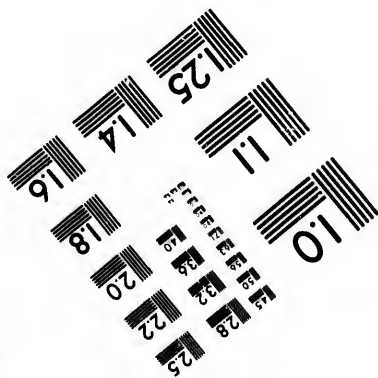
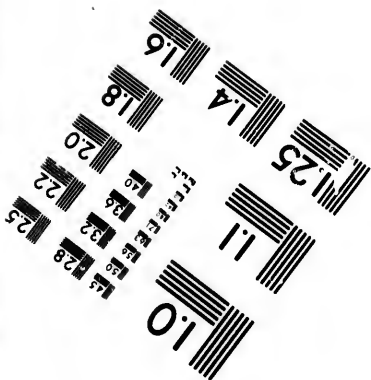
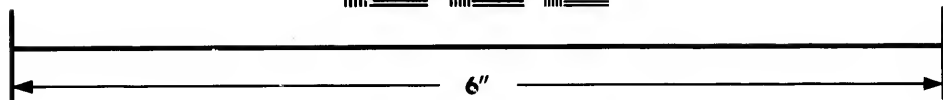
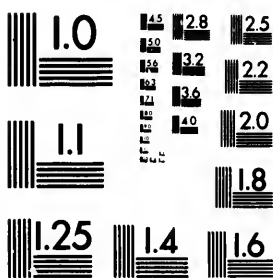


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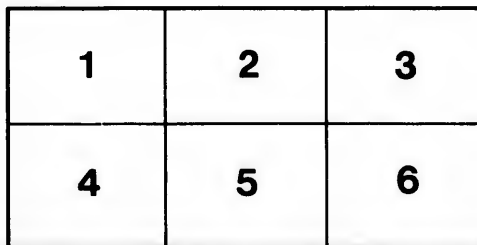
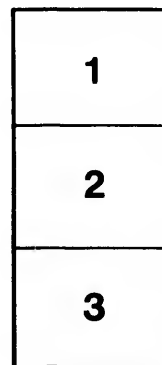
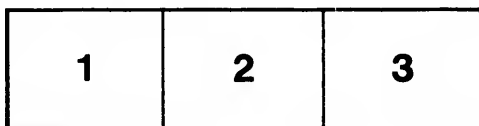
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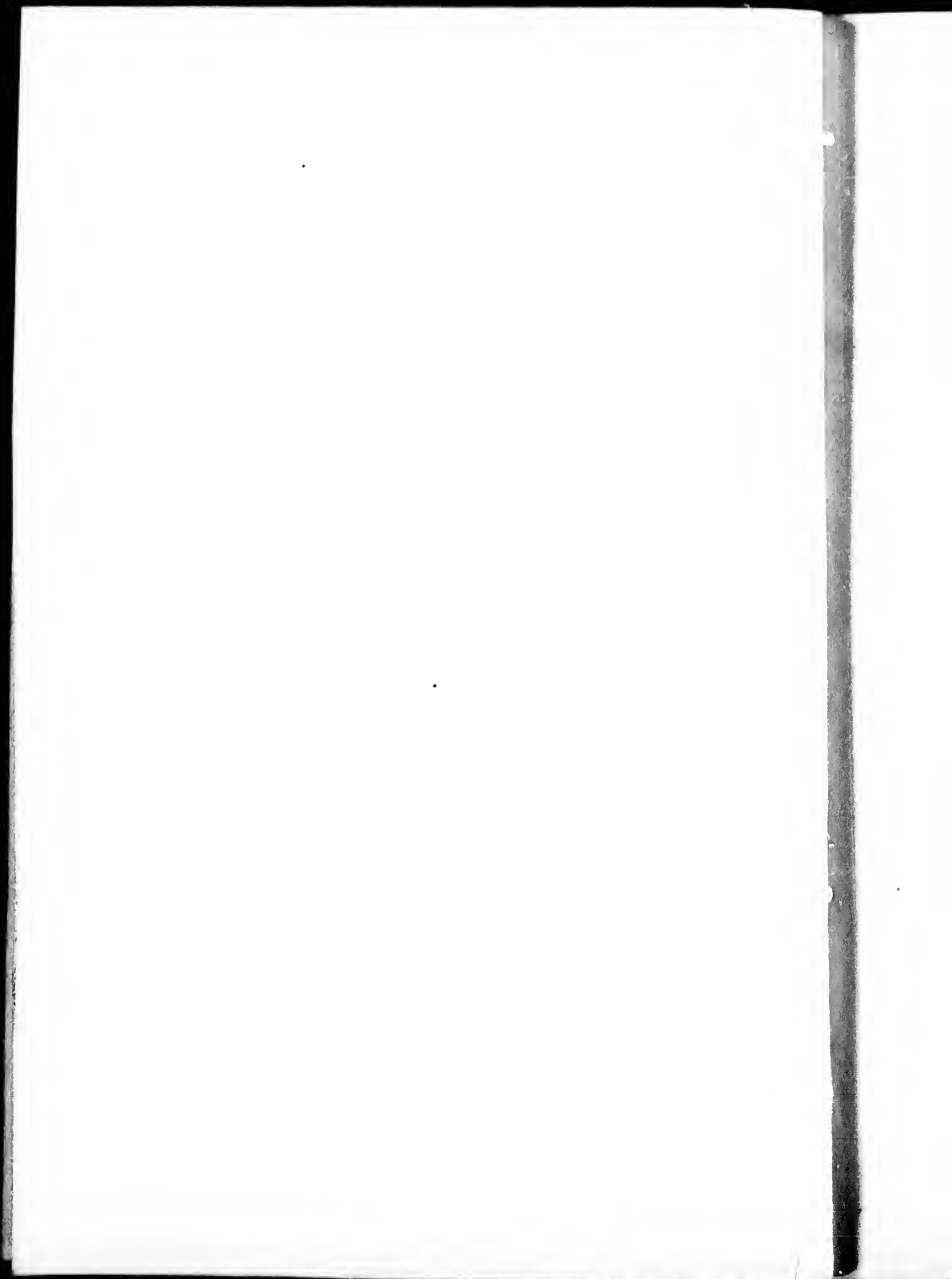
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# The Arcadia.

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BY HARRIETT ANNIE.

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[*Harriett Annie WILKINS*]

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# THE ACACIA.

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## QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE NUPTIALS OF HER SON.

“ Who called thee strong as Death, O, Love,  
Mightier thou wast and art.”—HEMANS.

There was pomp and regal beauty,  
The glittering of gems,  
The flashing of the jewelled crowns,  
The light of diadems,  
Collars of gold and gleaming swords  
Shone amid robes of state,  
Where all that head and hands devise  
On Albert Edward wait.

There were Denmark's royal princes  
And fair and gentle ones,  
There were England's martial veterans,  
And England's stalwart sons,  
And loyally and proudly  
Beat hearts amid the scene,  
But oh ! through all the pageantry  
Where was our English Queen ?

The hand that wields the sceptre,  
The form that fills the throne,  
Why stays she from the gorgeous throng,  
A woman, and alone ?  
Why flits the smile so sad and sweet,  
As with a weight oppressed ?  
Why is the heart so strongly schooled  
Within that widowed breast ?

She fears not that the traitor  
Lurks in her loving host,  
She knows that strength and faithfulness  
Guard well her rockbound coast—  
She glances on her first-born son,  
She hears their plighted vows,  
Where by him Alexandra,  
Child of the sea kings, bows.

What thought the Queen Victoria,  
A silent watcher there,  
When the flower of British chivalry  
Paid homage to her heir?  
When all this earth calls beautiful  
Passed by with joyous tread,  
'Mid the gathering of her loving ones,  
He thoughts were on her dead.

Why, 'mid the burst of anthems,  
When the thrilling music rolls,  
Fell tears from those fair princesses?  
What stirs their gentle souls?  
Is it not enough for them—  
The beauty of those flowers,  
The joyous thrill of melody,  
The homage of those hours?

Yes, yes; but what were jewels,  
What the array that swept  
Around them as the memory woke,  
Of him who calmly slept?

They heeded not the gazing crowd,  
In that blest hour of pride,  
When the music woke anew to life,  
For Albert Edward's bride.

They thought, those weeping daughters  
Of the pulseless hand that penned,  
The festive strains that gloriously  
To vaulted roofs, ascend.  
They thought that moment of the thorns  
Strewn in life's wilderness—  
Their widowed mother stood alone,  
And they were fatherless.

Knights of the glowing orders,  
Soldiers who watchful wait,  
True patriots and star-gemmed peers,  
That nobly prop the state,  
Tell us if in the time to come,  
Of England's hopes and fears,  
You will deem her glory sullied  
By woman's loving tears?

Angels to earth which minister  
Tell us, with vow and prayer,  
Carried ye not the casket back  
Of tear-drops gathered there;  
Did ye not find a fadeless flower,  
Grown in the human heart?  
"Who called the strong as Death, O Love,  
Mightier thou wast and art."



## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"His father saw him and ran to meet him."—ST. LUKE.

"Father, I have sinned."—

"My lost, my found, I knew it must be thou;  
From far I knew thee, oh! thrice welcome back.  
Thou wentest forth in all thy pride and glee,  
But poverty and shame are in thy track,  
And pain has throned thy brow,—  
'Tis over now."

"Father, I have sinned."—

"Let me gaze on thee, child, ah, want and pain  
Have stole the roses from thy lip and cheek;  
But oh thy mother's glance is in thine eyes,  
So like her now, so suff'ring yet so meek;  
A look thou never wore,  
In days before."

"Father, I have sinned."—

"I know it all my son, but breathe not now  
The story of thy disobedient life;  
Wait till the fever of that burning brow,  
Has slaked in home's sweet stream its fearful strife;  
Come to this faithful breast,  
Dove, to thy nest."

"Father, I have sinned."—

"I've heard from that far country how my son,  
Hath filled the wine-cup in their marble halls;

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How mid the midnight revelry his voice rang out  
In maddened song around their echoing walls;  
Wild and undutiful,  
My own, my beautiful."

"Father, I have sinned."—

"I've heard it all, I know among the sons  
Of that far country, moved not one like mine,  
His step the fleetest and his generous soul  
Flashed in his eyes; meet offering for a shrine,  
Where vulture beaks could prey  
His life away."

"Father, I have sinned."—

"Hush that low wail of bitterness, my child,  
Have we not mourned thee in thy native halls?  
A silence there has been when thou wast glad,  
A vacant place within our banquet walls:  
Ring and robe wait for thee,  
And revelry."

"Father, I have sinned."

"The proud horse that thy boyhood trained awaits  
Thy coming back; the servants who did weep  
At thy estrangement, now are filled with joy;  
The harp that hung untouched, now wakes from sleep,  
Come, we all love its sound;  
My lost, my found."

## CRIMEAN TROPHIES.

[Written on the arrival of two Russian cannons at Hamilton.]

They have brought us tokens from the field of conquest  
and of strife,

The tokens of a war that quenched the light of many a life;  
They have crossed the balmy southern plain, they have  
heard the ocean's roar,

Stern looking emigrants arrived on our Canadian shore.

Speak, speak ye dark-complexioned guests and tell us all  
you've known—

The joyous shout of victory, and the soldier's dying moan;  
Tell us the thrilling tales of ranks that swept in glory by,  
Of the bayonets pointing earthward, of the banners half-  
mast high.

Tell us of hostile threats poured forth around your iron  
forms,

Of the burning noontide heat, of the midnight's drenching  
storms;

Tell us of your captivity when the wounded bear fell back,  
Of the watchings in the trenches, of the dying on the track;  
Will not your iron lips divulge the memories of the past?

Ah yes, you have a mystic voice, there's a spell upon you  
cast,

Telling us of the dauntless hearts who swept in glory by,  
Of poor England's suffering children, of proud England's  
victory.

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Look on these trophies ye whose brows are in the flush of  
youth,

Soon 'twill be yours to keep the course of Liberty and Truth,  
And when the foeman claims your land, then meet him with  
the plea,

That your fathers were no bondmen, and their children shall  
be free.

Look on them, mothers, you have sons to train for freedom's  
right;

Their little hands must trim the lamp and keep it burning  
bright.

Look on them sisters, manly forms like those ye love, have  
stood

Round these Crimean relics, and have poured their heart's  
rich blood.

Look on them ye whose gushing hearts beat loyally and true,  
For the honor of the flag that waves in Heaven's unfettered  
blue;

Ye freemen, guarding home and hearth, with mercy's  
honored laws,

Ye soldiers, ready for the hour when duty pleads her cause,  
Remember Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava's heights,  
The conflicts of those fearful days and the horrors of those  
nights,

Then gaze on these memorials of that time of hopes and fears,  
Look on them with a glance of pride, Canadian volunteers.

Let us look on them, one and all, and while we're gazing,  
kneel,

And pray the God of battle to avert the death-armed steel;

Pray that the sound of arming hosts through Christendom  
 may cease,  
 And the world may rest beneath the the wings of God's  
 white dove of peace,  
 When over valley, mount and sea the conquered tribes shall  
 bring  
 The power of music to awake its echoes for our King,  
 When He shall reign triumphantly, around, beneath, above,  
 His watchword in our camp be Peace, His banner o'er us  
 Love.

---

ON AN OLD PICTURE.

It lies before me, pillar, wall,  
 The portrait of that ancient hall ;  
 I see the moon and stars on high,  
 The rays of that All-seeing Eye,  
 The figures of those glorious three—  
 Faith, Hope, and Heaven-born Charity,  
 The tessellated floor, the Square,  
 The Bible, Compass, each is there.

I know that once there proudly stood  
 A love-united brotherhood,  
 That there were kindred hopes and fears,  
 Softened by kindred love and tears,

That generous heart, and trusty hand,  
Waited the Master's high command,  
Where, amid jewels richly set,  
The Lodge of "Perfect Friendship" met.

I do not know if in those walls,  
The tone of love still gently falls,  
Or if beneath the Holy Arch,  
A band of weary pilgrims march,  
Or beaming lamps give out their light  
Upon each installation night,  
While men, amid their blazonry,  
Work out the rules of Masonry.

I know that of that elder band,  
Some have attained the better land,  
And changed the glories of that shore  
For pilgrim garb and chequered floor ;  
That for the rough uneven stone,  
That see the glowing jasper throne,  
And for the Templar's battling strife,  
They rest beneath the "Tree of Life."

Oh! "Perfect Friendship," art thou found  
On any spot of earthly ground?  
Tell me, ye devotees of Love,  
If earth below is Heaven above?  
Though Heavenly flowers round ye twine,  
As ye are bending 'fore that shrine,  
Ye breathe upon it as ye bow,  
Ye crush the flowers as ye go.

Hope on, the deathless day shall spring,  
And builders hail their loving King ;  
How many a Judas shall be sent  
Forth in the captive's banishment ;  
How many a gem unnoticed here,  
Shall glitter in that starry sphere,  
Where round the Lamb and Elders seat,  
The Lodge of " Perfect Friendship " meet.

---

## FLOWERS FOR PRINCE ALBERT'S COFFIN.

They placed them on his coffin,  
    'Mid the sombre velvet's gloss,  
The pure camelia's snowy leaves,  
    Sweet violets and green moss ;  
Upon the quiet limbs  
    The glowing martial dress,  
Upon the pulseless, loving heart,  
    The glittering crowns they press.

Innocent children wove,  
    Emblems of faith and hope,  
To mingle with the airs of death,  
    Down in the vault's dim slope.  
Flowers *his* hands had trained,  
    For his fair girls to wave,  
Now lie like him, shut out from light,  
    Asking, alone, a grave.

Any proud king may sleep  
With guards to watch his rest,  
With martial glory, starry crown,  
Above his quiet breast;  
Velvet and silver gilt,  
O'er a false heart may lie,  
With arms reversed, and muffled drums,  
And banners half-mast high.

But 'tis left for England's Prince  
To bear upon his bier,  
Signs of the resurrection morn,  
Dewed by affection's tear.  
Yes, woman's deathless love,  
Gives life to that dark scene ;  
They're fading on Prince Albert's bier,  
Wreathed by his widowed Queen.

And was this all they twined,  
Answer, ye British hearts,  
That ever, in the hour of need,  
Have nobly borne your parts !  
With tendril, leaf and flower,  
Those gentle fingers wove  
Their glorious nation's sympathies,  
Their nation's quenchless love.

You love the form that stands  
At your mighty kingdom's head,  
You love the youthful Royal band,  
You've loved the Royal dead ;



Deeper and sadder ties  
 Ask you to guard, to pray--  
 From the widow and the fatherless,  
 You will not turn away.

Heraldic emblems, mould !  
 Tarnish, ye silver plates !  
 Decay come down on velvet pile !  
 Rust on the iron gates !  
 We've hopes to spring to life  
 When these sweet buds are brown ;  
 We shall behold, in glory set,  
 Prince Albert's starry crown.

Rise from the dust, sad hearts ;  
 Over your head floats high,  
 The Holy Lion of Palestine,  
 Still pointing to the sky ;  
 From whence the Conqueror comes,  
 Death at His chariot wheels,  
 For Judah's Lion hath prevailed,  
 To loose the binding seals.

---

NINA IN THE DUNGEON OF RIENZI.

A trampling in the prison halls,  
 Of guardsmen on the floor,  
 The page is hurried to the cell,  
 They close the captive's door.

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Back flew the mantle from the breast,  
 The nodding plumes fell low,  
 The dark plumes that so well concealed  
 That woman's throbbing brow.

The prisoner gazed in wondering doubt,  
 Upon his midnight guest ;  
 What did the glancing of those eyes  
 Stir in the captive's breast ?  
 The lips that in the judgment hall  
 Seemed turned to molten stone,  
 Burst in one pean of fervency—  
 " Nina ! my loved, my own."

" Rienzi ? is it thus we meet, within a dungeon lone,  
 Have they dared to cage Rome's eagle down unto a prison  
 stone ?

Look up, beloved, a word of hope, thy Nina brings to thee ;  
 To-morrow's sun will soon arise, Rienzi will be free.  
 Oh, Cola, thou art deadly pale, thy pulse is fierce and wild,  
 Thy brow is deeply furrowed and thy sunny smile exiled ;  
 But in thine eyes' bright glance I read thy country's cause  
 is thine,

And by the folding of these arms I know thou still art mine.  
 Thou ask'st by what chance I came to Avignon's tall towers,  
*Chance*, my Rienzi, could I stay in Prague's enticing bowers,  
 Did I not tell thee, day and night, my steps should mark thy  
 track,

And I have vowed to give to Rome her angel guardian back ;  
 Nay, more, the gallant Count of Albornoz is here ;  
 Ah ! start not so, thou warrior, *thou* hast no cause to fear ;  
 Gaze on, Rienzi, steadily, into thy Nina's eyes,  
 There is no shadow of a cloud upon their summer skies.

Thou sayest true this sensual court, when yielding woman's  
woes,

Or woman's beauty, just redress takes payment as it goes ;  
But, Cola, could I come to thee, and meet thy dark eyes'  
flame ;

Did I not know that death to thee were dearer far than shame.  
Yes, Cola, he has knelt to me, his hand in mine hath lain,  
And his lips have breathed soft words of love, yes, breathed  
them all in vain ;

And one of these dark curls, Cola, is the young Count's  
captured guest,

They say 'tis cased in richest gold, and worn upon his breast.

Thou can'st not guess his magic power, it is alone through  
him,

That I have won this boon for thee, to leave this dungeon  
dim ;

But oh, he little dreams that Rienzi's love is here.

Pride and ambition sway the heart of that triumphant peer.

A hundred stately matrons wait his footsteps in their halls,  
And seek to win his courtly smile to grace their banquet  
walls,

And a hundred of the loveliest girls of Italy's high-born,  
Are scheming how to snare the heart whose love I proudly  
scorn.

But oh, Rienzi, dearest one, the time is flitting by,  
And I must leave thee once again for the free wind and the  
sky ;

No, no, not now, those words of love, breathe not of thanks  
to me,

Rome needs thy glorious intellect, her tribune shall be free.

