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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY WIDOW FLECK.

SECOND EDITION.

ADDRESS THE PUBLIC.

KIND READERS,

You have here the humble attempt of a Widowed Mother, to record in simple rhymes the feelings excited by the sickness and departure of the bread-winner of herself and her helpless little ones—who was snatched from her and them, by the same pestilence which must have bereaved too many of you of your dearest friends. On your sympathetic bounty, a Mother, whom that pestilence has left destitute, throws herself and her humble verses.

NEW GLASGOW, July, 1833.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY ARIEL BOWMAN, PRINTER.
1835.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

POEMS.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DYING HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

- W. ALAS my love, you're pale and wan,
Death's Image in your face,
Oh, let me kiss those dear, dear lips,
~~And take the last embrace!~~
- H. Oh, kiss me not, my dearest Wife,
Lest you infected be,
And take the Cholera Morbus too,
And leave our family.
- W. Our family, ~~alas poor things!~~
Since you and they must part;
Oh, that I could die with you now,
I wish with all my heart.
- H. Oh stay with them, and I'll go down
To the cold grave alone;
This heart that beats with love to you
Will soon be cold as stone.
- W. Oh yes, I fear that warm ~~and~~ heart,
Will soon be in the dust,
~~'T~~ would give me joy to yield you ease,
~~'T~~ would make me almost blest.
- H. To give me ease, is out your power,
Though well I know your love,
My only hope is soon to be
In peace and rest above.
- W. Oh tell me truth, my dearest dear,
Are you afraid to die;
Or do you hope with Jesus soon,
To be above the sky?
- H. Oh yes, I do—his precious name
Is music in my ears—
Rejoice with me, I'll soon be blest;
Oh, wipe away your tears.
- W. I do rejoice at you being blest,
But then when you are gone,

Oh, who will pity me or mine,
When we do make our moan?

H. Oh yes, my dear, the Mighty King
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Sky,
Will ever lend a gracious ear
To the poor Widow's cry.

Oh, seek his face with earnestness,
And He'll relieve your pain,
And then, you know, we soon shall meet,
Never to part again.

I pray'd for all my Children dear,
That they may pious be,
So we shall meet to part no more
In a bless'd Eternity.

And should our eldest Sons return,
Who have been long away,
Oh let them know I pray'd for them,
On this my dying day.

You must be Father and Mother both;
Oh teach them to be good,
And then you may be sure, our Lord
Will give you daily food.

But ah, I'm weak—I faint—I die:
Dear Lord, I trust in thee,
That thou who feed'st the little birds,
Will feed my family.

W. Dear JOHN, we part—When shall we meet?
Oh will you come to me,
And wait upon my dying bed,
As I have done to thee?

H. I'll try, my love, I'll ask of Heaven,
Your Guardian Angel's place,
And then I'll watch you day and night,
And keep you still in peace.

And when at last you come to die,
I'll hover round your bed,
And do an Heavenly Spirit's part,
To ease your dying head.

And when your soul is disengaged,
 I'll bear it safe away,
 To the bright mansions of the blest,
 To be as blest as they.

But oh, I die. Farewell my love.
 "Receive my soul," he cries.
 His prayers were heard, his trouble ceased,
 He soared up to the skies.

ON THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

To look on a dear friend just dead,
 That we did love most while in life,
 Oh how does it pain the full heart,
 But much more the heart of a Wife.

To look on that eye once so bright,
 That still beamed with pleasure on me,
 And to see it now closed in death,
 Forever in darkness to be.

That ear that was always made glad,
 When new information it found;
 And must it forever be deaf,
 To Friendship's harmonious sound.

That tongue which so sweetly did move,
 When friendship and love was the theme,
 And must it forever be mute,
 And ne'er again mention my name.

And must we forever then part,
 From father and husband so sweet;
 And must I still bear the sad thought,
 That we again never shall meet.

Such doctrine I ne'er can believe,
 Nor can Infidels make it appear;
 I hope yet to see the kind man,
 By me and my family held dear.

It easy must be for that power,
 Which form us all at the first,
 To raise up our bodies again,
 Although they are mouldered to dust.

Nor does it our reason oppose,
 When we see the works of our God,
 Who makes the grain spring from the earth,
 Though buried long under the clod.

And surely we cannot deny,
 What we see with our bodily eyes,
 For one single grain of good wheat,
 A number of grains do arise.

To lay the seed then under ground,
 It surely much profit must be,
 For had it remained above ground,
 No more but one grain it must be.

The Christian his profit has too,
 Though laid in the grave for to rot,
 He knows he will rise the last day,
 Without either blemish or spot.

But though he is not like the grain,
 To multiply when under ground,
 Yet still he will greatly increase,
 In virtue and knowledge profound.

But that day we know not at all,
 'Tis a secret to all only God,
 Not even the Angels themselves,
 Though bliss is their constant abode.

