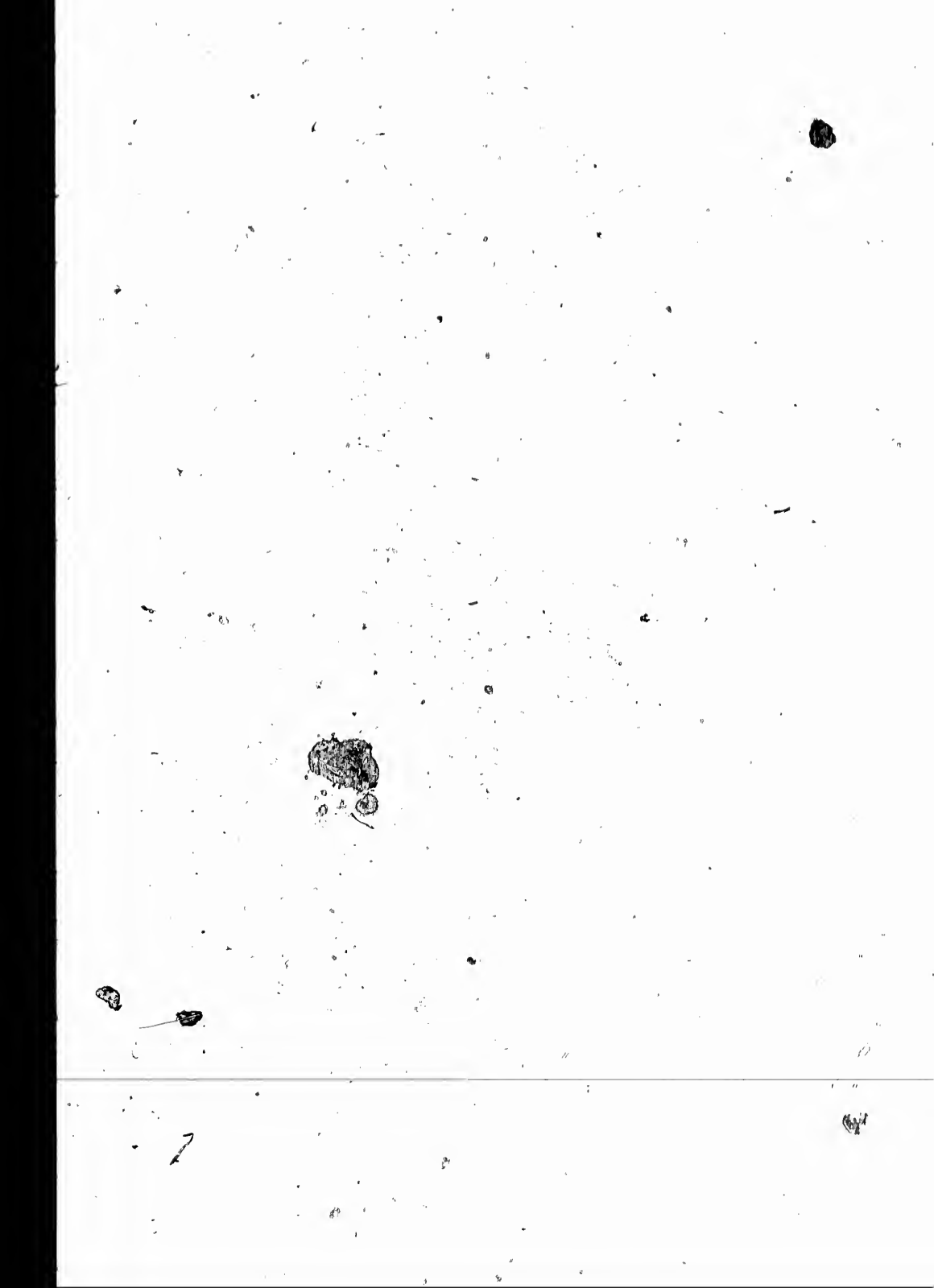
### SABBATH EVENING.

#### THE SILENT SABBATH.

##### II.

A SILENT Sabbath ! most emphatic name !  
 I never felt its force so much before :  
 While used by others, I esteemed it tame,  
 And wondered how a Christian should deplore  
 One silent Sabbath, if there were no more  
 Appointed to him in a single year ;





One from the number seemed too slight a sore  
To be bewailed by either sigh or tear ;  
But now I feel it, 'tis indeed severe.

Thrown from its course, like an arrested stream,  
Searching for outlets in a circuit wide,  
My mind expatiates from theme to theme,  
But rolls to none in one collected tide ;  
Its strength still weakening as its waves divide,  
It only spreads to sparkle, or expend  
Its flashing vapour, like the Falls of Clyde,  
Where floods which fall a Cataract ascend  
In clouds of foam, unfixed to shape or end.

Rainbows may glitter on the empty spray,  
And range their halos of prismatic light ;  
But, fleeting as fantastic, they decay  
Often by day, and utterly by night :  
Thus undecided thought, by devious flight,  
Chameleon-like, may vary in its hues ;  
Sometimes be lovely ; but the tinge as slight  
As morning sunbeams upon melting dews :  
The colours vanish while the gazer views.

While my mind's channel was the sacred bed,  
Whereon "the Sanctuary's waters" flow,  
Thought rolled collected of itself, or sped  
Rejoicing onward underneath the glow  
Of ministerial stars : content to owe  
For light and guidance to the men of God.  
And well I might ! to hear them is to know  
All that can be known on the "narrow road,"  
And all that should be shunned upon "the broad."

Left to myself—like a bewildered lamb,  
Though lost on mountains of luxuriant green,  
Bleating amid the bloom, it calls its dam,  
And feels as lonely in the lonely scene  
As if it wandered in a dark ravine,  
Or roamed a wilderness of barren sand :—  
Mount Zion shines not with its usual sheen ;  
Nor breathe its flowers so delicately bland,  
As when presented by a Pastor's hand.

Habit is much in the pursuit of truth,  
 And I have sought it in the "house of God"—  
 Sought it as eagles, "to renew their youth,"  
 Select the Rock of their unfledged abode;  
 And perching there, as when they gazed abroad,  
 For the first time, on the effulgent sun,  
 Mould till their wings dismantled of the load  
 Of withered plumage; impotent, and dun,  
 They break away as when their flight begun.

Born and bred up on Zion's hallowed mount,  
 I love the eyries of my early days,  
 And deem it nearer to the sacred fount  
 Of light divine, and more within its rays,  
 Than any spot on which its glories blaze:  
 For there with healing in their wings they shone  
 Warm on my soul, before I knew the ways,  
 Where meteor-error flashes and is gone—  
 Like fitful splendours in the frigid zone.

There, like the Prophet's servant, I beheld  
 "Horses and chariots" of immortal fire,  
 In which the martyrs of the church had scaled  
 To loftier thrones than the seraphic choir,  
 And louder hymns: I felt my soul aspire  
 To join their chorus, and to share their crown;  
 And found I might, without the martyr's pyre,  
 Since all who wore it humbly "cast it down,"  
 To sing of Jesus' blood, and not their own.

There, with a shepherd of the kindest heart,  
 That ever beat within a human breast,  
 (His art was nature, and his nature art,)  
 In pastures green, I laid me down to rest,  
 Or rose to follow, with increasing zest,  
 His gentle footsteps by the genial rills;  
 Pleased to observe, that, blessing, he was blest,  
 While leading us on "everlasting hills,"  
 Where faith forgets her fears, and life its ills.

There, midst a flock diversified, but calm,  
 I crop the verdure of eternal spring;

Breathing with them an element of balm,  
 Wafted for ever from the waving wing  
 Of the Celestial Dove! who loves to bring  
 The sweetest odours to the simplest fold.  
 No serpent, lurked insidious, to sting;  
 No "root of bitterness, nor pride of gold,  
 Made brethren distant, or disputers bold."

DR. RAFFLES.

## SABBATH EVENING.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

## III.

THE cheerful supper done, with serious face,  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,  
 The big Ha'-Bible, once his father's pride.  
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care,  
 And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;  
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyr's worthy of the name;  
 Or noble Elgin's beats the heavenward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;  
 No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abraham was the friend of God on high;  
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
 Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
 Or, Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;  
 Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;  
 Or, other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He who bore in heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;  
 How his first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
 How he who lone, in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the Sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Hea-  
 ven's command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, nor shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear,  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display, to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's every grace except the heart !  
 The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,  
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

BURNS.

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 SABBATH EVENING.

IV.

How calm is the scene,
 How sweetly serene,
 The close of this privileged day :
 What foretaste of heaven,
 To those have been given
 Whose purest delight was to pray ?

The fool's silly mirth,
 Has nothing of worth ;
 'Tis empty, 'tis senseless, 'tis dull :
 Believers aspire
 To joys which are higher,
 To joys which are lasting and full.

A taste of such joy,
 Should urge us to cry,
 " Oh, that I had wings like a dove :
 Then would I not stay,
 Nor longer delay,
 But haste to the regions of love."

ANON.

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### MILLENNIAL SABBATH.

AND thou, Religion, though through fire and flood,  
 By saints upheld, and sealed with holiest blood,  
 From clime to clime thy glorious light expands,  
 And chases darkness from rejoicing lands ;  
 Sin's rod is broken ; superstition, long  
 The only mistress of earth's erring throng,  
 Wraps round her mantle, and in wild affright  
 Flies shrieking downward to congenial night ;  
 No more beneath her knife the victim reels ;  
 No more bedews with blood her chariot wheels ;  
 No more, torn reckless from the light of day,  
 Pines in the hopeless grave, a living prey ;  
 But light all pure, ineffably serene,  
 Illumines mankind and brightens every scene ;  
 At the same altar, tribes by every sea  
 In sacred adoration bend the knee :  
 Far in the wilds of Afric's torrid zone,  
 Mid burning sands, where verdure is unknown,  
 At vesper hour, when all around is mute,  
 Save sullen sound of camel's wearied foot,  
 Kneels, by the scanty well, the Arab dun,  
 And, in the broad light of the setting sun,

Pours out all glowing as the cloudless west,  
 The fears, the hopes, the wishes of his breast,  
 And lifts, in holy dread, his mortal eye  
 To him, his God, who bled on Calvary!

While, lo! the voice of psalms, the tones of praise,  
 Hard by the icy pole, believers raise.  
 Though Day upon the waste and wildering scene  
 Shuts up, and howl afar the billows green,  
 And the sad night of desolation drear  
 Grooms o'er their world, and saddens half the year,  
 Beneath impending storms, and circling snows,  
 No chilling doubts the fur-clad shiverer knows;  
 With faith's unfaltering eye he looks abroad,  
 Through the wild storm, to mark the works of God;  
 Behold the traces of his power afar.

In the blue sky, and each revolving star;  
 Trusts with a hope that softens, yet sublimates,  
 For happier seasons, and serener climes,  
 And knows that he, who formed this rolling ball,  
 Is still the Lord, and shall be Judge of all!

Oh happy time, when crimeless all shall be,  
 And in the Spirit's sunshine walking free,  
 No more by vice degraded and deprest!  
 No thought but peace awaking in the breast;  
 Earth, calmed to beauty, shall again resume  
 Primeval bliss, and Eden's forests bloom,  
 Bright, as when Adam with a holy kiss,  
 Embraced his chosen in the bowers of bliss;  
 Love o'er the world shall spread his halcyon sway—  
 The weak shall own it, and the wise obey;  
 The summit of the hills shall murmur love;  
 And echo catch the sound in glen and grove;  
 Creatures that, far from human face exiled,  
 Prowled the dim forest or unpeopled wild,  
 Shall leave their dwellings, and with meekness bland,  
 Crouch at the feet of man, or lick his hand;  
 And nature, all his errors past forgiven,  
 Proclaim him Lord, and own the loved of Heaven?  
 From shore to shore, from isle to isle around,  
 Shall spread of holy peace the welcome sound;  
 Far on the deep, where nought but wave and sky

Extends, and scarce is heard the sea-bird's cry,  
 The streamered flags of far-spread realms shall meet;  
 And hail each other in communion sweet;  
 Brothers in heart, all jealous fears subdued,  
 Love's severed links harmoniously renewed,  
 The South shall hail the North, and East with West  
 Embracing, own one feeling, and be blest!

MOIR.

## HEAVENLY SABBATH.

## I.

TYPES of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,  
 In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;  
 The next world's gladness imaged forth in this;  
 Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity on time—the steps by which  
 We climb to future ages—lamps that light  
 Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,  
 Yielding redemption for a week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayers in man—his resting bowers  
 As on his journeys in the narrow way,  
 Where Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours  
 Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,  
 To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers,  
 Periods appointed to renew our trust;  
 A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way marked out through skies else drear,  
 By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;  
 A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,  
 Though briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth; pledges of joy  
 Surpassing fancy flights and fiction's story;  
 The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,  
 And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

BARTON.

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HEAVENLY SABBATH.

II.

"COME, brethren, come! with glad accord,  
 Haste to the dwelling of the Lord!"  
 But if on earth, so calm, so blest  
 The house of prayer, the day of rest;  
 If to the spirit, when it faints,  
 So sweet the assembly of the saints;  
 Here let us pitch our tent (we say),  
 For Lord, with thee, 'tis good to stay;  
 Yet from the mount we soon descend,  
 Too soon these earthly Sabbaths end;  
 Cares of a work-day world return,  
 And faint our hearts, and fitful burn.

O think, my soul! beyond compare,  
 Think what a Sabbath must be there,  
 Where all is holy bliss, that knows  
 Nor imperfection, nor a close;  
 Where that innumerable throng  
 Of saints and angels mingle song;  
 Where wrought with hands no temples rise,  
 For God himself their place supplies;  
 Nor priests are needed in the abode  
 Where the whole hosts are priests to God:  
 Think what a Sabbath there shall be,  
 The Sabbath of Eternity!

GRINFIELD.

HEAVENLY SABBATH.

III.

How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss  
 Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;  
 Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above,  
 To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

BARTON.

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,  
 Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;  
 Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,  
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

CUNNINGHAM.

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HEAVENLY SABBATH.

IV.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone:
 O bear me, ye cherubim! up,
 And wait me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
 Whom, not having seen, I adore;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power!

Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee;
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline—

O then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me thy brightness be poured!
 I shall meet him, whom, absent, I loved,
 I shall see whom, unseen, I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley with tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

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Or, if yet remembered above,
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
 They will be but new signs of thy love,
 New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and pain
 Shall set me eternally free,
 Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
 Which binds me, my Saviour! to thee.

COWPER.

ADVERSITY.

I.

WHEN urged by strong temptation to the brink
 Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind,
 With scarce a step between; all-pitying Heaven,
 Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,
 Oft-times in dark and awful visitation,
 Doth interpose, and leads the wanderer back
 To the straight path, to be for ever after
 A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,
 Strong in humility, who swerves no more.

BAILLIE.

ADVERSITY.

II.

PERFUMES, the more they're chafed, the more they
 render
 Their pleasant scents, and so affliction
 Expresseth virtue fully.

WEBSTER.

ADVERSITY.

III.

FOR God has marked each sorrowing day,
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

C. BRYANT.

ADVERSITY.

IV.

THROUGH woe to joy! And though at morn thou weep,
 And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
 Good cheer! good cheer! The shepherd loves his sheep,
 Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

ROSEGARTEN.

ADVERSITY.

V.

BLASPHEME not Heaven with rash, impatient speech,
 Nor deem, at thine own hour, its rest to reach,
 Unhappy child! The full appointed time
 Is thine to choose; and when the sullen chime
 And deep-toned striking of the funeral bell,
 Thy fate to earthly ears shall sadly tell,
 O! may the death thou talk'st of as a boon,
 Find thee prepared, nor come, even then, too soon!

MRS NORTON.

ADVERSITY.

VI.

HEAVEN but tries our virtues by affliction,
 And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
 Serves but to brighten all our future days.

DR. BROWN.

ADVERSITY.

VII.

AFFLICTIONS clarify the soul,
 And, like hard masters, give more hard directions,
 Tutoring the non-age of uncurbed affections.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

ADVERSITY.

VIII.

COME then, Affliction, if my Father bids,
 And be my frowning friend : a friend that frowns,
 Is better than a smiling enemy.
 We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,
 Though they the present prospect blacken round,
 And shade the beauties of the opening year,
 That, by their stores enrich, the earth may yield
 A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

SWAINE.

ADVERSITY.

IX.

THEY who have rarest joy, know joy's true measure ;
 They who most suffer, value suffering's pause ;
 They who but seldom taste the simplest pleasure,
 Kneel oftenest to the Giver and the Cause.

MRS. NORTON.

ADVERSITY.

X.

WE overstate the ills of life, and take
 Imagination, given us to bring down
 The choirs of singing angels, overshone

By God's clear glory,—down our earth to rake
 The dismal snows instead; flake following flake,
 To cover all the corn. We walk upon
 The shadow of hills, across a level thrown,
 And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake
 We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
 Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
 O, brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
 Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
 The holy name of Grief!—holy herein,
 That by the grief of One, came all our good.

MISS BARRETT.

ADVERSITY.

XI.

God hath created nights
 As well as days to deck the varied globe;
 Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
 Of desolation, as in white attire..

BEAUMONT.

ADVERSITY.

XII.

To bear affliction with a bended brow,
 A stubborn heart, is but to disallow
 The ready means to health.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

ADVERSITY.

XIII.

A LIFE all ease is all abused;—
 O, precious grace! that made thee wise
 To know—affliction rightly used
 Is mercy in disguise.

CHEEVER.

ADVERSITY.

XIV.

If affliction grasps thee rudely
 And presents the rack and cup,
 Drink the draught and brave the torture—
 Even in despair, look up!
 Still look up! For one there liveth
 With the will and power to save—
 One who knows each human sorrow,
 From the cradle to the grave.

J. L. CHESTER.

ADVERSITY.

XV.

CHRIST had his sorrows. When he shed
 His tears, O, Palestine, for thee—
 When all but weeping women fled,
 In His dark hour of agony.
 Christ had his sorrows—so must thou,
 If thou wilt tread the path he trod—
 O then, like Him, submissive bow,
 And own the sovereignty of God.

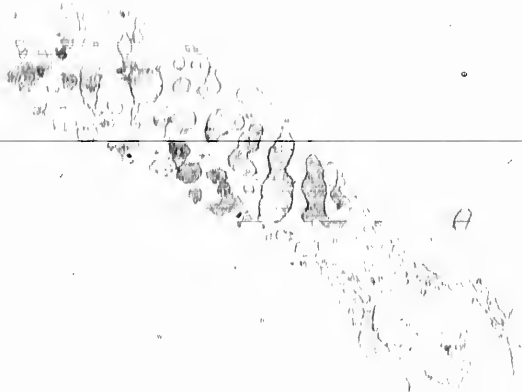
ANON.

ADVERSITY.

XVI.

THE good man suffers but to gain,
 And every virtue springs from pain;
 As aromatic plants bestow
 No spicy fragrance while they grow;
 But, crushed or trodden to the ground,
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLESMITH.



H

ADVERSITY.

XVII.

MID pleasure, plenty, and success,
 Freely we take from Him who lends ;
 We boast the blessings we possess,
 Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.
 But let affliction pour its smart,
 How soon we quail beneath the rod !
 With shattered pride, and prostrate heart,
 We seek the long-forgotten God.

ELIZA COOK.

ADVERSITY.

XVIII.

THE man, perhaps,
 Thou pitiest, draws his comfort from distress.
 That mind so poised, and centred in the good
 Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,
 Might, with prosperity's enchanting cup
 Inebriate, have forgot the All-giving hand ;
 Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
 Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
 Winged a desire beyond.

GEORGE BALLY.

ADVERSITY.

XIX.

GRACES withered by too warm a beam,
 May spread and flourish in the dreary shade:
 And pleasure, to voluptuous guilt denied,
 May bloom ambrosial from affliction's thorn.

GEORGE BALLY.

ANGELS.

I.

MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep, and when we wake.

MILTON.

ANGELS.

II.

AND who is he, the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandalled with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and the sun his head,
To highest Heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice—that time shall be no more!

HEBER.

ANGELS.

III.

THE multitude of angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold.

MILTON.

ANGELS.

IV.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!

How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant.
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
 And all for love, and nothing for reward :
 Oh ! why should heavenly God to man have such
 regard !

SPENSER.

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ANGELS.

## V.

THESE are the haunts of meditation, these  
 The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,  
 Ecstatic felt : and from this world retired,  
 Conversed with Angels, and immortal forms,  
 On gracious errands bent ; to save the fall  
 Of virtue, struggling on the brink of vice ;  
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favoured soul,  
 For future trials fated, to prepare.

THOMSON.

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ANGELS.

VI.

THEY are God's minist'ring spirits, and are sent,
 His messengers of mercy, to fulfil
 Good for salvation's heirs. For us they still
 Grieve when we sin, rejoice when we repent :
 And on the last dread day they shall present
 The severed righteous at His holy hill.
 With them God's face to see, to do his will,
 And bear with them His likeness. Was it meant,
 That we this knowledge should in secret seal,

Unthought of, unimproving? Rather say
 God deigned to man His angel hosts reveal;
 That man might learn, like angels, to obey;
 And those who long their bliss in Heaven to feel,
 Might strive on earth to serve him ev'n as they.

MANT.

 ANGELS.

VII.

ANGELS are men of a superior kind;
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains winged in flight;
 And men are angels loaded for an hour,
 Who made the miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
 Angels their failings, mortals have their praise:
 While here, of corps ethereal, such enrolled,
 And summon to the glorious standard soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
 Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
 Yet absent, but not absent from their love.
 Michael has fought our battles, Raphael sung
 Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
 Sent by the Sovereign; and are these, O man!
 Thy friends and warm allies, and thou (shame burn
 Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brutes!

YOUNG

 THE APOSTLES.

I.

THESE, O Lord,
 Were all thy scanty followers; by Thee
 First called, first rescued from a world of woe.
 To spread salvation into distant climes;
 And tell the meanest habitant of earth
 "Glad tidings of great joy."

MADAN.

THE APOSTLES.

II.

YE hallowed martyrs, who with fervent zeal,
 And more than mortal courage, greatly dared
 To preach the name of Jesus; ye who stood
 The undaunted champions of eternal truth,
 Though maddening priests conspired, though princes
 frowned,
 And persecution, with ingenious rage,
 Prepared ten thousand torments.

BOLLAND.

THE APOSTLES.

III.

A CÆSAR'S title less my envy moves,
 Than to be styled the man whom Jesus loves;
 What charms, what beauties in his face did shine,
 Reflected ever from the face divine!

WESLEY.

THE APOSTLES.

IV.

WITH sudden burst,
 A rushing noise, through all the sacred band
 Silence profound, and fixed attention claimed.
 A chilling terror crept through every heart,
 Mute was each tongue, and pale was every face.
 The rough roar ceased; when, borne on fiery wings,
 The dazzling emanation from above
 In brightest vision round each sacred head
 Diffused its vivid beams: mysterious light!
 That rushed impetuous through the awaking mind,
 Whilst new ideas filled the impassive soul,

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Fast crowding in, with sweetest violence,
 'Twas then amazed, they caught the glorious flame ;
 Spontaneous flowed their all-persuasive words,
 Warm from the heart, and to the heart addressed.

JENNER.

THE APOSTLES.

V.

THY eloquence, O Paul, thy matchless tongue,
 With strong persuasion, as with magic's voice,
 From heathen darkness to the paths of light,
 Led the benighted wanderers, who like thee,
 Through superstition's gloomy mazes strayed,
 Till heaven's effulgence bursting on the view,
 To thy astonished and enraptured sight
 Revealed the glories of unfading day.

BOLLAND.

THE APOSTLES.

VI.

'Tis pitiful
 To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;
 To break a jest, when pity would inspire
 Pathetic exhortation ! and to address
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
 When sent with God's commission to the heart !
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
 And I consent you take it for your text,
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
 No, he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the mighty terms
 That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,
 Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

COWPER.

THE APOSTLES.

VII.

WHOSE is that sword—that voice and eye of flame,
 That heart of unextinguishable ire?
 Who bears the dungeon keys; and bonds and fire?
 Along his dark and withering path he came—
 Death in his looks, and terror in his name,
 Tempting the might of heaven's eternal sire.
 Lo, the Light shone! the sun's veiled beams expire—
 A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
 Whose is yon form stretched on the earth's cold bed,
 With smitten soul, and tears of agony,
 Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head—
 Rayless the orbs that flushed with victory.
 Over the raging waves of human will
 The Saviour's spirit walked—and all was still!