But when we meet, as meet we must, within our palace  
 home,  
 When the Cavaliers have marshall'd thee with the gonfalons  
 of Rome,  
 When this heavy tempest has swept by, then dearest let me  
 know,  
 If aught that I have done for thee has eased thy weight of  
 woe."

Steps of the coming sentinel,  
 The tolling of a bell,  
 A warm embrace, a falling tear,  
 A hurried fond farewell ;  
 And out into the cold night winds,  
 The velvet mantle swept—  
 Alas! for the sad heart it wrapped,  
 The sadder one it left.

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### A WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"Blessed art thou, O land, when thy Prince is the son of nobles.

Ring out the pean of joy,  
 Echo it woods and vales,  
 A song of welcome teach the skies,  
 For Albert, Prince of Wales

Welcome to the land of woods ;  
 Welcome to the torrent floods :  
 To the cities of the West,  
 Sleeping on Ontario's breast ;

Welcome our Princely Chief  
To the land of maple leaf,  
Where of old the wild wolf lay,  
We have borne a Prince to-day.  
Wave! wave the banner high,  
    Breathe soft ye summer gales;  
Gather your troops, ye warriors,  
    Round Albert, Prince of Wales.

By the mystic ties that band  
True hearts to their native land;  
By the power that wakes to life  
In the hour of daring strife;  
By the conquering might that gave  
Canada to free the slave;  
By the loving tears once shed  
Round the dying patriot's bed.

Welcome! unto the band  
    Whose loyalty ne'er quails—  
Ye veteran "Men of Gore" behold  
    Your Albert, Prince of Wales.

By the strong allegiance shown  
To Britannia's realm and throne;  
By the pulses that are stirred  
When Victoria's name is heard;  
By the tide of love that rolls  
(Through the loyal subjects' souls)  
From the mother to her son,  
Welcome unto Hamilton.

Music awake! awake!

The song that never fails—  
"God save the Queen," and bless her child,  
Young Albert, Prince of Wales.

Youthful Prince, when England's isle  
Once more meets thy merry smile,  
Will thy kindly thoughts turn back  
To the wild Canadian track?  
Yes, within thy heart shall wake  
Visions of the wood and lake;  
Thou wilt keep within thy breast  
Memories of the distant West.

Sun! pour your brightest beams;  
Stars! when the sunset fails,  
Gild up a glorious path of light,  
For Albert, Prince of Wales.

Noble Prince! may He whose hand  
Led thee to this distant land,  
Shield thee from all woes and fears,  
Prosper thee for many years;  
Guide thee o'er the waves of time,  
Safely to that summer clime,  
Where beneath the deathless boughs,  
Angels shall re-crown thy brows.

Jehovah, nissi-guard  
The form thy nation hails;  
Angels, keep watch around our guest,  
Loved Albert, Prince of Wales.

## HYMN FOR ADVENT.

"Until he comes again."—ST. PAUL.

Source of life and love, return !  
Lamps of midnight dimly burn,  
O'er the wide extended plains  
Sounds the clank of captive chains ;  
Earth can take no quiet rest,  
Yearning for her kingly guest,  
With the cherubim's bright train—  
King of Glory, come again !

Oh, we need thee ! Loved things fail,  
Nature utters one sad wail,  
Green leaves vanish from the trees,  
Pestilence rides on the breeze,  
Blue waves chime a funeral knell,  
Slowly peals the passing bell ;  
Chase the blight from mount and plain—  
Eden's builder, come again !

Young limbs, cast in Beauty's mould,  
Sleep in Death's embraces cold,  
And we miss, in field and street,  
Comings of the well-known feet ;  
Oh ! relight the eye's soft beam,  
Thaw the frozen crimson stream ;  
Breathe new life to heart and brain—  
Deathless Manhood, come again !

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Rosebuds, 'neath the green leaf hid,  
Burst to deck the coffin-lid ;  
With the hero's prize there comes  
Minute-guns and muffled drums ;  
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky  
Flags are floating half-mast high ;  
Thou, who know'st death's last pain,  
" Man of sorrows," come again !

Gird thy sword upon thy side ;  
O'er thy foes triumphant ride ;  
Millions wait thy trumpet's call,  
Watchmen stand on tower and wall.  
Turn upon us thy fond glance,  
Claim thy own inheritance ;  
Oh ! let sin no longer reign—  
Conquering Victor ! come again.

We have heard of flushing rivers,  
By whose brink the harp-string quivers ;  
We have heard of dove-like wings,  
Folding from all fearful things.  
Earth is given to war and strife,  
But that shore to Love and Life ;  
Haste, sweet Prince ! count up thy train—  
Our Immanuel, come again !

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## ON VIEWING THE PLANET MERCURY.

Welcome bright stranger to our sky,  
Welcome our sister fair,  
How brilliant is thy gleaming eye,  
How bright thy golden hair.  
It is not often that we mark,  
Thy sparkling world so near,  
And muse upon the laws that rule,  
Thy small and distant sphere.

Bright stranger, wilt thou speak no word,  
Thy sister's household band,  
Listen to catch thy mystic tones,  
Star of the serpent wand.  
Ah, what has passed upon thy breast,  
Since last thou lit our shore ;  
And what will lie upon our path,  
'Ere thou art here once more ?

A change we know must come on earth ;  
Nations must rise and fall ;  
The laugh must die ; the steps must cease,  
That sound through hearth and hall ;  
Ships must return, and sail, and sink ;  
Knights see their red fields won :  
'Ere thou again wilt glimmer there,  
South of the setting sun.

Egypt's famed towers are in the dust,  
Nineveh whispers peace ;  
The serpent's trail is on the wall,  
Of ancient, classic Greece ;

They who baptised with proud delight,  
Thee, on Chaldean plain,  
Are cold and silent, while calm orb,  
Thou in thy pride doth reign.

Two thousand years ago men stood  
Upon far Persia's hill,  
And gazed into the deep blue heavens,  
As we are gazing still ;  
Not to the south, not to the west,  
Where the sun's bright rays ceased,  
The eastern Magi knelt and blest,  
This bright star in the east.

Ah, when shall such a glorious sight,  
Gladden our aching eyes ;  
When shall such holy radiance stream  
Upon our clouded skies ;  
Would we not share with those of old,  
The trials of the way,  
To see that strange orb rest at last  
Where the sweet infant lay !

And is not yet that star our own,  
But for its beaming light,  
We should not stand admiring here,  
As we have stood to-night ;  
For knowledge, truth and science rare,  
Are in that blest Child's train,  
Nor shall we learn their length and breadth  
Till He shall come again.

Oh, shall we gaze as calmly then,  
 Upon His star-wreathed brow ;  
 And on the darkness gathering round,  
 As we are watching now ?  
 How strangely beautiful to mark,  
 The dying of the world,  
 While sun and moon and sister stars,  
 Into waste void are hurled.

Go, Mercury, to thy worlds of light,  
 The bosom of the sun  
 Is a calm resting-place for thee,  
 As thy short race is run ;  
 Go, Mercury, earth is yet our own,  
 We've blessings from afar ;  
 Go, Mercury, we have lost thy light,  
 In Bethlehem's star.

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ALFREDA TO SEILER,

ON THE MORNING OF THEIR SEPARATION.

'T was the daughter of a British prince within her island  
 home,  
 'T was the leader of a thousand men from old imperial Rome,  
 And very mournful were the tones blent with the heaving  
 main,  
 As the willow branches bent their heads to hear the sad  
 refrain.

“ Love me less, my memory hovers  
Like a shadow in thy way,  
And it intercepts the sunbeams  
Which should gild thy dreary day.  
Oh, from Albion’s rocky islet,  
Take bright visions of the past ;  
Bear the cross of suffering meekly,  
And it will grow light at last.

Love me less, a spell yet lingers  
In the glances of thine eyes,  
Hovers in those clasping fingers,  
Whispers in those heaving sighs ;  
Hush, thy love must be another’s ;  
Rise, thy hand and heart are free ;  
No, it never was a brother’s  
Tenderness thou had’st for me.

Time will pass and bring thee hither  
Over yonder rolling main,  
And within this olden castle,  
Dearest, we may meet again ;  
In that hour I will not shun thee,  
Each accustomed path we’ll trace,  
If another’s heart can claim thee,  
Love me less, give hers the place.

’Twas thy dying parent’s blessing,  
Sealed thy pledged and fatal vow,  
And that promise still remaineth  
Solemnly, unbroken now ;

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Rome,  
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From thy brow drive back the spectres,  
 From thy heart dispel the mist,  
 Rise, there's work in life's stern battle,  
 Never from thy post be missed.

Good-bye darling, up the mountain,  
 Lies the country fair and bright,  
 We are under marching orders,  
 For a city out of sight ;  
 Love me less, life's shadow falleth  
 Softly o'er the dial plate,  
 And 'twill not be many stages,  
 Till we reach the golden gate.

Love me less, till at death's quiver,  
 Falls the darkest latest sin ;  
 Wait till o'er the raging river,  
 Our boats glide safely in,  
 Till each quivering bark is anchored,  
 In the soundings of that shore,  
 Then amid unclouded hours,  
 Heart's fond idol, love me more."

And so they said farewell ; that girl within her island home ;  
 And the leader of a thousand men from old Imperial Rome ;  
 Ah, there are broken hearts on earth 'neath placid bosoms  
 worn,  
 There are sweet affections lying, hid, till the resurrection  
 morn.

## BURIED WITH MUSIC.

They buried him with music,  
And should it not be so?  
That the holy dead of earth should rest,  
With a solemn cadence low.  
Yes, music for the hearth,  
And for the cradle-bed,  
For festive halls, for warrior bands,  
And, music for the dead.

The mother lulls her babe  
Calmly upon her breast,  
With the deep notes from her heart of love,  
To soothe it to its rest;  
And the sailor on the sea  
Sinks peacefully to sleep,  
With the wild chords of the ocean's harp,  
Stirred by its pulses deep.

They buried him with music—  
When Autumn's dying moan  
Scattered the dead leaves on the grave,  
Harmony whispered, "Gone!"  
When th' Autumn's cloud-veiled sun  
Gleamed through the sky above,  
Music responded unto light,  
And the soft tone was "Love!"

A breeze like breath of Spring  
Passed down the gentle slope;  
The hand to fuller chords awoke,  
And gave the password, "Hope!"

They buried him with music,  
 And angel harp and string,  
 Although unheard, yet answered back,  
 Earth's faint strains quivering.

They buried him with music—  
 Masonic music—dear  
 Once to the heart of him who lay  
 Upon a Mason's bier—  
 Music that softly breathed  
 Sad tales of Death's damp sod ;  
 Warm strains that told of cold decay,  
 Rising to live with God.

O Father ! hear our plea ;  
 Give mercy from thy store,  
 Unto the bands whose weary feet  
 Still tread the chequered floor ;  
 Give wisdom to the lips,  
 To form the pleading prayer,  
 And guide the trembling hand to rule  
 Each action by the square ;

That so by light and love,  
 They, won to heaven and Thee,  
 May close their eyes to wake and hear  
 A new-born melody ;—  
 That when around their graves  
 Earth's voices murmur, " Gone ! "  
 The harpers of the Eternal Lodge  
 May echo, " Won, won, won ! "

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## A CRIMEAN SCENE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Banners were floating in the air ;  
The battle had begun,  
And a Private of the 23rd  
Was dying with the sun.  
Alone he lay upon the turf,  
His life-blood oozing fast,  
When a noble British officer  
Reined his war steed as he passed.

“ Ah, faithful soldier, art thou here and dying all alone,—  
Did the cruel foeman drag thee here to this heap of rugged  
stone ?

Cheer, comrade, cheer, my prond steed neighs to join the  
deadly fight ;  
But I will watch beside thee through the horrors of the  
night.”

“ Noble Captain, ride away,  
Leave this useless mass of clay,  
Bind not up my bleeding brow,  
’Tis my life-blood pouring now.”

Comrade ! there are gushing waters rippling very near,  
Hark ! amid the clanging shouts the rushing waves I hear ;  
Let me hasten to some shady spot where the bright flower  
dips,  
And bathe thy throbbing temples now and cool thy parching  
lips.”



“ Captain, I can hear a sound,  
 Sometimes heard on battle-ground,  
 'Mid the conflict and the strife,  
 Sound the waves of deathless life.”

“ But tell me, comrade, tell me where thine own beloved rest  
 Is no love-token closely bound upon thy gallant breast ?  
 Tell me where rises up thy home beneath green Ireland's  
 sky  
 Now dictate quickly, comrade, for darkness draweth nigh ? ”

“ Captain, I am all alone,  
 None will weep when I am gone ;  
 From the field, the hearth, the sea,  
 All are safely housed but me.”

“ Well, comrade, hast thou not one wish ; ah, tell me not  
 to go,  
 There are others fighting for our Queen, I will not leave  
 thee so.  
 It would stain the laurels of success on these fields of  
 Inkerman.  
 What ! leave a comrade in distress ! *and I an Englishman ?*

“ Captain, in my knapsack lies,  
 God's sweet book of mysteries ;  
 As my dying hour steals on,  
 Read the fourteenth of St. John.”

And sweetly strange amid the strife  
 Of that Crimean plain,  
 Rose up to heaven those blessed words,  
 That cheered the noble slain.

“ Peace, peace ” amid the cannon’s roar,  
 “ Peace ” ’mid the shivering lance,  
 The dying groans, the falling ranks,  
 Of Russia, Britain, France.

The voice whose music tones had oft  
 Filled hall and bower with glee,  
 Had rung with merry laugh to cheer  
 The sailor’s watch at sea,  
 Had led his own brave men in shouts,  
 When the chased foemen ran ;  
 Now in a softer, richer strain,  
 Bent o’er the dying man.

Amid the combat of that night,  
 What bade their horrors cease,  
 What was their password through those hours  
 Of death and darkness ?—“ Peace.”  
 The mournful moon at midnight looked  
 On many a blood-stained breast,  
 On a Private of the 23rd,  
 Gone calmly to his rest.

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### THE QUEEN’S PICTURE.

On seeing a picture representing Queen Victoria taking the oath to maintain  
 the Protestant faith.

She stands, the Queen of Britain’s isle,  
 Within the hallowed shade ;  
 Her little hand is on the page  
 Of inspiration laid ;

Her robes, her jewels—aye, the crown  
    Circling her forehead fair,  
Is nought to her—a mightier one  
    Than Solomon is there.

'Twas no light thing, that sacred rite ;  
    A nation's wondering gaze  
Is fixed upon the gentle girl  
    That on their throne they raise ;  
One guardian form is near her now—  
    Wellington views the scene,  
The veteran chief of three-score years—  
    And she—but just eighteen.

A light is glancing on the floor  
    Her little feet have trod—  
A light is beaming in her eyes,  
    Pure from the throne of God ;  
Yes, holy faith with trembling joined,  
    Within that maiden's breast,  
A prayer to keep her father's faith,  
    And leave to heaven the rest.

Young Queen, what visions throng thy soul ;  
    Thou could'st not tell what strife  
Should gather round thy nation's hearth  
    In coming after-life ;  
Thou could'st not tell the fearful force  
    Of congregated powers,  
Of deep laid schemes, well wrought within,  
    Rome and her seven-hilled towers ;

Of what has been, of convent walls,  
Rising on Albion's shore ;  
Of persecution's hidden sword  
Piercing thy country o'er ;  
Of Jesuitism, deep and dark,  
Widening its dreadful search,  
To poison streams which flow around  
The hearth, the home, the Church ;

Of what may be—the veiled to come !  
May grace be given to thee,  
To give untarnished back to God  
That oath of Liberty.  
Yes, stand undaunted 'mid the strife  
Of danger's darkest scene,  
True to the vow upon thy lips,  
Protestant England's Queen.

Oh! ye free-born, 'neath Britain's flag,  
A vow upon ye lies,  
The Bible and the Crown to guard  
With warmest sympathies.  
Surely there is some mystic spell  
Upon our native sod ;  
It cannot fail, it cannot die,  
That prayer—that oath to God !

## THE BRIDEGROOM'S REVERIE.

I'm very sad to-night, Ellie,  
The memory of the past  
Is muttering through my aching heart  
Like murmurs of the blast ;  
I'm thinking of the years, Ellie,  
The happy years long fled ;  
But tears are on my cheek, and thou  
Art with the quiet dead.

I'm threescore years to-day, Ellie,  
And there tarries at my side  
A beautiful and gentle form—  
A seventeen summer's bride—  
Her golden curls float listlessly  
Around her neck of snow,  
And the tones of that impassioned voice  
Are musical and low.

But I turn from that fair child, Ellie,  
To the grave-yard's silent gloom,  
And would freely barter life and love  
For the silence of thy tomb ;  
I miss the hand that beacon-like  
Pointed to upper skies ;  
I miss the soul which earnestly  
Looked forth in thy dark eyes.

There are courtly guests at home, Ellie,  
The lamps shine in the halls,  
And the sounds of mirth and melody  
Ring round my stately walls ;  
And men have praised to-night, Ellie,  
The music's joyous thrill,  
The rich parterre, the sculptor's art,  
The painter's cunning skill.

But the sweetest sounds to me are winds  
That through these willows wave,  
And the choicest garden I possess  
Are the flowers on thy grave ;  
And the softest couch I seek, Ellie,  
Is thy green and grassy bed,  
And my choicest piece of sculptured art  
Is the marble at thy head.

They filled the festal cup, Ellie,  
And o'er the flashing wine  
They praised the lovely girl I won  
To deck the marriage shrine ;  
Will God forgive me—o'er that child  
No smile of love I shed,  
For I drank in solemn silence  
To the memory of the dead.

When I brought my child-bride home, Ellie,  
The home that once was ours,  
She praised the decorated rooms,  
The birds, the founts, the flowers ;

But *one* sweet portrait from our walls  
 Had vanished by that night,  
 And she told me, with a fond caress,  
 She hid it from my sight.

Ah! did the poor child think, Ellie,  
 That you and I could part?

Ah! 'tis a sinful thing to give  
 The hand without the heart.

Good bye! meet me in dreams, Ellie—  
 Nerve me to bear my lot,  
 Till I meet thee in that land, Ellie,  
 Whose dwellers "marry not."

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"THOU ART WITH ME."

"I will fear no evil for thou art with me."—DAVID.

Saviour! stay near to me,  
 Throughout all life time, in the early morn,  
 In burning noon and in the gentle eve,  
 In dark and lonely midnight when are born  
 All dismal things, O God, never me leave,  
 "Thou art with me."

Not only for the days  
 Of darkness, and of bitterness and of grief,  
 Not only in the swelling storm of heartfelt woe,  
 When flowers are fading slowly, leaf by leaf,  
 I ask Thy presence, for Thou wilt, I know,  
 Stay then with me.

Not only for the hours  
When the cold look of pride falls on my face,  
When human treachery is being unmasked,  
When friends come forward at a tortoise pace,  
I trust that Thou wilt then appear unasked,  
To stay with me.

Stay with me in the hours  
Of festal mirth, when heart responds to heart,  
When happy laugh, and merry glee and song,  
Wile the long evening, and we're loth to part,  
Thou by my side among the festive throng—  
Stay near to me.

Stay with me when I hear,  
The words of blessing from the grateful poor,  
Or prayer from weary traveller passing by,  
When they for me ask mercy from thy store  
To set thy seal upon their earnest cry,  
Stay near to me.

Stay near me, very near,  
When treacherous winds of Fame would fan my cheek,  
I've heard that in them lurk the seeds of Death,  
And I am human—without Thee very weak ;  
Thou antidote to every poisonous breath,  
Stay near to me

Stay near me when a cloud  
Would rise between Thy Glory and my soul,  
When by enticing accents something claims  
A part of that of which Thou hast the whole,  
Rouse me to duty by Thy loving names—  
“Thou art with me.”



Stay near me when a voice,  
 A human voice pours fourth in accents low,  
 Endearing words told but to Heaven above,  
 And one fond list'ner, Thou who dost know  
 All the mysteriousness of human love,  
 "Thou art with me."