He tells us we'll rise from the grave,
 'Tis writ by his own blessed hand,
 So our souls they must patiently wait.
 Till He gives the word of command.

'Tis sown in corruption, to waste
 While low in the grave it is laid ;
 It rises in spirit and life,
 Life drawn from the life-giving head.

We'll rise from our graves full of joy,
 Our bodies as light as a bird,
 All sparkling like stars in the sky,
 With glory that comes from their Lord.

Oh, how we will hail that great day,
 When the mighty Archangel will sound

On a trumpet, so strong and so loud,
As will awake the dead under ground.

Oh then, my dear husband and I,
Will awake from our long silent sleep,
Ne'er again from each other to part,
For our happiness will then be complete.

Each soul its own body shall know,
Nor e'er again from it shall roam,
But enter its mansion improved,
That mansion which once was its home.

The body refined for the mind,
Its partner for ever to be ;
To fit the desire of the soul,
A spiritual body we'll see.

Oh, then we'll ascend up on high,
The Redeemed among mankind to view ;
I mean who believed on earth,
That the Christian Religion was true.

With rapture each other we'll greet,
While glory shines bright in each face,
And loud then our voices we'll raise,
And sing we were saved by his grace.

Though millions unnumbered they be,
One heart and soul fills the bless'd throngs.
And all join with rapture to say,
That to God all the glory belongs.

And if that the numbers thus shine,
More bright than if drest in pure gold :
The glory of their Heavenly King,
By mortal tongues ne'er can be told.

With him they will fly to the sky,
In raptures for ever to dwell ;
But not till his justice has doom'd
The impenitent low down to hell.

Oh, if they would but repent,
And speak in the Christian's defence ;
For when they do ought else affirm,
They speak against reason and sense.

But if they their errors would see,
 And turn to their God and repent,
 So good and so gracious is he,
 To darkness they ne'er would be sent.

The greatest encouragement all
 Have from their sins quickly to flee ;
 Nor let even the vilest despair,
 Since mercy found out even me.

ON THE RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.

Of all the great evils that e'er was on earth/
 Since the great Creator gave his creatures birth—
 And many the evils that are on land and sea,
 But the greatest distress comes, CHOLERA, from thee !
 Round all the whole world with fury you flew,
 And brought on distress which before it ne'er knew.
 You made thousands of victims in every place,
 As if you intended to sweep the whole race.
 With poison you filled the once healthy air,
 And many a poor creature you drove to despair ;
 With fear and alarm many hundreds did die,
 Who from your dread presence with terror did fly.
 But go where they would, they still met with you,
 And you shot your dread poison their bowels quite thro'
 Which soon made the strongest beneath you to bow.
 The young and the old, the low and the high,
 When you came across them they quickly did die.
 And they scarce could be buried when they did depart ;
 But many was drawn to a pit in a cart.
 And though many friends to each other were dear,
 When you did strike some, the rest they did fear,
 And left them to bear their sorrows alone,
 With none but their families to hear their sad moan.
 But now, horrid monster, your rage is disarmed,
 And God who first raised you, his hand has you chain'd
 It was him that did give you orders to roam,
 That his wicked people to him might return ;
 So when you did kill all that he did command,
 He chain'd you up with his own mighty hand,
 But if we will not repent with our pain,
 The same mighty power he will raise up again.
 O then let us turn from our sins, full of woe,

And our kind gracious God he will great mercy show ;
 And bless us with health, and peace, all our days,
 Then take us to heaven for to sing his praise.

ON THE CERTAINTY OF A FUTURE STATE.

Our life is but a span of vapour that flies,
 And since every year there are thousands that dies,
 And as we can neither keep husband or wife,
 It surely becomes us to lead a good life.

That sure we must die we all know well,
 Besides, we all know there's a Heaven and Hell :
 The one we must dwell in for ever and aye,
 Just as in this world our time we employ.

The one endless joys and pleasures so pure,
 The other dread torments we scarce can endure,
 And this will take place at the hour of our death,
 As soon as the body has drawn its last breath.

But I have good news which delights me to tell,
 The Lord wishes not to send sinners to Hell ;
 And he has declared, who never did lie,
 That he gave his dear Son, for sinners to die.

That to raise them to pleasures and save them from pain,
 He was laid in the grave, but he rose up again :
 The grave could not hold him, he broke its weak bands,
 And flew up to Heaven with our names in his hands.

Our names he knows well, they are still in his view,
 And he loves us still yet with a heart that is true ;
 Then let us approach him and seek his bright face,
 For ne'er to the humble denied He his grace.

But sinners, who dare to mock at such love,
 I've got a message for you from above—
 And you may believe me, for it is quite true,
 Except you repent, there's no mercy for you.

ON THE DANGER OF ATHEISM.