ROSCOE.

THE APOSTLES.

VIII.

RASH was the tongue, and unadvisedly bold,
 Which sought, Salome for thy favoured twain
 Above their fellows, in Messiah's reign
 On right, on left, the foremost place to hold.
 More rash, perhaps, and bolder, that which told
 Of power the Saviour's bitter cup to drain,
 And, passing stretch of human strength, sustain
 His bath baptismal. Lord, by thee enrolled
 Thy servant, grant me thy Almighty grace,
 My destined portions of thy grief to bear.
 Ev'n what Thou wilt! But chiefly grant Thy face
 Within thy glory's realm to see, whene'er
 Most meet Thy wisdom deems; whate'er the place,
 It must be blest, for Thou, my God, art there.

MANT.

THE APOSTLES.

IX.

THE gazing synagogue, in wonder wrapt,
 Devour his pregnant speech. The instructive page
 With simple style, deliberate address,
 And nervous argument, now vindicates
 The great Messiah. Now with words that live,
 And thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,
 Expiring nature, and the doom of man
 He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,
 Her shape deformed, the poison of her touch,—
 Behind her, vengeance, with eternal fire
 He next describes. Affrighted conscience wakes ;
 The murderer starts aghast ; the oppressor groans ;
 The adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.
 What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,
 But shuddered there !—Now with mellifluous tongue,
 He soothes the scorpion sting of conscious guilt.
 Behold, each faded countenance relumed
 With hope and gladness, while the chosen saint
 Unfolds the mysteries of redeeming love,
 Of grace and mercy infinite, displays
 The high rewards of penitence and life
 Reformed ; the freedom of the Christian yoke
 Avers, and testifies the eternal league
 'Twixt happiness and virtue. Now, to crown
 The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase,
 He wins the enchanted auditors to peace,
 Long-suffering, gentleness, and social love,
 The godlike spirit of his Master's laws.

LETTICE.

THE PULPIT.

I.

No studied eloquence was there displayed,
 Nor poetry of language lent its aid ;
 But plain the words that from the preacher came ;
 A preacher young, and all unknown to fame ;
 While youth and age a listening ear inclined,
 To learn the way the pearl of price to find.

BOGART.

THE PULPIT.

II.

O, REST not now, but scatter wide the seeds
 Of faithful words, and yet more faithful deeds ;
 So thou shalt rest above eternally,
 When God the harvest fruit shall give to thee.

BETHUNE.

THE PULPIT.

III.

I SAW one man, armed simply with God's Word,
 Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
 And pierced them sharply as a two-edged sword,
 While conscience echoed back his words again ;
 Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
 Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
 So their hearts opened to the wholesome pain,
 And hundreds kneeled upon the flowery sod,
 One good man's earnest prayer, the link 'twixt them
 and God.

MRS. NORTON.

THE PULPIT.

IV.

How beautiful are the feet of those who bear
 Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair !
 Far from the mountain's top, they lovelier seem
 Than moonlight dews, or morning's rosy beam ;
 Sweeter the voice than spell, or hymning sphere,
 And listening angels hush their harps to hear.

C. H. JOHNSTON.

THE PULPIT.

V.

By weakest ministers, the Almighty thus
 Makes known his sacred will, and shows His power :
 By Him inspired, they speak with urgent tongue
 Authoritative, whilst the illumined breast
 Heaves with unwonted strength ; high as their theme,
 Their great conceptions rise in rapturous flow,
 As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
 And, in such strains as science could not teach,
 Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart ;
 The listening throng there feel its blessed effect,
 And deep conviction glows in every breast.

JENNER.

THE PULPIT.

VI.

HE bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
 He preached the joys of Heaven, and pains of hell,
 And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
 But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

DRYDEN.

THE PULPIT.

VII.

OF the deep learning in the schools of yore,
 The reverend pastor hath a golden stock ;
 Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
 Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
 The bitter cravings of his simple flock !
 But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
 Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock ;
 For well he knows, not learning's purest tides
 Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.

MRS. LITTLE.

THE PULPIT.

VIII.

YE to whom a prophet-voice is given,
 Stirring men as by a trumpet's call,
 Utter forth the oracles of Heaven!—
 Earth gives back the echoes as they fall:
 Rouse the world's great heart, while yet the day
 Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,—
 For the night cometh!

MRS. EMBURY.

THE PULPIT.

IX.

WITH eloquence innate his tongue was armed;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed:
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky.

DRYDEN.

THE PULPIT.

X.

THE priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,
 From mean self-interest and ambition clear,
 Their hope in heaven, servility their scorn,
 Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and warn,
 Their wisdom pure, and given them from above,
 Their usefulness ensured by zeal and love,
 As meek as the man Moses, and withal
 As bold as in Agrippa's presence, Paul,
 Should fly the world's contaminating touch,
 Holy and unpolluted.

COWPER.

THE PULPIT.

XI.

As your guide,
 He in the heaven-ward path hath firmly walked,
 Bearing your joys and sorrows in his breast,
 And on his prayers. He at your household hearths
 Hath spoke his Master's message, while your babes
 Listening, imbibed, as blossoms drink the dew ;
 And when your dead were buried from your sight,
 Was he not there ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE PULPIT.

XII.

BUT chiefly ye should lift your gaze
 Above the world's uncertain haze,
 And look with calm unwavering eye
 On the bright fields beyond the sky,
 Ye who your Lord's commission bear,
 His way of mercy to prepare :
 Angels He calls ye : be your strife
 To lead, on earth, an angel's life.

KEBLE.

THE PULPIT.

XIII.

AT church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And those who came to scoff, remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH.

THE PULPIT.

XIV.

JUDGE not the preacher, for he is thy judge :
 If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good : if all want sense
 God takes a text and preacheth patience.

HERBERT.

THE PULPIT.

XV.

THUS, to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies.
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH.

THE PULPIT.

XVI.

THERE stands the messenger of truth ; there stands
 The legate of the skies ; his theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders ; and by him, in strains so sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,

And, armed himself in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own; and trains, by every rule
 Of holy-discipline, to glorious war,
 The sacramental host of God's elect.

COWPER.

RESIGNATION.

1.

FRIENDSHIP! I thought thee once a pleasing thing,
 When childhood flattered me with golden dreams
 Too rash I trusted to thy waxen wing
 Against affliction's melting beams:
 I knew not till I fell, how vain,
 Were all thy boasted mighty powers;
 Fair promiser in happy hours,
 But flying from our pain.

When youth allured me from my mother's knee
 To sports, companions, and unthinking days,
 I thought the sun and seasons made for me:
 Smoothly we enter life's delusive maze;
 By inexperience led, and hope deceived,
 I trusted ere my heart inquired;
 So soon is what we wish admired,
 And what we love believed.

But heavenly care, that did my good intend,
 Stripped me of these, to bring me better joys:
 Removing worldly prospects, substance, friend,
 And gave itself in charge for earthly toys:
 Ah! my dear God! how little did I know,
 When their mourned loss first fixed my smart,
 Thou didst but rend them from my heart,
 That Thou might'st more bestow.

BROWNIE.



RESIGNATION.

II.

WHEN in justice He appals us
 By the threat of endless pain,
 Sink not—soon His mercy calls us
 To His pardoning arms again.
 Father! O, with patience bless us,
 Till each seeming ill be past :
 Let whatever gloom oppress us,
 All must end in light at last.

WARD.

RESIGNATION.

III.

THOU Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are Thy Will !
 Then all I want, (O, do Thou grant
 This one request of mine,)
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*.

BURNS.

RESIGNATION.

IV.

" O FATHER ! not my will but thine be done !"
 So spake the Son.
 Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
 Of griefs and joys—
 That we may cling for ever to Thy breast,
 In perfect rest !

KEBLE.

RESIGNATION

V.

GIVE me the care,
 By thankful patience to prevent despair :
 Fit me to bear whate'er Thou shalt assign ;
 I kiss the rod, because the rod is Thine.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

RESIGNATION.

VI.

LORD I submit. Complete thy gracious will,
 For, if Thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
 O, be my will swallowed up in Thine,
 That I may do Thy will in doing mine !

HANNAH MORE.

RESIGNATION.

VII.

FAITH and hope
 Will teach me how to bear my lot !
 To think Almighty Wisdom best,
 To bow my head, and murmur not.
 The chast'ning hand of One above
 Falls heavy, but I kiss the rod :
 It gives the wound, and I must trust
 Its healing to the self-same God,

ELIZA COOK.

RESIGNATION.

VIII.

O YE, whose heart in secret bleed
 O'er transient hope, like morning dew.
 O'er friendship faithless in your need,
 Or love to all its vows untrue,

Who shrink from persecution's rod,
 Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
 Look meekly to the Son of God,
 And in his griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye?—so was He;
 Reviled?—yet check the vengeful word;
 Rejected? should the servant be
 Exalted o'er his suffering Lord?
 Nor deem that heaven's omniscient eye
 Is e'er regardless of your lot,—
 Deluded man from God may fly,
 But when was man by God forgot?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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RESIGNATION.

IX.

LIKE some well-fashioned arch thy patience stood,  
 And purchased strength from each increasing load.

GOLDSMITH.

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RESIGNATION.

X.

FOR God, who binds the broken heart,
 And dries the mourner's tear,
 If faith and patience be their part,
 Will unto these be near.

Let such but say "Thy will be done!"
 And He who Jesus raised,
 Will qualify them, through His Son,
 To say, "Thy name be praised!"

BARTON.

RESIGNATION.

XI.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God
 With His own children, which none others know,
 That sweetens all He does : and if such peace
 While under His afflicting hand we find,
 What will it be to see Him as He is,
 And past the reach of all that now disturbs.
 The tranquil soul's repose ?

SWAINE.

RESIGNATION.

XII.

IF, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way—
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resigned to die, or resolute to live :
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

MRS. BARBAULD.

RESIGNATION.

XIII.

AND wilt thou not, coy wretch ! drink one poor sup
 Of bitter drink for Him that drank a cup
 To sweeten thine ?

JOHN QUARLES.

RESIGNATION.

XIV.

WISDOM the antidote of sad despair,
 Makes sharp afflictions seem not as they are,
 Through patient sufferance ; and doth apprehend,
 Not as they seeming are, but as they end.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

RESIGNATION.

XV.

TAKE all, great God ! I will not grieve,
 But still will wish that I had still to give.

NORRIS.

RESIGNATION.

XVI.

IN patience, then, possess thy soul,
 Stand still !—for while the thunders roll,
 Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,
 And will to thy assistance come ;
 His love and mercy will be shewn
 To those who trust in Him alone.

ALLEN.

RESIGNATION.

XVII.

MY blest Redeemer lives —In that last day
 When, like the baseless fabric of a dream,
 Earth's unsubstantial glories pass away,
 He then shall stand, acknowledged Lord supreme.

My blest Redeemer lives.—Though death the head
 Consign, a victim to the silent tomb ;
 Though worms around my lifeless body spread,
 Though noisome worms these mouldering limbs con-
 sume,
 Triumphant still e'er Satan's power I rise,
 My God, my God appears, and wakes these languid
 eyes.

HAYES.

RESIGNATION.

XVIII.

O, SHAME upon thee, listless heart
 So sad a sigh to heave,
 As if thy Saviour had no part
 In thoughts that make thee grieve.

KEDLE.

RESIGNATION.

XIX.

LOVE, born in hours of joy and mirth,
 With mirth and joy may perish ;
 That to which darker hours gave birth,
 Still more and more we cherish :
 It looks beyond the clouds of time,
 And through death's shadowy portal ;
 Made, by adversity sublime,
 By faith and hope, immortal.

BARTON.

RESIGNATION.

XX.

HE who each bitter cup rejects,
 No living spring shall quaff ;
 He whom thy rod in love corrects,
 Shall lean upon thy staff :
 Happy, thrice happy, then, is he,
 Who knows the chastening is from Thee ?

BARTON.

RESIGNATION.

XXI.

COME, Resignation, spirit meek,
 And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
 And read in thy pale eye serene,
 Their blessing, who by faith can wean
 Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
 God only, and the joys above.

KEBLE.

CONSOLATION.

I.

THE soul reposing on assured relief,
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
 Forgets her labour as she toils along,
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

COWPER.

CONSOLATION.

II.

DREAD Omnipotence alone
 Can heal the wound he gave;
 Can point the brim-full, grief-worn eyes,
 To scenes beyond the grave.

BURNS.

CONSOLATION.

III.

TRUS ever in the steps of grief,
 Are sown the precious seeds of joy;
 Each fount of Marah hath a leaf,
 Whose healing balm we may employ.

Then, 'mid life's fitful fleeting day,
 Look up; the sky is bright above!
 Kind voices cheer thee on thy way!
 Faint Spirit! trust the God of love!

MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

CONSOLATION.

IV.

FRIENDS counsel quick dismissal of our grief;
 Mistaken kindness! Our hearts heal too soon.
 Are they more kind than He who struck the blow?
 Who bid it do His errand in our hearts,
 And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
 And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
 Calamities are friends.

YOUNG.

CONSOLATION.

V.

AND what is want? 'Tis virtue's test:
 What weakness? An escape from pride:
 That life and earth may be the best
 In which, by woe, the soul is tried:
 For He whose word is ever sure,
 Hath said that, "Blessed are the Poor."

H. H. WELD.

CONSOLATION.

VI.

THERE is a haven yet to rest my soul on,
 In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
 With the same comfort as a distressed seaman
 Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
 When yet the seas do toss his reeling barque,
 'Twixt hope and danger.

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SHIRLEY.

CONSOLATION.

VII.

THERE is no gloom on earth, for God above
 Chastens in love ;
 Transmitting sorrow into golden joy,
 Free from alloy.
 His dearest attribute is still to bless,
 And man's most welcome hymn is grateful cheerfulness.

HORACE SMITH.

CONSOLATION.

VIII.

ALL hope on earth for ever fled,
 A higher hope remaineth ;
 For while His wrath is o'er me shed,
 I know my Saviour reigneth.
 The worm may waste the withering clay,
 When flesh and spirit sever ;
 My soul shall see eternal day,
 And dwell with God for ever !

THOMAS DALE.

CONSOLATION.

IX.

VIRTUE, on herself relying,
 Every passion hushed to rest,
 Loses every pain of dying,
 In the hope of being blest.
 Every added pang she suffers
 Some increasing good bestows,
 And every shock that malice offers,
 Only rocks her to repose.

GOLDSMITH.

CONSOLATION.

X.

So, Christian! though gloomy and sad be thy days,
 And the tempest of sorrow encompass thee black;
 Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays
 To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track:
 Though thy soul wriths in anguish, and bitter tears flow
 O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart
 riven,
 Check thy murmuring sorrows thou lorn one and know
 That the chastened on earth are the purest for Heaven,
 And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
 That "the Master is coming," and coming to thee.

S. D. PATTERSON.

CONSOLATION.

XI.

In the dark winter of affliction's hour,
 When summer friends and pleasures haste way,
 And the wrecked heart perceives how frail each power
 It made a refuge, and believed a stay;
 When man, all wild and weak is seen to be—
 There's none like Thee, O Lord! there's none like Thee!
 Thou in adversity canst be a sun;
 Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
 The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One,
 Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower
 Gifts of a King; gifts frequent and yet free,—
 There's none like Thee, O Lord! none, none like Thee!

MISS JEWsbury.

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GOLDSMITH.

CONSOLATION.

XII.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
 That is light grieving ! lighter none befel,
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
 Tears ! what are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,
 The mother singing : at her marriage bell
 The bride weeps : and before the oracle
 Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
 That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace,
 Mourners who weep ! Albeit, as some have done,
 Ye grope, tear-blinded, in a desert place,
 And touch but tombs,—look up ! These tears will run
 Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
 And leave the vison clear for stars and sun.

MISS BARRETT.

CONSOLATION.

XIII.

WHY should my fond, ungrateful heart complain ?
 What have I lost, of excellent and fair,
 Of kind or good that Thou canst not repair ?
 What have I lost of truth or amity,
 But what derived its gentle source from Thee ?
 What is there here of excellence or grace,
 That one bright smile from Thee would not efface ?

MRS STEELE.

CONSOLATION.

XIV.

THEY who die in Christ are blessed—
 Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !
 Sweetly with their God they rest,
 All their toils and troubles leaving :

So be ours the faith that saveth,
 Hope that every trial braveth,
 Love that to the end endureth,
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth !

BP. DOANE.

CONSOLATION.

XV.

RAISE it to Heaven when thine eye fills with tears,
 For only in a watery sky appears
 The bow of light ; and from the invisible skies
 Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping eyes.

FRANCES ANN KEMBLE.

CONSOLATION.

XVI.

AND when Time sweet opiates flings
 From his swift invisible wings,
 Bearing from the heart away
 Some slight anguish day by day ;
 Grief, through Memory's medium scanned,
 Mellow, sweet, and soft appears ;
 Though no smile the Past demand,
 Still it does not ask for tears.

And, when better still than this,
 Comes Religion's soothing kiss,
 Breathing on the wounded heart
 Balm no other can impart,
 Grief thenceforth is grief no more ;
 All its powers on earth shall cease,
 But shall give, when life is o'er,
 Birth to deathless joy and peace.

J. H. CLINCH.

GOD COMFORTING HIS PEOPLE.

XVII.

YES, 'tis the voice of Love divine !
 And O ! how sweet those accents sound !
 Afflicted Zion, rise, and shine,
 Fair mourner, prostrate on the ground.

The mighty God, thy glorious King,
 Tender to pity, strong to save,
 Hath sworn he will salvation bring,
 Though sorrow press thee to the grave.

He all a Father's pleasure knows
 To fold thee in his dear embrace ;
 His heart with secret joy o'erflows,
 And cheerful smiles adorn his face.

At length the inward ecstasy
 In holy music breaks its way ;
 Heaven exults in harmony,
 And angels teach their harps the lay.

Fain would my lips the chorus swell.
 But mortal tongues are faint and weak,
 The grateful thoughts that with me dwell,
 Would ask eternity to speak.

ANON.

HOME.

I.

DOMESTIC Love ! not in proud palace halls
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;
 Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;
 With hum of bees around, and from the side

Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
 Shining along through banks with harebells dyed ;
 And many a bird, to warble on the wing,
 When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth
 doth fling.

O love of loves ! to thy white hand is given
 Of earthly happiness the golden key ;
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
 When the babes cling around their father's knee ;
 And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
 Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,
 And on its altar closed—for ever close thy plume !

CROLY.

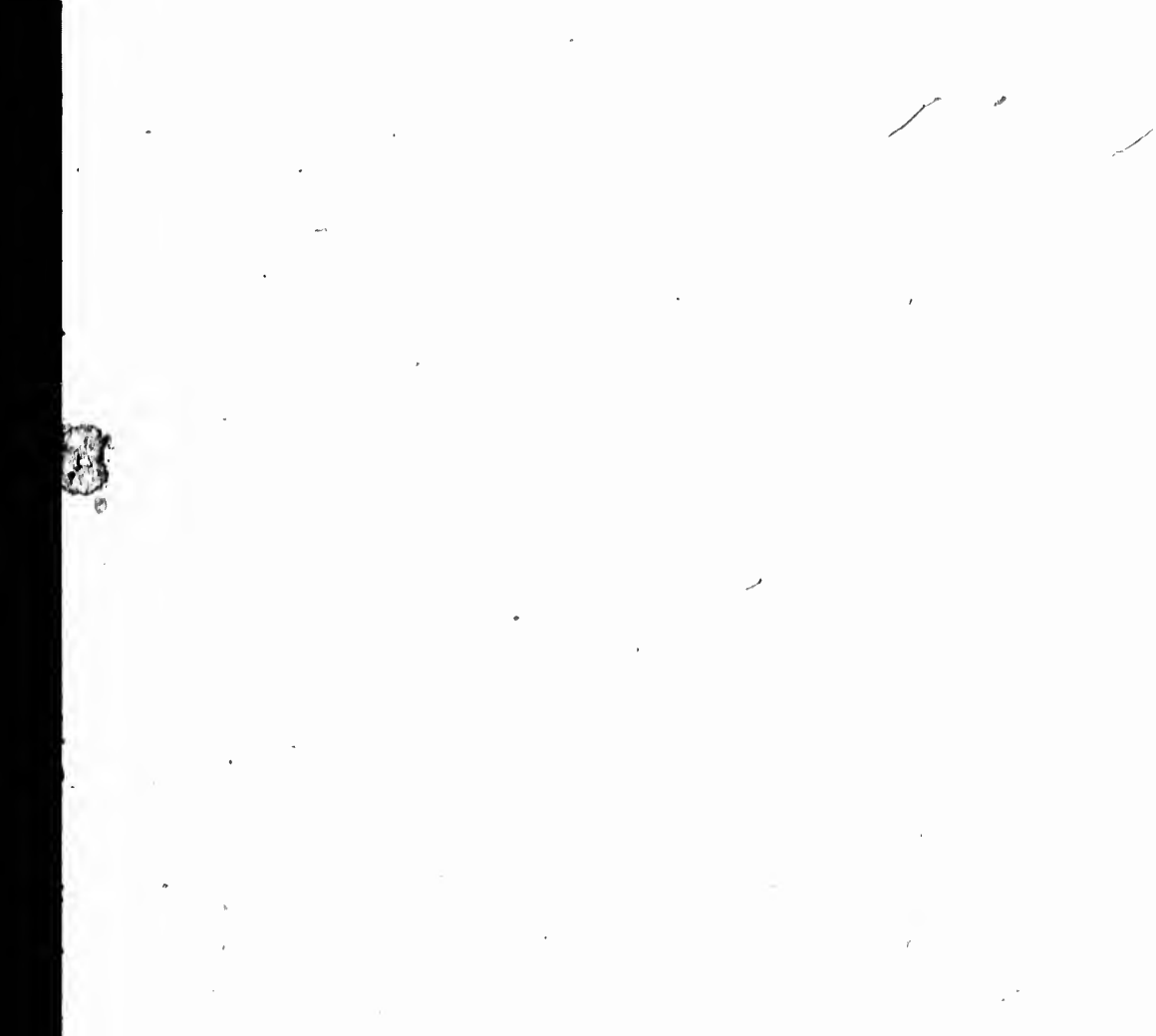
HOME.

II.

'Twas early day—and sunlight streamed
 Soft through a quite room,
 That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,—
 Still,—but with nought of gloom :
 For there, secure in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above ;
 A father communed with the page
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright
 On his grey holy hair,
 And touched the book with tenderest light,
 As if its shrine were there :
 But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far :—
 A radiance, all the Spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm benignant eye ;



Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of immortality ;
 Some heart's deep language, when the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives ;—
 For every feature said,—" I know
 That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
 Hushed was their very breath ;
 Before the solemn sanctuary
 Of thought, o'ersweeping death ;
 Silent yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt ?
 O ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
 That home where God is felt.

MRS. HEMANS.

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HOME.

III.

WHEN the hearth of our childhood was sparkling and  
 bright,  
 And our earliest footsteps trode gaily and light ;  
 Where we offered our prayers to the Father above,  
 With a father's blessing and mother's love ;  
 Where in seasons of trial and tempests of pain,  
 We long to take shelter from trouble again,  
 Like mariners 'scaped from a stormy sea ;—  
 The Home of the wandering *frame* should be.

Where the stars in beauty and brightness roll  
 Through clear blue ether, around the pole ;  
 Where Nature works in her wondrous ways  
 Through depths concealed from the vulgar gaze ;  
 Where aught of the wonderful, beautiful, new,  
 In heaven or earth, may be brought to view,  
 That the mind may grasp, or the eye may see ;—  
 There, there the Home of the *soul* should be.

Where the voices of mighty multitudes roar,  
 Like the boom of the sea on the sandy shore;  
 And, mixed with hosannas loud and long,  
 Arises the everlasting song;  
 Where the Lamb that was slain in the midst of the  
 throne,  
 Has honour, and glory, and power alone;—  
 At the feet of the undivided Three,  
 The Home of the deathless *spirit* should be.

ANON.

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MARRIAGE.