Stay with me when the sign  
 Is given to this mortality to change,  
 To usher this worn spirit to its rest,  
 To point to deathless fields where it may range,  
 To lean forever on thy loving breast,  
 Stay near to me

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### SOLDIER'S CHILDREN PLANTING ENGLISH FLOWERS.

*On observing a group of British Soldiers' children planting English flower seed.*

Busy hands and busy feet,  
 Delving up the earth,  
 And planting in the cloudless hope  
 Of a redundant birth,  
 Fair exiles from a sunnier shore,  
 Breaking up foreign soil,  
 Have patience—summer sun and rain  
 Shall well repay your toil.

Ah, we've room and welcome  
 In these lands of ours,  
 British soldiers' children,  
 Planting English flowers.

Do you know what you are doing ?  
You are not in England now,  
Remember you the primroses  
That there in spring-time grow ?  
And the violets and cowslips,  
That gem the green fields o'er,  
And the roses and hepaticas,  
That grew round mother's door.  
Sow them in foreign soil,  
Arch your Canadian bowers,  
British soldiers' children  
Planting English flowers.

Do you know what you are doing ?  
'Tis Canadian soil ye tread ;  
The sod is free beneath your feet,  
The blue sky overhead,  
The dust of sleeping patriots,  
Mingles among that mould,  
You're not the first to lay rich seeds  
Down in earth's bosom cold ;  
Hearts of oak have flourished,  
Where in sunny hours,  
British soldiers' children,  
Sow their English flowers.

What do you know of combat,  
Or the invading horde ?  
What should you learn of bugle,  
Or rifle, knapsack, sword ?

Your lot should be with flowers,  
 Your youthful lips should learn,  
 Nought but of love and innocence,  
 And the green leaves return,  
     Dream not of life's rough sea,  
     Or desolation's hours,  
     British soldiers' children,  
     Planting English flowers.

Was it for this your fathers  
 Dared the tempestuous sea,  
 To plant upon this Western shore,  
 Flower, and bush, and tree?  
 They looked like men who came to do  
 Deeds of heroic strife,  
 Their gleaming arms and heavy tramp  
 Told of a martial life,  
     Plant on, they dared the wave,  
     In winter's wildest hours,  
     To prop the quaking fence,  
     Shielding British flowers.

In the days of old, dear children,  
 The Lord a garden claimed,  
 One tree bore deathless branches,  
 The tree of Life 'twas named,  
 Far away in mother country,  
 God has set His blessed tree,  
 Where the Bible and the Crown still bloom  
 The shade of liberty.  
     And lest the foe should come,  
     In all his grim array,  
     God has set the flaming British sword,  
     "Which turneth every way."

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## "CHRISTOS VOSCRES."

It is a custom in the Greek Church, during Easter week, for friend in meeting friend to give the hand, at the same time saying "Christos voscres," [Christ is risen] the party so addressed responds, "Voistuo voscres," [risen indeed.] During this week all parties between whom variance has existed, endeavor to meet that they may be reconciled by the mystic words "Christos voscres."—PASCEA.

Hark! 'mid the ice-bound Russian seas,  
 A voice of gladness sounds,  
 And Danube's rolling streams have heard,  
 And green Moldavia's grounds;  
 Hark! "Christos voscres" up to heaven,  
 Triumphantly went past;  
 "Voistuo voscres" on the winds,  
 Its hallowed tone hath cast.

Hands that have been so long estranged,  
 Are warmly clasped to-day;  
 The knights who would have met in war  
 Have hurled their spears away;  
 Men with fierce passions in their breast,  
 Have quenched the blighting flame,  
 And the fierce spirit has bowed down,  
 At "Christos voscres" name.

The prodigal has travelled on,  
 A hundred leagues or more,  
 To enter this forgiving week,  
 His father's long-closed door,  
 He stands upon the threshold now,  
 And gazes on the band  
 Of home's beloved ones, not a sound,  
 No pressure of the hand.

A moment and the full proud lips,  
 Have "Christos voscres" breathed,  
 "Voistuo voscres," loving arms  
 Are round him gently wreathed,  
 His head is on his mother's breast,  
 His father's tear-dimmed eyes,  
 Giveth the glory unto Him  
 Who rose that we may rise.

And is it meet a darkened Church,  
 Shall take a holy pride,  
 In burying anger, variance, strife,  
 With Him the crucified,  
 And our own voiceless lips be dumb,  
 No "Christos voscres" give,  
 Ah, they on whom we look with scorn,  
 May teach us how to live.

How do our spirits fondly boast  
 Of walking in the day,  
 Yet stumble over every cross,  
 Which lieth in our way ;  
 How often do our souls forget,  
 The source whence comes our might,  
 Oh, for the resurrection morn,  
 When darkness shall grow light.

When millions bursting from their graves  
 Shall "Christos voscres" sing,  
 And from the sinless courts above,  
 "Voistuo voscres" ring ;  
 While He who burst the gates of death,  
 And reached His Father's side,  
 "Sees of the travail of His soul,  
 And shall be satisfied."

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## THE BROTHER'S REMEMBRANCE.

In a church, in Canada West, stands a marble slab containing the following inscription :  
"To the most affectionate of brothers, \* \* \* \* who departed this life from the effects of a cold, taken while defending his country. This humble monument is placed here by his only brother."

It stands—a simple tribute there,  
Within that hallowed fane ;  
The token of a quenchless love  
That ever must remain.  
It tells of years of tenderness  
When two fond hearts were one ;  
And friendship's flower that fadeth not  
When life's short race is run.

Cannot the feeling heart portray  
Affection breathing there ;  
And speaking higher, holier things  
Than wreaths of laurel rare ?  
It tells the throb of agony  
Which wrung that manly breast,  
When first the sound fell on his ear,  
"Thy brother is at rest."

"Brother ! brother, thou art gone,  
I must journey lonely on ;  
I shall miss thee in the strife,  
In the sunshine of my life.  
While I look around and see  
Warrior troops which wait for me.

Shall I lead again that band  
While one warm and trusty hand  
Lies now helpless with its clay—  
Only brother passed away.

“ Ah! they tell me I have won  
With the hostile sword and gun,  
Battles for the loyal free,  
What is fame or spoil to me?  
For they seek to make me bear  
Honors which thou may'st not share.  
Back I'd throw my all on earth—  
Were we once more round our hearth;  
But thy spirit would not stay—  
Only brother passed away.

“ And I shall not win thee back  
From the grave's benighted track.  
Music from the forest trees,  
Whispers of the sighing breeze,  
Fain would bid my soul rejoice;  
But—I wait another voice.  
Yet the angel's harp and string,  
Answer with their quivering,  
To the tones I miss this day—  
Only brother passed away.

“ Yonder rolls the splashing bay;  
Yonder heaves the lake's white spray;  
Yonder doth the mountain frown:  
We have stamped them with a crown.  
Ah! a fearful price I've paid  
For the honors on them laid.

I shall see our banners wave,  
Whilst thou fill'st thy early grave ;  
For a star hath veiled its ray—  
Only brother passed away.

“ Oh ! it had been better far  
Had we fallen both in war,  
And Britannia's banner proud  
Wrapped us in one fearful shroud.  
Oh ! beside my bed of pain  
To have heard thy voice again,  
Ere my soul from earth had burst,  
God, our God, had called thee first :  
Where immortal spirits stay—  
Only brother called away.”

Long years are numbered with the gone  
    Since this requiem was said ;  
And earth yet claims one living son,  
    The grave retains her dead.  
Still when that living brother bows  
    To worship still and low,  
Doth not that snowy marble speak  
    Of one he loveth now ?

Warrior ! the voice of fame may teach  
    Thy noble deeds of yore ;  
And lofty pillars yet may speak,  
    A nation's thanks to pour.  
Brother ! this hallowed marble stands  
    A link to Heaven above ;  
Warrior ! those tell thy dauntless heart—  
    ' Brother ! this speaks of love.



## LAKE ONTARIO AT SUNSET.

Thou art rolling on, Ontario,  
 Laving the pebbly beach ;  
 The fisher's sail just marks thy waves  
 Far as the eye can reach ;  
 Night veils thy distant waves—  
 Sunset is going away—  
 O, let us watch with thee to-night ;  
 Leave thee ere dawn of day.

Hast thou no song to sing  
 Of olden Indian times ?  
 Of Chieftains in their birch canoes  
 That listened to thy chimes ?  
 Hast thou no tales of blood  
 That mingled in thy flow ?  
 No memories of the hallowed past  
 Within thy caverns low ?

Ah ! the white man doth claim  
 The land once free as thou ;  
 They've bought and sold on either side—  
 The woods before them bow ;  
 They may come down and gaze  
 Into thy waters cold ;  
 Thou'lt waft their treasures—give them graves—  
 Thou art not bought for gold.

Thou hast laved the burning bark  
 Down in thy treasured hold ;  
 The sailor sleeps within thy arms—  
 The child with locks of gold.

Earth has her signs of death,  
Her graves, her marble stone,  
Her crosses by the lone way-side ;  
Thou hast how many ? None !

Thou art gentle in thy smiles,  
Like a conqueror at play ;  
The sportive children venture far  
Into thy rolling spray.  
Thou'rt fearful in thy pride !  
To join thy numbers sweet  
Niagara above thee rolls—  
St. Lawrence at thy feet.

We love to see thee thus,  
Speaking to sunbeams bright,  
So like the loving and the loved  
Meeting at morn and night.  
We love to see thy waves  
Rise as they're rising now,  
To feel thy billows at our feet,  
Thy baptism on our brow.

We leave thee, heaving lake,  
To thy moonlight and thy sky,  
The flute's soft note, the splash of oars,  
Ere another day goes by.  
O, for those deathless waves,  
O, for that country won,  
Where the weary rest, where "moonlight's power,  
Music and love, are one."

“ROOM FOR THE DAUNTLESS.”

Written on the arrival of the 1st Battalion of the P. C. O. Rifle Brigade, and the 4th Battery of Royal Artillery, at Hamilton.

Room for the dauntless—room ;  
 Music is round us poured ;  
 The sun's bright rays are glancing now  
 On many a conqueror's sword.  
 Room for the dauntless, room,  
 For Albert's chosen band  
 Noble and chief and soldier, won  
 From their glorious fatherland.

Room for the dauntless, room ;  
 Axe, cleave the timbers through ;  
 Hammer and nail, and trusty arms,  
 Ye have a work to do.  
 Toil cheerfully and well,  
 From morn to evening gloom ;  
 Construct and build, and arch and frame—  
 Room for the dauntless, room.

Room for the dauntless, they  
 Have sighed a long farewell  
 To gentle forms, to noble hearts,  
 That long have loved them well ;  
 From England's proudest towers,  
 From England's cottage walls,  
 They've come to guard a stranger land,  
 Far from their native halls.

Room for the dauntless, room ;  
 Snows in their pathway lie,  
 'Mid ice and cold, and winter blast—  
 They come prepared to die ;  
 To die, e're Britain's flag  
 Sets in Canadian skies ;  
 They come as our watchful guard,  
 As England's sacrifice.

Room for the dauntless, room,  
 The foot-worn aisles they tread,  
 Where holy song, and hallowed prayer,  
 And faith's sweet words are said.  
 Where is their native church ?  
 Far shines the gleaming dome,  
 Amid the green ancestral trees—  
 Room for the dauntless, room.

Room for the dauntless—see  
 Their honors gleaming bright,  
 Telling of Britain's glorious deeds  
 'Mid the deadliest of the fight ;  
 And proud their soubriquet,  
 Yet, at their leader's name,  
 A sigh, " a faint cold shuddering,"  
 Thrills through each martial frame.

Room for the dauntless, room,  
 In the City of the West,  
 God has set his everlasting hills,  
 As a shield about our breast ;

He has given us sand-barred waves,  
And 'mid our winter's gloom,  
He has sent us aid from motherland—  
Room for the dauntless, room.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF  
WASHINGTON.

A sound of music on the air,  
Not the triumphant sounds  
That scarce have hushed their martial breath,  
On lake and tented grounds,  
Who marshalls our Prince with tones,  
Like Ocean's moaning surge?  
Why moves the proud procession on  
To that low mournful dirge?

Skies for the Prince wore summer dress,  
Flowers were blooming there;  
The warm winds of that Southern clime  
Lifted his clustering hair,  
On to the Sarcophagus borne,  
On to the shadows led,  
And Albert Edward treads with awe  
The precincts of the dead.

Humbly and reverently he stands,  
Amid the sacred gloom;  
The young, the high-born Prince of Wales  
Looked mournful o'er the tomb.

What thoughts passed through the gushing heart  
Of that proud Empire's son,  
As with uncovered brows he graced  
The tomb of Washington?

Came o'er his soul a weight of thought  
That bowed his spirit down,  
Seemed they light things in that calm hour,  
The sceptre and the crown?  
Prayed he not then that when the earth,  
Should take him to her trust,  
A nation's heart should beat for him,  
As for that honored dust.

And silently the freeborn stood,  
Watching the honor done  
The guardian spirit of their shores,  
By Queen Victoria's son.  
Silent, but tears were gushing then  
From eyes unused to weep,  
As the proudest of two Christian realms  
Bowed 'fore that peaceful sleep.

Pass on, pass on, the stricken heart  
Must once again rebound,  
To festive calls and glowing love,  
And music's merry sound;  
But who will dare to tell the force  
Of that cementing chain,  
Forged round the tomb of Washington,  
To arch the rolling main?

Illustrious dust, thy country's strength  
Is gathered round thy grave,  
And a watchword is thy glorious name  
Whene'er their banners wave ;  
Illustrious Prince, more honored now,  
For thou hast taught our lands,  
To bury every jealous feud,  
Deep in the wave-washed sands.

And thou hast proved before the world,  
As only Christians prove,  
That the Bible has given forth to thee,  
Its holiest password " Love."  
O worthy Patriot, that did bear  
To death, thy mighty trust ;  
O worthy Prince, that dared to pay  
Just homage to such dust.

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#### OUR COTTAGE WALLS.

We are aliens from a distant land,  
A land of love and flowers,  
And none are here in whose warm veins  
Thrills kindred blood with ours ;  
And they whose sires once proudly trod  
Through Britain's royal halls,  
Now dwell in lands the stranger owns,  
Within the cottage walls.

We have no stores of shining gold—  
We own not beauty's power ;  
We move not in the giddy dance,  
We live not for *one* hour ;  
Yet we have treasures many a king  
Seeks vainly till life falls ;  
Science, and peace, and love, we find,  
Can enter cottage walls.

Keep back who enter pleasure's paths,  
The thoughtless and the gay ;  
We have no room for treacherous hearts,  
No room for pride's poor sway.  
Enter, ye kind and loving ones,  
Ye whom our Father calls ;  
We've room for many such as ye,  
Within our cottage walls.

We have the gathered love of years,  
We've gentle ones to cheer,  
We've sportive children's guileless hearts,  
Amid our pathway drear ;  
And oft the stranger's kindest tone  
Upon the lone ear falls ;  
For some have not disliked the band  
Within our cottage walls.

We converse with the mighty dead—  
We've poetry's thrilling power—  
We've music sweet, and hallowed charm,  
To wile the evening hour ;



Nor strive to please the listener's ear  
 With power which but appals;  
 We only sing the songs we love  
 Within our cottage walls.

We have an altar raised on high  
 To the worship of our God :  
 We tread the glorious paths of old,  
 Which holier ones have trod ;  
 We've hymns of praise and words of prayer  
 Breathed softly, when night falls,  
 And angels, hovering, fold their wings  
 Around our cottage walls.

We know an everlasting arm  
 Is still about us cast;  
 We know we have a glorious rest  
 When Time's dark waves are past.  
 Angelic masons now prepare  
 A house which never falls,  
 For us, eternal in the heavens,  
 Though now in cottage walls.

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ON THE DESJARDIN'S CATASTROPHE.

MARCH 12TH, 1857.

Tears for the dead—sad tears,  
 For broken hearts are lying in our way ;  
 Behold the " Princess of the Province s"  
 Weepeth to-day.

Warm hearts were beating high,  
Their chosen city was within their sight,  
And schemes, and hopes, and love's sweet lamp  
Were burning bright.

Tears for the dead—sad tears,  
One fearful crash, and hark! one woeful scream  
The falling car of Juggernaut had reached  
The ice-wrought stream.  
Could nought have stayed thee, foe?  
Riches were with thy victims found, O Death,  
And who would not have gladly changed with thee  
Their gold for breath?

The mother pressed her babe,  
And smiled to see it smiling in its sleep—  
And gentle sisters side by side went down  
Into the deep!  
The man of God who stood,  
But one short hour before his solemn change,  
And said, "Heaven's beams should lighten mysteries  
That here were strange." \*

The youthful barrister,  
Who in his sky beheld no cloudlet dim,  
And thought upon his young and loving bride,  
Waiting for him.  
Masonry could not save;  
Low, brethren of the solemn, mystic tie,  
Who kneel and pray, for the Knight Templar's hands  
In silence lie.

---

\* The last discourse delivered by the lamented Rev. A. Booker, on that fatal afternoon, was from these words, "What thou knowest not now thou know hereafter."—John xiii. 7.

The lover fond, who thought,  
 Ere summer's sun to claim his bride,  
 He with another loved one passed away,  
     Went side by side.

The priest has breathed the rite  
 For him, the words told not his truth, his trust,  
 How he would cherish ; no his marriage oath !  
     Was " dust to dust."

The sailor brave, who oft  
 Hath fought with tempest 'neath a stormy sky,  
 We saw him pass to-day, with England's flags  
     But half-mast high.

Tears for the dead—sad tears,  
 For they had not gone forth as warriors go,  
 The mother had not looked upon her son  
     With dread of woe.

The fire was on the hearth,  
 The sun was set, the evening meal was spread  
 When round the city rung the direful sound,  
     " Thy loved are dead."

Tears for the dead—sad tears,  
 Yet doth the rainbow glimmer on the cloud,  
 And hues of Paradise doth brightly beam  
     On pall and shroud.

For oh ! no watcher saw  
 The chariots and the horse of Israel's host ;  
 None heard the louder song of Cherubim  
     On glory's coast.

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The mother met her babes  
And as the crushing timbers rattled down,  
The Everlasting Gates were lifted up,  
Our lost to crown.

Tears for the dead—sad tears,  
Widows and orphans weep heart-broken now,  
Why did the storm beat down upon their heads?  
In grief they bow.  
Ah! humble be our plea,  
His love to ask upon our heart's ploughed sod,  
Our answer to the mystery must be,  
The will of God.

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## DEATH OF KING HENRY II.

On the shores of sunny France, the evening winds were  
sighing,  
In the Cathedral of Chilon, Plantaganet was dying;  
And England's beauteous Queen and England's Princes fair,  
Do they watch the fainting monarch? alas, they were not  
there.

A son but not an heir to the "Island of the sea,"  
Now clasped the sufferer to his breast and heard his dying  
plea.

"Oh, is this death that stays my pulse and dims my glaz-  
ing eye?  
Not yet, I wait to lift again my banners to the sky;  
I, who have woke the fainting heart from the torpor of dismay,  
Whose name has been a psssword—must I, too, pass away?"

Oh! Geoffrey! son of her who loved thy monarch in his  
youth,

The fair and gentle Rosamond, who trusted to my truth,  
I meet again the form I loved, I see your mother now,  
With her long bright wavy tresses across her classic brow.

Again returns the fearful time, when strong arms bear me  
back,

When I was left among the dead, upon the battle track,  
When with her little trembling hand, and look of calm  
despair,

She unclasped the iron helmet and put back the flowing hair,  
And unlaced the heavy corslet from the quiet blood-stained  
breast,

Where in past hours of weariness her throbbing head would  
rest,

I meet again the farewell glance of that too loving eye,  
And must it be her son and mine, who waits to see me die?

Was it for this I planted thorns in holy Louis' breast?  
And robbed him of the choicest flower that decked his regal  
crest?

'Twas sin, although his soul woke not, his very heart was  
cold,

To the glorious songs of Provence and the burning lays of  
old,

He never could love Ellenore as I did—deep and wild,  
I know thou shudderest at the name, I wonder not my child,  
Was it for this I led her troops o'er sea, through rocky  
gorge,

And blended with our English flag, the banners of St.  
George?