Oh, shame to the Infidel, shame,
 Go hide your head in the dust,
 How dare you to mock and to scorn,
 The Great God whom Christians trust.

Is it because he was poor,
 You make him the source of your mirth ;
 But do you not know his great hand,
 Made all riches that e'er was on earth.

That He became poor for our sakes,
 Is what all true Christians believe,
 For when that a tribute was asked,
 A tribute he had not to give.

But though he of money had none,
 Yet still he was Lord of the sea,
 And said unto Peter make haste,
 And bring both for you and for me.

And fish his great master obeyed,
 And brought in his mouth the full fee,
 To pay both for Servant and Lord,
 And then he swam back to the sea.

Oh, think on the power he possessed,
 That both seas and fishes obey,
 And though they no reason possess,
 Yet still you're unwiser than they.

O what will you think in that hour,
 When he sends the Angel of death
 With orders from our mighty Lord,
 For you to surrender your breath ?

What good will your principles do,
 Of which you so often did boast,
 When you must appear before God,
 A poor naked trembling ghost ?

O ! Then he will say, with a frown,
 Ye cursed depart far from me,
 Down, down to the nethermost hell !
 For there your dread portion must be.

Then furies will tear you away ;
 Your shrieks and your cries will be vain ;
 And the more you of anguish complain,
 The more they will add to your pain.

And when you arrive at your place,
 Though with torment your spirit will roar,

Though you may commit many sins,
An unbeliever you will never be more !

But, like the poor devils your mates,
You will believe, though you tremble for fear ;
But, oh, the heart-rending thought,
If you pleased—you had never been there.

Oh ! take the advice of a friend,
And of your creed take a full view ;
For what will become of your souls,
If the Christian religion be true ?

And that it is true, they all know
Who for their sins sadly did weep ;
And many can say, to his praise,
His religion is pleasant and sweet.

But should it prove true that you say,
That the soul with the body must die ;
That instead of going to hell,
In the dust you for ever must lie.

And, as I have said once before,
Should your dismal doctrine be true,
The christian will rest in his grave,
As quiet and securely as you.

But should our religion be true,
In which thousands of souls put their trust,
Oh, think on the difference, when
You both shall be laid in the dust.

The one will ascend up on high,
For ever with Jesus to reign ;
And then he will see with delight,
'The Great God that for sinners was slain.

The other, oh terrible to think !
Must descend down to sorrow and pain,
But oh, if you would but repent,
You would never seek pardon in vain.

Oh, seek for the spirit of faith,
Lest it be for ever too late ;
For we can declare of our God,
That He is as good as He's great.

Oh, turn a believer with haste,
 And no more doubt the power of God,
 And then you will find to your joy,
 The profit of trusting his word.

For when that your soul leaves its clay,
 Which sooner or later must be,
 Your soul will ascend up to bliss,
 A believer for ever to be.

IN PRAISE OF A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

Of all the joys that sweeten life,
 The very best to me,
 Is when I'm wearied wet or cold—
 To take a cup of Tea.

It is the same with womankind—
 With all, as well as me ;
 There's nothing gives them such delight,
 As a dainty cup of Tea.

With hoeing tired, or washing wet,
 What e'er their toil may be ;
 They'll do their task with cheerfulness,
 If they but have their Tea.

Now, husbands all, take my advice,
 From liquors keep you free ;
 But never grudge, with your own wife,
 To take a cup of Tea.

Without their tea they're sour and sad,
 And in your face they'll flee ;
 But if you want a happy life,
 Be sure give them their Tea.

They'll manage all with canny care,
 And aye will careful be ;
 And if you want a thrifty wife,
 Deny them not their Tea.

But ah, alas ! I do confess
 Its altered days with me,
 For since my dearest husband died,
 I scarce can get my Tea.

When he was well, I tell the truth,
 He was both frank and free,
 And ever said, with cheerful face—
 "Your'e welcome to your Tea."

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And when that he came home at night,
So cold and tired was he,
It made him glad with me to sit,
And take a cup of Tea.

Then he would sit a winter's night,
For sensible was he,
Talk of politics, commerce, Arts,
Cheer'd by his cup of Tea.

And when I indisposed was,
Or headache troubled me,
He knew right well that woman's cure,
Was a good strong cup of Tea.

But now he's dead whom I did love,
The tear's still in my e'e;
For many comforts I must want,
Besides my cup of Tea.

But what sits heaviest on my mind,
Is my poor family;
If they but get their daily bread,
I must not mind my Tea.

But I adore that heavenly power,
That orders all for me;
And humbled low before him bow,
Though he deny me Tea.

And well I know that pleasures pure,
Remain in store for me,
When I arrive in that blest land,
Where there's no need for Tea.

I would advise all widows poor,
To come along with me,
Where the least pleasure there enjoyed,
Is better far than Tea.