I.

How sweet the privilege to minister
 The soothing aid of friendship and love
 To those the heart approves; to mingle mind
 And all the treasures of affection.
 Where we feel the blest security of
 Principle and holy zeal! but doubly
 Valuable—when o'er the elevated soul
 The faint effusions of disease
 Has cast a sober mantle! then to illumine
 The speaking eye, and cheer the smitten breast,
 Is heaven's imparted delegated gift!
 Thousands can fling the gaudy blossoms
 Which attract the multitude, and scatter
 Dangerous perfume; but to select the
 Consolations of the gospel, and teach
 The labouring mind to yield submission
 To the will of Heaven, is sanctified
 Friendship's blest and sole prerogative!
 The Christian's sacred balm is all extracted
 From the promises of God. He knows it is the Lord
 Who orders all the dispensations
 He beholds, and from the treasury
 Of his word breathed out those truths divine
 Which soften present anguish, revive the sweet
 Illumined rays of heavenly hope, or bend
 The chastened mind to holy resignation.

ANON.

MARRIAGE.

THE MISSIONARY'S BRIDE.

II

WHO'D be a missionary's bride?
 Who, that is young and fair,
 Would leave the world and all beside,
 Its pomp—its vanity and pride,
 Her Saviour's cross to bear?

Who would leave the glittering hall,
 Where beauteous fashion reigns,
 To share her life—her joys—her all,
 With one who heeds not fashion's call,
 And will not wear her chains?

Who would leave the festive throng,
 And admiration's gaze,
 And to a "little flock" belong,
 Who love to swell the humble song
 To their Redeemer's praise?

Who could leave their father's dome,
 And her mother's fireside,
 Among the heathen wilds to roam,—
 Sometimes, perhaps, without a home,—
 A missionary's bride?

None—save she whose bosom feels
 The emptiness of earth,—
 Who loves the *home* that faith reveals,
 And oft at Jesus' table kneels,
 To prove her heavenly birth.

None—save she who has that love
 Which "seeketh not her own,"—
 Who mild and peaceful as the dove,
 Pursues the joys which are above,
 Around her Father's throne.

None—save she whose bosom glows
 With feeling for the poor,—
 Whose willing footstep ever knows
 To find the lowly hut of those
 Who silently endure.

None—save she whose heart is meek,
 Who feels another's pain,
 And loves to wipe from sorrow's cheek;
 The trickling tears—and accents speak
 That soothe the heart again.

She who feels for them that need
 The precious "bread of life,"
 And longs the Saviour's lambs to feed;—
 O, such an one would make, indeed,
 A missionary's wife!

ANON.

MARRIAGE.

III.

NOT for the summer hour alone,
 When skies resplendent shine,
 And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
 Our heart and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days,
 Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
 When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
 Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
 Which like a blast doth fly,
 And, as the transient flower of grass,
 Just blossom—droop, and die.

But for a being without end,
 This vow of love we take;
 Grant us, O God! one home at last,
 For our Redeemer's sake.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MARRIAGE.

ENDURING LOVE.

IV.

SAY not, that pure and wedded love expires—
 Pure wedded love, in gentle bosoms stored;
 Say not, oh, say not! that its fond desires,
 Like water-drops on thirsty sand outpoured,
 Can perish wholly, or by slow decay,
 Like smouldering flames, die sullenly away!
 Is love so fickle that it cannot rest
 To one dear home confined—one chosen nest—
 Though daily use weave chains of mild constraint,
 And fond affection pour her moving plaint,
 To win the truant back? A thousand ties,
 A thousand spells, each passing day supplies;
 And all we see without, or feel within—
 Resolves, and hopes, and fears—love's being feed,
 Preserving, even in this world of sin,
 Its sacred flame unchanged—the common need,
 Of friendship's tender soothing, from above
 Infused; the fountains of parental love
 Solicitous, that know not pause or rest,
 Flowing with ceaseless tide in either breast.
 The sigh, the tear,
 For long-lost friends, who once to both were dear;
 Fond recollections gleaned from other days,
 The look, the voice that only spoke to praise—
 Remembered joys, remembered hopes and fears,
 With many a scene upon life's busy stage,
 Or acted, or beheld, in other years;

And many a blotted and repentant page
 Of faults, by youthful folly ill excused,
 Not seldom, nor with tearless eye, perused
 In wisdom's later hour. Grave thoughts and gay
 Commixed, by, which, in life's declining day,
 Our hearts, tenacious of the past, are stirred,
 As by the music of far-distant bells,
 Over the surface of deep waters heard,
 That roll their space between.—

Such holy spells
 Has pure and wedded love; degenerate minds,
 Minds bent to earth, foredoomed of old to know
 Not lofty thoughts, nor the perpetual glow
 Of high affection; that collects and binds
 And treasures up what the dull sons of earth
 See not, or seeing, little deem their worth—
 The scattered jewels of life's beaten track:
 Such minds misdeem of love; they cannot sound
 Its silent waters, from their own depth black;
 They know not, reck not, of its base and ground;
 No feelings do their bosoms know, that plead
 For liberty, and clamour to be freed:
 But as, on autumn days, who loves to walk
 In the fresh morning, an unwonted sight
 Beholds;—dew-sprinkled threads, from stalk to stalk
 Suspended, glistening with refracted light;
 And the cool earth, with peafly frost-work spread;
 A new creation seems, for human tread
 Unmeet;—so, even so, the tender heart,
 In the clear realms of elevated thought,
 Sitting in simple dignity apart,
 Beholds a scene of varied beauty wrought
 From daily products of our common life;
 Beholds the seeds and elements of strife
 Transformed, and blended by the subtle power
 Of mighty love, with light celestial glow—
 Even till moral beauty seems the dower
 Of this our earthly state, this world of sin and wo!

ANON.

INFANCY.

I.

THE YOUNG MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN CHILD.

MY sweet wee nursing ! thou art sweet to me
 As sun to flowers, or honey to the bee—
 Music in summer bowers—the freshening stream,
 To bright wings dipping from the sultry beam—
 Hope to the mourner, to the weary rest—
 To the young dreamer, visions of the blest !
 What art thou like, nestling in slumbers there,
 So meek, so calm, so innocently-fair ?
 What art thou like ? A dormouse, sleek and warm,
 A primrose cluster, or a fairy charm ?
 Yes ! thou'rt a charm !—a most mysterious spell !
 Birds, bees, and flowers, can just as ably tell
 Why sunshine, scent, and streams their pleasure be,
 As thy young mother, why she dotes on thee
 With such unmeasured, fond intensity !
 I cannot look on thee, but springing thought
 Perfumes the air with blossoms fancy fraught !
 I cannot think on thee, but life seems bright
 With gushing sunbeams, ever new delight !—
 Thou darling simpleton ! thy vacant eye
 As yet to my long gaze makes no reply ;
 Breathing and crying are thy only speech—
 But, oh ! for me, what eloquence hath each !
 Sounds of my first-born !—how my heart they thrill,
 Like the sweet babblings of a hidden rill ;
 A well of future blessedness art thou !
 My morning star, my crown of gladness now !

MRS. RICHARDSON.

INFANCY.

II.

HELPLESS stranger, thou art welcome !
 We hail thee as a blessing given ;
 Thou shalt have our kind attention,
 Thee we'll train for earth and heaven.

Thou art born to live for ever!
 Oh, how precious is thy soul!
 Suns and stars shall be extinguished,
 Yet wilt thou survive the whole!

By our precept and example,
 We will teach the heavenly road,
 Shew the path of truth and duty,—
 Lead thee to thy Saviour, God.

Grow in stature, filled with wisdom;
 We will seek the Spirit's grace;
 God thy sun and shield, shall bless thee,
 Every step throughout thy race.

Then, at last, in heights of glory,
 We shall shine at God's right hand;
 Sing redeeming power and mercy,
 Joined with all the holy band.

ANON.

INFANCY.

III.

SWEET babe, may Heaven who formed thee be
 Thy guide through future years;
 And may the mother view in thee
 Her smiles but not her tears.

Just like a day whose cloudless beam
 Is lent in sunny May,
 Or, like a long delightful dream,
 May thy life glide away.

Or, as some stream that strays near bowers,
 And steals the dropping rose,
 May thy life run—and friendship's flowers
 Thus gild it as it goes.

RYAN.

INFANCY.

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

IV.

AND this is death ! How cold and still
 And yet how lovely it appears !
 Too cold to let the gazer smile,
 But far too beautiful for tears.
 The sparkling eye no more is bright,
 The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
 And yet it is with strange delight
 I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair, wide brow,
 Half-shaded by the silken hair,
 That never looked so fair as now
 When life and health were laughing there.
 I wonder not that grief should swell
 So wildly upward in the breast,
 And that strong passion once rebel
 That need not, cannot be suppressed.

And yet, why mourn ? That deep repose
 Shall never more be broke by pain ;
 Those lips no more in sighs enclose ;
 Those eyes shall never weep again.
 For think not that this blushing flower
 Shall wither in the church-yard sod ;
 'Twas made to gild an angel's bower,
 Within the paradise of God.

Farewell ! I shall not soon forget ;
 Although my heart hath ceased to beat,
 My memory warmly treasures yet
 Thy features, calm and mildly sweet.
 But no ! that look is not the last :
 We yet may meet where seraphs dwell ;
 Where love no more deploras the past,
 Nor breathes that withering word, Farewell !
 PEABODY.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

I.

OH! sweet as vernal dews that fill
 The closing buds on Zion's hill,
 When evening clouds draw thither,—
 So sweet, so heavenly 'tis, to see
 The members of one family
 Live peacefully together :

The children, like the lily flowers,
 On which descend the sun and showers,
 Their hues of beauty blending ;
 The parents, like the willow boughs,
 On which the lovely foliage grows,
 Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,
 And flowers the brightest fade away,
 When autumn winds are sweeping :
 And be the household e'er so fair
 The hand of death will soon be there,
 And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
 And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
 When spring comes smiling hither ;
 And friends, who parted at the tomb,
 May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
 And meet in heaven together.

ANON.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

II.

If there is happiness below,
 In such a home she's shrined :
 The human heart can never know
 Enjoyment more refined,

Than where the sacred band is twined
 Of filial and parental ties,—
 That tender union, all combined
 Of Nature's holiest sympathies !

'Tis friendship in its loveliest dress !
 'Tis love's most perfect tenderness !
 All other friendships may decay,
 All other loves may fade away ;
 Our faults or follies may disgust
 The friend in whom we fondly trust ;
 Or selfish views may intervene,
 From us his changeful heart to wean ;
 For we ourselves may change, and find
 Faults to which once our love was blind ;—
 Or ling'ring pain, or pining care.
 At length may weary friendship's ear ;
 And love may gaze with altered eye,
 When beauty's young attractions fly ;
 But in that union, firm and mild,
 That binds a parent to his child,
 Such joining chords can never sound—
 Such painful doubts can never wound.
 Though health and fortune may decay,
 And fleeting beauty pass away,—
 Though grief may blight, or sin'deface,
 Our youth's fair promise, or disgrace
 May brand with infamy, and shame,
 And public scorn, one blasted name,—
 Though all the fell contagion fly,
 Of guilt reproach and misery,—
 When love regrets, and friends forsake,—
 A parent, though his heart may break,
 From that fond heart will never tear
 The child whose last retreat is there !
 Oh, union, purest, most sublime !
 The grave itself, but for a time
 The holy bond shall sever ;
 His hand who rent shall bind again,
 With firmer links, thy broken chain,
 To be complete for ever !

FITZARTHUR.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

MY FATHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

III.

MY father!—'tis a lovely sound,
Thrice welcome in affection's hearing;
No theme more welcome can be found
Throughout the spirit's wide careering.

The prophet famed, of former days,
Inspired with love's celestial powers,
Exclaims, "My Father," as he prays,
"Be thou my guide in youthful hours!"

So prayed the Saviour, as the swell
Of pain rushed o'er him deep and stormy,
And anguish made him feel its hell:
"My Father, let this cup pass from me!"

And, oh! when dark temptations throng,
Adventurers on life's frightful ocean,
What fonder prayer the storms among—
"My Father, still the wild commotion!"

What, though I find, where'er I roam,
A cold deceitful world to grieve me,—
If I should bend my footsteps home,
My Father's hearth will still receive me.

Yet, oh! if he should e'er forget
His child, by his own self begotten!—
But no—I'll not believe it yet:
My Father! I am *not* forgotten.

But e'en suppose my Father's eye
Should light upon me as a stranger,—
My heavenly Father lives on high,
And he will shelter me from danger.

Till then I'll venture to enjoy
 The sweets that bloom beneath his favour ;
 And hope to share in heaven, with joy,
 My Father's company for ever.

And I will bless the annual morn
 That wakes me from refreshing slumbers,
 To tell me when my Sire was born,
 And wish returns in happy numbers.

ANON.

 FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE MOTHER.

IV.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy :—
 " Sleep, image of thy father,—sleep, my boy !
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall be,
 In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blessed than he !
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last
 Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past,—
 With many a smile, my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
 And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
 And soothe my parted spirit, lingering near ?
 Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
 The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
 With aching temples, on thy hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind ;
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,

And think on all my love, and all my wo?"
 So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
 Can look regard, or brighter in reply :
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
 A mother's eye by that endearing name ;
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care ;
 Or liaps, with holy looks his evening prayer ;
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear :—
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
 At every artless tear and every smile !
 How glows the joyous parent to descry
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

CAMPBELL.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE MOTHER.

V.

SHE asks no splendours to adorn his way,
 That mock his grasp, and glitter to betray.
 The hopes she wakens mingle with the sky,
 And light with heavenly ray his destiny ;
 Like the bright clouds that float on summer even.
 Gilding the scenes of earth with tints of heaven.
 Her voice his early oraison shall teach,
 And wake devotion with the lisp of speech ;
 That dawn is hers, so transient and so fair,
 Ere the rude world may claim admission there ;
 It is her own, and *all* that she may claim :
 Yet shall it bear through life her sacred aim.
 Heaven has itself conferred upon *that* love
 A spell, a talisman, all power above.
 With his young morning visions, bright and fair
 Her memory stands ; and nothing shall impair
 Its sacred influence ; life's mists may rise,
 But cannot dim those tender sympathies.

RUTHERFOORD.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES—TO MY MOTHER.

VI.

My birth-day ! Oh, beloved mother !
 My heart is with thee o'er the seas !
 I did not think to count another
 Before I wept upon thy knees—
 Before this scroll of absent years
 Was blotted with thy streaming tears.
 My own I do not care to check ;
 I weep, albeit here alone,
 As if I hung upon thy neck—
 As if thy lips were on my own—
 As if this full sad heart of mine
 Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years ! how looks she now ?
 What light is in those tender eyes ?
 What trace of time has touched the brow
 Whose look is borrowed of the skies,
 That listened to her nightly prayer ?
 How she is changed, since *he* was there
 Who sleeps upon her heart away—
 Whose name upon her lips is worn,
 For whom the night seems made to pray,
 For whom she wakes to pray at morn,
 Whose sight is dim—whose heart-strings stir—
 Who weeps those tears to think of *her* !

I know not if my mother's eyes
 Would find me changed in other things.
 I've wandered beneath many skies,
 -And tasted many bitter springs,
 And many leaves, once fair and gay,
 From youth's full flower have dropped away,—
 But, as these looser leaves depart,
 The lessened flower gets near the core ;
 And when deserted quite, the heart
 Takes closer what was dear of yore,

And leans to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew, by which its bud was
nurst.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remembered in my home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou *dost!* I *am* beloved of thee:
But as the schoolboy numbers o'er,
Night after night, the Pleiades,
And finds the stars he found before,—
As turns the maiden oft her token—
As counts the miser oft his gold,—
So, till life's "silver cord is broken,"
Would I of thy dear love be told,
My heart is full—mine eyes are wet:
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer
yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on,—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee,—
When land is hailed, and from the shore
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance, from my mother's door,
Of flowers forgotten when I come,—
When port is gained, and, slowly now,
The old familiar paths are past,
And entering, unconscious how,
I gaze upon thy face at last,—
And run to thee, all faint and weak,—
And feel thy tears upon my cheek,—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem,
And I shall grow onë more a boy,
And, mother!—'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years.
And, once that we have dried our tears,
How will the day seem long and bright,
To meet the always with thee morn,

To hear thy blessing every night—
 Thy "dearest," thy "first-born"—
 And be no more, as now, in a strange land forlorn.

WILLIS.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE MOTHER'S MORNING KISS TO HER CHILD.

VII.

COME hither fair child, and let me kiss
 Thy rosy lips steeped in their morning dew ;
 And, on thy brightiest gazing, taste that bliss
 A mother feels, when o'er her raptured view
 Each beauty riper grows : the graceful hue
 Of health sits blushing on thy tender cheek,
 And in the azure of thine eye's soft blue
 Float forms of joy, such as I hope to seek
 In all thy future days : a hope how frail and weak.

Ah, no !—the current of thy after years
 Can never flow so pure as at its spring ;
 But in its silent progress downwards, tears
 Will mingle too, and all their wormwood bring.
 I trembling think afflictions deepest sting
 May pierce thy soul, when she, around whose form
 Thy little arms in playful fondness cling,
 Can offer thee no more her bosom warm,
 To solice all thy woes, and shield thee from the storm.

That rose—queen of the blooming coronal
 Of wild flowers waving in thy golden hair—
 Behold how soon its robes of damask fall,
 And cease to shed their perfume on the air,
 Leaving the parent tendril lone and bare !
 Alas ! the ills which wait thee in life's scene
 May in that flower their darkened emblem bear,
 When blighted hopes of joy, with pangs unseen,
 Blanch thy young virgin cheek, and steal its ripened
 sheen !

My yearning heart, in melancholy mood,
 Itself with fancied agony is rending ;
 Let me no longer o'er such frenzies brood ;
 But watch thee, my sweet love, whilst lowly bending,
 Thou lispest forth thy morning prayer, and blending
 With thy bright upward glance such radiance mild ;
 It seems as if in thee, from heaven descending.
 (Fair Iris of my life !) an angel smiled,
 And whispered peace and joy.—Oh ! thou art safe my
 child !

ANON.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF A SON'S BIRTH.

VIII.

THY natal morn, my cherub boy,
 I greet with all a mother's joy,
 A mother's partial pride ;
 A pride, even those who do not claim
 The parent's soft, endearing name
 Yet *will not, cannot* chide.

Like some sweet bud of opening May,
 Which meets the morning's earliest ray,
 And, reared with tenderest care,
 Expands to the admiring view,
 Imbibes the soft refreshing dew,
 And scents the vernal air :

So on thy cheek the roses bloom ;
 So is thy breath a sweet perfume :
 And those expanding charms,
 The vigilant paternal eye,
 With eager ken, can well descry,
 Are fostered in our arms.

Once more, I hail this happy morn !
 Propitious be its blushing dawn,
 Predicting future bliss ;

While soaring to yon cloudless sky,
The lark with earliest melody,
Chants songs of happiness.

As cloudless be thy future day,
As smooth and fair thy future way
Through life's uncertain maze;
May every step thy foot shall tread,
By heaven's perpetual guidance led,
Call forth the voice of praise.

Yet, should I wish thy prosperous life
To feel no change, to meet no strife
With fortune's fickle mood?
The awful storm, which wakes our fear,
Renders the azure sky more clear,
And sorrow works for good.

No, rather let the chequered scene,
Where joy and sorrow intervene,
Be viewed with pious eye;
And then, should smiles bedeck thy face,
Or trials prove the test of grace,
Thy God will still be nigh.

While others boast their noble birth,
Be thine the dignity of worth,
Thy aim, a heavenly crown;
A soul from sordid passions free,
Thy best inheritance shall be,
And this thy chief renown.

Oh! never may the sophist's art
Seduce the young unpractised heart
To walk by fashion's rule;
The generous and enlightened mind,
By self subdued, by sense refined,
Must learn in virtue's school.

With anxious bosoms we shall trace
Thy progress in the earthly race;
And, as thy years increase,

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May wisdom's sacred voice prepare
Thy mind to shun each baneful snare
Which menaces thy peace.

Grant him, eternal source of truth !
To seek thee as the guide of youth,
And manhood's strength and tower ;
So shall his heavenly Father's care
Attend the aged pilgrim's prayer,
And bless his dying hour.

ANON.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

IX.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ;
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or amidst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not pass on its fadeless bloom :
 Far beyond the portals, beyond the tomb,
 It is there, in its glory, its bliss !

MRS HEMANS.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

ADDRESS TO MAMMA.

X.

MAMMA ! 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
 And makes the wounded sinner whole ;
 My nature is by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.

I know my temper is not right,
 I'm often fretful, scold, and fight ;
 I would, like him, be meek and mild,
 For Jesus loves a little child.

How kind is Jesus—oh, how good !
 For my poor soul he shed his blood ;
 For children's sake he was reviled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.

When I offend you by my tongue,
 And say and do what's very wrong,
 Oh ! pray, mamma, be reconciled,
 For Jesus loves your little child.

He teaches me to shed a tear,
 Whene'er I grieve a friend so dear ;
 But though I am so thoughtless, wild,
 Yet Jesus loves the little child.

To me may Jesus now impart,
 Although so young, a gracious heart ;
 Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves the little child.

And I love Him, for he loves me,
 And hope his faithful child to be ;
 The sinner's friend he's justly styled,
 And Jesus loves your little child.

L. RICHMOND.

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### FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

#### A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

##### XI.

COME, gather closer to my side,  
 My little smitten flock !  
 And I will tell of him who brought  
 Pure water from the rock ;  
 Who boldly led God's people forth  
 From Egypt's wrath and guile ;  
 And once a cradled babe did float,  
 All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, you've  
 Are wandering far and wide ;  
 Think ye of her who knew so well  
 Your tender thoughts to guide,  
 Who could to wisdom's sacred lore  
 Your fixed attention claim ?  
 Ah ! never from your hearts erase  
 That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,  
 My youngest infant dove !  
 Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,  
 And learn the lesson

My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
 My poor deserted throng!  
 Cling as you used to cling to her,  
 Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,  
 Come, warble loud and clear;  
 Alas! alas! you're weeping all,  
 You're sobbing in my ear.  
 Good night! go, say the prayer she taught  
 Beside your little bed,—  
 The lips that used to bless you there,  
 Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide  
 Amid the thorns of life,—  
 His care protect these shrinking plants  
 That dread the storms of strife.  
 But who upon your infant hearts  
 Shall like *that mother* write?  
 Who touch the springs that rule the soul?  
 Dear mourning babes, good night!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

FILIAL GRATITUDE.

XII.

WHO that has feelings would not wish to be  
 A friend to parents, such as mine to me?  
 Who, in distress, broke their last crust in twain,  
 And, though want pinched, the remnant broke again;  
 And still, if craving of their scanty bread,  
 Gave their last mouthful, that I might be fed!  
 Nor for their own wants tear-drops followed free,  
 Worse anguish stung—they had no more for me.  
 And now hope's sun is looking brighter out,  
 And spreading thin the clouds of fear and doubt,

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That long, in gloomy sad suspense to me,  
 Hid the long-awaited smiles I wished to see,  
 And now, my parents, helping you is sweet,—  
 The rudest havoc fortune could complete.  
 A piteous couple, little blest with friends,  
 Where pain and poverty have had their ends.  
 I'll be thy crutch, my father! lean on me;  
 Weakness knits stubborn while it's bearing thee:  
 And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's frown  
 To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.  
 My mother, too, thy kindness shall be met,  
 And ere I'm able will I pay the debt;

For what thou'st done, and what gone through for me,  
 My last-earned sixpence will I break with thee;  
 And when my dwindled sum wont more divide,  
 Then take it all, to fate I'll leave the rest;  
 In helping thee, I'll always feel a pride,  
 Nor think I'm happy, till we both are blest.

CLARE.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

MY MOTHER.

XIII.

MATERNAL love! from thee my comforts flowed  
 In life's first years. Thy spring did never fail,  
 Thy stream was ever sweet, salubrious, pure.  
 Other founts of love I know, but none more dear  
 Than thine. Far distant be the painful hour,  
 When I shall mourn thy loss, and wander o'er  
 Life's desert, by a mother's love uncheered.