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Dark be the sunshine of that morn, a blight be on the hour,  
 In which the royal castellan entered my warrior tower,  
 And from the mail-clad army turned and murmured unto me,  
 "King Henry of Plantaganet, a son is born to thee."

My firstborn ; how he turned away with heart of burning  
 strife,

Yet sought forgiveness from my hand in that last hour of life,  
 And he, my lovely second born, my generous nation's pride,  
 Why did he die with flag in hand, and the sword upon his  
 side.

Why do my children dead, thus stamp dishonor on their clay,  
 And the living ones arraign themselves against me in the  
 fray ?

Ah ! it is true, that as we plant, so we shall also reap,  
 And evil deeds, like winged birds, come home at night to sleep,  
 It may be that my rebel son may yet lament for me,  
 When he looks upon the fast closed eyes he never more may  
 see,

And Cœur de Lion's tears may fall o'er dreams of childhood  
 joy,

Oh ! might my spirit by him stand, and bless the reckless boy.

Here take this ring my loving child, thou hast thy mother's  
 glance,

That I should die upon thy breast, a fugitive in France ;  
 Remember I have said forgiven, to those who sought my life,  
 And Ellenore of Aquitane, my lovely erring wife,—  
 Thousands have envied me, my son, envied a broken heart.  
 Envied the countless thorns and woes that round a sceptre  
 start,

Yet odours will be round me flung, minstrels will sweetly  
sing,  
And they'll bury me in Fontevraud, with the burial of a king."

There came a pause, a burst of tears, the cowed monks  
nearer trod,

And Henry of Plantaganet had passed before his God,  
And through the bright stained panes of glass, the moon  
looked gently down.

Upon the royal brow grown pale, that yielded up its crown,  
And the sleeping dust, the voiceless lips could speak a loud  
Amen,

To the vainless trust of riches, and the broken hearts of men,  
Yet odours rich were round him flung, minstrels did sweetly  
sing,

And they buried him in Fontevraud, with the burial of a  
king.

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#### THE FOREST STREAM.

There flows a stream in the forest shade,  
Rippling its course through the mossy glade;  
Onward it flows to the rushing lake,  
Over the pebbles, through fen and brake;  
The maple bends o'er its surface mild,  
Like a parent fondling a loving child,  
And the shady leaves of the mountain ash  
Into the face of its mirror dash.

All day long, through the burning hours,  
 It sprinkles spray on the fainting flowers,  
 When the fiery sun exhales the mist  
 From leaves which the dewdrop softly kissed ;  
 It laves the roots of the rocking pines,  
 It sings a song to the climbing vines,  
 And the young buds curl themselves to sleep ;  
 Rocked by the music so clear and deep.

And onward still does the water pass,  
 O'er the bloodless veins of the tangled grass :  
 The quivering lillies feel its touch,  
 And the wild rose leaf has a richer blush,  
 And all the long and noiseless night  
 The stars peer down from their azure height,  
 Keeping their watch with the stream that flows,  
 Blessing and loving wherever it goes.

I wonder if *we*, as *our* path we take  
 On to the waves of Eternity's lake,  
 I wonder if *we* shed as bright a gleam  
 Around our path as that forest stream.  
 Heart of Pride, come down to the river,  
 Look in the depths where the lillies quiver ;  
 Passion, Ambition, your fury lave  
 In the founts of that softly murmuring wave.

God of the flowers, the trees, the brooks,  
 Teach us Life's lesson from Nature's books,  
 So may we pass through Immanuel's ground  
 In love's sweet service for ever found.  
 Angels of Purity, near us stay,  
 Angels of Charity, light our way,  
 While through the forest of Life we roam,  
 Steadily, patiently journeying home.



## THE FREEMASON'S BURIAL.

Written on the death of Brother G. P. Bull.

What means this manly train ?

What means that banner furl'd ?

Death gave his steed the rein,

And a fierce arrow hurl'd.

Hark ! for the touching word

Sounds o'er the open tomb ;

Hush, for the thrilling tones are heard,

Sweetly amid the gloom.

“ Masons ! we have laid him now,

In the grave alone and low ;

Brother Masons, shall we weep

O'er his calm unbroken sleep ?

Faithful brethren, shall we mourn

Him whose dust to earth we've borne ?

“ His dust to earth,”—as those sounds went past,  
Love's gentle tear-drops fell free and fast.

“ Masons ! he hath often stood,

One amid our brotherhood ;

He, Masonic rites hath tried,

And a Mason he hath died ;

Far away are regions fair,

Surely our lost one's there.

“ Our lost one's there,”—and the brothers blest  
The voice which had called him to take his rest.

“ Masons ! there are honors high,

On the form which there doth lie :

These have passed through ancient times,  
Wearing out proud kings and climes ;  
And our changeless hopes are seen,  
In the fadeless evergreen.

“ Our evergreen ”—ere that form was hid,  
The branches lay on the coffin lid.

“ Brother Masons! onward build,  
Till the lower courts are filled ;  
Till the Master Builder calls  
Each one to the upper walls ;  
Till our holy brethren stand,  
In the Eternal’s chosen land.

“ The Eternal’s land ”—they sighed for the meeting,  
All loving brothers, all lasting greeting.

“ Masons! we are pledged to stand  
Firm in one unbroken band ;  
Let us bear each chilling blast,  
Let the scornful look be cast ;  
Brethren let us live to love,  
Till we join our throng above.

“ Live to love,”—and the loud Amen,  
Rose from the lips of those gathering men.

“ Masons! let this warning be,  
Loud and solemn unto ye ;  
Brethren let your hopes be sure,  
Of a rest that shall endure.  
Masons! let your spirits blend,  
While our prayers to heaven ascend ;  
Brethren let the clods now fall,  
On the form beloved by all.

“ Beloved by all,”—it was sad to view  
Those brethren taking their last adieu.

## THE ACACIA.

They have left the burial place,  
 They have left the solemn scene,  
 They leave no gaudy trace  
 Of where their steps have been ;  
 But in a world above,  
 That prayer and deed now stand—  
 O God! send down thy spirit love,  
 To bless that Brother band.

---

## R O C K B A Y .

Not upon a Southern plain,  
 Nor 'mid myrtle bowers of Spain ;  
 Where Ontario's waters rise,  
 Underneath Canadian skies—  
 Where the Indian's arrow sped,  
 There thou rear'st thy lofty head ;  
 Where the Indian's cabin lay,  
 There thou risest, sweet Rockbay.

Through the forest arch of green  
 Are thy towering pillars seen ;  
 Sunbeams glitter on the leaves,  
 Rustling round thy turret eaves,  
 With the waters at thy feet  
 Rippling into numbers sweet ;  
 'Mid their glad and joyous spray,  
 There thou smilest, calm Rockbay.

Sweet sounds from thee float afar—  
Music, song, and light guitar,  
Dashings of the boatman's oar,  
Breezes whisp'ring on the shore,  
Leaves that rustle through the night,  
While amid the moon's soft light,  
Glittering in the star-beam's ray,  
There thou sleepest, calm Rockbay.

Foliage of a thousand shades  
Quivers on thy mossy glades—  
Flowers of soft hues are seen  
Gleaming through thy vistas green ;  
Roses, flakes of crimson snow,  
Strew the verdant moss below ;  
Water lillies lift their heads  
From their deep and sinuous beds ;

And yet thou hast dearer things  
Than the rose or birdling's wings—  
Precious things that must abide  
When thy youngest flower hast died ;  
Underneath thy shadows fair,  
Human forms are dwelling there—  
Noble hearts that kindly beat  
In their calm Rockbay retreat.

Dove of Peace ! unfold thy wings—  
Shelter from all harsher things ;  
Spell of beauty ! hover still  
Over forest, bay and hill ;  
Spirit of undying Love !  
Breathe thy incense from above,  
Till the dawn of deathless day  
Is exchanged for sweet Rockbay.

## WELCOME HOME.

[Inscribed to Mrs. C., on recovery from a dangerous illness.]

Welcome home,  
Not from the bosom of the heaving sea,  
Not from the desert of the burning sand ;  
Not from the blossom of the orange tree,  
Not as a wanderer from thy fatherland,  
Welcome thee home.

Welcome home,  
From the fierce fever in its blighting course,  
From the sad hours of anguish yet untold ;  
From pain which gathered round thee, and wild dreams  
That weary but to think of, from their hold,  
Welcome thee home.

Welcome home,  
To that loved group of children, they for whom  
The prayer to God went up, that healing aid  
May quickly come, lest they should numbered be,  
With those called motherless ; the dart was stayed,  
Welcome thee home.

Welcome home,  
To those who love thee, by thy bed of pain,  
They watched thee in the dark despairing hour ;  
When earthly skill, and human love and prayer,  
Seemed to the breaking heart to lose their power,  
Welcome thee home.

Welcome home,  
 Although a shade of grief with mirth must dwell,  
 For that fair sister who so early slept;  
 Her love-clasp missing, ah! the Master said:  
 "One shall be taken, and the other left;"  
 Welcome thee home.

Welcome home,  
 Thrice welcome to the table of our Lord,  
 Ah! it was well to meet thee here, and see,  
 That with the earliest dawn of health's sweet day,  
 Thou gavest back to God the victory,  
 Welcome thee home.

Welcome home,  
 O through the dark-veiled future yet to come;  
 Betwixt thee and thy grave, may it be given,  
 The Grace to lean on Him, who bore for thee,  
 Sufferings to death; then hear the Choirs of Heaven,  
 Welcome thee home.

---

### MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

[Inscribed to a party of Serenaders.]

Sweet voices on the summer air,  
 Sweet voices in the night,  
 Charging the midnight air with song,  
 Beneath the star-beams' light.  
 The thrilling harmony pours forth  
 Its burden of sweet chords,  
 The graceful melody is fraught,  
 With sweet and touching words.

And now the low-toned Bass is heard,  
In measures full and deep ;  
Anon the rich high Tenor floats,  
In its harmonious sweep.  
The clear Soprano sweet, subdued,  
Charmed to that midnight hour ;  
The Alto with its dulcet voice,  
All thrill with magic power.

The strain has ceased, the music hushed,  
The Serenaders go ;  
But in the listener's memory,  
Those tones sink warm and low.  
Oh, often when in peaceful sleep,  
While the soft moonlight streams ;  
Shall the remembrance of this hour,  
Revisit me in dreams.

Come, when each trembling leaf and flower,  
Are folded and at rest ;  
When the babe is in its cradle-bed,  
And the birdling in its nest.  
When the sweet hours for rest and love,  
Are gathering o'er the sea ;  
Come once more to our cottage walls,  
And sing again to me.

And when the night of death draws nigh,  
And life's rough sea is past ;  
And the earth-wearied head lies down,  
To sleep in rest at last.

When the strong grasp of Death proclaims,  
 A doom I cannot flee ;  
 Gather ye round my couch again,  
 And sing sweet sounds for me.

Oh ! that we all when passed that sleep,  
 May win a country fair ;  
 And songs of burning Seraphim,  
 Meet us on waking there.  
 While Cherub bands shall give to each,  
 The harp of golden wire ;  
 And sweetly give their solemn charge,  
 " Beloved, go strike the lyre."

---

OUR FATHER'S GRAVE.

Sleep in peace, for dreary years—  
 Love has drenched thy grave with tears ;  
 Resting in a tomb alone,  
 In a land almost unknown,  
 They who once broad lands could trace  
 Only claim a burying place,  
 Abraham-like, 'mid sons of Heth—  
 Deeds of land are sealed with death ;  
 Willow branches o'er thee wave,  
 Father, in thy quiet grave.

Far away on England's shore,  
 Where the tides of Severn roar,  
 Towards the firmament's blue woof  
 Grows a consecrated roof ;



Holy walls our Father built,  
With the light of morn are gilt,  
And his Son's name, carved on high,  
Meets the traveller passing by,  
Though the father and the son  
Their earth-wearied race have run.

Never to the Holy Rock,  
Truer shepherd led his flock ;  
Scoffers hushed the impious word  
When his pleading voice was heard,  
And the midnight robber stayed  
From his deeds of blood, and prayed ;  
And they say his name is now  
Breathed with tears and blessings low,  
For they wept, who could not save,  
One who fills a pastor's grave.

Widows dried the falling tear  
When they heard his footstep near ;  
Orphans in his pathway bent  
For his blessing as he went ;  
For his lamp shed holy light,  
Heaven-born love and honor bright,  
Strove to rule, with earnest prayer,  
Every action by the Square ;  
Holy deeds their incense wave  
Round a well-tried Mason's grave.

Clouds were round the setting sun,  
When the ship its race had run.  
Ah ! affection, wild and free,  
Might have been idolatry,

And, in unforgiving woe,  
Said, " I will not let thee go,"  
Had not love's attentive ear  
Caught the storm-cloud mutt'ring near—  
Heard, with thunder in its train,  
" Sounds of an abundant rain. "

Father ! thou in light dost dwell—  
They for whom thy last tears fell  
Still the widow's grief must share,  
Still the orphan's lot must bear ;  
But One, who appointed thee,  
Counsellor and friend to be,  
Thine own best beloved will keep  
Till, like thee, we fall asleep—  
Thine will guard through every blast  
Till we meet with thee at last.

---

## THE ENSIGN MARTYR.

[An incident in the Indian War.]

There were sounds of fearful mutiny,  
Neath Allahabad's walls,  
And 'mid the darkness of the night,  
Murder to murder calls !  
But one with youth upon his cheek,  
And colours in his hand,  
Found shelter in the dark ravine  
From that blood-thirsty band.

Four times the burning sun arose  
Upon his hiding place,  
And on the fifth he starting woke,  
To meet the Sepoy's face !  
They dragged him to their leader's feet,  
The Ensign martyr found,  
An aged missionary there,  
For Christ's religion bound.

Tortured and weak, the Pastor's heart,  
Was yielding to his foes,  
But one he knew not, came to cheer  
The sufferer in his woes ;  
A few short years, the patriot boy  
A helpless child had been ;  
Too good to live, too young to die,  
Our victor of sixteen.

“ Brother, brother, do not fear  
Blazing flame or darting spear,  
Look upon the mighty cross,  
Count it gain to suffer loss,  
Christ will succour they who try Him,  
Brother, do not dare deny Him.

“ Brother, thorny is the road,  
But it windeth up to God,  
Doth it matter if we lie,  
Bleaching neath an Indian sky ;  
Can we not as calmly rest,  
As on England's grassy breast.

“ Brother, suffer torture, die,  
Ere thou darrest to deny ;  
Hark ! amid the lime tree’s breath,  
Sounds the voice that conquered Death,  
Rest and peace and glory cometh  
Unto him who overcometh.”

Courage, ye brave, for Britain’s flags  
Are waving in the sky,  
Knights of the Cross, there comes a sound  
Of armies passing by ;  
A hundred dauntless hearts are near,  
A hundred bayonets gleam ;  
Steps of the gallant Fusileers,  
Are splashing through the stream.

The Sepoys fly, the Catechist  
Felt his rough chain unclasp,  
And turned with faltering steps away,  
From the kind soldier’s clasp ;  
“ Where is that brave boy officer,”  
Who bore the soldier’s part,  
With England’s glory on his breast,  
And Christ’s upon his heart ?

Oh, find him, save him, bring him here ! ”  
The cry rose wild and vain ;  
No more the stripping hero’s voice  
Shall echo o’er the plain ;  
The blood-stained wreath of martyrdom,  
Circled the pure pale brows,  
But Gabriel with a martyr’s crown,  
Parted the orange boughs.

Boast, Britain, of thy Island home,  
 Boast of thy glorious lands ;  
 Thy works of art, thy mines of wealth,  
 Thy dauntless soldier bands ;  
 But oh, be this thy glory wreath,  
 That thou from land and seas,  
 Can give untarnished to our God,  
 Such martyr souls as these.

---

“COME QUICKLY!”

“Surely, I come quickly—even so come, Lord Jesus.”

Oh, hasten, Prince !  
 Thy marble temple is with scoffers thronged,  
 Thy beauteous garden by deceivers trod,  
 Thy orphan children are oppressed and wronged  
 Upon thy sod—  
 And we have toiled all day,  
 Now faint at night we pray—  
 “Come, quickly !”

We rose at dawn,  
 And beside all the waters sowed the seed ;  
 We saw fair “lilies among thorns,” we stood  
 To rest beneath an apple tree, and “feed  
 Sweet in the wood ;”  
 Still on the leaves fell tears  
 Of hope, and joy, and fears.  
 “Come, quickly !”

When noon was high,  
We turned us to the footsteps of the flock,  
And fed "the kids beside the shepherd's tent."  
Toward the shadow of the holy rock

Our feet we bent ;  
We felt soft breezes blow,  
But yet it was not thou.

"Come, quickly !"

When evening came,  
We walked within thy garden, and we heard  
Thy music voice, and we were not afraid ;  
We heard its tone in every leaf that stirred ;

We knelt and prayed  
That we may meet thee there,  
But Patience hushed our prayer.

"Come, quickly !"

The time is long,  
And we are watching by the crumbling wall,  
Waiting a herald's warning from thy camp ;  
Our garments with the heavy dews that fall  
Are very damp.

Oh ! weary is the night—  
Centre of Love and Light.

"Come, quickly !"

Within are sounds  
Of revelry, and mirth, and maddened tongues ;  
The flowers are dying in the festal hall,  
Tones inharmonious mark voluptuous songs ;  
Their pleasures pall,

'Mid song, and dance, and shout ;  
Their lamps are going out.

“ Come, quickly ! ”

Ah ! we would sleep—  
But not till we can slumber on thy breast,  
And feel the hand that opened up the fountain ;  
Soon let us see thy fiery charger's crest

Over the mountain ;

The moon and stars grow pale,  
And human strength will fail.

“ Come, quickly ! ”

---

L I G H T .

“ In the beginning God made heaven and earth,”  
When time now hoar with age first had his birth.  
Then first evolved the vital atmosphere,  
And free from blight of sin were skies ethereal,  
Then first revolving wheels bore round this sphere,  
And immaterial hands made the material.  
Then the creator fixed the hours for night—  
His loud command went forth, “ Let there be light.”  
And what is light, and how near doth it come  
To purest spirit ? for its radiance beamed  
Ere yet the sun had found its earliest home ;  
Ere yet our sister-planets' bright lamps gleamed ;  
Ere yet the ocean bars were molten ;  
Ere yet the breaker's voice had spoken.

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O! purest source of light, while feebly we  
Pursue our pleasing path ; we ask, oh ! when  
Shall these poor eyes of ours beheld e'en thee ?  
In whom is light, that light the life of men ?  
Earth, like those plants whose course we love to trace,  
Has no young rootlets to support its frame ;  
Yet stays upheld amid the worlds of space,  
By his wise hand who calls the stars by name,  
And gave this sphere undeviating laws,  
That we may worship Him, the one great cause ;  
And shall we know the texture of those bands  
With which he bound the garments of the clouds ?  
And shall we learn the laws of other lands,  
Whose radiance beams when night our sun-light shrouds,  
And not bow down to worship and adore  
The God who is to be when time shall be no more ?

And what is matter, what strange compounds make  
Our aerial sphere ? mountain and rock and deep,  
Jewels and clay, bright sand, where billows break,  
Firm land and ocean waves, where dark storms sweep ;  
All that in one grand hour shall pass away,  
Like clouds upon the bosom of the day.

And what are we ? to turn to crumbling dust,  
The grave and dark corruption doth refine,  
And these material forms shall rest in trust,  
Till at God's call each its own soul shall join,



## THE DYING GIRL.

"It was a strange sight, that little wedding party by the bedside of the dying child,  
but it was Helen's last wish, therefore instantly complied with."  
—THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

'Twas a strange, yet hallowed scene :  
 Within the darkened room,  
 Lay a fair girl passing peacefully  
 To a home of deathless bloom ;  
 And near her knelt her father,  
 While closely by his side  
 Another form was kneeling,  
 A lovely being—his bride.  
 Perhaps ne'er had the sun  
 Looked on so strange a sight ;  
 There was tremor in the priest's deep voice,  
 As he breathed the sacred rite.  
 And the mystic cirque of gold,  
 The sign of love unbroke,  
 Was given—a few words said,  
 And the gentle sufferer spoke :—

"Father, 'tis past, 'tis over now, I calmly take my rest,  
 I bless thee, father, that I die on a living mother's breast,  
 For through the many years gone by, she has ever been the  
 same,  
 A mother she has been to me, in everything but name.  
 Father, you've something now to love, though Helen's going  
 away,  
 Some one to come and weep with you, over my sleeping clay.  
 I was selfish, mother, thus to wish, this service by my side,  
 And to darken with the hues of death, the white robes of a  
 bride.