Hail! guardian angel of my infant hours!  
 Thy love resembles his which changeth not;  
 E'en my ingratitude could never quench  
 Its flame. Long hast thou cultured me, and watched,  
 Long watched, expectant, rewarding fruit.  
 Alas! I've been a worthless vine, and long  
 Have I repaid thy care with acid grape,  
 Many sighs my follies have occasioned thee,

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And yet thou canst forgive me all the past.  
 For having grieved so oft thy love, receive  
 These bitter tears from grief's o'erflowing fount,  
 May never act, nor look, or word of mine  
 Distress thee more. The past can never,  
 Never be recalled, and life with thee will soon  
 Be o'er. A few brief months or years remain.  
 I would redeem the time, and haste to crowd  
 In this brief space as many kindly acts  
 As wayward deeds have marked my life's past hours.  
 Thou knowest I would not willingly bring down  
 Thy hoary head with sorrow to the grave.

A little longer and thy burdened frame  
 Shall reach the resting place for all decreed.  
 The hands and feet which have for me performed  
 Ten thousand tender offices of love,  
 Shall fall to dust,—the aided eye shall fall,  
 Which long has failed to ease thy heart with tears,  
 Yet still with fond maternal love informed:  
 And he, the object of thy unrequited love,  
 For whom thy heart-wrung tears have often flowed,  
 For whom thy daily prayer has been preferred,  
 Ere long will follow thee, for avenge precede.  
 May we slumber side by side, my mother,  
 A splendid sepulchre I covet not—I ask  
 A resting-place near thee, I ask no more.

The willing servant of thy life's desire  
 Behold. For thee my daily prayer shall rise  
 For blessings countless on thy life's last hours.  
 Would I were able to sustain a part  
 At least of thy afflictions! Pour thy griefs  
 Into my bosom: hide them not, nor tell them  
 In "the night's dull ear." One drop of comfort  
 In thy cup of grief to blend will give me joy.

Stranger, mayhap thou canst unmoved behold  
 This filial tribute to a mother's love.  
 She bare not thee, nor nourished from her breast,  
 Nor cradled in her arms in helpless years.  
 She ne'er thy infant mind with truth imbued,  
 Nor bound thy heart to hers by tend'est ties.

ANON.



FAMILY INTERCOURSE.  
TO ANNE ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

## XIV.

If I may sing of thee,  
My sister, ever dear to me,  
Full soft as echo's voice at closing day,  
Shall be the lay.

And I will take my lyre,  
And gladly from the world retire,  
To strike the wild notes to the moon so wan,  
And think of Anne.

The morning of thy life,  
Knows not the sullen tempest's strife,  
The sunbeam gilds thy brow, and how serene  
The lovely scene.

For few thy tender years,  
Nor yet to rob thee of thy tears,  
Have vulture sorrows lodged their hateful nest,  
Within thy breast.

But thou art here below,  
Haply the dreary storm may blow,  
And thou a pensive wanderer on the waste,  
Wilt feel the blast.

The pilgrim weak and lorn,  
Though smiling be the placid morn,  
May heave the bitter sigh before the night  
Enshrouds the light.

And thou wilt gently sigh,  
For many a tear may dim thine eye,  
And thou mayst weep to find a silent bed  
To rest thy head.



Still shall thy changeful days,  
 Shed on thy paths their genial rays,  
 And buds of hope thy weary feet beguile,  
 And thou shalt smile.  
 ANON.

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FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

TO AN ABSENT PARTNER.

XV.

If thou wert by my side, my love!
 How fast would evening fail
 In green Bengallia's palmy grove,
 List'ning the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gaily would our pinnace glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
 When, on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream,
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

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Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 Or bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor wild Malwah detain,
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
 Across the dark blue sea,
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
 As then shall meet in thee !

HEBER.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

XVI.

HE comes not ; I have watched the moon go down ;
 But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
 The while he holds his riot in that town.
 Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears,
 Oh ! how I love a mother's watch to keep
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow fixed and deep.
 I had a husband once who loved me ; now
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
 As bees from laurel-flowers a poison sip.
 But yet I cannot hate. Oh ! there were hours
 When I could hang for ever on his eye ;
 And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
 Strawed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers,
 I loved him then ; he loved me too ; my heart

Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile ;
 The memory of our loves will ne'er depart !
 And though he often stings me with a dart
 Venomed and barbed, and wasters, upon the vile,
 Caresses which his babe and mine should share !
 Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
 His madness ; and should sickness come and lay
 Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
 I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
 Until the penitent should weep, and say
 How injured and how faithful I have been.

ANON.

 FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER WEDDED DAUGHTER.

XVII.

Go, dearest one, my selfish love
 Shall never pale thy cheek ;
 Not e'en a mother's tear for thee
 Will I in sadness speak.
 Yet how can I with coldness check
 The burning tears that start ?
 Hast thou not turned from me to dwell
 Within another heart ?

I think on earlier, brighter days,
 When first my lips were prest
 Upon thy infant brow, whilst thou
 Lay helpless on my breast ;
 In fancy still I see thine eye,
 Uplifted to my face,
 I hear thy hisping tones, and mark
 With joy thy childish grace.

E'en then I knew it would be thus :
 I thought e'en in that hour,
 Another would its fragrance steal,
 When I had reared the flower :

And yet I will not breathe a sigh—
 How can I dare repine?
 The sorrow that *thy* mother feels
 Was suffered once by *mine*.

A mother's love!—oh! thou know'st not
 How much of feeling lies
 In these sweet words, the hopes, the fears,
 The daily strengthening ties;
 It lives ere yet the infant draws
 Its earliest vital breath,
 And dies but when the mother's heart
 Chills in the grasp of death.

Will he in whose fond arms thou seek'st
 Thing all of earthly bliss,
 E'er feel a love untiring, deep,
 And free from self as this?
 Ah, no! a husband's tenderness
 Thy gentle heart may prove;
 But never, never, wilt thou meet
 Again, a mother's love.

My love for thee must ever be
 Fond as in years gone by;
 While to thy heart I shall be like
 A dream of memory.
 "Dearest, farewell! may angel hosts
 Their vigils o'er thee keep!
 How can I speak that fearful word,
 "Farewell," and yet not weep?

ANON.

 FAMILY INTERCOURSE.

THE GRANDFATHER.

XVIII.

THE old man pressed the husband's hand,
 To the wife nodded with a smile;

Kissed all the little ones around,
Then closed the gate, and paused awhile.

"When shall I come again?" he thought,
Ere yet the journey had begun;
It was a tedious length of way,
But he beheld an only son.

And dearly did he love to take
A rosy grandchild on his knee:
To part his shining looks and say,
"Just such another boy was he!"

And never felt he greater pride,
And never did he look so gay,
As when the little urchins strove
To make him partner in their play.

But when, in some more gentle mood,
Silent they hung upon his arm,
Or nestled close at evening prayer,
The old man felt a softer charm;

And upward raised his closing eye,
Whence slowly stole the grateful tear,
As if his senses owned a joy,
Too holy for endurance here.

No heart e'er prayed so fervently,
Unprompted by a heavenly zeal,
None ever knew such tenderness,
That did not true devotion feel.

As with the pure, uncoloured flame,
The violet's richest hues unite,
Thus our affections soar to heaven,
And beam on earth with holy light.

ANON.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE.
THE DYING INFANT'S REQUEST.

XIX.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in wo ;
Now thy kind carresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing !
Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away !

Lately launched a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood ;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart finds rest :
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning t'ward their home ;
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care, or wo,
Ne'er our father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

As through this calm and holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart !

(Though no language yet possessing,
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear ;
Rise ! may every grace attend thee ;
Rise ! and seek to meet me there.

CECIL.

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### BEREAVEMENT.

## I.

NIGHT, holy night !—all beautiful, and hushed  
Even to that deep silence of the stars,  
Circling their limits in eternal space.  
With awful stillness that an angel's ear  
Tireth to wait upon. The mellow air  
Girdeth creation like a breath of sleep ;  
And the fair moon, just full, is on her way,  
Flinging a gentle glory o'er the earth.  
Majestic snow,—as when that peaceful ray  
Lingered to pencil shadows on the turf  
Of sinless Eden. Thousand hearts to-night  
Beat high to greet her coming ; but, alas !  
Even when earth is redolent of joy ;  
When nature's self o'erflows with calm delight—  
In lone retirement, there are spirits rent  
By fearful sorrows, there are tears of wo,  
Wrung from the heart's deep agony, and prayer,  
Unutterable pleading, that hath voice  
Only in sighs : that struggleth in the heart  
For its expression, and ascendeth up  
With strange intensity,—as if the soul  
Would burst from out its tenement of clay,  
To wrestle with Jehovah. It is life,  
Forgetting its attractions—faint and sick,  
With terrible bereavement. If there were  
A paradise in nature,—'twere a choice,

Lighter than vanity,—between its joy  
And the dark wilderness to such a one.  
But yesterday it seemeth, as she stood  
Here at my side;—so witchingly entwined  
In her sweet artlessness about my heart,  
Life was to her a happiness,—its wave  
Fell in a peaceful ripple at her feet;  
And the fierce gales that buffet riper years  
Came with a zephyr's influence to bathe  
That heart of pure simplicity,—she knew  
Nothing but innocence,—a very child,  
Sent like an angel out upon the earth;  
But when the breath of its untempered air  
Swept chilly by, from the unwelcome touch  
She shrunk, without pollution, back to heaven.

Oh! how mysterious are the ways of God!  
He giveth strong affection to the heart,  
Until its life is sympathy,—and then,  
It bindeth up a creature to itself  
With strange intensity;—and earth becomes  
A thing of pleasure,—and the form of love  
Seemeth vitality, and floweth out,  
Aye to the very pulses of the soul.  
But oh! another moment, and the hand  
Of the death angel rendeth it away.  
He cannot pity;—the decree of God  
Cometh for execution unto him,  
But of the will,—he doth it,—who alone  
Willeth in mercy. He hath graven now  
That dispensation, like a burning page,  
Upon my memory; for I have learned  
To tear the cords of my affection up  
From the false world, it hath deceived me so.  
I have been chastened, and the holy balm  
Of faith relieveth sorrow; but my heart  
Hath learned, in its humility, to bow,  
And whisper, Abba, Father.

ANON.



## BEREAVEMENT.

## A FATHER'S DEATH.

## II.

"DEAR mother, where's my father gone,  
 Who often called me his dear son,  
 And on me kindly smiled!—  
 Who taught my lips in prayer to speak,  
 And often kissed my infant cheek,  
 And called me his dear child?"

"Where is he gone? Dear mother tell,  
 Where is my father gone to dwell?  
 Will he stay long away?"

"Thy father, my dear child, is dead,  
 And the cold grave must be his bed,  
 Until the judgment day!"

"And when that awful day is come,  
 Will my dear father come back home,  
 And soothe his weeping boy?"

"No, my dear child; but if in youth  
 You humbly seek the path of truth,  
 You'll meet him in the sky!"

"There you will see him clothed in white,  
 And on his head a crown of light,  
 By the Redeemer given!  
 Then, O my boy, while you are young,  
 The broad and wicked pathway shun,  
 And tread the way to heaven."

ANON.

## BEREAVEMENT.

## A MOTHER'S DEATH.

## III.

I SAW my mother breath her last, and they  
 Who watched beside her told me she was dead;  
 And I was in my seventh year. My heart

"As  
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Did almost bleed, as on that once-loved form  
I looked, and saw it pale and motionless.  
I put my lips to hers, and they were cold ;  
I kissed her oft, and no kind kiss received :  
And then I turned away and wept.

The grass  
Luxuriantly springs above her grave,  
And the soft breeze plays mournfully around :  
I visit oft the spot, and bathe the sod  
With bitter tears. I feel how oft I vexed  
And ill treated her, now gone to rest ;—  
How kindly she forgave and prayed for me :  
This makes me feel as ne'er I felt before,  
And wish I could again behold her face,  
And pardon ask upon my bended knees.  
This cannot be—'tis this that makes me sad,  
And sprinkles through my years unhappy hours.  
Yet is there hope ;—the God who reigns on high,  
Can mercy shew to those who break his law ;  
His Son on Cal'ry died to give them hope,  
I'll plead his name, and in his favour trust.  
Thou source of good, my father be and friend ;  
Pardon my guilt, and raise me to thy seat.

ANON.

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BEREAVEMENT.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHERLESS.

IV.

"As the little boy turned for the last time his mildly beaming eyes on those around, he seemed to say—*Father, she calls, I go, farewell, farewell!*"

"WHO calleth thee, my darling boy,
What voice is in thine ear ?"
He answered not, but murmured on,
In words that none might hear :
And still prolonged the whispering tone,
As if in fond reply,
To some dear object of delight,
That fixed his dying eye.

And then, with that confiding smile,
 First by his mother taught,
 When freely on her breast he laid
 His troubled infant thought ;
 And, meekly as a placid flower,
 O'er which the dew drops weep,
 He bowed him on his painful bed,
 And slept the unbroken sleep.

But if in yon immortal clime,
 Where flows no parting tear,
 That root of earthly love may grow,
 Which struck so deeply here ;
 With what a tide of boundless bliss,
 A thrill of rapture wild,
 An angel mother in the skies
 Will greet her cherub child.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BEREAVEMENT.

THE DYING CHILD.

V.

" COME closer, closer, dear mamma,
 My heart is filled with fears,
 My eyes are dark, I hear your sobs,
 But cannot see your tears.

" I feel your warm breath on my lips,
 That are so icy cold ;
 Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
 Give me your hand to hold.

" I quite forget my little hymn,
 'How doth the busy bee,'
 Which every day I used to say,
 When sitting on your knee.

" Nor can I recollect my prayers ;
 And, dear mamma, you know,

That the great God will angry be,
If I forget *them* too.

"And dear papa when he comes home,
Oh, will he not be vexed?
'Give us this day our daily bread;—
What is it that comes next?'"

"Hush, darling you are going to
The bright and blessed sky,
Where all God's holy children go,
To live with him on high."

"But will he love me, dear mamma,
As tenderly as you?
And will my own papa, one day,
Come and live with me too?"

"But you must first lay me to sleep,
Where grandpapa is laid;
Is not the churchyard cold and dark?
And sha'nt I feel afraid?"

"And will you every evening come,
And say my pretty prayer,
Over poor Lucy's little grave,
And see that no one's there?"

"And promise me that when you die,
That they your grave shall make
Next unto mine, that I may be
Close to you when I wake.

"Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma,
Your watch beside me keep;—
My heart feels cold,—the room's all dark,
Now lay me down to sleep.

"And should I sleep to wake no more,
Dear, dear mamma, good bye!
Poor nurse is kind;—but oh! do *you*
Be with me when I die!"

BREAUREMENT.

THE DYING CHILD.

VI.

Sweet babe !

She glanced into our world to see
 A sample of our misery ;
 Then turned away her languid eye,
 To drop a tear or two—and die.

Sweet babe !

She tasted of life's bitter cup,
 Refused to drink a portion up ;
 But turned her head aside,
 Disgusted with the taste—and died.

Sweet babe !

She listened for a while to hear
 Our mortal griefs ; then turned her ear
 To angel harps and songs, and cried
 To join their notes celestial—sighed and died.

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now ;
 Before the throne behold her bow ;
 To heavenly joys her spirit flies.
 Blest in the triumph of the skies ;
 Adores the grace that brought her there,
 Without a wish, without a care,
 That washed her soul in Calvary's stream,
 That shortened life's distressing dream.

Short pain, short grief, dear babe, was thine ;
 Now joys eternal and divine ;
 Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing ;
 Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing ;
 Our dark affection might have hoped thy stay,
 The voice of God has called his child away.
 Like Samuel, early in the temple found.
 Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
 Oh ! more than Samuel blest, to thee is given,
 The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven.

CUNNINGHAM.

BEREAVEMENT.

THE DYING CHILD.

VII.

I SAW, beside the grassy tomb,
A little coffin fair ;
And many gazed as if the bloom
Of Eden withered there.

The little coffin, short and wide,
Received a sigh from all ;
For two sweet infants, side by side,
Were shrouded in one pall.

And now the mother at their head,
Like marble stood, with grief ;
But every pearly tear she shed
Seemed to afford relief.

She raised the napkin o'er them spread,
Which hid them from her view ;
Then, bending o'er the coffin's head,
She gazed a last adieu.

And on their face, so cold and fair,
Impressed the last fond kiss ;
And often would she there declare—
"No grief was ere like this !"

"What have I done to anger God ?
Oh ! tell me now, I pray.
Why must I bear this heavy rod,
Or see my infants' clay ?"

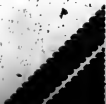
I saw the aged pastor weep,
When closely standing by :
And long shall memory safely keep
His answer in reply :—





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" A shepherd long had sought in vain
To call a wandering sheep ;
He strove to make its pathway plain,
Through dangers thick and deep.

" But still the wanderer stood aloof,
And still refused to come ;
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
Or turn to seek her home.

" At last the gentle Shepherd took
Her little lambs from view !
The mother turned with anguish'd look
She turned—and followed too."

ANON.

MORNING—LIGHT.

I.

THE morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light is on all, below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer !

HENRY WARE, JR.

MORNING—LIGHT.

II.

SEE, the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun :
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air ;
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast.

PARVILL.

MORNING—LIGHT.

III.

WHEN first thy eyes unweil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun :
 Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.
 Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
 Dawn with the day, there are set awful hours
 'Twixt Heaven and us ; the manna was not good
 After sun-rising, for day sullies flowers.

VAUGHAN.

MORNING—LIGHT.

IV.

NEW, every morning, is the love
 Our waking and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
 New mercies each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

KEBLE.

MORNING—LIGHT.

V.

MORN is the time to think,
 While thoughts are fresh and free,
 Of life, just balanced on the brink
 Of vast eternity !
 To ask our souls if they are meet
 To stand before the judgment seat.

MISS GRAY:

MORNING—LIGHT.

VI.

THE waking cock that early crows
 To wear the night away,
 Puts in my mind the trump that blows
 Before the latter day ;
 And as I rise up lustily,
 When sluggish sleep is past,
 So hope I to rise joyfully
 To judgment, at the last.

GASCOIGNE.

MORNING—LIGHT.

VII.

PRIME cheerer, Light !
 Of all material beings, first and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty, all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom, best seen,
 Shines out thy Maker !

THOMSON.

MORNING—LIGHT.

VIII.

HEARD as each morn relumes the eastern cloud,
 Thy voice of holiest comfort cries aloud,
 Bidding us rise, the night-like past above,
 And soar on morning's wing to thoughts of light and love !

ANON.

EVENING—DARKNESS.

I.

THEN is the time
 For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things ;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace :
 And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

THOMSON.

~~~~~

EVENING—DARKNESS.

II.

THE glorious sun is gone.  
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
 To shade the couch where his children repose.  
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

HENRY WARE, JR.

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EVENING—DARKNESS.

III.

PLEASANTLY comest thou,
 Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd up grass ;
 And the curled corn blades bow,
 And the light breezes pass,
 That their parched lips may feel thee, and expand,
 Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So to the thirsting soul,
 Cometh the dew of Almighty's love :
 And the scathed heart, made whole.
 Turneth in joy above,
 To where the spirit freely may expand,
 And rove, untrammelled, in that "better land."

W. D. GALLAGHER.

EVENING—DARKNESS.

IV.

AND when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment, too, is thine :
 It breathes of him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city, while it sleeps.

WM. C. BRYANT.

EVENING—DARKNESS.

V.

YET as the stars, the holy stars of night,
 Shine out when all is dark,
 So would I, cheered by hopes more purely bright,
 Tread still the thorny path, whose close is light ;
 If, but at last, the tossed and weary barque,
 Gains the pure haven of her final rest.

LUCY HOOPER.

EVENING—DARKNESS.

VI.

O BLESSED Night ! that comes to rich and poor
 Alike ; bringing us dreams that lure
 Our hearts to One above !

HENRY B. HIRST.

EVENING—DARKNESS.

VII.

AND still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light,

God's wondrous bounty let me find,
 With still a more enlightened mind ;
 When Grace and Love in one agree,
 Grace from God and Love from me ;
 Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
 Love that seals it in desire.

FARNELL.

~~~~~  
 EVENING—DARKNESS

VIII.

CLOUDS and thick darkness are thy throne,  
 Thy wonderful pavillion ;  
 O, dart from thence a shining ray,  
 And then my midnight shall be day !

FLATMAN.

~~~~~  
 EVENING—DARKNESS.

IX.

THOUGH light and glory be the Almighty's throne,
 Darkness is his pavillion ;
 From that his radiant beauty, but from thee
 He has His terror and His majesty.

NORRIS.

~~~~~  
 EVENING—DARKNESS.

X.

MORN is the time to act, noon to endure ;  
 But O, if thou would'st keep thy spirit pure,  
 Turn from the beaten path by worldlings trod,  
 Go forth at eventide, in heart, to walk with God.

MRS. EMBURY.

## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XI.

WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep,  
 My wearied eye-lids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !

KERLE.

## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XII.

BUT see where, in the clear, unclouded sky,  
 The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,  
 Doth charm away the spirit of complaint;  
 Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,  
 Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow  
 Upon this world of beauty and of sin,  
 That mingle not with that wherein they rest ;—  
 So should immortal spirits dwell below.  
 There is a holy influence in the moon,  
 And in the countless host of silent stars,  
 The heart cannot resist : its passions sleep,  
 And all is still ; save that which shall awake  
 When all the vast and fair creation sleeps.

MRS. FOLLEN.

## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XIII.

WHEN the Almighty did on Horeb stand,  
 Thy shades enclosed the hallowed land ;  
 In clouds of Night He was arrayed,  
 And venerable darkness His Pavillion made.

When He appeared, armed in His power and might,  
 He veiled the beatific light ;  
 When terrible with majesty,  
 In tempests He gave laws, and clad Himself in Thee.

YALDEN.



## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XIV.

BEHOLD this midnight glory ; worlds on worlds !  
 Amazing pomp ! redouble this amaze ;  
 Ten thousand add ; and twice ten thousand more ;  
 Then weigh the whole ; one soul outweighs them all.

YOUNG.

## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XV.

How is night's sable mantle laboured o'er !  
 How richly wrought with attributes divine !  
 What wisdom shines ! what love ! This midnight pomp,  
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid !  
 Built with Divine ambition ! nought to thee ;  
 For others this profusion.

YOUNG.

## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XVI.

DARKNESS the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene :  
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretched out  
 'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis reason's reign,  
 And virtue's too.

YOUNG.

## EVENING—DARKNESS.

## XVII.

NIGHT is the good man's friend and guardian too ;  
 It no less rescues virtue than inspires,  
 By night, an athiest half believes a God.

YOUNG.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## I.

BETWEEN two breaths, what crowded mysteries lie,—  
 The first short grasp, the last and long-drawn sigh!  
 Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,  
 Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,  
 As living shadows for a moment seen  
 In airy pageant on the eternal screen.  
 Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,  
 Then seek the dust and stillness, whence we came.

HOLMES.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## II.

AN aged Christian went tottering by,  
 And white was his hair and dim was his eye;  
 And his broken spirit seemed ready to fly,  
 As he said, with faltering breath:  
 "It is life, to move from the heart's first throes,  
 Through youth and manhood, to age's snows,  
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes:—  
 It is life to prepare for death."

DRAKE.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## III.

ALL look for happiness beneath the sun,  
 And each expects what God has given to none.

MRS. NORTON.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## IV.

LIVE while you live, the epicure would say,  
 And sieze the pleasures of the present day!  
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies!  
 Lord, in my views let both united be—  
 I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee!

DODDRIDGE.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## V.

YET this is life! To mark from day to day,  
 Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,  
 Pass, like the anthem of a breeze, away,  
 Sinking in waves of death, ere chilled by time!  
 Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed  
 Autumnal mildew on the roses red!

WILLIS G. C. K.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## VI.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pass  
 The bud and blossom of the life of man,  
 Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass  
 Cut down, becometh withered, pale and wan,

TASSO.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## VII.

How short is human life! the very breath,  
 Which frames my words, accelerates my death.

HANNAH MORE.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## VIII.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
 Who thinks most ; feels the noblest, acts the best.

J. P. BAILEY.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## IX.

MAN'S life's a book of history ;  
 The leaves thereof are days ;  
 The letters, mercies closely joined ;  
 The title is God's praise.

JOHN MASSON.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## X.

LIFE is most enjoyed  
 When courted least ; most worth when disesteemed ;  
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace,  
 In prospect richer far ; important, awful,  
 Not to be mentioned, but with shouts of praise !  
 Not to be thought on but with tides of joy !  
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss !

YOUNG.

## HUMAN LIFE.

## XI.

In the same brook, none ever bathed him twice.  
 To the same life, none ever twice awoke.  
 We call the brook the same ; the same we think

Our life, though still more rapid its flow ;  
Nor mark the much, irrevocably lapsed,  
And mingled with the sea.

YOUNG.

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 HUMAN LIFE.

## XII.

OPENING the map of God's expansive plan,  
We find a little isle, this life of man ;  
Eternity's unknown expanse appears  
Circling around, and limiting his years.  
The busy race examine and explore  
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,  
With care collect what in their eyes excels,  
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells,  
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,  
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.  
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,  
And every hour sweeps multitudes away ;  
They shriek and sink—survivors start and weep,  
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

COWPER.

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 HUMAN LIFE.

## XIII.

I LIVE on earth upon a stage of sorrow ;  
Lord, if Thou pleasest, end the play to-morrow.  
I live on earth, as in a dream of pleasure ;  
Awake me when Thou wilt, I wait Thy leisure.  
I live on earth, but as of life bereaven ;  
My life's with Thee, for, Lord, Thou art in Heaven.

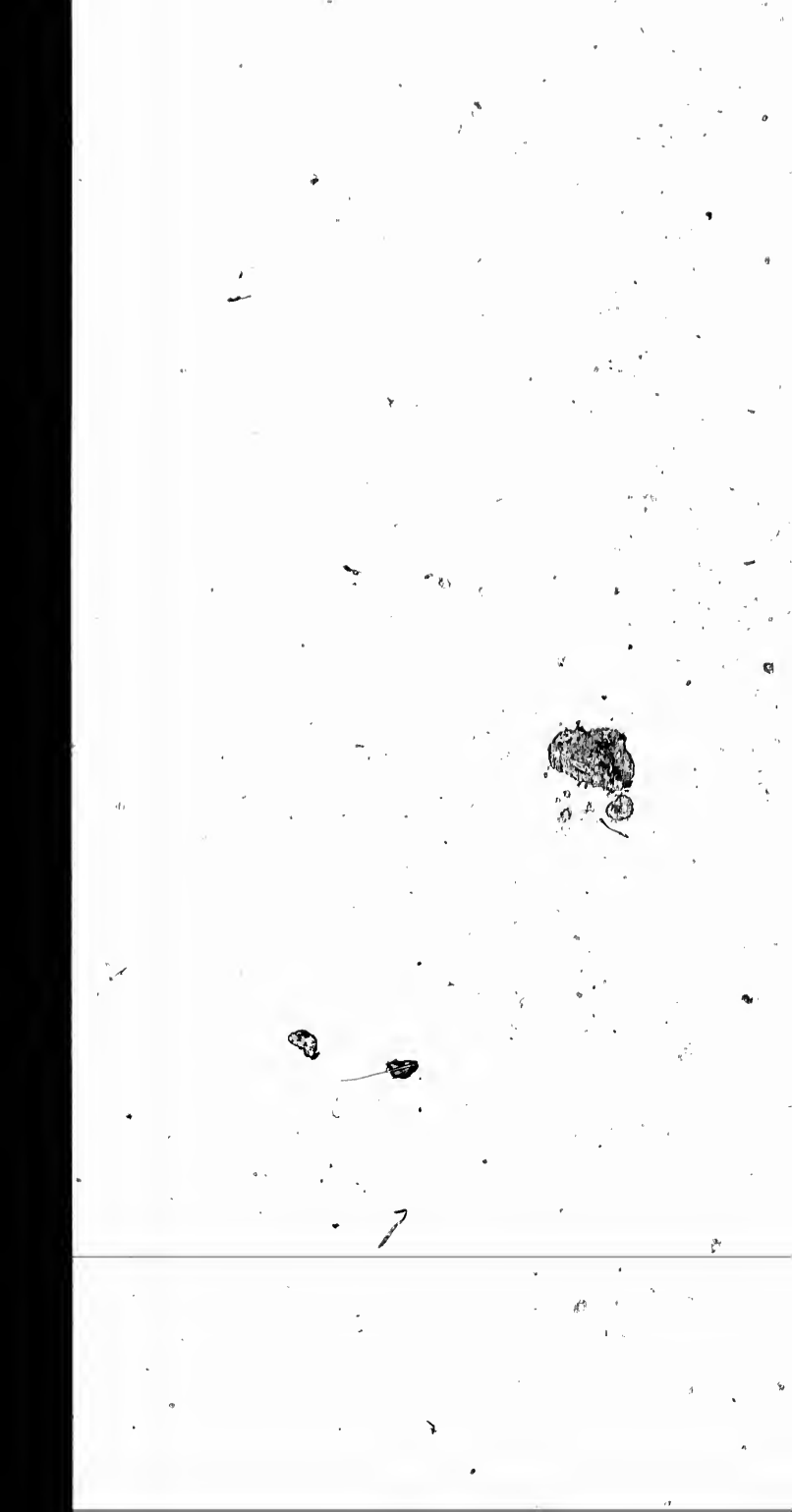
FRANCIS QUARLES.

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 HUMAN LIFE.

## XIV.

THY life's a warfare, thou a soldier art,  
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart





Thy two-edged weapon, patience a shield,  
 Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.  
 To be afraid to die, or wish for death.  
 Are words and passions of despairing breath :  
 Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield :  
 And who the second, basely flies the field.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

~~~~~

HUMAN LIFE.

XV.

WHILE man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
 As tapers wast that instant they take fire.
 He sins against this life, who slights the next.

YOUNG.

~~~~~

MUSIC.

## I.

O, SURELY melody from Heaven was sent  
 To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,  
 To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,  
 And soften down the rugged road of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

~~~~~

MUSIC.

II.

THERE'S music ever in the kindly soul ;
 For every deed of goodness done, is like
 A chord set in the heart, and joy doth strike
 Upon it, oft as memory doth enroll
 The immortal page whereon good deeds are writ.

MC. KELLAR.

MUSIC.

III.

LOOK, how the floor of gold ;
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But while the muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC.

IV.

MUSIC, the tender child of rudest times,
 The gentle native of all lands and climes ;
 Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
 Lulls the low cot, or peals along the nave.

MRS. NORTON.

MUSIC.

V.

'Tis He that taught the lark, from earth upspringing,
 To warble forth the matin strain :
 And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,
 Gladly to bless the thirsty plain ;
 And from the laden bee, when homeward winging
 Its tuneful flight, doth not disdain
 To hear the song of praise.
 There's not a voice in nature, but is telling
 (If we will hear that voice aright,)
 How much, when human hearts with love are swelling,
 His blessed bosom hath delight
 In our rejoicing lays.
 His love that never slumbers,
 Taught thee those tuneful numbers.

BETHUNE.

MUSIC.

VI.

THERE let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON.

MUSIC.

VII.

THE church triumphant, and the church below,
 In songs of praise their present union show ;
 Their joys are full, our expectation long,
 In life we differ, but we join the song.
 Angels and we, assisted by this art,
 May sing together though we dwell apart

WALLER.

MUSIC.

VIII.

BORNE on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.

POPE.

MUSIC.

IX.

THE solemn hymn, to ancient music set,
 In many a heart response of memory met.
 To me it seemed departed Sabbaths hung
 Upon these notes, which gave the past a tongue
 To speak again in voices from the dead,
 And wake an echo from their silent bed.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

MUSIC.

X.

THE song of Zion is a tasteless thing,
 Unless, when, rising on a joyful wing,
 The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
 And give the strain the compass it demands.

COWPER.

MUSIC.

XI.

BUT O, her richest, dearest notes to man,
 In strains aerial over Bethlehem poured,
 When he whose brightness is the light of Heaven,
 To earth descending, for a mortal's form
 Laid by His glory, gave one radiant mark,
 That moved through space, and o'er the infant hung,
 He summoned music to attend Him here,
 Announcing peace below!

He called her, too,
 To sweeten that sad Supper, and to twine
 Her mantles round Him and his few grieved friends,
 To join their mournful sprits with the hymn,
 Ere to the Mount of Olives He went out
 So sorrowful.

And now, His blessed word,
 A sacred pledge, is left to dying man,
 That at his second coming, in His power,
 Music shall be with Him, and her voice
 Sound through the tombs, and wake the dead to life.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

T

MUSIC.

XII.

HARK ! the organs blow
 Their swelling notes 'round the cathedral's dome,
 And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
 To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind !
 The thrilling trebles, and the manly bass,
 Join in accordant meet, and with one voice
 All to the sacred subject suit their song ;
 While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns,
 Angelically pensive, till the joy
 Improves and purifies.

SMART.

MUSIC.

XIII.

SHOULD the well-meant songs I leave behind
 With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
 'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven, to know
 That in my-verse the saints' hymn God below.

BP. KEN.

PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Unnumbered systems rise and fall,
 And every learned age brings new deceits ;
 Whilst towering pride still lifts her ready hand
 To crush the fond delusion of the day,
 And instant rear a stronger in its place.

JENNER.

PHILOSOPHY.

II.

How sightless soars philosophy, whene'er
 She quits the beaten tract which nature points,
 And Reason, yet with prejudice untinged ;
 When, impious, she assumes creative power,
 And builds a world without an architect !

BALLY.

PHILOSOPHY.

III.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
 And pass both tropics, and behold both poles :
 When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
 And unacquainted still with our own souls.

DAVIES.

PHILOSOPHY.

IV.

THROUGH knowledge we behold the world's creation :
 How in his cradle first he fostered was ;
 And judge of nature's cunning operation,
 How things she formed of a formless mass ;
 By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know ;
 And what to man and what to God we owe.

SPENSER.

PHILOSOPHY.

V.

KNOWLEDGE is not happiness, and science
 But an exchange of ignorance for that
 Which is another kind of ignorance.

BYRON.

PHILOSOPHY.

VI.

LEARNING and arts are theories, not practice :
 To understand is all they study to ;
 Men strive to *know* too much, too little *do*.

MIDDLETON.

PHILOSOPHY.

VII.

THE lamp of revelation only shows
 What human wisdom cannot but oppose,—
 That man, in nature's richest mantle clad,
 And graced with all philosophy can add,
 Though fair without, and luminous within,
 Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
 Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride,
 He feels the need of an unerring guide,
 And knows that, falling, he shall rise no more,
 Unless the power that bade him stand, restore.
 This is indeed philosophy : this known,
 Makes wisdom worthy of the name, his own ;
 And, without this, whatever he discuss,—
 Whether the space betwixt the stars and us ;
 Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,—
 The solemn trifler, with his boasted skill,
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still ;
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.

COWPER.

PHILOSOPHY.

VIII.

WHEN knowledge at her father's dread command,
 Resigned to Israel's king her golden key,

O, to have joined the frequent auditors
 In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
 Great Solomon descanting on the brutes;
 O, how sublimely glorious to apply
 To God's own honour, and good-will to man,
 That wisdom he alone, of men, possessed
 In plentitude so rich, and cope so rare.

SMART.

PHILOSOPHY.

IX.

LEARNING itself, received into a mind
 By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
 Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
 Where children would with ease discern the way.

COWPER.

PHILOSOPHY.

X.

BEHOLD

Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
 A yet uncopied model to the world!
 There Machiavel, in the reflecting glass,
 May read himself a fool. The chemist there
 May, with astonishment invidious, view
 His toils out-done by each plebeian bee,
 Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
 From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
 A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

SMART.

THE BEAUTIES OF

PHILOSOPHY.

XI.

SURVEY the magnet's sympathetic love,
 That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
 Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
 Even to the mental eye; or when the blow
 Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
 Show me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
 By His Omnipotence, Philosophy
 Slowly her thoughts inadequately revolves,
 And stands with all his circling wonders round her,
 Like heavy Saturn, 'in th' ethereal space,
 Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

SMART.

PHILOSOPHY.

XII.

WHILE the laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out and bears th' inferior world along.

THOMSON.

PHILOSOPHY.

XIII.

WITH thee, serene Philosophy, with thee
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence and truth;
 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.

Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and angel-winged,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
 To reason and to fancy's eye displayed:
 The first up-tracing from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to Him,
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obyious or more remote, with livelier sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

THOMSON.

 THE SEA.

I.

FOR often the dauntless mariner knows
 That he must sink to the laud beneath,
 Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
 In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.

Onward we sweep through smooth and storm:
 We are voyagers all in shine or gloom;
 And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney walls,
 Drifts in his sleep to Doom, to Doom.

STERLING.

 THE SEA.

II.

SEA!—of Almightiness itself the immense
 And glorious mirror!—how thy azure face

Renews the heavens in their magnificence !
 What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space :
 Thy surge two worlds eternal-warring sweeps,
 And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.
 CHENEDOLLE.



THE SEA.

III.

How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,
 To look on thy greatness, and list to its roll ;
 To think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,
 While the voice of Eternity rises from thee !
 But when thy deep surges no longer shall roll,
 And the firmament's length is drawn back like a scroll,
 Then—then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now,
 Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless than
 thou !

JOHN A. SHEA.



THE SEA.

IV.

O, it gladdeneth much my very soul
 The smallest ship to see ;
 For I know, where'er a sail is spread,
 God speaketh audibly.

MARY HOWITT.



THE SEA.

V.

THOU, Thou alone, with whom, enthroned on high,
 Sits co-essential wisdom, bad'st subside

The valleys, and the mountains, from amidat
 The overwhelming moisture, heave their brow sublime,
 The liquid troops, obedient to Thy voice,
 Fled to the appointed station. Thcu a bound
 Hast set, they cannot pass ; nor ever spread
 Their flowing mantle o'er th' invested earth :
 Thou to the sea sayest—Hitherto advance,
 And here thy proud licentious waves be stayed.

GEORGE HALLY.

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THE SEA.

VI.

MYSTERIOUS deep, farewell !  
 I turn from thy companionship, but lo,  
 Thy voice doth follow me. 'Mid lonely bower,  
 Or twilight dream, or wakeful couch, I hear  
 That solemn and reverberated hymn  
 From thy deep organ, which doth speak God's praise  
 In thunder, night and day. Still by my side,  
 Even as a dim seen spirit, deign to walk,  
 Prompter of holy thought, and type of Him,  
 Sleepless, immutable, omnipotent.

MRS SIGOURNEY.

~~~~~

THE SEA.

VII.

THE prayer is said,
 And the last rite man pays to man is paid ;
 The plashing water marks his resting-place,
 And folds him round, in one long, cold embrace ;
 Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
 Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more ;
 Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
 With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

SPRAGUE.

THE SEA.

VIII.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
 Hath summoned up their slumbering bands ;
 Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
 Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
 Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking gale
 Serenely breathes,—depart in peace.

PEABODY.

THE SEA.

IX.

DEEP calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
 O, what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
 Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

DRAINARD.

THE SOUL.

I.

THOUGH life, since finite, has no ill excuse
 For being but in finite objects learned,
 Yet sure the soul was made for little use,
 Unless it be in infinites concerned.

DAVENANT.

THE SOUL.

II.

BUT Thou which didst man's soul of nothing make,
 And when to nothing it was fallen again,
 To make it new, the form of man didst take,
 And, God with God, becam'st a man with men :
 Thou that hast fashioned twice this soul of ours,
 So that she is by double title thine ;
 Thou only knowest her nature and her powers,
 Her subtle-form Thou only canst define.

DAVIES.

THE SOUL.

III.

FOR from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
 That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,
 Power's purple robe, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The Soul should find enjoyment : but from these
 Turning, disdainful, to an equal good,
 Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

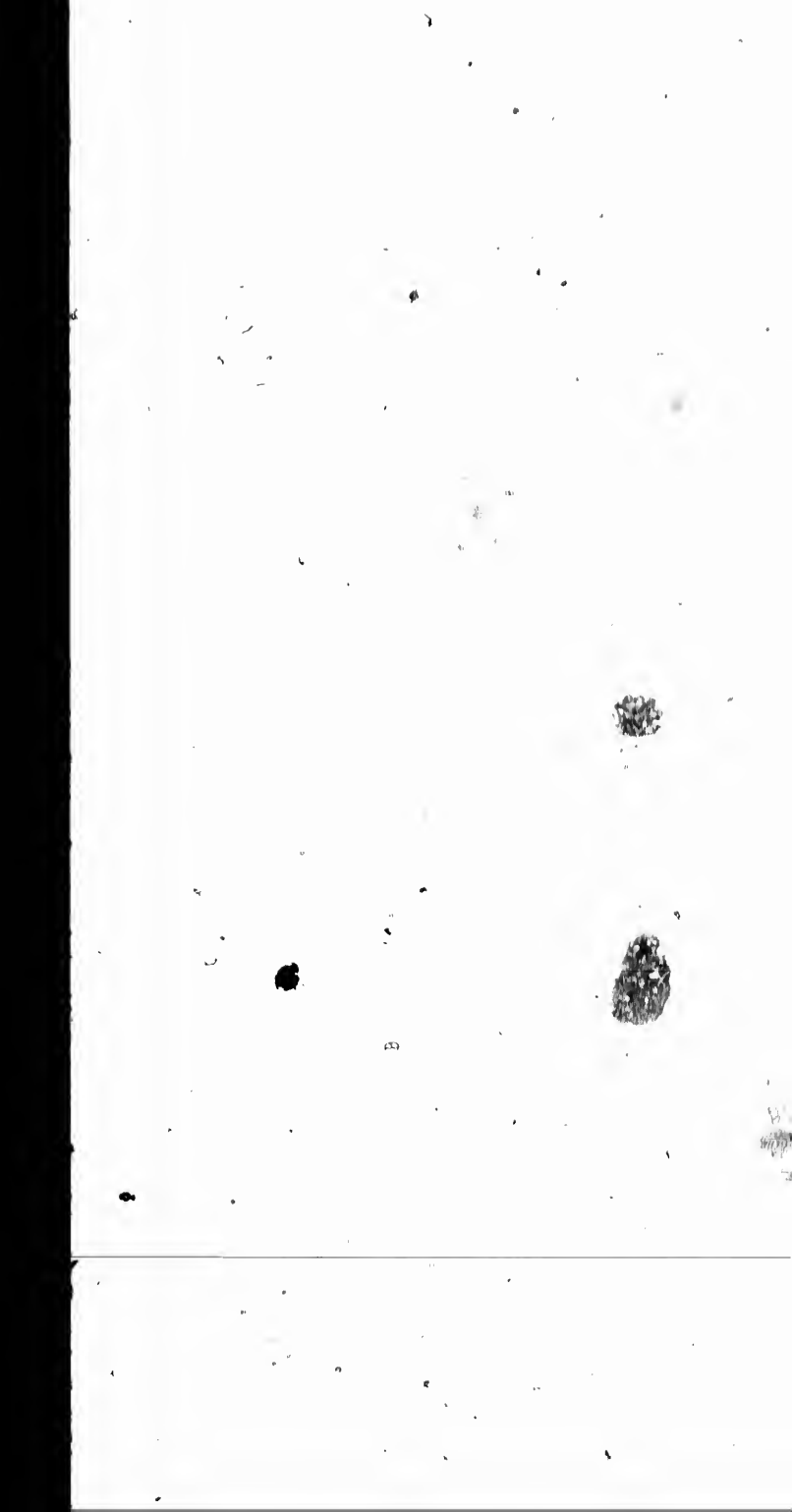
AKENSIDE,

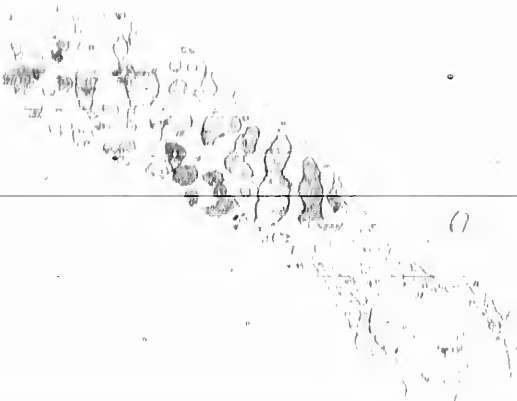
THE SOUL.

IV.

DEARLY pays the soul
 For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her day.
 Far beneath
 A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.

YOUNG.





(1)

THE SOUL.

V.

THE Soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Condemned to starve at an unreal feast :
 A spark, which upwards tends by nature's force ;
 A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
 A drop dis severed from the boundless sea ;
 A moment, parted from eternity ;
 A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come ;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

HANNAH MORE.

THE SOUL.

VI.

THAT mysterious thing,
 Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,—
 No chill from hoary time,—with pale decay
 No fellowship,—but shall stand forth unchanged,
 Unscorched amid the resurrection fires,
 To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE SOUL.

VII.

THE Soul!—the Soul!—with its eye of fire,
 Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire!
 It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
 The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained :
 It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
 And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE SOUL.

VIII.

THE soul of man (let man in homage bow
 Who names his soul) a native of the skies!
 High-born and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unsold, unmortgaged for life's little bribes.

YOUNG.

THE SOUL.

IX.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then soul, live thou upon thy servants, loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
 And, death, once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE GRAVE.

I.

HERE the great masters of the healing art,
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
 Spite of their julips and catholicons,
 Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,

Where are thy boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well crammed magazines of health ?
 Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottomed brook,
 Escaped thy rifling hand ! from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vexed them in the fire ; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd by deep research.
 But why this apparatus, why this cost ?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave !
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures ?
 Alas ! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
 Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

BLAIR.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

## II.

OH ! for a heart that seeks the sacred gloom  
 That hovers round the precincts of the tomb !  
 While fancy, musing there, sees visions bright,—  
 In death discovering life, in darkness, light.

What though the chilling blasts of Winter's day  
 Forbid the garden longer to be gay ?  
 Of winter yet I'll not refuse to sing,  
 Thus to be followed by eternal Spring.

LEIGH RICHMOND.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

III.

'Tis a solemn place :
 For this dark purple loam, whereon I lie,
 And the green mould, the mother of bright flowers,
 Was bone and sinew once, now decomposed ;

Perhaps has lived, breathed, walked, as proud as we,
 And animate with all the faculties,
 And finer senses of the human soul!
 And now what are they? To their elements
 Each has returned, dust crumbled back to dust,
 The spirit gone to God;

BACON.

 THE GRAVE.

IV.

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE.

 THE GRAVE.

V.

I PASS, with melancholy state,
 By all these solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as soft and sad I tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 "Time was, like me, they life possessed;
 And time will be, when I shall rest."

PARNELL.

 THE GRAVE.

VI.

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
 Life's lingering languors o'er, its labours done;
 Where waving boughs, between the earth and sky,
 Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
 Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,
 Shall teach the heart ; while waters, leaves, and birds,
 Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

WILLIS.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

VII.

AND side by side ! (O, be it in the sky  
 As in the earth) the long-divided lie.  
 As flowers which night, when day is o'er, perfume,  
 Breathes the sweet memory from a good man's tomb.

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

VIII.

THE voice of prayer to the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
 It points to the glory where He shall reign
 Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise again !"

HENRY WARE, JR.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

IX.

THROUGH these branched walks will contemplation  
 wind,  
 And grave-wise Nature's teachings on his mind ;  
 As the white grave-stones glimmer to his eye,  
 A solemn voice will thrill him, " *Thou must die !*"  
 When Autumn's tints are glittering in the air,  
 That voice will whisper to his soul, " *Prepare !*"

When Winter's snows are spread o'er hill and dell  
 "O, this is death!" that solemn voice will swell;  
 But when with Spring, streams leap, and blossoms  
 wave,  
 "Hope, Christian, hope," 'twill say, "there's life be-  
 yond the grave"

ALFRED B. STREET.

~~~~~  
 THE GRAVE.

X.

THOU hast wept mournfully, O, human love!
 E'en on this green sward; night hath heard thy cry,
 Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust above,
 Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
 Unto thine agony!
 But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
 Christ, hath arisen, O love! thy tears shall all be dried.

MRS HEMANS.

~~~~~  
 THE GRAVE.