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Father, she will not leave your home, for the merry banquet  
hall,

Nor wander from your bed of pain, for the jocund dancer's  
call ;

Forgive me that this hour I wake, that saddened memory's  
thrill,

But the dreary image of the past, must cast its shadow still.

Mother, you'll think of me sometimes, when I am far away,  
When you are in the shrubbery, at the dying of the day ;

You'll speak about me, mother, until you think I pass,

Among my beds of violets, through the tall and wavy grass ;

You'll sometimes give a passing thought, to my memory,  
father dear,

When you're passing quickly through the streets, and a  
childish voice you hear ;

Your loving thoughts will turn away, from the papers in your  
hands,

To a mound of earth, a grassy grave, that in your garden  
stands.

I should like my garden flowers, to be sown again next year,

My little treasures, birds and books, you'll keep them,  
mother, dear ;

Sing the same songs, strike the same chords, breathe the  
prayer morn and night,

For I shall be there worshipping, only so veiled so bright.

And shed no mournful tears, mother, when you see my  
vacant chair ;

Father, you've Helen's portrait and a lock of Helen's hair.

Is it evening coming father, the sun has ceased to shine,

Let me feel your hands once more darling pressed closely  
upon mine ;

Mother, the angels, bright and fair, are coming from the sky,  
They are calling for your Helen, loved ones, good bye, good  
bye ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

There was silence 'mong the watchers,  
They felt the stranger foe ;  
And holy prayers were breathed that he  
May gently deal the blow.  
Stricken in soul—the bridegroom knelt  
Death's lovely prize beside,  
While his daughter's spirit passed to heaven  
From the bosom of his bride.

---

### ISABELLA OF VALOIS.

‘ King Henry and his son, Prince Henry of Monmouth, tried by every means in their power to shake the constancy of the young Queen to the memory of her affianced husband, King Richard, but in vain.’—LIVES OF ENGLAND'S QUEENS.

She flung her mantle from her breast,  
Her tresses from her brow ;  
A child, yet girl with woman's strength,  
She looks on Henry now ;  
And the gallant Prince of Monmouth,  
Whose love the lady scorn'd,  
Stood gazing on her noble brow  
With jewels unadorn'd.

Knights brought their bannerets to wave  
 When the vessel should depart,  
 But bitter thoughts and poignant grief  
 Filled many an English heart ;  
 And she, fair girl, had quelled the storm  
 That o'er her spirit broke ;  
 It was no hour for tears ; a voice  
 Upon the soft air spoke :

“ I am leaving, king, for ever,  
 The shores of England's isle ;  
 Blessed be God that I am free  
 From all your sin and wile ;  
 One hour, and the kinder surf  
 My father's ship shall buoy—  
 Another morn, and France shall greet  
 The heiress of Valois.

“ Keep, keep those gaudy trinkets,  
 Nor deeper stain thy soul  
 With falsehood, perfidy and crime,  
 For the value of the whole ;  
 I should have worn those jewels  
 With pleasure and with pride,  
 But Richard sleeps in Westminster  
 With Anne by his side.

“ To rob one of her treasures,  
 Silver and land and gold—  
 To heap foul scorn upon a king  
 Who in his grave lies cold—

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To make the bowers of Havering  
A prison for a dove,  
Is the way the Prince of Monmouth  
Sues for a lady's love.

"Farewell, proud king of Lancaster,  
I've not forgot the day,  
When, as a slave, you carried me  
From my husband's side away ;  
My husband—yes, in heart—though none  
Saw bridal train or ring ;  
Nor waiting crowd came forth to crown  
The child-bride of their king.

"Farewell, base king of Albion !  
One ruleth yet on high,  
And the stately towers of Pontefract,  
Are pointing to the sky.  
Yes, cast thine eyes upon the ground—  
Again thy story tell,  
That 'Richard was by far too old  
To love sweet Isabel.'

"Look, courtiers, on your monarch now—  
Knights of the sword and lance—  
Your hero dare not meet my gaze,  
Poor Isabel of France ;  
Ah ! tell it at the tournament,  
When pride his lip will curl,  
That this Henry of good England  
Has quailed before a girl.

" And

WHITTE

" I will not tell you, Englishmen,  
 How long I sought with care  
 To tread the path your An-ne trod,—  
 Of love, forgiveness, prayer.  
 Farewell, ye gen'rous Englishmen ;  
 Beside my father's bed,  
 The memory of your dawning love  
 Shall ease my throbbing head."

She turned her face towards the sea,  
 Her feet upon the bark ;  
 The soul of that young maiden Queen  
 With sorrow's cloud was dark.  
 The mystery of that time must float  
 O'er the living and the dead,  
 Till the Judge his books hath open'd,  
 And another book is read."

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### THE COMING ELECTION.

"And who knoweth whether he is come unto the kingdom for such a time as this."  
 --BIBLE.

WRITTEN ON THE RETURN OF ISAAC BUCHANAN, ESQUIRE, AS MEMBER  
 FOR THE CITY OF HAMILTON.

A strife at hand, but not of war,  
 'A battle, not of words ;  
 Dark hosts are hovering to instil,  
 Poison through deeds and words ;  
 Envy and falsehood stand engaged,  
 To do their deadly part ;  
 Justice and truth watch mournfully,  
 Knowing the human heart—  
 A time to try men's soul's within,  
 And now, electors, which shall win ?

Vote not for party ; but for him  
Whom in an honest heart,  
You deem most fitting to maintain,  
Your country's prosperous part ;  
For this elective franchise stands,  
A sacred solemn trust,  
To tell on nations yet unborn,  
When you are in the dust ;  
Let not corruption stain your souls,  
Down, down with bribery from the polls.

What, are ye serfs ? Ah, Afric's sons  
Beneath their chains may toil,  
And groan with fetters on their limbs,  
Upon a foreign soil ;  
But that white man is more than slave  
Who, for a paltry dower,  
Will sell his conscience for the price,  
Of rank, or place, or power,  
And dare a perjured name subscribe  
While clasping close the glittering bribe.

Think, and think deeply, ere you pledge,  
Your name on either side ;  
Think honest, free, unshackled thoughts,  
And think for all you guide ;  
Nor let the pen of history write,  
To tell the coming age,  
You dared to sell your nation's rights,  
Your children's heritage ;  
No, vote as free-born of the sod,  
And vote as in the sight of God.

Be watchful ; there are gathering clouds  
    Hovering round our heads,  
Be guarded ; there are treacherous hearts,  
    And treason round us treads ;  
Who knoweth what the coming years,  
    May speedily unfold,  
We yet may need, strong arms, true hearts,  
    To guard our sacred fold,  
And hand untorn, untarnished down,  
Our Flag, our Bible, and our Crown.

The sun of British liberty,  
    O'er us in splendour breaks,  
We need no Eagle talons here,  
    No Southern rattlesnakes ;  
Then vote in honor, truth, and right,  
    Remembering there is One,  
Who watcheth with unbiased eyes,  
    Words breathed and actions done,  
And close by his unerring hand,  
Doth his recording angel stand.

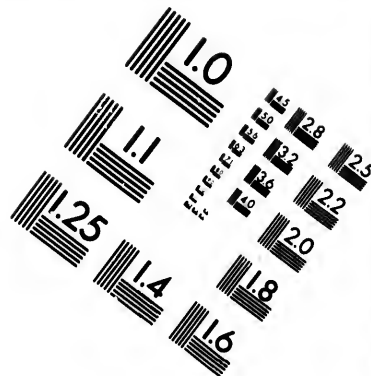
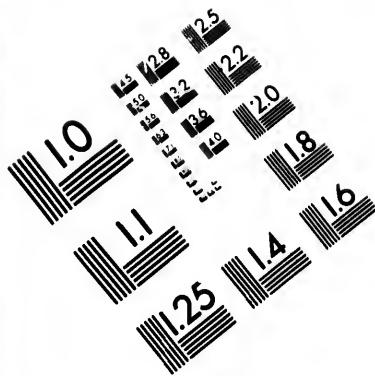
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THE CITIES OF OLD.

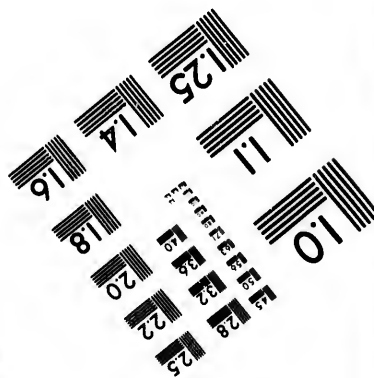
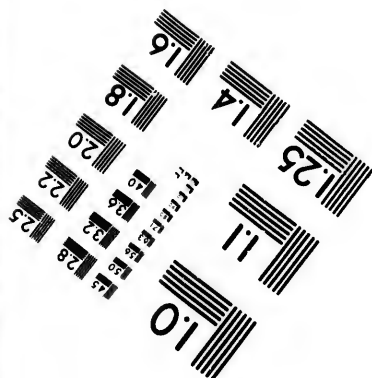
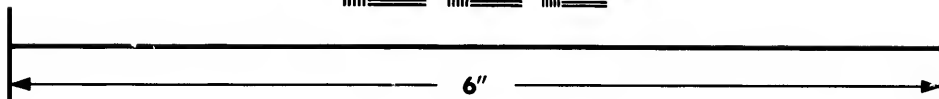
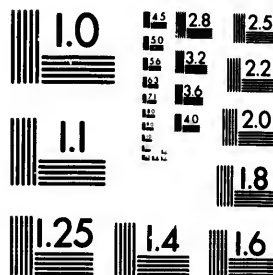
Cities and men, and nations, have pass'd by,  
Like leaves upon an Autumn's dreary sky ;  
Like chaff upon the ocean billow proud,  
Like drops of rain on summer's fleecy cloud ;  
Like flowers of a wilderness,  
Vanished into forgetfulness.







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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O! Nineveh, thou city of young Ashur's pride,  
 With thy strong towers, and thy bulwarks wide ;  
 Ah! while upon thee splashed the Tigris' waters,  
 How little thought thy wealth-stored sons and daughters,  
 That Cyaxerses and his troops should wait,  
 For three long years before thy massive gate ;  
 Then Medes and Persians by the torches' light,  
 Should ride triumphantly thy streets by night ;  
 And from creation banish thee,  
 O! Nineveh. O! Nineveh.

And country of the pride of Mizriam's heart,  
 With pyramids that spoke thy wealth and art ;  
 Why is it that no minstrel comes, who sings  
 Of all the glory of thy shepherd kings ?  
 Tyre, why are thy walls in ruins thus ;  
 Why is thy name so seldom spoke by us ?  
 Sidon, among the nations thou art fled,  
 Thy joy departed and thy glory dead ;  
 Far gone are all thy generations,  
 Fallen nations ! Fallen nations !

And Babylon, with all thy thronging bands,  
 The glory of Chaldea's ancient lands ;  
 Thy temple, where a numerous host was seen,  
 Thy gardens hung to please the Midian queen ;  
 Where beauteous flowers smiled on their terrace beds,  
 Proud kings have passed through thee, and crowned heads ;  
 And grandeur and magnificence could view,  
 In thee, a resting place, thy stores not few ;  
 Why is it thou art all alone ?  
 O! Babylon. O! Babylon !

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And Greece, who shone in literature and might,  
When Marathon's broad plains saw sword and fight;  
Thy monumental ruins stand alone,  
Decay has breathed upon thy sculptured stone  
And desolation walks thy princely halls,  
The green branch twines around thy olden walls;  
And ye who stood the ten years' siege of Troy,  
Time's fingers now your battlements annoy;  
Why is it that thy glories cease?  
O! Classic Greece. O! Classic Greece!

And thou, best city of all olden time,  
O! we might weep for thee, and chosen clime.  
City, where Solomon his temple reared,  
City, where gold and silver stores appeared;  
City, where priest and prophet lowly knelt,  
City, where God in mortal flesh once dwelt.  
Titus, and Roman soldiers, laid thee low,  
The music in thy streets has ceased to flow;  
Yet wilt thou not return in joy once more,  
And Lebanon give up her cedar store?  
And vines and olives smile as now they smile,  
Yet not upon the ruin of a holy pile?  
Wilt thou Destructions flood not stem?  
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Cities and men, and nations, have gone by,  
Like leaves upon an Autumn's dreary sky;  
Like chaff upon the ocean billow proud,  
Like drops upon the summer's passing cloud;  
Like flowers of a wilderness,  
Vanished into forgetfulness.

## A RELIC OF RUSSIAN WARFARE.

Addressed to a Baton supposed to have belonged to a Russian Field Marshal, and picked up by an Officer of the Rifle Brigade after the taking of the Redan, and now used by the Band Master of that gallant Corps.

Relic of war and strife,  
Tell us a tale of the past,  
Speak of the gathering hosts of men  
That came at the bugle blast,  
Who was the first and the last to fall ;  
What was the prize of the Rifle ball ?  
After the battle.

Whose fingers had grasped thee then,  
When the bold Field Marshal rode,  
As the dauntless armies gathered in,  
And glittering armour glowed,  
When didst thou fail with the helpless slain ?  
What was with thee on that conflict plain ?  
After the battle.

Banners and flags were claimed,  
All won from the Northern Bear,  
While stands of arms and blood-stained swords,  
Lay piled for the victors there.  
Were these the richest spoils of the ground ?  
No, something more precious than these were found,  
After the battle.

Corpses of gallant men,  
Lay cold and stark on the field,  
Hands and arms that had drawn the sword,  
For their native country's shield,

Tokens of love upon brave hearts pressed,  
Were found 'mid the blood-stains on many a breast,  
After the battle

Soldiers! who saw the strife,  
*You* know the price that was paid,  
When trenches and rifle pits learnt  
The name of the " Rifle Brigade."  
Your brothers, your comrades from home's sweet shore,  
Went out in their glory, but came no more,  
After the battle.

Relic of war and strife,  
Changed is thine office now,  
The sweetest harmony wakes for thee,  
And the powers of music bow  
Mid the thrilling strains of that glorious band,  
Do'st thou ever have dreams of that Russian land?  
After the battle.

Relic of war and strife,  
Will they call thee forth again,  
To lead the bold with a cheering song  
To the conqueror's battle plain,  
Lead on, thou wilt marshal as brave a clan,  
As were found in the Malakoff or Redan,  
After the battle.

THE DIRGE OF LLEWLLYN—THE EVE BEFORE  
HIS EXECUTION.

Mordred, behold your brother! look on your friend and  
king,

You will see me never more upon the boundless wing;  
They've torn the crown from off my brow, the sceptre from  
my hand,

The Saxon monarch proudly rides his war steed through my  
land.

The fire of the English torch has flamed o'er hut and hall,  
Ah! the archers have shot grievously over the border wall.  
My people, oh, my people dear! you'll say farewell for me,  
The brave, true hearts of Britain—as their rocks and moun-  
tains free.

Our Church, our Church! oh, tell my sons to guard it with  
their blood,

To keep their mountains and their homes, a temple pure to  
God;

When their hearts grow weak and weary, when the tired  
spirit fails,

There is hope, and strength, and comfort, in the fastnesses of  
Wales.

Let the faithful gather near to Bangor Wydrin's spires,  
And nerve again their British souls from the ashes of their  
sires;

Beware ye of the Romish power, they'll bring it to be  
nursed,

Where the Holy Apostolic Church of Britain flourished  
first.

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My brother! oh, my brother! who so bravely by my side,  
Fought for his country's freedom, to gain it would have died;  
Mordred, had you a brother, nursed by the same fond hand,  
And such a one as David, the bravest in our band.  
Could you bear to see him brought a slave, into a tyrant's  
hold,

They who in holy Palestine, together fought of old;  
Ah! my brave brother lies beneath, he dies at rise of sun,  
There's a blessing on us yet, if in death they make us one.

Mordred, I've much to tell you, are you list'ning deeply now?  
I've secrets to disclose to you—pass the crusader's vow;  
You remember her I fondly loved, one who in young life  
died,

The fairest flower of this fair earth, Llewlyn's chosen bride.  
Well I remember as we knelt in the Abbey by the sea,  
How the brilliant stars and the young new moon, shone upon  
her and me;

I cannot mourn as once I did, when I knew that she was  
dead,

For I am glad her gentle soul, from this sad trouble fled.

Ah! had Llewlyn's heart been all the English Princess' own,  
And Edward claimed a rightful heir, to rule on Cambria's  
throne;

Had the Earl of Leicester's daughter, been less beautiful and  
dear,

We never should have met, Mordred, as we are meeting here.  
You to weep o'er a fallen king, an eagle captured now,  
I to lament a nation's chains, a daughter's crownless brow;  
But love is free and fetterless, a bird who bares its breast,  
To storm and tempest, sea and surf, may it but gain its nest.

A daughter, yes, my daughter, you have not seen her yet,  
 But they tell me high-born pride and love, in her fair brow  
     have met ;

I've looked into her dark eyes, to read what Fate may say,  
 Oh! Mordred from my orphan child, you will not turn away.  
 But never let the nation know where falls the Royal line,  
 Nor let them suffer for her wrongs, as they have done for  
     mine ;

There are steeps in Cader Ibris, where many a stout heart  
     fails,  
 In a cottage on the mountain, lives the Princess of old Wales.

As years roll on, oh! tell her then, of her father's white  
     plumed crest,  
 Of the Eagle, and the Harp of Wales, and the Red Cross on  
     his breast ;

Tell her that Cambria is her home, her ancient fatherland,  
 All Britons are her brethren, a firm and trusty band.  
 But if, Mordred, in years to come, beside the Severn water,  
 A fair-haired Saxon Chief should come, to seek Llewelyn's  
     daughter ;

Breathe not upon the shrine of Love, chide not the worship-  
     per,  
 Her mother was from England, her father's friends are there.

Mordred, farewell! I meet my doom as calmly as the sun  
 Retires to the distant west, his daily journey done ;  
 I've been the messenger of Heaven, to my brethren and my  
     foes,  
 And now He wills to call me home where life undying  
     glows.

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Would you think of me as ought of earth when I have  
 passed away,  
 Let it be of a pillar broken by a storm of mighty sway,  
 Let Love be bending o'er me the light of Truth as well,  
 Earth, Wales, my brethren, Mordred, my daughter, all fare-  
 well.

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PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

Evening's gloom is round me now—  
 Evening's breeze is whisp'ring low—  
 Gentle, murmuring voices wake  
 From the ripples of the lake ;  
 Maker of the land and sea,  
 Hear my humble evening plea ;  
 Father ! hear me as I pray—  
 One I love is far away.

Guide the bark that bears him on —  
 Guard him till the goal is won—  
 Up the mountain's towering height,  
 'Mid the misty damps of night,  
 In the city's swelling throng,  
 With the wood-dove's sweetest song,  
 By the river's lonely marge,  
 O'er him give thy angels charge.

In his hours of gladsome mirth  
 Round some old and welcome hearth—  
 In the halls of keen debate,  
 'Mid the pomp and pride of state,

## THE ACACIA.

Cheer his spirit with love's beams,  
Lighten up his midnight dreams ;  
In his wand'rings, free and wild,  
Father, keep him, like a child.

From the pestilential blight,  
From the sunbeams' scorching light,  
From temptation's mighty power  
In some lone, unguarded hour,  
From the dangers that we know,  
From the dark, undreamt-of foe,  
From the death-splash of the wave,  
Saviour, hear, and help, and save.

Hear him, as he bends the knee,  
Craving richest gifts for me ;  
As the hours of darkness roll  
Doth our farewell haunt his soul ;  
Banish pain from that high brow,  
Heal his spirit, anguished now,  
Safely mark his chequered track,  
Safely, Father, bring him back.