XI.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die,  
 And the best of the world is its path to the sky,—  
 Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that He gave  
 Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave!  
 'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our bliss,  
 'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,  
 How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love,  
 If they looked not from earth to the rapture above!

J. K. MITCHELL.

~~~~~  
 THE GRAVE.

XII.

WHAT though the great,
 With costly pomp, and aromatic sweets,

U

Embalmed his poor remains ; or through the dome
 A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
 While solemn organs to his parting soul
 Chaunted slow orisons ; say, by what mark
 Dost thou discern him from the lowly swain,
 Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
 Long lay neglected ?

GLYNN.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

XIII.

HAIL, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos ! " Write,  
 Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are blest :  
 Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall rest  
 From all their labours !" But no dull, dark night  
 That rest o'ershadows : 'tis the day-spring bright  
 Of bliss ; the foretaste of a richer feast ;  
 A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,  
 Peopled with visions of intense delight.  
 And though the secrets of that resting place  
 The soul embodied knows not ; yet she knows  
 No sin is there God's likeness to deface,  
 To stint his love no purgatorial woes ;  
 Her dross is left behind, nor mixture base  
 Mats the pure stream of her serene repose.

BP. MANT.

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

XIV.

COME unto the churchyard near ;
 Where the gentle, whispering breeze
 Softly rustleth through the trees ;
 Where the moonbeam pure and white,
 Falls in floods of cloudless light,
 Bathing many a turfy heap
 Where the lowlier slumberers sleep ;

And the graceful willow waves,
Banner-like o'er nameless graves :
Here hath prayer arisen like dew,—
Here the earth is holy too,
Lightly press each grassy mound :
Surely this is hallowed ground.

M. A. BROWNE.

~~~~~  
THE GRAVE.

XV.

ART is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

LONGFELLOW.

~~~~~  
THE GRAVE.

XVI.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

LONGFELLOW.

~~~~~  
THE DEPARTED.

L

GOD gives us ministers of love  
Which we regard not, being near ;  
Death takes them from us,—then we feel  
That angels have been with us here !

U 2

## THE BEAUTIES OF

As mother, sister, friend, or wife,  
 They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain;  
 And when the grave has closed between  
 Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain!

ALDRICH.

## THE DEPARTED.

## II.

UNGRATEFUL shall we grieve their hovering shades,  
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?  
 Shall we disdain their silent soft address,  
 Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?

YOUNG.

## THE DEPARTED.

## III.

I SOMETIMES deem their pleasant smiles  
 Still on me sweetly fall,  
 Their tones of love I faintly hear  
 My name in sadnes all.  
 I know that they are happy  
 With their angel plumage on,  
 But my heart is very desolate,  
 To think that they are gone.

PARK.

## THE DEPARTED.

## IV.

O, WEEP not for the dead!  
 Rather, O rather give the tear  
 To those that darkly linger,  
 When all besides are fled:  
 Weep for the spirit withering  
 In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;



Weep for the young and lovely one  
 That ruin darkly revels on ;  
 But never be a tear-drop shed  
 For them the pure, the enfranchised dead.

MARY E. BROOKS.

~~~~~  
 THE DEPARTED.

V.

EACH friend by fate snatched from us, is a plume
 Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damped with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up ;
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance.

YOUNG.

~~~~~  
 THE DEPARTED.

VI.

WE grieve to think, our eyes no more  
 That form, those features loved, shall trace :  
 But sweet it is, from memory's store,  
 To call each fondly cherished grace,  
 And fold them in the heart's embrace.  
 No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,  
 Like musing on the sainted dead.

BP. MANT.

~~~~~  
 THE DEPARTED.

VII.

THE friends gone there before me,
 Are calling from on high,
 And happy angels o'er me,
 Tempt sweetly to the sky ;

THE BEAUTIES OF

"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
 'Mid scenes of death and sin!
 O, rise to glory hither,
 And find true life begin."

ANON.

THE DEPARTED.

VIII.

BUT when I go,
 To my lone bed, I find no mother there;
 And weeping kneel, to say the prayer she taught,
 Or when I read the Bible that she loved,
 Or to her vacant seat at Church draw near,
 And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
 Bidding me early seek my God, and love
 My Blessed Saviour; and that voice is hers,
 I know it is, because these were the words
 She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,
 At the still twilight hour,—or when we walked
 Forth in the spring, among rejoicing birds,
 Or peaceful talked beside the winter hearth.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE DEPARTED.

IX.

SAY, who can mourn
 Over the smitten idol, by long years
 Cemented with his being, yet perceive
 No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,
 Troubling the tear? If there were no kind deed
 Omitted, no sweet, healing word of love
 Expected yet unspoken; no light tone
 That struck discordant on the shivering nerve,
 For which the weeper fain would rend the tomb
 To cry "Forgive." O, let him kneel and praise
 God amid all his grief.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

THE DEPARTED.

X.

DEAR beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
 Shining no where but in the dark,
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!
 He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

VAUGHAN.

NATURAL AND VIOLENT DEATH.

MAN went to till the ground
 From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil
 As to a punishment, yet (even in wrath,
 So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
 The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
 Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
 Against disease and death. Death, though denounced,
 Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
 Of age, his sole support, led slowly on.
 Not then, as since, the short lived sons of men
 Flocked to his realms in countless multitudes;
 Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
 One solitary ghost went shivering down
 To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
 Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
 The venerable patriarch guileless held
 The tenour of this way; labour prepared
 His simple fare, and temperance ruled his board.
 Tired with his daily toil, at early eve
 He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
 As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet,
 Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose;
 Alert and vigorous as he, to run

His destined course. Thus nerved with giant strength
 He stemmed the tide of time, and stood the shock
 Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
 At life's meridian point arrived, he stood,
 And, looking round, saw all the valleys filled
 With nations from his loins; full well content
 To leave his race thus scattered o'er the earth,
 Along the gentle slope of life's decline
 He bent his gradual way, till full of years,
 He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was man;
 So calm was life, so impotent was death!
 O had he but preserved these few remains,
 The shattered fragments, of lost happiness,
 Snatched by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
 Of innocence primæval; still had he lived
 In ruin great; though fallen, yet not forlorn;
 Though mortal, yet not everywhere beset
 With death in every shape! But he, impatient
 To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
 The measure of his woes.—'Twas man himself
 Brought death into the world; and man himself
 Gave keenness to his darts, quickened his pace,
 And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
 Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
 To make a death which nature never made,
 And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
 The thread of life ere half its length was run;
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.
 With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
 By subtile fraud to snatch a single life,
 Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
 To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
 Became its boast. One murder made a villain;
 Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
 And men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties

Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
 Artificers of death! Still Monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!

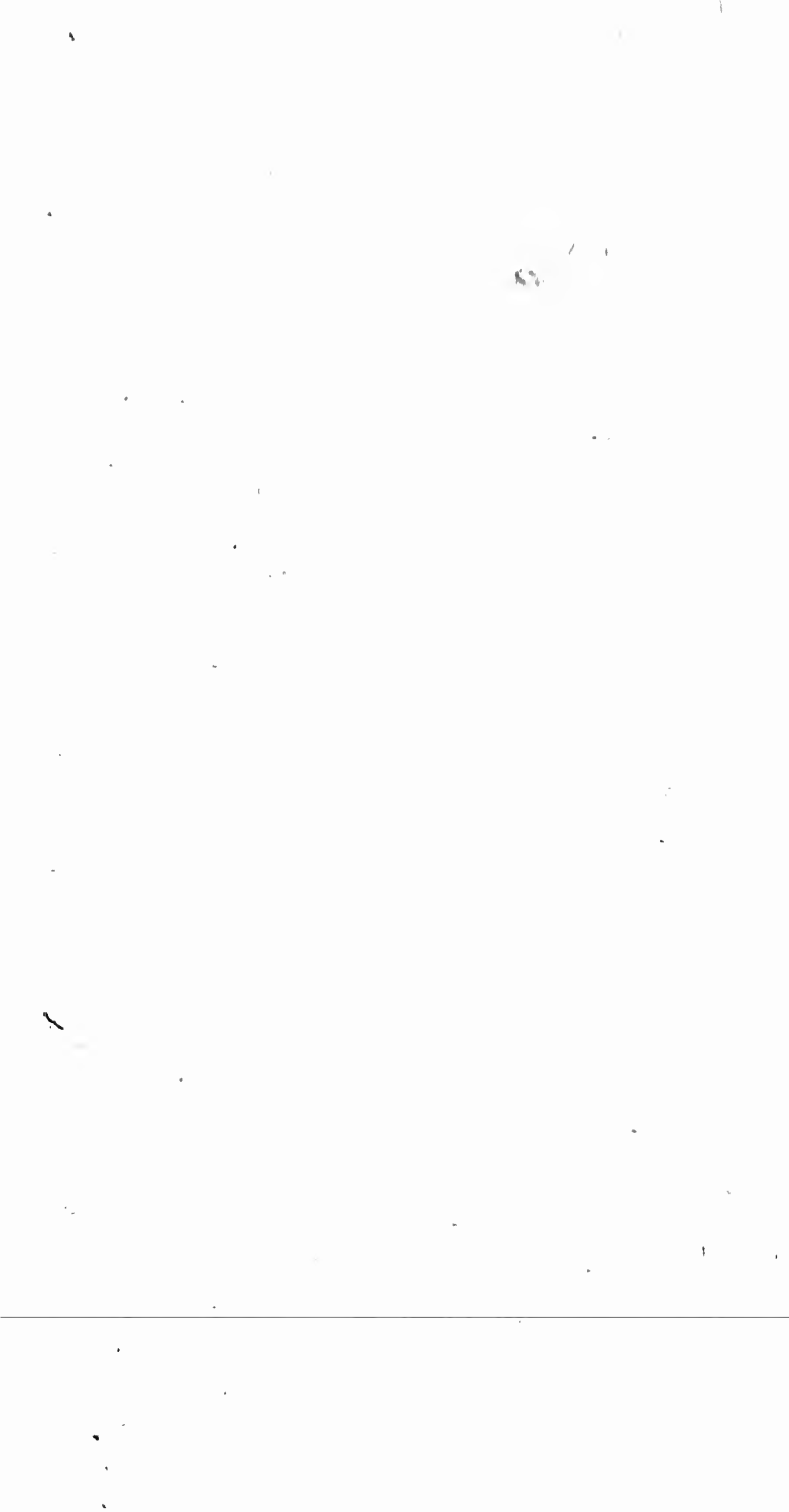
BELBY PORTEUS.

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THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

OUR sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears,  
 For she, we lost, was lovely, and we loved  
 Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh  
 As yesterday, is yet the day she died.  
 It was an April day; and blythly all  
 The youth of nature leaped beneath the sun,  
 And promised glorious manhood; and our hearts  
 Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome blood,  
 In healthy merriment, when tidings came,  
 A child was born; and tidings came again,  
 That she who gave it birth was sick to death.  
 So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy!  
 We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees  
 In fervent supplication to the Throne  
 Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs  
 Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks,  
 Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay  
 An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe  
 For heaven! and Mercy, in her love, refused,  
 Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!  
 Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!  
 The room I well remember, and the bed  
 On which she lay, and all the faces too,  
 That crowded dark and mournfully around.  
 Her father there and mother, bending, stood;  
 And down their aged cheeks fell many drops  
 Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,  
 And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,





Did weep and sorrow, comfortless ; and I,  
 Too, wept, though not to weeping given ; and all  
 Within the house was dolorous and sad.  
 This I remember well ; but better still,  
 I do remember, and will ne'er forget,  
 The dying eye ! That eye alone was bright,  
 And brighter grew, as nearer death approached ;  
 As I have seen the gentle little flower  
 Look fairest in the silver beam which fell,  
 Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon  
 Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far  
 And wide its loveliness. She made a sign  
 To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed..  
 She looked upon its face, that neither smiled  
 Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't ; and laid  
 Her hand upon its little breast, and sought  
 For it, with look that seemed to penetrate  
 The heavens, unutterable blessings, such  
 As God to dying parents only granted,  
 For infants left behind them in the world.  
 " God keep my child !" we heard her say, and heard  
 No more. The Angel of the Covenant  
 Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood,  
 Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.  
 And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,  
 Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused  
 With many tears, and closed without a cloud.  
 They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
 Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
 Obscured among the tempests of the sky,  
 But melts away into the light of heaven.

POLLOK.

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### MARTYRDOM.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS, AFTER WALKING OVER SMITH-FIELD.

## I.

HAIL, holy martyrs, glorious names,  
 Who nobly here for Jesus stood,



Rejoiced and clapp'd your hands in flames,  
And dared to seal the truth with blood !

Strong in the Lord, divinely strong,  
Tortures and death ye here defied ;  
Demons and men, a gazing throng,  
Ye braved, and more than conquering died.

Finished your course, and fought your fight,  
Hence did your mounting souls aspire,  
Starting from flesh they took their flight,  
Borne upward on a car of fire.

Where earth and hell no more molest,  
Ye now have joined the heavenly host,  
Enter'd into your Father's rest,  
And found the life which here ye lost.

Father, if now thy breath revives  
In us the pure primæval flame,  
Thy power, which animates our lives,  
Can make us in our deaths the same ;

Can out of weakness make us strong,  
Arming as in the ancient days,  
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,  
And perfecting in babes thy praise.

Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit come !  
Be mindful of thy changeless word,  
And make the faithful soul thy home.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,  
In us thy glorious self reveal !  
Let us thy sevenfold gifts partake,  
Let us thy mighty working feel.

Near us, assisting Jesú, stand,  
Give us the opening heaven to see,  
Thee to behold at God's right hand,  
And yield our parting souls to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## MARTYRDOM.

## II.

THE Sacred Book, its value understood,  
 Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.  
 Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,  
 Seem, to reflection, of a different race;  
 Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,  
 In such a cause they could not dare to fear;  
 They could not purchase earth with such a price,  
 Or spare a life too short to reach the skies,  
 From them to thee conveyed along the tide,  
 Their streaming hearts poured freely when they died;  
 Those truths which neither use nor years impair,  
 Invité thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.

COWPER.

## MARTYRDOM.

## III.

WHEN persecution's torrent blaze  
 Wraps the unshrinking martyr's head,  
 When fade all earthly flowers and bays,  
 When summer friends are gone and fled,  
 Is he alone in that dark hour,  
 Who owns the Lord of love and power?

Or waves there not around his brow,  
 A wand no human arm may wield,  
 Fraught with a spell no angels know,  
 His steps to guide, his soul to shield?  
 Thou, Saviour, art his Charmed Bower,  
 His Magic Ring, his Rock, his Tower.

KEBLE.

## MARTYRDOM.

## IV.

THY children, even as martyrs perished:  
 Those first-loved fruits that sprang from thee,

From which thy heart was doomed to sever,  
 In praise of God, shall bloom for ever,  
 Unhurt, untouched, by tyranny.

VONDEL.

MARTYRDOM.

V.

In vain the Roman lord  
 Waved the relentless sword,  
 And spread the terrors of the circling flame ;  
 In vain the heathen sought,  
 If chance some lurking spot,  
 Might mar the lustre of the Christian name :  
 The Eternal Spirit, by His fruits confessed,  
 In life secured from stains, and steel'd in death, the  
 breast.

BP. MANT.

MARTYRDOM.

VI.

AND when religious sects ran mad,  
 He held, in spite of all his learning,  
 That if a man's belief is bad,  
 It will not be improved by burning.

PRAED.

MARTYRDOM.

COVENANTER'S DREAM.

VII.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,  
 To the moorlands of mist, where the blessed martyrs  
 lay ;  
 There Cameron's sword and Bible are seen,  
 Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of the ages of darkness and blood,  
 Where the minister's home was the mountains and wood;  
 When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of  
 Zion,

All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying;  
 It was morning; and summer's bright sun from the east,  
 Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's breast;  
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew  
 Glistened sheen 'mong the heathbells and mountain  
 flowers blue;

And far up in heaven, in the clear shining cloud,  
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud:  
 And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,  
 Were the whistling of plovers and the bleating of sheep;  
 And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed nothing but  
 gladness;

The first meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;  
 Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
 And drink the delights of bright July's green morning.  
 But, ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,  
 Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,  
 Who drank nought from the scenery of beauty but sor-

row,  
 For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-inor-  
 'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were  
 lying, [crying,

Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were  
 For the horsemen of Earlishall around them were hover-  
 ing [vering.

And their bridle-reins seen through the thin misty co-  
 Their faces were pale and their swords were unsheathed,  
 But the vengeance that darkened their brow was un-  
 breathed:

With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation,  
 They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.  
 The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
 The curlew and plover in concert were singing,  
 But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter;  
 While the hosts of the ungodly rushed on the slaughter.  
 Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were  
 shrouded,

Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.

Their dark eyes shot lightning, as proud and unbending,  
 They stood like the rock which the lightning is rending.  
 The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
 The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;  
 The heavens were dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
 While in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,  
 A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,  
 Its attendants were angels, and cherubs of whiteness,  
 And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness;  
 A seraph unfolded the doors bright and shining,  
 All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;  
 And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation  
 Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.  
 On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
 Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding;  
 Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,  
 A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

HISLOP.

HEAVEN.

I.

WHERE that innumerable throng,  
 Of saints and angels mingle song;  
 Where, wrought with hands, no temples rise,  
 For God himself their place supplies;  
 Nor priests are needed, in the abode  
 Where the whole hosts are priests to God:  
 Think what a Sabbath there shall be,  
 The Sabbath of Eternity.

THOMAS GRINFIELD.

HEAVEN.

II.

THERE smiles the mother we have wept! there bloom  
 Again the buds asleep within the tomb;

There o'er bright gates, inscribed, "No more to part,"  
Soul springs to soul, and heart unites to heart!

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

~~~~~  
HEAVEN.

III.

As through the artists intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show :
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,) ;
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope :
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light :
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled ;
The sun shall then be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

PRIOR.

~~~~~  
HEAVEN.

IV.

THERE shall the good of earth be found at last,  
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand ;  
Where love her crown attains—her trials past—  
And, filled with rapture, hails the "better land!"

WILLIS G. CLARK.

~~~~~  
HEAVEN.

V.

THRICE happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys !

There light or shade no more succeed by turns,
 There reigns the eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
 There all is calm as night, yet an immortal day,
 And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

WATTS.

HEAVEN.

VI.

IN having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish not sea nor land; nor would I be
 Possessed of Heaven, Heaven unpossessed of Thee.

QUARLES.

HEAVEN.

VII.

YET, far beyond the clouds outspread,
 Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
 There is a land where thou hast said
 The pure in heart shall enter in;
 There, in those realms so calmly bright,
 How many a loved and gentle one
 Bathe their soft plumes in living light,
 That sparkle from thy radiant throne!
 There, souls once soft and sad as ours,
 Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers:
 They dream no more of grief and care,
 For thou, the God of Peace, art there.

MRS. WELBY.

HEAVEN.

VIII.

THE ransomed shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

HENRY WARE, JR.

HEAVEN.

IX.

EYE hath not seen,
 Ear hath not heard, nor can the human heart
 Those joys conceive, which, blissful heritage,
 Christ for His faithful votaries prepares.

SAMUEL HAYES.

HEAVEN.

X.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
 Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
 Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor hope in Heaven.
 Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside;
 Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
 Low as the cross bow down—in *that* confide,
 Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

C. C. COLTON.

HEAVEN.

XI.

HERE, in our souls, we treasure up the wealth,
 Fraud cannot filch, nor waste destroy;—the more
 'Tis spent; the more we have;—the sweet affections—
 The heart's religion,—the diviner instincts
 Of what we shall be, when the world is dust.

SIR. E. B. LYTTON.

HEAVEN.

XII.

WE live below the sky,
 Yet we may lay up treasure even there;
 Yea, life immortal—purity of heart—
 Similitude to God, in that we bear
 Our Saviour's image in our inward part.

THOS. M'KELLAR.

HEAVEN.

XIII.

FRIENDS, even in Heaven, one happiness would miss,
 Should they not know each other when in bliss.

BP. KEN.

CONTENTION OF HEAVEN.

XIV.

IN heav'nly choirs a question rose,
 That stirred up strife will never close,

X 2

What rank of all the ransom'd race
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace?

Babes thither caught from womb and breast,
Claim'd right to sing above the rest;
Because they found the happy shore
They never saw nor sought before.

Those that arrived at riper age
Before they left the dusky stage,
Thought grace deserv'd yet higher praise,
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.

Anon the war more close began,
What praising harp should lead the van,
And which of grace's heav'nly peers
Was deepest run in her arrears.

"'Tis I, (said one) 'bove all my race,
Am debtor chief to glorious grace."
"Nay, (said another) hark, I trow,
I'm more obliged to grace than you."

"Stay (said a third) I deepest share
In owing praise beyond compare;
The chief of sinners, you'll allow,
Must be the chief of singers now."

"Hold, (said a fourth) I here protest
My praises must outvie the best;
For I'm of all the human race
The highest miracle of grace."

"Stop, (says a fifth) these notes forbear,
Lo, I'm the greatest wonder here;
For I of all the race that fell,
Deserved the lowest place in hell."

A soul that higher yet aspir'd,
With equal love to Jesus fir'd,
"Tis mine to sing the highest notes
To love that washed the foulest blots."

"Ho, (cry'd a mate) 'tis mine I'll prove,
Who sinned in spite of light and love,
To sound his praise with loudest bell,
That saved me from the lowest hell."

"Come, come, (said one) I'll hold the plea
That highest praise is due by me;
For mine, of all the sav'd by grace,
Was the most dreadful, desp'rate case."

Another rising at his side,
As fond of praise and free of pride,
Cry'd, "Pray give place, for I defy,
That you should owe more praise than I."

"I'll yield to none in this debate;
I'm run so deep in grace's debt;
That sure I am, I boldly can
Compare with all the heav'nly clan."

Quick o'er their heads a trump awoke,
"Your songs my very heart have spoke;
But every note you here propel,
Belongs to me beyond you all."

The list'ning millions round about
With sweet resentment loudly shout;
"What voice is this comparing notes,
That to their song chief place allots?"

"We can't allow of such a sound,
That you alone have highest ground
To sing the royalties of grace;
We claim the same adoring place."

"What! will no rival singer yield
He has a match upon the field?
Come, then, and let us all agree,
To praise upon the highest key."

Then jointly all the harpers round
In mind unite with solemn sound.

THE BEAUTIES OF

And strokes upon the highest string,
Made all the heavenly arches ring—

Ring loud with hallelujahs high,
To him that sent his son to die;
And to the worthy Lamb of God,
That lov'd and wash'd them in his blood.

Free grace was sov'reign empress crown'd
In pomp, with joyful shouts around;
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

The emulation round the throne
Made prostrate hosts (who every one
The humblest place their right avow)
Strive who shall give the lowest bow.

The next contention without voice
Among the birds of paradise,
Made every glorious warbling throat
Strive who shall raise the highest note.

Thus in sweet holy humble strife
Along their endless, joyful life
Of Jesus all the harpers rove,
And sing the wonders of his love.

Their discord makes them all unite
In raptures most divinely sweet,
So great the song, so grave the bass,
Melodious music fills the place.

R. ERSKINE.

 THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

I.

FAIR Sun of righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies

To Judah's remnant, now a scattered train,
 O great Messiah I show thy promised reign:
 O'er earth, as wide Thy saving warmth diffuse,
 As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
 And haste the time when, vanquished by Thy power,
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

SAMUEL HOYSE.

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THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

II.

THEN shall, gorgeous as a gem,  
 Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;  
 Then shall in the desert rise  
 Fruits of more than Paradise;  
 Earth by angels feet be trod,  
 One great garden of her God;  
 Till are dried the martyr's tears  
 Through a glorious thousand years.  
 Now, in hope of Him, we trust,  
 Earth to earth, and dust to dust.

CROLY.