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THE RUINS OF COPAN.

What do ye there, ye ruins vast?  
What mighty spirits brood  
Among those interlacing boughs,  
In that far solitude ?

Have ye no tongues, ye polished shafts?  
Speak, speak, ye sculptured stone;—  
Who answered back? the river's tide,  
The wind's low mournful tone.

Temple, why there? A mighty skill  
Has unto thee been given;  
Why is that pillar crumbling low?  
Why is that altar riven?  
Plummet and line have told how true  
Thy architecture stands;  
Hammer and chisel worked for thee,  
Held in a master hands.

Is there no storied urn to tell  
Who holds the stolen key  
That shall unlock the wondrous tale  
Of this wild masonry?  
The traveller stands in solemn maze,  
And asks with anxious breath  
If thou hast no known history  
Of life, and love, and death.

No stories of the knights who crossed  
Their swords before thy face,  
No record of the bride who knelt  
There in her blushing grace?  
No carved names of the first crowned kings,  
No stain of teardrops shed,  
Where priests within thy massive pile  
Sang masses for the dead.

Did Mizeriam's sons in worship bend  
Where yonder idol smiles,

Or the dark-eyed sons of old Castile  
Tread poudly down thy aisles ?  
Banner and lance, have they not flashed ?  
And heads of clustering hair,  
Have they not bowed in that lone porch  
And lisped their childhood's prayer ?

Far in the glowing Eastern lands  
Each footstep tells its tale,  
Of warrior strife, of woman's love,  
Of flushing brows grown pale.  
Round Greece, and Rome, and Egypt's shore  
Genius and Art entwine,  
And a world has turned in ecstasy  
Toward Holy Palestine.

But thou, a fugitive, a child,  
Lost to thy household band,  
A lone bird wandered from its nest,  
Into a foreign land.  
But hope, fair ruins, hast thou nought  
More precious than this heap,  
Where Strength and Beauty, though in tears,  
Still their lone watching keep.

Cheer up, sweet stranger, all unknown,  
Surely within thy shade,  
The dust which God himself protects,  
Among thy stones is laid,  
And on the resurection morn,  
Deathless redeemed man  
Shall rise to immortality,  
'Mid ruins of Copan.

## THE LITTLE CHILD.

There was a spot on nature's breast,  
Decked with rich fruits and summer flowers ;  
The gentle dove built there her nest,  
Among the blooming rose-hung bowers ;  
Around the household plenty smiled,  
Love wreathed her fairest diadem,  
" And Jesus took a little child,  
And set him in the midst of them."

There was a graveyard, tombs were there,  
And forms were waiting in the clay,  
Until the break of day-dawn fair,  
Until the shadows flee away ;  
There lay the loved to gloom exiled,  
There lay the shells of many a gem,  
" And Jesus took the little child,  
And set him in the midst of them."

There is a land which Death ne'er gloomed,  
From thence the king to earth had come,  
To see how vines and olives bloomed,  
He found a rose-bud—took it home,  
Where trees of life have ever smiled ;  
Founts wreath a sparkling diadem,  
" The Saviour loved the little child,  
And set him in the midst of them."

There hosts of glory ever wait  
'Round dwellings undefiled by sin,  
And guard each everlasting gate  
Which lets the King of Glory in ;

The singers stayed their music mild,  
 Which soundeth ne'er a requiem—  
 They stayed to hear the little child  
 "Jesus set in the midst of them."

For ever shall that angel band  
 Rest in the country paved with love,  
 The turtle's voice is in the land,  
 In cliffs of rock there dwells the dove ;  
 Harps, crowns, and palm-branches are piled  
 For daughters of Jerusalem—  
 Bless'd each inhabitant, each child,  
 "Jesus sets in the midst of them."

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THE SOLDIER OF AUVERGNE.

'Twas midnight and the soldier took  
 His lone and quiet march,  
 The moon's bright rays fell gloriously,  
 Upon the forest arch—  
 And through that forest's dreary gloom,  
 From twenty leagues away,  
 The army of the enemy  
 Waived the dawn of day.

The watcher listened, for he heard  
 The wild wolf's dismal howl,  
 A crashing of the underbrush,  
 Betrayed his wary prowl ;  
 Yet where the branches thickest weave,  
 The soldier took his way ;  
 He started,—for a band of foes,  
 Had seized him as their prey.



He was a captive—one strong hand  
Upon his lips did lie,  
While in hoarse whispers rung their words,  
“Betray us and you die.”  
Warm love was nestling at his heart,  
Warm life was in his veins,  
One dream of love, of life, of home,  
One dream of captive chains.

'Twas but a moment, and he thought  
Of those who slept around,  
Safe and secure, while he kept watch  
Upon the sentry ground.

'Twas but a moment, and a flush  
Passed o'er his cheek and brow ;  
His voice rang on the midnight air,  
“Auvergne! Auvergne! the foe!

The swords that in the moonlight shone  
Upon his bosom rushed,  
And from the dauntless soldier's heart  
Life's streamlets quickly gushed.  
Yet ere his beaming eye was closed,  
He saw his brethren's lance,  
Trampling down bush and brake, he heard  
The cavalry of France.

He felt strong arms around him placed,  
He saw their princely train ;  
A nation's thanks were in his ears,—  
He had not died in vain.

They laid him, while the host pursued  
 The fast retreating foe,  
 Beneath that glorious flag for which  
 He laid himself so low.

O! may it be that when, if e'er,  
 So dire a fate we claim,  
 And through our country loud resounds  
 War's fearful, shuddering name—  
 Then may our hearths and households yield,  
 Then may our foemen learn,  
*We have such hearts* as sleep beneath  
 The banner of Auvergne.

#### THE POET'S EVENING PRAYER.

The moon is on the sea,  
 And the night winds are rustling in the pines,  
 Low echoing to the soft notes of the dove;  
 The humming-bird is nestling in the vines,  
 And I am come, Father, in heaven above,  
 To plead with thee.

Thou, O my God, hast given  
 Into my hands a delicate harp, well strung,  
 Trembling, I touch its wires, lest I should mar  
 Its sweet, reproofless numbers, sweetly hung  
 By Him who gave us melody from far,  
 E'en from Thy heaven.

If I have stayed the feet  
Which hurried onward to the haunts of crime ;  
If I have bid one angry passion cease—  
If I have woke one memory of past time,  
One dream of innocence, of home, of peace,  
Of childhood sweet.

If, from the grave-yard's sod,  
The gentle words of comfort have passed by,  
And blunted the sharp edges of affliction's spears ;  
If I have set a rainbow in the sky ;  
If eyes have set in smiles which rose in tears,  
I bless thee, God.

Darkness is drawing round me—  
I am drawing nearer unto Thee—for here,  
Weary and faint, I fain would slumber long,  
Trembling lest unseen danger should be near,  
Trusting, because I know Thine arm is strong,  
Thy love hath bound me.

When the world's rolling tide  
Is cold around me, and I pass along,  
Unheeded and unloved—a stranger here—  
This sweet, pure gift of thine, waking to song,  
Cheers my lone spirit, and I feel thee near,  
Close by my side.

O, give me grace and light,  
So to return thy lyre at the last  
That thou'lt confess the off'ring, though time-tost,  
And soiled with fingers of an earthly cast,  
Owning, I have not in the deep earth lost  
Thy treasure bright.

If I one thought have stirred  
 Which should have slumbered in oblivion dark,  
 Where I have sinned by word, by smile, or frown,  
 O, be Thou merciful my sins to mark—  
 Send thy mild angel of forgiveness down  
 With love's sweet word.

And now I go to sleep—  
 O, let me calmly dream upon my pillow ;  
 Let me rest, sweetly leaning on Thy breast,  
 Until the rosy light touches the billow ;  
 Let thy bright angels guard my place of rest  
 While night dews weep.

At last—so let it be,  
 When I have sung the poet's dying song,  
 And my hands chill with death's o'erwhelming wave,  
 Grant me to gladly pass from earth's full throng,  
 Knowing Thy love will wake me from the grave  
 To be with Thee.

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### BURIAL OF THE UNKNOWN.

[The weary traveller turned aside for repose and rest ; the fever of a burning climate had wasted his form, and the dying stranger came among us but to die. He met with all the commiseration and sympathy such circumstances demanded, and was buried by the Brethren of that Society of which he proved himself a free and accepted Member.]

Sleep, stranger, sleep  
 In your burial alone ;  
 Strange are the forms round your lonely bier clinging :  
 Sleep, stranger, sleep ;  
 Strange are the voices your requiem singing :

They over thee weep ;  
 One of an household, who stayeth for thee ?  
 One of a bright band, who prayeth for thee ?  
     Sleep, stranger, sleep.  
     Comrades, ye know not  
     The form that ye bear ;  
 A brother whom fair girls wait for this hour,  
     With heart's love beating ;  
 A lover who sees not the gathered flower,  
     Nor place of meeting ;  
 A father whose children are watching for him,  
 From the morning light to the midnight dim,  
     Oh ! weep for his lot.  
     Last home of the brave,  
     We bring 'neath your pale,  
 One whom we name not, he died with this train,  
     And lonely his grave ;  
 But we trust in our Saviour to see him again,  
     Where bright angels wave ;  
 For he spake of his home in a realm away,  
 Of the King in His beauty and mansions of day,  
     Growing bright for him.  
     So we give him Thee :  
     Now, sisters, sing  
 The lay that the sleeper sang in his death ;  
     Ah ! ye may weep ;  
 For sad was the sound of that home-sent breath,  
     And prayer for sleep ;  
 But we've closed the bright eye and laid the dark lock,  
 On the brow which grew cold as the wave-stricken rock ;  
     Now bend the knee.

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aging:

Brothers! we leave him  
 In peace and rest;  
 Calm be his sleep, till the dawn of the morning,  
 When we shall meet;  
 And the lone stranger's form the bright cloud adorning,  
 His kindred shall greet.  
 Stranger we've given thee a place with the band,  
 Of the hallowed dead who have left our land,  
 Sleep! stranger, sleep!

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### FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"The fire shall ever be burning, it shall never go out."—BIBLE.

Thousands of hearts to-day,  
 Will interchange the grasp of Friendship's hand  
 Will round Love's altar celebrate their vows,  
 The Altar whose bright fire ne'er burns out,  
 The Altar at whose shrine the weary bows,  
 And rises nerved for strife,  
 In the fierce war of Life,  
 Strong for the battle.

Love's fire ne'er goes out,  
 Change and transition round its altar pass,  
 They breathe upon its gold, its brightness dim,  
 But vanish as the breath-stain from the glass,  
 Or dew drops from the rose leaf's delicate rim;  
 Noontide and day and night,  
 Burns on the holy light,  
 It goes out, never.

"It never shall go out,"

Time has rejoiced at his spoliations made,  
 O'er classic temple and the sculptured fane,  
 The lip of beauty and the arm of strength,  
 Ah, he can triumph o'er his thousands slain ;  
     One shrine he dare not drench,  
     One flame he cannot quench ;  
 It goes out, never.

"It never shall go out,"

'Twas shadowed in Creation's glorious light,  
 It flashed in the bright cherub's flaming sword,  
 It glowed in the red bush on Horeb's mount,  
 It gleamed in stately column on the horde,  
     Of pilgrim's hastening on,  
     From dreary Egypt gone ;  
 It goes out, never.

"It never shall go out,"

Its rays came down in sweet acknowledgment,  
 Of builders' work, when Hiram, King of Tyre,  
 Solomon, and the widow's son, and thousands more,  
 In the new temple felt the hallowed fire—  
     To-day such friends have met,  
     Such fire gleams o'er them yet,  
 It goes out, never.

For they are building on,  
 Level and square, and chisel yet are found,  
 Sharpened and bright for use, while stone by stone  
 Changed from rough Ashler to the polished shaft,

ning,

T I S T.

Rises unheard to God and to St. John,  
 No sound of hammer falls,  
 While through the world's wide halls,  
 The house is building.

Saint John the Baptist, if  
 In thy bright home of glory, thou dost see  
 The hosts that breathe to-day thy cherished name,  
 What will thy message to each votary be,  
 One thou hast sent before ; oh, yes, the same ;  
 " There cometh very nigh,  
 One mightier than I,  
 Preferred before me."

Saviour—we humbly bow,  
 Trembling because Thou art that One, Alone,  
 Trusting because Thou art our Brother, Friend,  
 In faith we ask for that blest fire of Love,  
 Upon our heart's rude altar to descend,  
 Till from Heaven's blazonry,  
 And faultless masonry ;  
 We pass out, never.

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FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Beloved St. John,  
 Thou brightest star among the chosen twelve,  
 Who wandered by thy loved Emmanuel's side,  
 With Him where valleys smile and mountains shelve,  
 And where bright waters glide ;  
 With Him in toil and care,  
 With him in song and prayer,  
 Holy St. John.



Favored St. John,  
 Well may'st thou know the " voice like many waves "  
 That spake with thee in Patmos' lonely isle,  
 And showed thee lands beyond the line of graves,  
     Where trees of verdure smile ;  
     Thou who didst take thy rest,  
     Upon thy Saviour's breast,  
     Favored St. John.

Thy name, St. John,  
 Hath been a password unto warrior bands,  
 Victors have breathed it on their homeward march,  
 And brave knights stricken down in foreign lands  
     Have looked to heaven's blue arch,  
     And told thy name to death,  
     Murmuring with dying breath,  
     God and St. John.

Mystic St. John,  
 The templar and the pilgrim are at rest ;  
 And Knights of Malta sleep in plain and sea,  
 With their red crosses mould'ring on their breast ;  
     Yet far in Galilee,  
     Through holy Palestine,  
     Is carved on many a shrine—  
     God and St. John.

Loving St. John,  
 Shall we forget thee, now thy name floats not  
 Upon our banners in the day of strife,  
 No, thy sweet voice shall cheer our lonely lot,  
     The star-beam of our life,

Our light 'mid cloud and mist,  
 Holy Evangelist,  
 Loving St. John.

God of St. John,  
 Look on us in thy mercy while we kneel,  
 Lone pilgrims from afar, pleading with Thee ;  
 Winds from the chilly north around us steal,  
 Tempest is on life's sea,  
 Pour through the sky above,  
 Light from the Source of Love,  
 God of St. John.

God of St. John,  
 Keep from us if it pleaseth Thee the fire,  
 Of Peter and St. Matthew's ready pen ;  
 The cloven tongue ; the heaven-attuned lyre,  
 Saviour of sinful men ;  
 Let love to us be given,  
 To win us up to heaven—  
 Home of St. John.

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EVELYN'S LOVER AT HER DEATH-BED.

" I claim you still, delayed it may be,  
 Through climes I shall travel not a few,  
 Much to learn and much to forget,  
 E're the time comes for my taking you.

So hush—I give you this leaf to keep,  
I shut it inside this sweet cold hand,  
That is our secret, now go to sleep,  
You'll wake, and remember, and understand."

EVELYN HOPE.

---

He could not believe that she lay there dead ;  
That the thought had vanished from that fair brow,  
She had ever met him with many smiles,  
And ever with gentle words till now.  
So many years he had watched in vain,  
For one so guileless, so pure and true,  
And now in the dawn of his heart's first love,  
She had glided away like the morning dew.

" Twice her age," he had often thought,  
When his fingers twined in her curls of gold,  
How in the future, a widow's weeds,  
May band them down with its mournful fold.  
" Twice her age," 'tis no difference now,  
She will have sorrow and tears no more,  
" Twice her age," but that is no matter,  
Where reck'ning by days and years is o'er.

He knew she would waken, the deathless ray,  
Of immortal life cheered his breaking heart,  
He knew she'd remember ; for memory's might,  
Lay safe in the hold of her deathless part,  
And at her waking would understand,  
Why she left him who was all her own,  
Ah, clouds that are dense and ways all dark,  
Glow in the light of the jasper throne.

He felt that life was within him still,  
That his road branched far from that quiet spot,  
That many changes awaited him,  
Her work was finished, but his was not.  
Trouble may drench him with fearful storms,  
Temptation wild may that strong heart stir,  
On and on through Life's wilderness,  
Ere the time comes for his taking her.

And so he left her, and turned away,  
With a steady step and a tearless eye;  
But the ice lay heavily on his heart,  
And the sun was quenched in his manhood's sky.  
Ah, little we know of the cares and woes,  
The gnawing worm and the secret blight,  
That hold their revels in human breasts,  
Deeply hidden from mortal sight.

Healer of hearts, that are broken and worn,  
Gather thy sheep from all dreary ways,  
Where they have scattered and driven been,  
Throughout the cloudy and dismal days.  
Fold us, oh fold us, beloved, ere long,  
Safe in the precincts of that bright land,  
Where *others* beside sweet Evelyn Hope,  
Shall "wake, and remember, and understand."

## THE PILGRIM'S SONG OF CONFIDENCE.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—BIBLE.

My path is in the wilderness,  
My way is in the desert wild,  
And dreary wastes and loneliness  
Mingle with rocks, in terror piled;  
Yet One has promised—He will guide  
To lands whose treasures have no rust;  
I have upon His strength relied—  
Can He sustain me? "I will trust!"

My path is through the waters cold,  
And billows rise on every side;  
I hear the noise where breakers rolled—  
I feel their overpowering tide;  
A hand is on the flowing mane  
Of ocean's charger—halt it must—  
One holds the breakers' bridle-rein,  
And can he curb them? "I will trust!"

The noon-tide sun is high in heaven,  
Its rays are bending o'er my brow;  
No streamlet 'mid this sand is given—  
No green oasis near me now;  
Nearer it comes—the siroc storm—  
Scorching and burning is its dust;  
Yet I saw One in human form—  
The Good Physician—"I will trust!"

The evening cometh; I would rest,  
And in forgetfulness repose,  
But rain-drops stream upon my breast,  
Forbidding my worn eyes to close;

Yet 'mid the tempest's hollow moan,  
The lightning's glare, the whirlwind gust,  
I surely heard a soft, low tone—  
I know its whisper—" I will trust ! "

As on my weary way I passed,  
A bright star lit my midnight sky ;  
I prized its beauty—but a blast  
With heavy clouds went sweeping by—  
A voice came murmuring from above,  
" Mourner, yield not to sad mistrust ;  
Again shall gleam that star of love,  
Fond and for ever ; " " I will trust ! "

Oh! can it be there waits on high  
A mansion now prepared for me ?  
And can I bear each weary sigh  
Until those golden gates I see ?  
Can He who loves preserve from harm,  
Re-animate my mould'ring dust,  
Fold me within his shelt'ring arms,  
Happy for ever ? " I will trust ! "

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#### DEATH OF CAPTAIN HEADLEY VICARS.

There were sounds of armies gathering,  
Unto the cannon's roll ;  
There were sounds of martial melody,  
Before Sebastopol.

Courage was mantling in the breast,  
 Fire in many an eye,  
 As Britain's gallant hosts move on,  
 To conquer or to die.

There were noble veterans in that train,  
 Who boasted many a scar,  
 There was one who led his gallant band,  
 Young in those scenes of war,—  
 Young, but how loved, ah, many an eye,  
 That saw him arming there,  
 Was raised to bless him as his voice,  
 Broke through the misty air,  
 "This way, 97th."

"By the flags which o'er us wave,  
 All that makes the brave heart brave ;  
 By the ties of home's sweet band,  
 Sheltered on our native land,  
 By the ashes of our sires,—  
 By the light of Britain's fires,  
 "This way 97th."

"By the burning vows that rest,  
 Deep within the patriot's breast,  
 By the bayonets that gleam,  
 In the young moon's flickering beam ;  
 Though we stand on danger's marge,  
 God will help us,—up and charge,  
 "This way 97th."

"He will arm us for the fight,  
 On this strange, this fearful night,

Ere we rout the treacherous foe,  
 Some of us may slumber low ;  
 See that each is ready—then,  
 Fight and die like Christian men,

“ This way 97th ! ”

“ Forward ; victory is ours,  
 Though we fall beneath yon towers ;  
 England’s glory is our crest,  
 England’s colors wrap our breast,  
 Let the trenches witness bear,  
 That the dauntless brave fell there.