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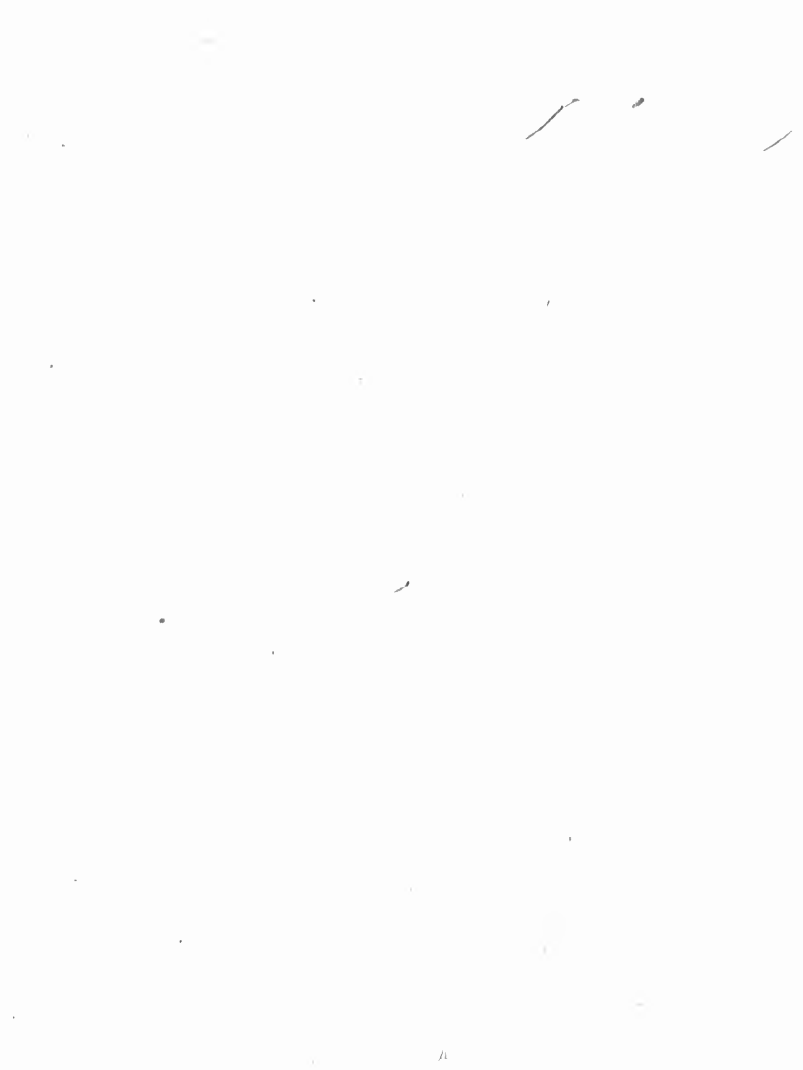
THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

III.

THE Lord shall comfort Zion,
 Her places waste restore,
 And, of her silent wilderness,
 Make Eden bloom once more;
 His garden she shall then become,
 And worthy of His choice,
 Gladness and thanks in all her smiles,
 And music in her voice:

W. G. SIMMS.





THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

IV.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet, with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear ;
 From every face he wipes off every tear.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy towering head, and left thine eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
 Discarding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.

POPE.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

V.

EARTH'S utmost bounds confess the awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
 Nor sun nor moon they need, nor day nor night ;
 God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

Hark ! White-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong ;
 "Worthy the Lamb, omnipotent to save,
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave !"

HEBER.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

VI.

TIME, which, despotic o'er sublunary things,
 Blasts the frail pageantry of mortal pride,
 Which will in everlasting ruins whelm
 The world's capacious orb, will only tend
 To raise the glories of Messiah's reign,
 To add new lustre to the realms of light.

SAMUEL HAYES.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

VII.

THE lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion in one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But, fixed, His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

POPE.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

I.

WELL then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain ;
 Thy Christ, that conquered hell, shall from above
 With greater triumph yet return again,
 And conquer His own justice with His love—
 Commanding earth and seas to render those
 Unto His bliss, for whom He paid His woes.

WOTTON.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

II.

WHEN Thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
 Shall in the sky appear, and from Thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten.

MILTON.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

III.

MESSIAH comes!—Let furious discord cease!
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
 Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
 And howling fiends release the tortured soul!
 The beams of gladness Hell's dark caves illumine,
 And mercy broods above the distant gloom.

HEBER.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

IV.

MESSIAH comes! ye rugged paths be plain;
 The Shiloh comes, ye towering cedars bend;
 Swell forth, ye valleys; and, ye rocks descend;
 The withered branch let balmy fruits adorn,
 And clustering roses twine the leafless thorn;
 Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell—
 The God of peace redeems His Israel.

E. H. JOHNSON.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

V.

He comes not in the pride of martial pomp,
 High in triumphal chariot, while around
 The poor remains of vanquished kingdoms grace
 The trophied car; not such as Judah's sons,
 By empire's flattering dreams misled, conceived,
 Vindictive monarch over proud Rome.
 Beyond the confines of this narrow world,
 At the right hand of the Almighty Sire,
 Enthroned he sits; no partial King, to all
 Who unfeigned homage offer, He, benign,
 The treasure of His boundless love vouchsafes.

SAMUEL HAYES.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

VI.

FOR, in like manner as He went,—
 My soul, has thou forgot?—
 Shall be His terrible descent,
 When man expecteth not!
 Strength, Son of Man, against that hour,
 Be to our spirits given,
 When thou shalt come again with power
 Upon the clouds of heaven.

CROSWELL.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

VII.

LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
 The King of Glory comes! He comes to clothe
 This mortal in the unperishable garb
 Of immortality! Hear it, ye dead,

Hear the glad tidings, and with trembling hope
 Expect that day, when at th' Archangel's tramp,
 From the long sleep of many thousand years
 Ye shall awake—awake to sleep no more ;
 Hear it, O living man, ere greedy Death
 Consigns thee to the prison of the tomb ;
 Hear, and be wise, seek thy Redeemer's throne ;
 On benedict knees implore His healing grace ;
 Chaunt forth His praise and venerate His name.

BOLLAND.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST—SECOND COMING.

VIII.

METHINKS I see from th' empyrean skies,
 Preceded by His bright Angelic host,
 The Judge descend : how changed from Him, who late
 The thorny crown and reedy sceptre bore !
 Glory arrays Him, from His countenance beams
 Splendour ineffable : stars clustering weave
 A rich tiara for His head, who gave
 Their beauteous lamps to shine.

GEORGE BALLY.

THE JUDGMENT.

I.

THE sinner's doom,—the sinner's doom,—
 How dark the agony
 That haunts transgression to the tomb,
 Then prays on endlessness to come,
 Whose worm may never die.

ANON.

THE JUDGMENT.

II.

GREAT day of dread, decision and despair !
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and quits the world

YOUNG.

THE JUDGMENT.

III.

I'LL tell thee what is hell—the memory
 Still mountained up with records of the past,
 Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,
 Telling the tale of joy and innocence;
 And hope, and peace, and love; recording, too,
 With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
 Worked upon weakness and defencelessness;
 The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurn'd;
 All that hath been that ought not to have been,
 That might have been so different, that now
 Cannot be but irrevocably past!

Thy gangrened heart,
 Stripped of its selfworn mask, and spread at last
 Bare, in its horrible anatomy,
 Before thine own excruciating gaze!

STARKEY.

THE JUDGMENT.

IV.

If you confess humanity, believe
 There is a God to punish or reward
 Our doings here.

SOUTHERN.

THE JUDGMENT.

V.

THE soul once dying,
Dies ever, ever, no re-purifying ;
No earnest sighs or groans, no intercession,
No cares, no penance, no too late confession
Can move the ear of justice, if it doom
A soul past cure, to an infernal tomb.

ANON.

THE JUDGMENT.

VI.

THEY who, through life,
By conscience and religion's warning voice
Unmoved, with prostituted hearts resigned
To sin, with the keen horrors of remorse
And anguish rent, call on the lofty hills
To cover their apostate heads. Alas !
Too late contrition comes : the doom is past.

SAMUEL HAYES.

THE JUDGMENT.

VII.

THE day
Will come, when virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscured her beams ; when sin shall fly
Back to her native hell ; there sink eclipsed
In penal darkness, where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the impervious gloom.

GLYNN.

THE JUDGMENT.

VIII.

EVERY bashful grace that bloomed unseen,
 Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
 Of worldly praise, is brought to light, before
 Its best applauders—Angels, and their Lord.
 The Judge, with accents mild, cries, Come ye blessed,
 Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,
 Co-heirs of bliss, my Sire's adopted sons.
 Straight at that word, the pious, like a flock
 Of harmless doves, are wrapt, with ardent wing,
 To meet their dear Redeemer.

GEORGE BALLY.

THE JUDGMENT.

IX.

THE day of Christ: the last, the dreadful day;
 When thou and I, and all the world, shall come
 Before His judgment-seat, to hear their doom
 For ever and for ever; and when they
 Who loved not God, far, far from Him away
 Shall go;—but whither banished? and with whom?
 And they who loved Him shall be welcomed home
 To God, and Christ, and Heaven; and Heaven's array,
 Angels and saints made perfect—may the scene
 Of that dread day be always present here—
 Here in my heart! That every day between,
 Which brings my passage to the gaol more near,
 May find me fitter, by His love made clean,
 Before His throne of justice to appear.

BP. MANT.

THE JUDGMENT.

X.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When Heaven and earth shall pass away, !—

What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day.

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay.
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Through Heaven and earth should pass away:
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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THE JUDGMENT:

XI.

EVERY act  
Which shunned the trifling plaudit of mankind,  
Shall here to wondering millions be displayed,  
A monument of grace.

C. P. LAYARD.

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THE JUDGMENT.

XII.

Thou shalt judge
Beneath Thy sentence: Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then Thou Thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre thee no more shall need,
God shall be All in All.

MILTON.

THE JUDGMENT.

XIII.

THE book is opened, and the seal removed ;
 The adamantinè book, where every thought,
 Though dawning on the heart, then sunk again
 In the corrupted mass, each act obscure,
 In' characters indelible remain.

How vain thy boast, vile caitiff, to have 'scaped
 An earthly forum ; now, thy crimson stains
 Glare, on a congregated world ; thy Judge
 Omniscience, and Omnipotence thy scourge !
 Thy mask hypocrisy, how useless here,
 When, by a beam shot from the Fount of light,
 The varnished saint starts up a ghastly fiend !

GEORGE BALLY.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

I.

HARK ! oh hark these sounds ascending,
 Heaven and earth one anthem raise ;
 " God of love our lives defending,
 Through a year of happy days !

" God of seasons still providing,
 Summer's heat and winter's drear ;
 Giving life, and love, and gladdening,
 Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

" Still with grateful love confessing,
 By thee fed and feasted here ;
 Still we crave another blessing,
 Grace to crown the circling year.

Hark ! oh hark these sounds ascending,
 Lend, oh lend a listening ear ;
 Infant hearts and voices blending,
 " Blessing crowns the glad New Year.

Y

" Still with songs that never ceasing,
 Cheerful homage offer here ;
 Evening, morning, still increasing,
 Gladness crowns the circling year.

" O may Jesus tune our voices,
 Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
 Till our every sense rejoices
 In our Saviour's blest employ."



NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

II.

How old art thou?—How many years
 Of thy short life are past?
 Another comes,—hast thou no fears
 That this may prove thy last?

How old art thou?—how many sins
 Are added to thy score?
 Each year a new account begins ;
 And who can tell it o'er?

How old art thou?—How long has God
 With thee in patience borne?
 How gently used his chast'ning rod?
 How often cried—"Return?"

How old art thou?—What mercies still
 Attend thee ev'ry day?
 Thy cup what various blessings fill?
 What beams direct thy way?

He spares thee yet another year,
 But soon may cut thee down :
 Oh, sinner, learn in time to fear
 The terror of his frown.

This day before the Saviour fall,
This day is thine alone ;
Whate'er thine age, thou can'st not call
Another day thine own.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

III.

GREAT God ! our hearts in one would join,
Thy praises loud to shout ;
Let heaven and earth, and all combine,
To swell the notes throughout.

The spring proclaims thy mighty hand ;
In changing winter's face ;
And harvest spreads o'er all the land,
The bounties of thy grace.

But days with winged steps proceed,
And each New Year makes known,
That time will end, that death must lead
All mankind to the tomb.

Ah ! time is dull, life's joys are mean—
The world no peace can yield ;
If Christ, as Prophet, Priest, and King,
By faith be once revealed.

Father, the Holy Spirit send,
To teach thy gracious word,
That reading we may understand,
The mystery of our Lord.

Come death, come life, what can destroy
Our faith and hope in Christ ?
Till bright in prospect full with joy,
Love calls them both to rest.

EMINENCE.

I.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow,
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils that to those summits led.

BYRON.

EMINENCE.

II.

OH, think, my son ! how wild and vain
 Are all the dreams of earthly pride !
 Shouldst thou the height of glory gain,
 What countless ills the great betide !
 Superior pomp—superior pain—
 The madness of the insatiate brain,
 That looks on earth with proud disdain,
 And sighs for worlds beside !
 Where is the meteor flash that shone
 O'er Ecbatane and Babylon,
 And smote the Persian from his throne ?
 Where is the self-exalted god ?
 The hero of immortal birth—
 The lord of Macedon—and earth—
 Is now a vile and nameless clod.
 A few short hours—and they who bowed
 The meanest of the servile crowd,
 Had spurned the mass of lifeless clay,
 As on its kindred earth it lay,
 In loathsomeness of foul decay.
 Great Cæsar rued the hour that gave
 The free-born Roman for his slave ;
 And who—for all his sated pride—

Would wish to die as Marius died ?
 Know—heroes were by heaven designed,
 (If heroes, men like these we call,
 To rise upon their-coutry's fall,
 To glut the grave, and scourge mankind.
 And what their guilty toil repays ?
 That falsehood of dissembled praise
 Which Flattery's glozing tongue adorns.
 And Vice extols—while, Virtue mourns.
 Yes, e'en the same, for which was-given
 The love of man—the bliss of Heaven—
 The tale of after times—nay—worse—
 Becomes a proverb and a curse—
 Oh, spurn, my son ! the hero's name,
 And shun the infamy of fame ;
 To thee, let nobler praise be given,
 The friend of man ! the loved of Heaven !

DALE.

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### CHARITY.

I.

O CHARITY ! our helpless nature's pride !  
 Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside !  
 Is there in Morning's breath or the sweet gale  
 That steals o'er the tried pilgrim of the vale,  
 Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,  
 Aught like the incense of thy holy flame ?  
 Is aught in all the beauties that adorn  
 The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn ?  
 Is aught so fair in evening's lingering gleam  
 As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,  
 That falls, like saddest moonlight on the hill,  
 And distant grove, when the wide world is still ?  
 Thine are the ample views, that, unconfined,  
 Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind :  
 Thine is the spirit that, with widest plan,  
 Brother to brother binds, and man to man :  
 When the fleet vanities of life's brief day  
 Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,

Each act by Charity and Mercy done,  
 High o'er the wrecks of time, shall live alone,  
 Immortal as the heavens, and beauteous bloom  
 In other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.

BOWLES.

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 CHARITY.

## II.

SOFT are the graces that adorn the maid—  
 Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade !  
 She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,  
 And tender as the fond young lover's dream !  
 Pity and peace precede her as she flies,  
 And Mercy beams benignant from her eyes !  
 From her high residence, from realms above,  
 She comes, sweet messenger of heavenly love !  
 The lofty pyramid shall cease to live ;  
 Fleeting the praise such monuments can give ;  
 But Charity, by tyrant Time revered,  
 Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spared,  
 Secures her votarie's unblasted fame,  
 And in celestial annals 'graves their name.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

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 CHARITY.

## III.

AN ardent spirit dwells with Christian Love,  
 The eagle's vigour in the pitying dove ;  
 'Tis not enough that we with Sorrow sigh,  
 That we the wants of pleading man supply ;  
 That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,  
 Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal :  
 Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and wo,  
 The Christian spirit loves with aid to go ;

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Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,  
 But seeks the duty—nay prevents the need;  
 Her utmost aid to every ill applies,  
 And plants relief for coming miseries.

CRABBE.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

THAT thou may'st injure no man dove-like be,  
 And serpent-like that none may injure thee.

COWPER.

BENEVOLENCE.

I.

FROM the low prayer of Want and plaint of Wo,  
 O never, never turn away thine ear!  
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,  
 Ah! what were man, should heaven refuse to hear!  
 To others do (the law is not severe),  
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done;  
 Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,  
 And friends, and native land, nor these alone;  
 All human weal and wo, learn thou to make thine own.

BEATTIE.

BENEVOLENCE.

II.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!  
 While thy kind dictates I pursue,  
 I taste a joy sincere;  
 Too high for little minds to know,  
 Who on themselves alone bestow,  
 Their wishes and their care.

By thee inspired, the generous breast,  
 In blessing others only blest,  
 With kindness large and free,  
 Delights the widow's tears to stay,  
 To teach the blind their smoothest way,  
 And aid the feeble knee.

O God! with sympathetic care,  
 In other's joys and griefs to share,  
 Do thou thy heart incline;  
 Each low, each selfish wish control,  
 Warm with Benevolence my soul,  
 And make me wholly thine.

BLACKLOCK.

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SENSIBILITY.

I.

Oh! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain,
 He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

FERDUSI.

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SENSIBILITY.

## II.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting Sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at evening in the public path;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live;  
 For they are all—the meanest things that are,  
 As free to live and to enjoy that life,  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.

COWPER.

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## SENSIBILITY.

## III.

SWEET Sensibility ! thou keen delight  
Unprompted moral ! sudden sense of right !  
Perception exquisite ! fair Virtue's seed !  
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed !  
Thou hasty conscience ! reason's blushing morn !  
Instinctive kindness ere Reflection's born !  
Prompt sense of equity ! to thee belongs  
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs ;  
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried  
But always apt to choose the suffering side ;  
To those who know thee not, no words can paint  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.  
She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,  
And rounds her every period with thy name ;  
Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs  
With pining Lesbia, when her sparrow dies ;  
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,  
While misery unrelieved retires ;  
Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve,  
And weeps o'er Werter, while her children starve.  
As words are but the external marks to tell  
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,  
And only are of things the outward sign,  
And not the things themselves they but define ;  
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,  
And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears,  
These are her garb, not her : they but express  
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress ;  
And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,—  
These lonely symbols may be counterfeit.  
There are who fill with brilliant plaints the page,  
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage ;  
There are who for a dying fawn deplore,  
As if a friend, parent, country, were no more ;  
Who boast, quick rapture trembling in their eye,  
If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly ;  
There are whose well sung plaints each breast inflame,

And break all hearts—But his from whom they came.  
 He scorning life's low duties to attend  
 Writes odes on friendship while he cheats his friend;  
 Of gaols and punishments he grieves to hear,  
 And peshions prisoned Virtue with a tear;  
 While unpaid bills his creditor presents,  
 And ruined Innocence his crime laments;  
 O Lord, divine! sole sorce of charity!  
 More dear one genuine deed performed for thee,  
 Than all the periods Feeling we could turn,—  
 Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne.

HANNAH MORE.

~~~~~  
 A PRAYER.

FATHER of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
 O teach me what is good! teach me thyself;
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul.
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial never-fading bliss!

THOMSON.

~~~~~  
 CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

## I.

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light!  
 Who the day for toil hast givcn,  
 For rest the night!  
 May, thine angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night!

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## CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

## II.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 God grant me grace my prayers to say!  
 O God, preserve my mother dear  
 In health and strength for many a year,  
 And oh! preserve my father too,  
 And may I pay him reverence due;  
 And may I my best thoughts employ  
 To be my parents' hope and joy!  
 My sisters and my brothers both  
 From evil guard, and save from sloth,  
 And may we always love each other,  
 Our friends, our father, and our mother!  
 And still, O Lord, to me impart  
 A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,  
 That after my last sleep I may  
 Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

COLERIDGE.

## EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room  
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds  
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom  
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,  
 And all their clustering locks, untouched by care,  
 And bowed—as flowers are bowed with night—in  
 prayer.

Gaze on 'tis lovely!—Childhood's lip and cheek,  
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!  
 Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair and meek  
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—  
 Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,  
 What Death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creature! That will sink to rest  
 Lightly, when these pure orisons are done,  
 As birds with number's honours oppressed,  
 Midst the dim folded leaves of man;  
 Lift up your hearts! though shadows be  
 Dark in the summer heaven of the world's eyes.

Though fresh within your breast the untrodden springs  
 Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,  
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings  
 Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;  
 Yet in those hute-like voices, mingling low,  
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her wo!

O take the thought of this balm vesper time,  
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,  
 On through the dark days fading from their prime:  
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!  
 Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given  
 The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

### THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
 While the red light fades away;  
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
 Ever following silently;  
 Father, by the breeze of  
 Called thy harvest work to leave;  
 Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
 Far from thine own household band;  
 Mourner, haunted by the tone  
 Of a voice from this world gone;

Captive, in whose narrow cell  
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
 Linger on the darkening sea—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,  
 Breakest now at set of sun ;  
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain ;  
 Weeping on his burial plain ;  
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
 Kindred by one holy tie ;  
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

WE sail the sea of Life—a calm one finds,  
 And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,  
 Death is the quiet heaven of us all.

WORDSWORTH.

HUMAN LIFE.

I.

MAN'S uncertain Life  
 Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bow,  
 Amongst ten thousand of its kind,  
 The remnants of some passing shower,  
 Which have their moment, dropping one by one,  
 And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold  
 We cannot guess.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HUMAN LIFE.

II.

BETWEEN two worlds, Life hovers like a star,  
 'Twixt night and mourn, upon the dawn's verge ;

How little do we know that which we are!  
 How little what we may be! The eternal surge  
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
 Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,  
 Lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves  
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

BYRON.

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HUMAN LIFE.

III.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
 The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby.
 Still in the vale the village bells ring round;
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
 Now glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale:
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his father ran.
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
 The ale now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
 And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 "Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung;
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,
 In every cottage porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
 While her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy was seen,
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before—
 And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !

ROGERS.

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HUMAN LIFE.

## IV.

“ WHAT is the gift of Life ? ”

Speak thou, in young existence revelling ;  
 To thee it is a glorious god-like thing ;  
 Love, Hope, and Fancy lead the joyous way ;  
 Ambition kindles up her living ray.

There is a path of light marked out for thee,  
 A thornless path, and there thy way shall be ;  
 A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall,  
 But thou shalt live and look behind them all ;  
 Yes, Life indeed may seem a joyous thing.

“ What is the gift of Life ”

To thee, subdued and taught by Wisdom's voice,  
 Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice ?

Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,  
 Who hast no fountain to supply the waste ;  
 Whose spirit, like some traveller, going round,  
 Or broken columns in the desert ground,  
 Sees but sad sad traces on a lonely scene,  
 Of what Life was, and what it might have been ;  
 Oh ! is not Life a sad and solemn thing ?

“ What is the gift of Life ”

To him who reads with heaven-instructed eye ?  
 'Tis the first dawning of eternity ;  
 The future heaven just breaking on the sight ;



The glimmering of a still increasing light ;  
 Its cheering scenes for tastes of heavenly joy ;  
 Its storms and tempests sent to purify :  
 O ! is not life a bright inspiring thing ?  
 " What is the gift of Life ?"  
 To him whose soul through this tempestuous road  
 Hath past, and found its home, its heaven, its God ?  
 Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,  
 And years as boundless, rolling o'er his head ;  
 No cloud to darken the celestial light ;  
 No sin to sully, and no grief to blight :  
 Is not that better life a glorious thing ?

MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

## HUMAN LIFE.

V.

" In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is  
 cut down and withereth—PSALM xc. 6.

I WALKED the fields at morning's prime,  
 The grass was ripe for mowing !  
 The skylark sang his matin chime,  
 And all was brightly glowing.

" And thus " I cried, " the ardent boy,  
 His pulse with rapture beating,  
 Deems life's inheritance is joy.  
 The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon—alas !  
 On earth's maternal bosom  
 The scythe had left the withering grass  
 And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought, with many a sigh,  
 The hopes we fondly cherish,  
 Like flowers which blossom but to die,  
 Seem only born to perish.

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Once more, at eve, abroad I strayed,  
Through lonely hay-fields musing ;  
While every breeze that round me played  
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,  
To purer hopes appealing,  
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,  
Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus the actions of the just,  
When Memory hath enshrined them,  
Even from the dust and silent dust  
Their odour leave behind them.

BARTON.