“ This way 97th ! ”

Fierce was the battle, wild the strife—  
 The ground beneath them rang ;  
 Redan and Malakoff that night  
 Echoed the musket’s clang.  
 Two thousand of the treacherous host  
 Advanced through that dark sky ;  
 Two hundred of Victoria’s men  
 Had met them at the cry—

“ This way 97th ! ”

They fought and conquered, but the voice,  
 That led them bravely on,  
 The tone that cheered their lion-hearts  
 For evermore was gone ;  
 Yet as his life-blood flowed apace,  
 He saw the victory won,  
 And once more shouted as he fell,

“ Comrades, the foemen run, ”—

“ This way 97th ! ”



He died as many have gone down,  
Who bear the warrior's crest,  
With a treasured name upon his lips,  
And a locket on his breast.  
Oh, would ye learn how brave men fight,  
Go where the bravest lie,  
And would ye learn how fond hearts love,  
And how true Christians die—  
“ This way 97th ! ”

Ye who beside him fought and won,  
Still may ye hear the sound  
That from the watch, the camp, the war,  
Hath gone to holier ground !  
The voice that failed on Russia's plain  
Awoke to sweeter song ;  
And still he whispers by your side,  
While beckoning on your throng—  
“ This way 97th ! ”

Oh, ye throughout our lands who gird  
The sword upon your side,  
And stand prepared in danger's hour  
To rush in battle's tide,  
Scorn not to seek the light he sought,  
Scorn not the path he trod,  
Through woes to victory on earth,  
Then glory with his God.

## THE VOICE OF THE SUN.

The orient skies with my beams are red,  
As morning peeps out when night is fled ;  
And the Western hills are lit by me,  
The dew-hung rose and the stately tree ;  
Ye may track my beam in the forest bower,  
My silvery ray in the chesnut flower,  
By the bud when in Spring my rays are borne,  
In Autumn, when waveth the burnished corn.

I am in the climes of the frozen North,  
Where icebergs from the shore sail forth ;  
As their anchor is weighed by my solar gleams,  
And they hasten down to the ocean streams ;  
The Russian assailed by the king of frost—  
The Greenlander benumbed when his path he crossed—  
The Laplander bound by his icy sigh—  
Breathe life in the light of my summer eye.

In the Southern tracks is seen my glow,  
Where citrons bloom and the olives blow ;  
While the breath of the myrtle floats sadly fair,  
With the shout of idolatrous worship there ;—  
Where the cocoa branches wave high and tall,  
And its clustering leaves are its capitol ;  
And the ariel fig waves its hidden stem,  
And streams purl soft o'er the diadem.

Where the Northern foreigner starts to behold,  
The purple vine bound with my ray of gold ;  
While the fly-birds wing as the rainbow's bloom,  
Waves in the light of my burning plume ;

The larch rejoices in my bright form,  
With the cedar groves and my rays are warm,  
From the mullet's fin, 'neath the Southern breeze,  
To the hacc-moren of Norwegian seas.

On the tempest-torn and writhing wave,  
Where, 'mid cloistered caverns the mermaids lave,  
My light o'er the sleeping billow is spread,  
Or when ocean's pedestal heaves its head ;  
And my bright glance on the azure tide,  
Playfully romps where the mariners glide ;  
While on the unshaded and heaving sea,  
I ride over the billow, so bold, so free.

I give to the woods and rocks a beam,  
And the warblers awake from their drowsy dream,  
Then at the touch of my silvery ray,  
Melody pours from each blossomed spray ;  
From the jewel-lit isles of the Southern main,  
Where tropical birds in their glory reign ;  
These rise to me mingling sweetly wild,  
With the note of the auk to the North exiled.

I am in the kraal of the Hottentot,  
The Indian wigwam and Hindoo cot ;  
In the Sultan's pavilion, my ray doth dance,  
And the monarch's robe is gilt with my glance ;  
My beams are spread o'er the rolling world,  
As showers of spar from volcanoes hurl'd,  
As bright falling leaves 'neath autumnal rain,  
As drops of dew from a lion's mane.

I traverse the shore and I sail o'er the deep,  
 For ages I've shone nor seek I for sleep,—  
 If you love my light as I softly beam,  
 From the valleys fresh to the mountain stream ;  
 O! then strike the lyre to my Maker's praise,  
 Who giveth me glory, splendour, and rays—  
 Ever think of me as a sacred sign,  
 Of Him who bids me unwearied shine,

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“ F A R B E T T E R . ”

“ I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. ”—ST. PAUL.

“ Far better ! ” oh, how sweet  
 The glance of morn,  
 When thousand dew-drops lie  
 On bush and thorn ;  
 But oh ! to ope the eyes upon that shore  
 Where storm and darkness cometh nevermore,  
 Is far, “ far better ! ”

Luscious are fruits that grow  
 In sin-cursed mould ;  
 Bright gleams the purple vine,  
 The orange gold ;  
 But oh ! to cool our parching lips with fruit  
 That grows around the Tree of Life's best root  
 Is far, “ far better ! ”

Soft are the winds that make  
The lillies quiver  
In their fair summer home,  
Down by the river ;  
But ah ! to feel new life within us fann'd  
By the warm breezes of Emmanuel's land,  
Is far, " far better ! "

Warm is the cheerful glow  
Of friendship's fire,  
But arms that fondly clasp  
May fail or tire ;  
Then, oh ! to close the weary eyes and rest  
Upon one loving and unchanging breast,  
Is far, " far better ! "

There's music in the splash  
Of helm and oar—  
There's music in the waves  
Kissing the shore—  
But oh ! to hear the harmony whose tone  
Hath never whispered " changed " or " lost " or " gone,"  
Is far, " far better ! "

Earth has its homes of love,  
Its hearts' devotion—  
It has its graves and tears,  
Wars and commotion ;  
Then to start forth and cross the dreary sea ;  
Oh ! to " depart and with our Christ to be,"  
Is far " far better ! "

## UNDER THE SNOW.

Suggested by the sight of some early Spring Violets, gathered in their full beauty from under the snow.

Not with hot-house air around them  
Wove these leaves their purple woof—  
Damp and darkness closely bound them,  
Snow and ice their only roof;  
Yet they grew, well nursed for duty,  
When tempests blow,  
Smiling in their maiden beauty,  
Under the snow.

Yes, their velvet cheeks were pressing  
Close against the sunny fold,  
That with its congealed caressing,  
Sheltered them from fiercer cold;  
Like some friend, whose kind direction  
Banisheth woe,  
From the hearts which seek protection  
Under the snow.

We have looked on nature blighted,  
Sighed for summer days swept past,  
Like the mariner benighted  
By the storm and tempest blast,  
Passing onward, little knowing  
That as we go,  
Prisoners of sweet hope are growing  
Under the snow.

Ah! how oft our woes we number  
Wrongly judging in this world,  
Friendship seems in gloom to slumber,  
Truth's bright banner closely furl'd  
Till some sunbeams' calm revealing,  
Sheddeth its glow,  
On true hearts, their love concealing,  
Under the snow.

Are we not like summer flowers,  
Youth and childhood pass away,  
Leaves are falling from the bowers,  
Care and toil make up the day,  
Heavy rains and frost-winds teach us  
Trouble to know,  
Courage; God's warm breath can reach us  
Under the snow.

Mourner, hast thou laid no treasures,  
With the mould upon each breast?  
While the rough wind takes its pleasures,  
They are in a dreamless rest;  
Cease those swol'n eyes from weeping,  
Buried so low,  
God will keep his darlings sleeping  
Under the snow.

Farewell Spring's first violet,  
Thy sweet work of love is o'er,  
In the angel's alphabet;  
Thou hast spoken of that shore

Where the quenchless sun burns stronger,  
 Life in its glow,  
 Flowers bloom, but bloom no longer,  
 Under the snow.

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### KING EDWIN AND THE THANE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

They met upon the Yorkshire hills,  
 King Edwin of the North,  
 His chiefs, his nobles, serfs and thanes,  
 From Tyne, and Esk, and Forth ;  
 " Ah, not to fight my warriors,"  
 Spake out the fair-haired king,  
 " Put down the sharpened battle-axe,  
 Loosen the crossbow's string.  
 " A stranger from the sunny south,  
 With a cross upon his breast,  
 Is come to tell us of his God,  
 And of strange countries blest ;  
 My trusty followers, shall we hear  
 The words he hath to say ;  
 Speak out, for I have summoned him  
 To wait on us to-day."  
 The pagan priests looked frowningly,  
 And loudly answered, " No,"  
 And through the king's upheaving breast,  
 Wild thoughts swayed to and fro,



When suddenly amongst the host,  
A Chief rose on the plain ;  
" Now hush ye all " spake out the king,  
" And list my trusty thane."

" Oh king, most wise and well-beloved, we are not here in  
vain,

It may be that the hand is near, to loose the galling chain ;  
Remember you, oh, king, how oft when winter's blast blew  
high,

And heavy storms and darkness swept across the evening  
sky ;

When we were feasting merrily within thy banquet hall,  
And the fires were flashing brightly upon the oaken wall ;  
A little fluttering bird flew in and basking in the light,  
Hovered above thy princely head, then vanished in the night.  
We know not whence the flutterer came, we knew not  
whence it went,

Now pause, oh, king ! have we not those out into darkness  
sent ;

The iron arms that with our own, waved battle-axe and  
sword,

The crimson lips that smiled on us around the hearth and  
board ;

The grey hairs that with pilroch strain, we chieftains have  
laid low,

The Cherub Prince who left our king but one short month  
ago.

Where are they gone ? Edwin the good, our noble leader  
brave,

'Tis said this dark-eyed stranger knows of One who died to  
save ;

Of One who opened gates of gold, for victors brave and fair,

Who owns a country far and blest, and takes our lost ones there.

Edwin the good, at thy command, beside the dusty way,  
The sparkling fountains have sprung up to give their cooling spray,

To weary foot-worn traveller, to steed with flank of foam,  
Edwin the beautiful! unlock the founts of life and home.

And the king arose in majesty,  
Beckoning the stranger on,  
And hour after hour passed by,  
The light of day was gone;  
But king and people bowed them down,  
Before the Name unpriced,  
Then rose to cast their altars down,  
And live and die for Christ.

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### THE OFFICER'S FAREWELL.

A gallant Officer, having pledged his affection to his earliest and only love, left Scotland for the scenes of war. By a well-concerted plan he received news of the death of his affianced bride, and previous to his return home he was induced to marry the sister of his Commanding Officer. On his arrival home, he discovered the plot to ruin his happiness; he sought one interview with the idol of his heart, and soon after his return to India fell in battle.—RECORDS OF THE FALLEN.

The moonbeam fell upon the glen and 'neath the trysting tree—

There were bright eyes flashing fire—there were tear-drops falling free;

At length, as the young moon rose up, the solemn silence  
broke,

And like music on the quiet air the gentle maiden spoke :

“Thou art come to say a long farewell—a cloud is on thy  
brow—

There was hope within our last adieu that is not in it now ;  
But oh ! may blessings round thee pour ; peace nestle at thy  
side ;

Hush ! breathe no words of tenderness—you have another  
bride.

“Tis hard to feel an iron hand keeping the fond heart  
down—

Hard for the lion to crouch still, for a title and a crown—

But Alick, bear up manfully, and leave to heaven the rest ;

The Red Cross flutters round thy head—let it nestle on thy  
breast.

The storm has beat around my head ; I bowed before the  
blast,

And a calm and holy quietude has settled there at last ;

Though I know another jewelled hand is clasped between  
these twain,

And another head is pillowed here where mine so oft has lain.

“Deal gently with your titled bride—her spirit cannot soar  
To heights your eagle pinions beat ; the sound of ocean’s  
roar,

The music of the young fresh winds among the groves of pine,  
Hath to her ear no melody, e’en as it hath to thine ;

There’s a dreamy languor in her eyes of pure and gentle hue,  
But there gleams no light of depths of love behind the veil  
of blue ;

But oh! dear Alick, for the sake of the one now by your  
side,  
Avenge not wrongs she could not aid upon your youthful  
bride.

“ Our paths are varied now, Alick—we will not meet again—  
The noble ship unfurls her sails to waft you o’er the main ;  
I’ll stay beneath yon cottage roof—you’ll dare the siroc  
blast—

Our paths are varied now, Alick, but they end in one at last,  
There’s mercy in the knowledge that rich blessings for us  
wait—

That broken hearts are current coins at the eternal gate ;  
Oh ! let us linger patiently, battling the hosts of sin,  
Knowing that One we *both* adore will gladly let us in.

But let us make one promise more, beneath this rising moon,  
That whichsoe’er is earliest called to that unclouded noon,  
When its kindred bark shall anchor fast upon the golden  
sand,

Shall be the first to greet it home into the spirit land.

Your arm has still its iron grasp—there’s a fire in your eye—  
And your soldiers do not look on you as one that’s like to  
die ;

But I should not wonder, Alick, if you’re first to slumber  
low,

For cannon-blast and sabre-point are heedless where they go.

“ Hark, Alick ! for the bugle’s roll is on the evening air,  
And hearts of Scotland’s richest blood are waiting for you  
there ;

Breathe peace and pardon for your foes ; farewell ! no more  
we'll meet,

Until the everlasting hills our tearful eyes shall greet."

And midnight came as it had come a thousand times before,  
And the shadows of the trysting tree were lit with splendor  
o'er ;

And brightly in the morning light the grass shone green and  
new,

Though broken hearts had pressed it, and tear-drops were  
its dew.

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## WAITING FOR THE BELL TO RING.

On the artisan is toiling,  
Blackened by the dust and smoke ;  
On the laborers are delving  
Since the light of morning broke,  
Weak and weary, but a vision  
Of sweet home a charm doth bring,  
And with strength renewed they labor,  
Waiting for the bell to ring.

Oh ! through earth's immense plantation  
Do no weary spirits roam,  
Crowned heads who sigh for even  
Statesmen longing to go home,  
Gentle hearts the heat has blighted,  
Captive birds who sadly sing,  
Slaves who work in golden fetters,  
Waiting for the bell to ring.

Some have done their task—are resting  
On the hill-side, in the sea—  
Lance at rest, the troops are waiting  
Underneath the willow tree ;  
Maidens, with their silent tresses,  
Infants, rosebuds, nipped in Spring,  
Matrons, with their worn arms folded,  
Waiting for the bell to ring.

Let us toil on, patiently,  
Faint and weary, worn and tired,  
Up, onward still, “ Excelsior ! ”  
With an inward zeal we’re fired ;  
Not forever must we labour  
’Mid rough iron’s ceaseless ding,  
Hope is nestling in our bosoms,  
Waiting for the bell to ring.

Fellow-craftsmen, in the mountain,  
Toiling at the unhewn stone,  
Firmer grasp the square and chisel,  
Till the ashler is our own ;  
Balance truly line and plummet—  
Build the temple to our King ;  
Courage ! we are all expectants,  
Waiting for the bell to ring.

Soon shall come the Lord of labour  
Into vineyard, garden, field ;  
Soon shall sound his glorious accents,  
“ Ye are with my promise sealed ;

Come into my glorious chambers—  
Angels bright your victories sing—  
Ye were ready at my coming,  
Waiting for the bell to ring.”

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## FUNERAL AT SEA.

We buried at sunset,  
The loving and brave,  
While the robe of eve met  
On the dark tossing wave ;  
We gave him the deep  
And the rock for his pillow,  
They soothed him to sleep,  
With the tempest-nursed billow.

And fair was the sky,  
That was round us that even ;  
The sunset's rich dye,  
And the azure of Heaven,  
Together beamed soft,  
And mellowed the fold,  
Of the sun-light which streamed aft,  
In purple and gold.

We asked for the fresh turf  
For him who had died,  
And there answered the surf,  
And the white foam replied ;  
So we chanted our hymn,  
And the wave sung the chorus,  
And evening grew dim,  
As the breakers rolled o'er us.

## THE ACAZIA.

We placed him to rest,  
'Mid the dance of night's daughters,  
Our organ—the wave crest,  
His vault—the dark waters.  
'Mid the sun's dying fire,  
We laid down his head,  
Till "the sea shall" retire,  
And "give up her dead."

## MIDNIGHT.

Midnight! strange and solemn hour—  
Folded is each household flower;  
Not a sound is near me now  
Save the breeze's cadence low,  
And the patter of the rain  
Tapping on my window pane,  
And the dripping of the eaves  
Falling upon withered leaves.

Yet the sentry keeps his tramp  
Round and round the soldier camp;  
Merry dancers move their feet  
To the music's measured beat;  
Sailors, far away at sea,  
List the waves' wild melody,  
And round many a downy bed  
Loved ones weep their newly dead.



Why dost thou forsake me, Sleep?  
Closer to my pillow creep;  
Thou hast sweet forgetfulness  
Of sorrow, pain and fretfulness;  
Oh! so very like thou art,  
(Save the beating of thy heart  
And the coming of thy breath,)  
So like thy twin-brother, Death.

Like thy brother—will he come  
Robed like thee, to take me home;  
Thou art fitful in thy clasp—  
He will come with iron grasp;  
Thou art gentle, soothing, mild—  
I have known thee from a child;  
*He* will come but once to me—  
Ah! when will that meeting be.

God of midnight! waft this hour  
Angels from thy star-gemmed tower;  
While the clouds in sorrow weep,  
Give to thy beloved sleep;  
Night by night, thy wardens send,  
Till we 'mid their numbers blend,  
Where, on thy sweet, summer shore,  
Darkness cometh nevermore.

## THE QUEEN'S PRAYER.

The king had girt his armor on,  
His good sword at his side;  
His milk-white charger champs the bit,  
And foams in battle pride;  
But good Queen Anne calmly sought  
The altar's peaceful shade,  
And low before her country's God  
Her warrior's cause she laid.

No papal crucifix was there—  
Her slender fingers lay  
Upon the pages Wickliffe brought,  
Her fair form knelt to pray;  
Yet, as the Abbey bell pealed forth  
The fervid noontide hour,  
The maidens saw their Queen arise  
To seek the Warder's tower.

The Warder from his tower replied,  
"Ladye, ah! far away,  
I hear the foeman's slogan cry,  
'Down with the king to-day!'  
And faint and dying on the breeze,  
In smothered whispers low,  
'God and St. George!' my brethren cry,  
In accents that I know.

"The foeman's chieftains ride and slay—  
England's are few and worn;  
The foeman's banners kiss the sky—  
England's are soiled and torn."

Day wore away, but still the Queen  
Was kneeling all alone,  
Her long, dark curls fell heedlessly  
Upon the altar stone.

“ Yet once again,” my Warder brave ;  
“ Ladye, the foemen run ;  
The banners of our lord, the king,  
Wave in the setting sun ;  
‘ God and St. George !’ from rock to rock,  
The coming conquerers cry ;  
‘ God and St. George !’ the founts and hills  
In echoes wild, reply.”

The army neared the castle gates—  
The minstrels’ strains begun,  
And as the Warder closed them in,  
Told what the Queen had done.  
They sat them down around the board—  
The king, the chief, the serf—  
They merrily filled the festal bowl  
To the victory of the turf.

They breathed their ‘ good Queen Anne’s’ praise ;  
Her name was pledged in wine,  
The princess of old Luxenburgh,  
That knelt before her shrine.  
King Richard’s brow grew flush’d with pride,  
The haughty Leicester frown’d,  
To think that Wickliffe’s tenets vile  
Had such an answer found.

What won the battle on that day ?  
 Asked many a stately knight,  
 When gazing on his casque and shield,  
 And blood-stained armor bright.  
 What won the battle on that day ?  
 A union strong and rare—  
 The King of England's mighty arms,  
 The Queen of England's prayer.

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VAIN DREAMS.

"Throughout the dreary day I walk,  
 My path o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him."—  
 ITALIAN GIRLS' HYMN.

Mother gazing on thy son,  
 He thy firstborn only one,  
 Look into his loving eyes,  
 Clearer than the summer skies,  
 Mark his course; on scrolls of fame,  
 Read his proud ancestral name,  
 Pause; a cloud that path will dim,  
 Thou hast dreamt vain dreams of him.  
 Young bride, for the altar crowned,  
 Now thy path with his is bound,  
 Will he keep each solemn vow?  
 Will he ever love as now?  
 Ah, a dreary shadow lies  
 In the depths of those blue eyes;  
 Time will this day's glory dim,  
 Thou hast dreamt vain dreams of him.  
 Sister, hath thy brother gone,  
 To the field where fights are won?