## HOPE AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !  
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal power !  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !  
Bright to the soul thy saraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !  
Oh ! deep enchanting prelude to repose !  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !  
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,  
Where time's far wandering tide has never run !  
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears :  
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !  
While Nature hears, with terror mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust,  
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod

The roaring waves, and called upon his God.  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss !  
 Daughter of faith ! awake, arise, illumo  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !  
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll  
 Chimmerian darkness on the parting soul !  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herd of dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !  
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

CAMPBELL.

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HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For the morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind nature the embryo blossoms will save,
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 Or when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
 Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn..
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BEATTIE.

TIME.

I.

TIME never bears such moments on his wing,
As when he flies too swiftly to be marked.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TIME.

II.

TIME flies : it is his melancholy task
To bring, and bear away delusive hopes,
And reproduce the troubles he destroys ;
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning mortal ! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace
Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed.

WORDSWORTH.

TIME.

III.

TIME moveth not ! our being 'tis that moves :
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages, and revolving years,
Ordn'd to chronicle our passing days :—
So the young sailor, in the gallant bark;
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

WHITE.

TIME.

IV.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,

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And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
 Of their strange ventures hopped by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks; the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls its cease-
 less course.

SCOTT.

TIME.

V.

How slowly and how silently doth Time
 Float on his starry journey? Still he goes,
 And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away,
 He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
 And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
 Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
 Fleating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
 Like a huge vulture with its pray beneath.—
 Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on—
 To-morrow I may be a breathless thing;
 But he will still be here; and the blue hours
 Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
 As if I were alive to welcome them.

PROCTER.

TIME.

VI.

Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
 Dost thou its former pride recall?
 Or ponder how it passed away?

"Knowst thou not me!" the deep voice cried,
 "So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
 Alternate in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused?"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away ;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When time and thou shalt part for ever !"

SCOTT.

TIME.

VII.

Fugit Irrevocabile Tempus.

What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—JAMES IV. 14.

YES—all may grace one mortal day,
 That warms the heart, and wins the eye,
 And gives each ardent strength to stray
 From rapture to satiety
 Wealth—glory—grandeur—throned on high—
 And that which melts the heart of stone,
 The magic beams of Beauty's eye—
 But Time glides on—and all are gone.

And thou—whom Heaven's high will denies
 To soar above thy fellow-men,
 For thee as dear a home may rise
 In village cot—or mountain glen ;
 Where, loving and beloved again,
 Thy hopes—thy heart may rest on one :
 Oh ! what is life?—Time flies and then
 Death speeds his dart—and both are gone.

And thou too, wretch—fearbear to weep,
 Thy misery need not last for aye,—
 Why feed the thought that else might sleep?
 Why waste in hopeless grief away?
 Deserted in thy darker day,
 If friends are fled and thou alone,
 Thy God will prove a firmer stay—
 Seek him.—Time flies—and thou art gone.

Oh! where are all the gauds of earth—
 Love's melting smile—young Beauty's bloom—
 The pomp of wealth—the pride of birth—
 Are these remembered in the tomb?
 No—sunk in cold oblivion's gloom
 They lie—their very names unknown—
 The mouldering marble tells their doom—
 They lived—Time fled—and they are gone.

So thou shalt fall—but dost thou deem
 To sleep in peace beneath the sod?
 Dash from thy soul that empty dream,
 And know thyself—and know thy God.
 Nor earth, nor time restrains his rod;
 And thou—a few short summers flown,
 Thou treadst the path thy fathers trod—
 Thy doom is fixed, and hope is gone.

Chained to the dust from whence we spring,
 Why thus from yon bright skies be driven;
 O! turn to your Eternal King—
 Believe—repent, and be forgiven,
 Haste, seize the proffered hope of heaven,
 While life and light are yet thine own;
 Swift as the passing cloud of even,
 Time glides along—and thou art gone!

DALE.

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### THE END OF TIME.

REV. x. 1—6.

ONE foot on earth, and one on sea  
 A mighty angel towers to heaven;  
 Before his glance the mountains flee;  
 Beneath his tread the depths are riven—  
 Wreathed radiant round his brows divine  
 The bright hues of the rainbow shine;  
 His aspect—like the broad red glare  
 Of the fierce sun's meridian ray  
 Beams forth intolerable day—  
 The glory of the Lord is there.

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Loud as the maddening lion's roar,  
 Or as the wild surge beats the shore,  
 He speaks!—blue lightnings rend the sky,  
 And heaven in thunder gives reply.—  
 Ne'er be those sounds, in mystery sealed,  
 To human ear on earth revealed.  
 And when that dreadful sign was given,  
 He raised his dread right hand to heaven.

And thus the oath he swore—  
 "Ye spacious skies—thou rooted earth—  
 By him who called you into birth

Your destined date is o'er!  
 I swear by him whose sovereign sway,  
 The bright angelic hosts obey—  
 By him who died and lives for aye,

That time shall be no more!"  
 Earth trembled at the sound, but O  
 What shrieks of wailing and of wo,  
 What frantic yells of wild despair,  
 Tumultuous rend the troubled air!  
 In vain—the day of grace is o'er,  
 And Love and Pity plead no more!  
 Mark, where the rock-hewn cavern breaks.  
 And to his doom the oppressor wakes!  
 Mark where the fear-struck despot now  
 Dashes the diadem from his brow—  
 Beneath his foot the firm earth rends—

The heavens are darkening o'er him!  
 The Judge—the Sovereign Judge descends—  
 And who may stand before him?

DALE.

### THE EVE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

RESUME thy tone of wo, immortal Harp!  
 The song of mirth is past, the jubilee  
 Is ended, and the sun begins to fade!  
 Soon past, for Happiness counts not the hours,  
 To her a thousand years seem as a day;  
 A day a thousand years to Misery.  
 Satan is loose, and Violence is heard,

And Riot in the street, and Revelry  
 Intoxicate, and Murder and Revenge.  
 Put on your armour now, ye righteous ! put  
 The helmet of salvation on, and gird  
 Your loins about with truth, and righteousness.  
 And add the shield of faith, and take the sword  
 Of God—awake and watch !—the day is near,  
 Great day of God Almighty and the Lamb !  
 The harvest of the earth is fully ripe ;  
 Vengeance begins to tread the great wine-press  
 Of fierceness and of wrath ; and Mercy pleads,  
 Mercy that pleaded long, she pleads—no more ! [wo ?  
 Whence comes that darkness ? whence those yells of  
 What thunderings are these that shake the world ?  
 Why fall the lamps from heaven as blasted figs ?  
 Why tremble righteous men ? Why angels pale ?  
 Why is all fear ? What has become of hope !  
 God comes ! God in his car of vengeance comes !  
 Hark ! louder on the blast come hollow shrieks  
 Of dissolution ! in the fitful scowl  
 Of night, near and more near, angels of death  
 Incessant flap their deadly wings, and roar  
 Through all the fevered air ! the mountains rock,  
 The moon is sick, and all the stars of heaven  
 Burn feebly ! oft and sudden gleams the fire !  
 Revealing awfully the brow of Wrath !  
 The Thunder, long and loud, utters his voice,  
 Responsive to the Ocean's troubled growl !  
 Night comes, last night, the long, dark, dark, dark night,  
 That has no morn beyond it, and no star !  
 No eye of man hath seen a night like this !  
 Heaven's trampled Justice girds itself for fight !  
 Earth, to thy knees, and cry for mercy ! cry  
 With earnest heart, for thou art growing old  
 And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven !  
 And all thy glory mourns ! the vintage mourns !  
 Bashan and Carmel mourn and weep ! and mourn  
 Thou Lebanon, with all thy cedars, mourn !  
 Sun ! glorying in thy strength from age to age,  
 So long observant of thy hour, put on  
 Thy weeds of woe, and tell the Moon to weep ;  
 Utter thy grief at mid-day, morn, and even ;

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Tell all the nations, tell the Clouds that sit  
 About the portals of the east, and west,  
 And wanton with thy golden locks, to wait  
 Thee not to-morrow, for no morrow comes !  
 Tell men and women; tell the new-born child,  
 And every eye that sees, to come, and see  
 Thee set behind Eternity, for thou  
 Shalt go to bed to-night, and ne'er awake !  
 Stars ! walking on the pavement of the sky,  
 Out sentinels of heaven, watching the earth,  
 Cease dancing now ; your lamps are growing dim,  
 Your graves are dug among the dismal clouds,  
 And angels are assembled round your bier !  
 Orion, mourn ! and Mazzaroth, and thou,  
 Arcturus ! mourn, with all thy northern sons,  
 Daughters of Pleiades ! that nightly shed  
 Sweet influence, and thou, fairest of the stars !  
 Eye of the morning, weep ! and weep at eve ;  
 Weep sitting, now to rise no more, " and flame  
 On forehead of the dawn," as sung the bard,  
 Great bard ! who used on earth a seraph's lyre ;  
 Whose numbers wandered through eternity,  
 And gave sweet foretaste of the heavenly harps ;  
 Minstrel of sorrow ! native of the dark !  
 Shrub-loving Philomel, that wooed the Dews,  
 At midnight from their starry beds, and, charmed,  
 Held them around thy song till dawn awoke,  
 Sad bird ! pour through the gloom thy weeping song,  
 Pour all thy dying melody of grief,  
 And with the turtle spread the wave of woe !  
 Spare not thy reed, for thou shalt sing no more !

POLLOK.

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 THE DELUGE.

I.

MORN came : but the broad light which hung so long
 In heaven forsook the showering firmament,
 The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
 Rivers had grown to seas : the great sea swollen,
 Too mighty for its bound, broke on the land,

Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
 Devoured.— Upon the mountains now were seen
 Gaunt men and women hungering with their babes,
 Eying each other, or, with marble looks,
 Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.
 At times a swimmer, from a distant rock,
 Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
 Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
 Wept without hope, and aged heads struck cold
 By auges, trembled like autumnal leaves;
 And infants moaned, and young boys shrieked with fear,
 Stout men grew white with famine.— Beautiful girls,
 Whom once the day languished to look on, lay
 On the wet earth, and wrung their drenched hair;
 And fathers saw them there, dying and stole
 Their scanty fare, and, while they perished, thrived.
 Then terror died, and grief, and proud despair,
 Rage, and remorse, infinite agony,
 Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
 Birth-strangled; and strong passion perished.
 The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good.
 Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
 Washed the wild waters, in their clamorous march.—
 Still fell the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
 Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud
 Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves:
 But from the weltering deeps Pelicon arose
 And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
 Moaning; and crowned Olympus all his snows
 Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
 Day, eve, night, morning came and passed away.
 No sun was known to rise and none to set:
 'Steal of its glorious beams a sickly light
 Paled the broad east what time the day is born:
 At others a thick mass, vaporous and black,
 And form like solid marble, roofed the sky,
 Yet gave no shelter.— Still the ravenous wolf
 Howled, and wild foxes, and the household dog,
 Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
 Each on the other. The great eagle still
 In his home brooded, inaccessible!
 Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,

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Floated in silence on the shoreless seas.
Still the quick snake unclasped its glittering eyes,
Or shivering hung about the roots of pines;
And still all round the vultures flew and watched
The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast;
Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
Plundered the screaming billows of their dead.
Beneath the headlong torrents, towns and towers
Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines;
And piles of marble, palace and pyramid
(King's homes or towering graves) in a breath were
swept

Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,
Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned:
All on the altar of the giant sea
Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs.—
Still fell the flooding rains. Still the earth shrank!
And Ruin held his strait terrific way.
Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
(Breast of fiery air) howled from his cloud;
Exulting, toward the storm eclipsed moon.
Below, the ocean rose boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills:
Then its dark throat is bared, and rocky tusks,
Where with enormous waves on their broad backs
The demons of the deep were raging loud:
And the sea-lion and the whale were swung,
Like atoms round and round.—Mankind was dead;
And birds, whose active wings once cut the air,
And beasts, that cut the water,—all were dead:
And every reptile of the woods had died,
Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm:
The untamed tiger in his den; the mole
In his dark home—were choked, the darting ounce,
And the blind adder, and the stork fell down
Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
Was washed far out amongst the populous foam;
And there the serpent, which, few hours ago,

Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
And now, all o'er the deep courses were strewn,
Wide floating millions, like the rubbish flung
Forth when a plague prevails; the rest down sucked,
Sank buried in the world destroying seas.

PROCTER.

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### THE DELUGE.

#### II.

WHEN o'er the mountains rose the orb of day,  
And spread o'er vale and plain his cheering ray,  
How swelled the human bosom with delight,  
As the rich landscape burst upon the sight!  
The ripening harvest waved in golden pride,  
And clustering vineyards clothed the hillock's side;  
Whence rose the song which lightened labour's toil;  
As bowed the swain beneath the luscious spoil;  
Where the fair valley spread her bosom green,  
What varied forms of busy life were seen!  
There toiled the hind, the hunter led the chase,  
Or the bold warrior moved with martial grace;  
Whilst blooming beauty culled the opening flower,  
Or led the dance through pleasure's roseate bower;  
Then, half-concealed beneath the cedar's shade,  
The humble dwelling its white walls displayed;  
Or the proud city's loftier domes arise,  
Where pomp and grandeur caught the admiring eyes.  
Fair scene! but guilt and pain were there;  
The tyrant master, and the slave's despair;  
The haughty brow, the heaven's just God defied,  
The lust of pleasure, and the rage of pride;  
There from their bowls the midnight revellers reel;  
There the fell murderer grasps the reeking steel:  
By rapine led, the plunderers trace their way,  
Through waste and slaughter to their heartless prey;  
Vile idol-gods pollute each shady grove,  
And wanton beauty melts in lawless love;  
Whilst age and infancy lament in vain,  
Or bleed, the victims of the impious train.

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Mustering his wrath, awhile his anger stayed ;  
 Till full their cup, the Lord of heaven delayed  
 To pour his vengeance.—As the whirlwind sleeps  
 E'er o'er the main with furious blast it sweeps,  
 Then burst at once, on earth's astonished train,  
 The raging tempest and tremendous rain ;  
 Whilst pealing thunders heaven's vast concave rend,  
 And, struck by lightning, rolling clouds descend ;  
 High heaves the ocean's bed—the o'erwhelming tide  
 Rushes against the mountain's yielding side.—  
 'Tis vain for succour to those hills to fly,  
 For now not even the loftiest tops are dry ;  
 Beast, man, and city, share one common grave,  
 And calm above them rolls the avenging wave,  
 Whilst yon dark speck, slow-floating, now contains  
 Of beast or human life the sole remains.

MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

PALESTINE.

O HAPPY once in heaven's peculiar love,  
 Delight of men below, and saints above !  
 Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand  
 Has loosed his hell-hounds-o'er thy wasted land ;  
 Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms of fate,  
 Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;  
 Yet shalt thou rise ;—but not by war restored,  
 Not built in murder, planted by the sword :  
 Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid  
 Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made ;  
 Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,  
 And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.  
 Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring—  
 Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing !  
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,  
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;  
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvest's yield,  
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field.  
 Even now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land  
 That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,  
 Courts the bright visions of descending power.

Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;  
 And chides the tardy seals that yet detain  
 Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

HEBER.

## HEBREW HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her father's God before her moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
 By day along the astonished land  
 The cloudy pillar glided on,  
 By night Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
 And trump and timbrel answered keen !  
 And Zion's daughter poured their lays,  
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
 No portents now our foes amaze,  
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;  
 Our fathers would not know thy ways,  
 And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though not unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen  
 To temper the deceitful ray.  
 And, oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,  
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
 No censer round our altar beams,  
 And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn :  
 But thou hast said,—“ The blood of goat,  
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;  
 A contrite heart, an humble thought,  
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.”

SCOTT.

## THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
 A gleam of crimson touched its braided snow  
 Long had I watched the glory moving on,  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !  
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;  
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;  
 And by the breath of Mercy made to roll  
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,  
 Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

## FAREWELL.

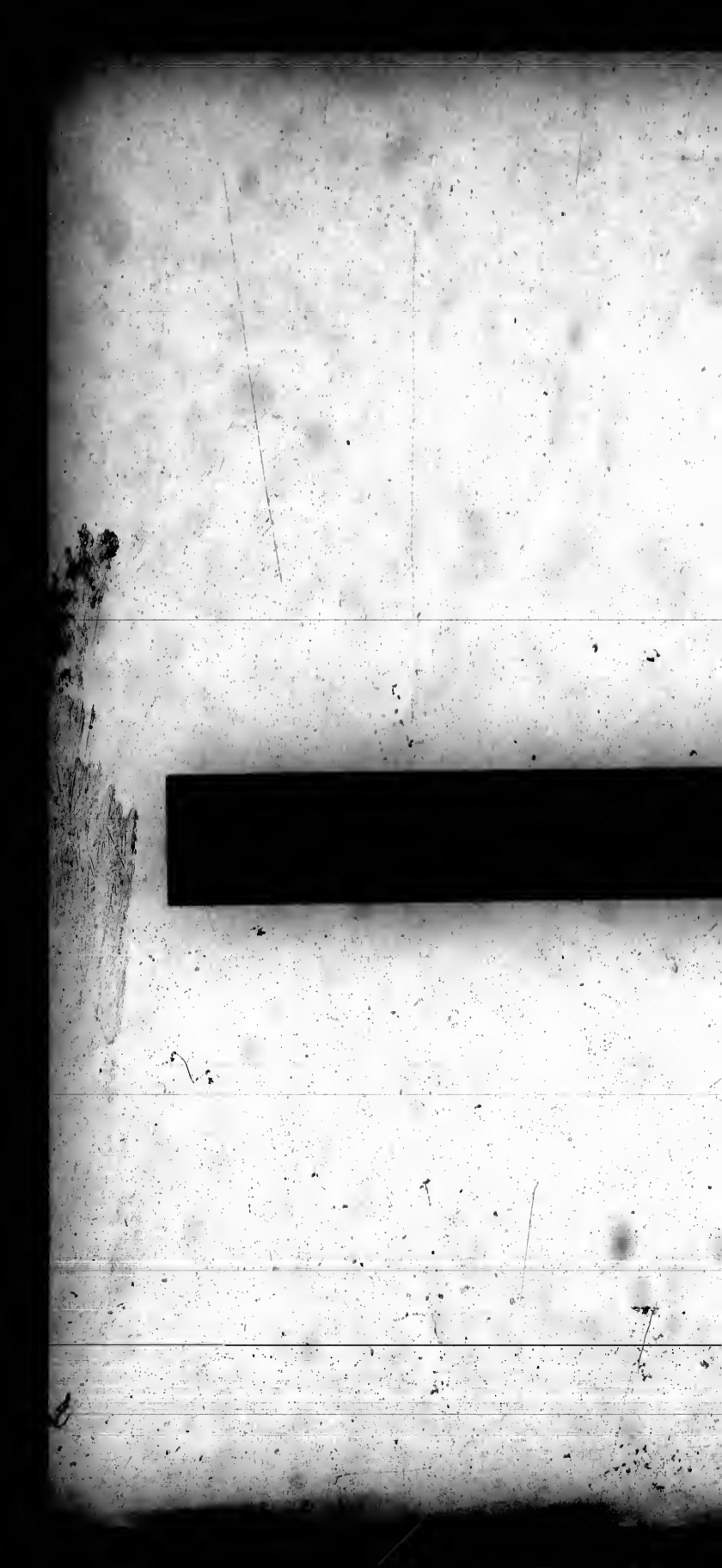
I.

WHEN eyes are beaming  
 What never tongue can tell,  
 When tears are streaming  
 From their crystal cell ;  
 When hands are linked that dread to part,  
 And heart is met by throbbing heart,  
 Oh ! bitter, bitter is the smart  
 Of them that bid farewell !

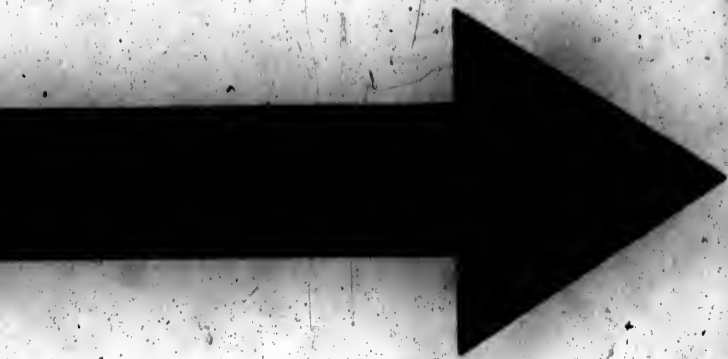
When hope is chidden  
 That fain of bliss would tell,  
 And love forbidden  
 In the breast to dwell ;  
 When fettered by a viewless chain,  
 We turn and gaze, and turn again—  
 Oh ! death were mercy to the pain  
 Of them that bid farewell !

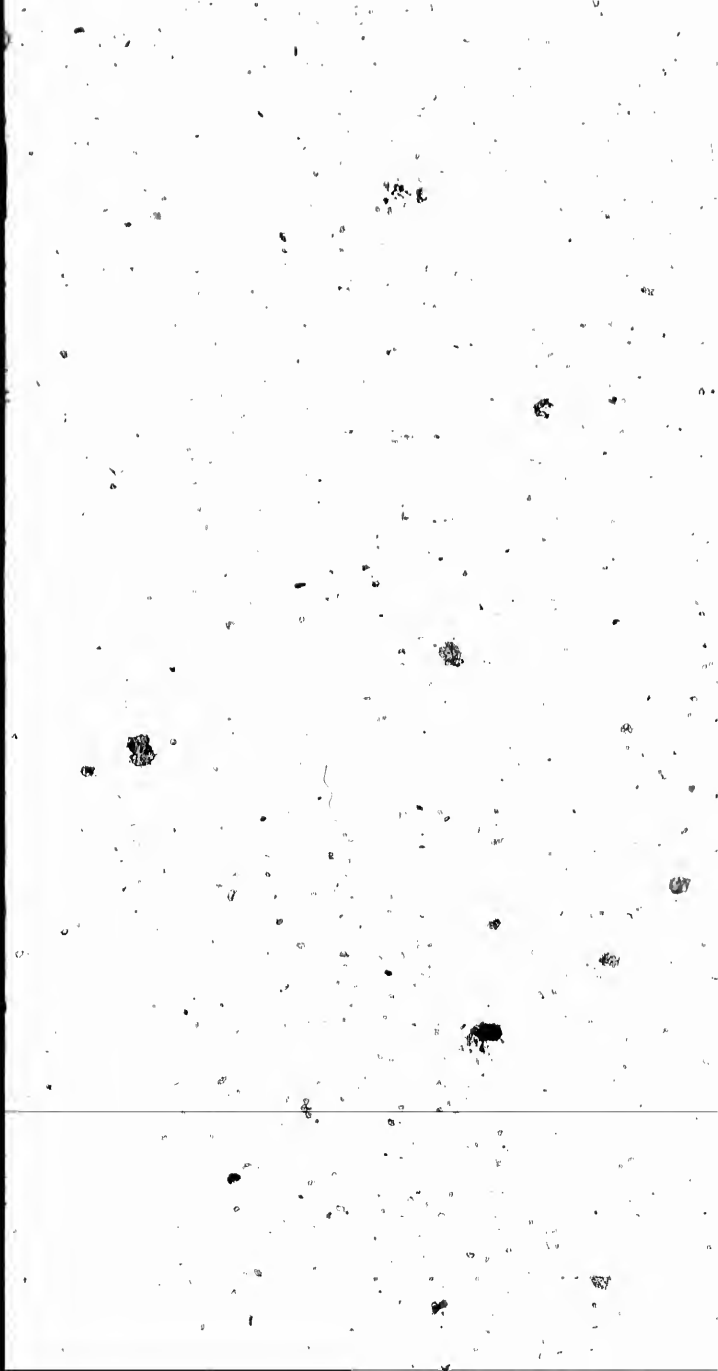
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MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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FAREWELL.

II.

NAY, shrink not from the word "Farewell,"  
As if 'twere friendship's final knell!  
Such fears may prove but vain;  
So changeful is life's fleeting day,  
Where'er we sever—Hope may say  
We part to meet again!  
Even the last parting earth can know  
Brings not unutterable woe,  
To souls that heavenward soar;  
For humble faith, with steadfast eye,  
Points to a brighter world on high,  
Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,  
May meet to part no more!

BARTON.

FAREWELL.

III.

FAREWELL!—a word that must be, and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!  
Ye! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;  
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,  
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

BYRON.

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