Ah, it was an hour of pride,  
When he last was by thy side ;  
Thou dost see him coming back,  
In the conqueror's glorious track ;  
Hush ; the bayonets earthward turn,  
Dream vain dreams ; he'll not return.

Woman, by thy cottage green,  
Gazing on the sunset scene ;  
Ah, the vintage toil is o'er,  
But the gleaner comes no more ;  
Through the fields of burnished corn,  
Lo, a peasant's bier is borne,  
By that splashing river's brim,  
Thou hast dreamt vain dreams of him.

Maiden, who in every prayer,  
Breath'st a name thou dost not bear ;  
Sing thy gay light-hearted song,  
Ah, he will be back ere long,  
Back in all his manhood's pride,  
Back and with another bride ;  
Cease those bridal robes to trim,  
Thou hast dreamt vain dreams of him.

Earthly idols ; how we mould  
Sand with fruit, and clay with gold ;  
How we cherish crumbling dust,  
Then lament our futile trust ;  
Saviour, who on earth didst prove,  
All the agony of love,  
Fit us for that better shore,  
Where they dream vain dreams no more.

## THE CROSS ON THE CARPET.

Oppressed with the weight of life's cares which around me  
were pressing,  
And trying to feel out the right path for my feet in the  
darkness,  
With a heart very sad and a head wildly throbbing and  
aching,  
I sat down on the footstool and rested my head in my hands ;  
The room was still darkened and something within the still  
chamber,  
Seemed to the dark misty cloud which lay on my heart to  
re-echo ;  
Suddenly, as a fresh thought of sorrow arose on my vision,  
I raised up my head, and as I sat facing the window,  
There lay in its silvery beauty a brilliant cross on the  
carpet,  
Made by the light shining in through two chinks in the  
shutters,  
Which had gracefully swayed to return the salute of the  
south wind.  
It was but a gleam of a sunbeam's life-giving glances,  
At which thousands of eyes might have looked and seen  
nothing ;  
Nothing but light streaming in through two chinks in the  
shutters ;  
But I thought of the mount where the sandalled footsteps of  
Moses  
Halted, to see the bright fire flame suddenly up in the  
branches :  
And I thought of the pillar of light which heralded Israel,  
Forty long years, day and night through the wilderness ;

And I thought of the sign of our Christian militant warfare,  
 And I asked myself was I fit to wear the Company's armour ;  
 And that silvery cross that lay there beaming so still on the  
     carpet,  
 Seemed like the delicate fringe on the wing of Hope's angel,  
 Or the flashing of Faith's trusty sword thrown back in the  
     distance ;  
 So I learnt a sweet lesson from that brilliant cross on the  
     carpet,  
 And no more that day found room in my heart for mistrusting.

---

“ CALLIE . ”

“ The flower faded . ”

Faded ; ah ! it cannot be  
 That the voice so full of glee,  
 And the merry tones of mirth  
 Are for ever hushed on earth ;  
 And the flower of yesterday  
 Mingles with the earth-born clay,  
 Can it be that lip and brow  
 Lie in dreamless slumber now ?  
     Wintry winds are mournfully  
     Sweeping through the valley,  
 Is it true their minor tones  
     Wail the dirge of Callie ?

Human hearts, the racked, the torn,  
Whither is your darling borne ;  
Can it be the grave alone  
Holds your Christ-redeem'd, your own ;  
Faith behold your cherished loss,  
Through the shadows of the cross.  
Look ! among their dark'ning frown  
Gleams a little golden crown.

See around a Seraph's form,  
Angel guardians rally—  
White-winged worshippers await  
Round the soul of Callie.

Upward, where the lost have met,  
Where the sunbeams never set,  
Where the deathless branches bloom,  
Free from shadows of the tomb,  
Warmly folded, closely prest,  
To our dear Emmanuel's breast,  
'Mid unbroken dreams of joy,  
They have borne the precious boy,  
One more little pilgrim passed,  
Through the dismal valley,  
One more golden harp new-strung,  
For your angel, Callie.



## "SEMPER PARATUS."

*On the Presentation of the Colours to the 13th Battalion of Canadian Volunteers.*

Whence come these armed men ?  
With the soldier's measured tread,  
Is the trump of War in our city's midst,  
Hath the Dove of sweet Peace fled ?  
Not yet, behold, passer by, what wreathes  
Round each true and loyal head,  
Read, stranger, read, for through coming years,  
Shall re-echo the watchword of Volunteers,  
"Semper paratus."

They hail from the place of toil,  
They gather from hearth and home,  
From the busy mart, from the lawyers' desk,  
From garden bowers they roam ;  
From the whizzing of wheels, from the iron's clang,  
Freemen, they come, they come,  
Bone, muscle and sinew, true heart, strong hand,  
A small, but a fearless unshrinking band,  
"Semper paratus."

Unsullied honour and fame,  
Are writ in their glorious roll,  
And such words as suffering, and toil, and pain,  
Have entered each fearless soul ;  
But treason, dishonour, desertion, shame,  
These have no place in their scroll ;  
Watchfully, steadily, calmly they wait,  
The Wardens with eyes in each iron gate,  
"Semper paratus."

War! omen of fearful sound,  
Have ye all considered it well?  
Have ye thought on the long lone midnight watch?  
Have ye thought on the dread farewell?  
Have you dreamed of your comrades' arms reversed,  
And the drum's low muffled knell,  
Of these colours drooped o'er your early grave?  
What is your answer ye fearless brave?  
"Semper paratus."

Your country, your Queen, your God,  
Have asked this at your hands,  
Look, the meteor flag of old England, waves  
O'er your lion-hearted bands;  
Some tell us, that soon shall that emblem lie,  
To rot on Ontario's sands;  
Will you give your blood, ere the foe shall drag  
From Canadian skies, that unsullied flag?  
"Semper paratus."

Remember the days of old,  
When Midian's standard reeled,  
As a hundred and twenty thousand arms,  
Lay dead on the battle field;  
Where only three hundred undaunted passed,  
Under Gideon's mighty shield;  
Will the men of the 13th Battalion fight,  
With such fearful odds in the cause of right?  
"Semper paratus."

To your country, your Queen, and God,  
 We give our loved, our brave ;  
 Long be the day ere those flags uncurl,  
 On the battle field to wave.  
 Longer yet ere dishonored they lie,  
 To share in a traitor's grave ;  
 Oh, long may you stand our shield and defence,  
 The stalwart props of the maple fence,  
 " Semper paratus."

One prayer, when each Volunteer,  
 With his martial duty done ;  
 Is nearing his lonely and silent grave,  
 Though dark foes come pressing on.  
 Oh, by the Cross that above you waves,  
 And through Him who hung thereon ;  
 May you each be ranked with His chosen men,  
 Joyfully, truthfully answering then,  
 " Semper paratus."

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" P A S S E T H   A W A Y ."

" The fashion of this world passeth away."

Away ! tall trees bend down,  
 And flowers die,  
 Rocks from the mountain fall,  
 Stars from the sky ;  
 Footsteps are hushed that trod the mazy dance,  
 Eyes that were bright with beauty's sparkling glance,  
 Are closed to-day ;  
 For oh, " the fashion of this world  
 Passeth away."

Who wears the envied crown  
Of deathless power?  
Hark! they are crashing down,  
Temple and tower;  
A tarnish on the soldier's glittering sheath,  
A mould upon the snowy bridal wreath,  
Signs of decay;  
For oh, "the fashion of this world  
Passeth away."

Yet we dress dust with gold,  
Oh, foolish gilders,—  
And build on heaving sand,  
Oh, reckless builders;  
And meteors dance before us, and we try  
To catch the starbeam, then exhausted lie,  
And lose the day;  
Owning, "the fashion of this world  
Passeth away."

What's this world's friendship like?  
A poisoned token,  
The flattery of vain lips?  
A goblet broken;  
What is there to repay the heart's fond dream?  
Floweth there nowhere an untainted stream,  
Is all decay?  
For oh, "the fashion of this world  
Passeth away."

Oh, source of every good,  
Father above,  
We bless Thee for Thy gift,  
Undying love ;  
A tree, that heavy tempest cannot drench,  
A flame, that " many waters cannot quench,"  
'Tis heaven's own ray ;  
For oh, " the fashion of this world  
Passeth away."

Music's sweet sounds are thine,  
Thou better land ;  
Here, love and music need,  
A guiding hand.  
The bee within the sweetest flower will pain,  
And the crushed fruit although so sweet will stain,  
Father, we pray ;  
For oh, " the fashions of this world  
Passeth away."

Up to thy dwelling-place,  
Redeemer, take us ;  
Where thy soft tones of love,  
From sleep shall wake us.  
Spotless to walk among Thy heavenly gardens,  
Sinless to dwell beside Thy angel wardens,  
Why this delay ?  
For oh, " the fashion of this world  
Passeth away."

DEATH OF AN ENNISKILLEN OFFICER IN THE  
CRIMEA.

It was sunset on the Euxine sea ;  
Upon its war-girl shore  
A son of Enniskillen bent  
His dying leader o'er.

" Yes, it is true I'm dying; far away  
My comrades bear their banners, and to-night  
The foe must tremble at their dread array ;  
God grant them vict'ry in the fearful fight.  
Ah! I may lead no more my gallant band,  
And yet I die contented, if my life  
Purchase one inch of hostile Russian land—  
If I have been a victor in the strife—  
'Tis well!"

A tear dropped down from eyes that gazed ;  
A sound of war went past ;  
There was music to the young moon raised,  
Cymbals and trumpet's blast,

" Sebastopol is in the distance ; hark !  
The heavy charges on its battlements resound ;  
And they must take it, though I may not mark  
The *Northern Bear* fall stricken to the ground ;  
For Gaul has linked her arms with Albion's brave,  
And my own isle has heard the war-cry spoken ;  
High o'er her stalwart sons proud banners wave ;  
And lo! a three-fold cord is never broken  
Easily."

THE

There came a pause in the thrilling strain  
That the passing army played ;  
There came a sweet, refreshing breeze,  
Where the wounded man was laid.

“ Blow on, sweet breeze, for thou hast words for me,  
Of things that I have done with flowers and trees—  
Of the low murmuring of the sunny sea—  
Of fields and woodland—aye, and more than these—  
Of home and my fond mother’s gentle eyes—  
Of distant Ireland, and my father’s call—  
Of noble brothers and their farewell sighs,  
And one sweet sister, fairest of them all,  
There weeping.

“ Aye—and another vision rises at this hour,  
Blotting all others by its burning beam ;  
A fair girl’s love had won me by its power,  
And life shone then one golden, sunny dream ;  
A stranger came ; his brow more fair than mine—  
Without a heart, his love was but a name ;  
Ere long her fingers through his curls would twine—  
Her cheek flush at his coming—I became  
A soldier.

ave,  
oken ;  
e ;

“ Should you, my brother, stand this game of strife,  
Will you remember me when going home,  
And tell those loved ones, dearer than my life,  
That heaven will keep me till my darlings come ;  
And if, my faithful comrade, you should mark  
The *one* I spoke of, tell her how I sighed,

And for her wept; that long the clouds hung dark,  
But cleared away at sunset, and I died,  
Forgiving."

The shades of night drew on apace,  
Chieftains their armies led;  
One brave man wept within his tent—  
His Officer lay dead.

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#### DEATH'S PRIZE.

"Died at sea, on board the Aroga, Annie — aged 19."

Morning upon the vessel's deck—  
Morning so fresh and free—  
The good ship Aroga had sailed  
Upon the tossing sea;  
Ploughing her way, she bears her freight  
Through the Atlantic wave,  
Her freight of merchandise and gold,  
The lovely and the brave.

And one trod on that noble deck,  
The loveliest of the throng,  
Her step was glee, her glance was love,  
Her voice was sweetest song.  
Fair Annie was the loved of all,  
The light of every scene,  
So wise, so good, so beautiful,  
And only just nineteen.



And one was on a distant shore,  
The shore that vessel sought ;  
His eyes each swelling billow marked,  
And every storm-cloud caught ;  
For the time passed that queenly ship  
Should have attained her rest,  
And many a heart beat painfully  
Within the anxious breast.

But he who loved as few men love,  
Rested not night or day,  
But where the tall masts heave in sight,  
He daily took his way ;  
And all night long he paced the shore,  
" Annie ! my loved," he cried,  
And then he thought the moaning surf,  
" Annie ! thy lost," replied,

At length, ah ! joy, the minute-gun  
Sounded at break of day,  
And soon the good ship Aroga  
Was anchored in the bay.

Warm hearts were clasped to hearts that long  
Had dreamt of woe and wreck,  
" Annie ! my loved," the watcher cried,  
And bounded on the deck.

So two days passed, and upon the third,  
The sound of a gathering band was heard,  
And the tread of the comers was heavy and slow,  
And their words to the bridegroom few and low ;  
While slowly moved each invited guest,  
Who answered the call to the marriage feast.

And as the procession journeyed along,  
They uttered no greeting, they sang no song,  
And they fancied the winds in the branches lone  
Murmured one cadence, "Gone, aye gone,"  
And every shadow of every tree,  
Wove the transparency "Died at sea."

And the throng who watched till the bride went past,  
To see the loved come to her home at last,  
Started and gazed in a maze of fears,  
Men trembled who were not used to tears ;  
For the merry sound of the marriage bell,  
Had a dull deep tone like a funeral knell.

They stood round the altar, that wedding crowd,  
Who spoke of one in her pall and shroud ;  
For the bride was the loveliest creature there,  
The flowers were twined in the long dark hair ;  
Yet the nuptial veil in its graceful fold,  
Circled a brow that was pale and cold.

And men shrank back from the bridal dress  
Of a bride, so pure, so passionless ;  
Ah ! it was a wedding ! may there be few  
Such bridals for lovers, tender and true ;  
They left their beloved the foe beside,  
For Death was the bridegroom, and Annie his bride.

## THY FATHER'S FRIEND.

"Thine own, and thy father's friend, forsake not."--BIBLE.

Forsake not hands that gave the draught  
Of water and of wine,  
Forsake not forms that knelt with him  
Before the hallowed shrine.  
The lips that breathed the words of hope,  
Or love, be ne'er forgot,—  
The man who was thy father's friend,  
Forsake him not.

There may be hearts that cannot feel,  
A poet's fountains' gush,  
And souls that cannot answer back  
To music's thrilling touch—  
The stars above reveal to them  
No dark or wary plot,  
And yet they were thy father's friends,  
Forsake them not.

It may be, poverty may dress  
The form thy father knew;  
He may not rank among the wise,  
His words be weak or few,—  
Shame on the one who turns away  
From poverty's sad lot;  
Ashamed—if once thy father's friend,  
Forsake him not.

And one with him thy father knelt  
Before the Orient light,  
Of veiled and sacred masonry,  
One in the mystic rite.

Thy father's brother, give thy hand,  
Nor be the past forgot ;  
He's thine, he was thy father's friend,  
Forsake him not.

It may be that the stains of crime  
Have shaded that high brow ;  
Let him who bears a spotless soul  
Hurl the first dagger now ;  
But be not thou the marksman true,  
Recall a brighter spot,  
Gently, he was thy father's friend,  
Forsake him not.

Should fever heat the coursing veins,  
Should roaring billows clasp,  
Should flaming timbers round him burn,  
Or arming foeman grasp,  
Or should he be a wand'rer left  
With blasting siroc hot,  
Love him, he was thy father's friend,  
Forsake him not.

Engrave upon thine inmost soul  
What Gabriel carves in heaven,  
The words of hope, the breath of love,  
By sweet affection given ;  
For mercy's deeds on earth, in heaven,  
Will never be forgot ;  
The man who was thy father's friend,  
Forsake him not.

## AN APOSTROPHE OVER THE GRAVE OF BRANT.

Supposed to be spoken by SIR A. N. MACNAB, P. G. Master  
of the Fraternity of Freemasons.

On to the burial, brethren,  
Follow your Master's call,  
And to the mausoleum,  
Gather ye one and all:  
Gird on your emblems, brethren,  
Emblems of truth and might,  
Might that will fail us never,  
And truth that knows no night.

On to the burial, brethren,  
A Mason resteth there,  
But not your loudest footsteps,  
The lifeless form shall stir;  
On with the brave dead, brethren,  
Calmly the ashes rest;  
But the spirit is with us, brethren,  
And with the holy blest.  
On with the brave dead, brethren,  
Peace! let no sound be heard,  
Pause! minute gun and sounding bell,  
Let our farewell be heard.

Brother, our Indian Brother, we're bending o'er thee low,  
But thou can'st not hear our murmurs, nor mark our heart's  
throb now;  
Yet thy spirit may be hov'ring near, for we know our Father  
sends  
His messengers as mercy from the glory which transcends

But we're thinking now of what thou wert when thy feet  
with ours trod,  
Ere yet thy time-worn spirit pass'd to the presence of its  
God.

And, Brother, what wert thou in strife when the trumpet  
peal'd from far,  
And the Pale Horse for his legions came who fell in fearful  
war?  
Some false hearts quailed and turned away to bear a coward's  
name,  
Too timid to abide the storm or share a warrior's fame;  
But some were true—I fought with thee through many a  
hostile crowd,  
Lo! we've met again to-day, brother, but thou art in thy  
shroud.

And, Brother, what wer't thou in peace, ah! let that  
sounding bell,  
That strikes through every brother's heart its thrilling  
answer tell;  
'Twas thou who rear'd'st you hallowed dome, whose voice  
in prayerful tone  
Reached to the high Eternal One, and circled round the  
throne.

When human eyes beheld thee not as in earnest accents  
mild,  
Thou wer't pleading for thy kindred of the unshorn forest  
wild.

And, Brother, Brother, what wer't thou in the wondrous  
history  
That wraps thee from the world at large in solemn mystery?

Let us who spanned the arch with thee, who at one altar  
bent,  
Who saw the holy light from far to our dark pathway lent ;  
Let us repeat thy generous deeds, tell of thy truth and  
love,  
Till we greet thee blest, and perfect, in a better land above.

A change has come upon thy land since we spake together,  
Chief,  
And tall domes rise and firm walls stand where waved the  
maple leaf ;  
And the waters of the bay, Chief, where shot thine own  
canoe,  
Are torn with splashing iron wheels and bear rich treasures  
through ;  
But the hearts of they who love thee, oh ! have they likewise  
changed,  
And from Britain's glorious banner have they become  
estranged ?  
Oh ! no, but some have met thee, Brant, though a few yet  
track life's sea,  
And one must say this requiem o'er thy noble son and  
thee.

But farewell, Indian brother, we must bid thee one adieu,  
There are yet more woes for us to bear, more sorrows to go  
through ;  
But we've taught the world to-day, Chief, that the red man  
of the wild  
And the white man of the palace, are alike Heaven's favored  
child ;

And we've taught them that there is a spell which is not  
 broke by death,  
 A meek yet mighty influence that passes not as breath ;  
 The stars may fail, the moon may die, the sun be veiled  
 above,  
 But still remains as o'er thee now, brother, the chain of  
 love.

Back, back, the crowd retires,  
 Hushed is the minute gun,  
 And the dead remain in silence,  
 The Father and the Son ;  
 But Canada will chronicle,  
 Among her deeds of right,  
 The acts of justice done this day,  
 Beneath the sun's pure light ;  
 And when her loyal spirits faint,  
 Some traitor's plea to grant,  
 Then send her sons to kneel beside  
 The burial place of Brant.

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ON A TABLET,

In the Lodge-Room of the Odd-Fellows, in Hamilton, C. W.,  
 on which is inscribed the names of the deceased members of the  
 Order in that Lodge.

Brethren, behold this magic thing,  
 That speaks of those—the fled,  
 And gives the throbbing human heart,  
 A token of the dead.



Yes, comrades, pass on, and behold  
Upon that marble fair,  
A link with other words than this—  
Our brothers' names are there.  
We bear no coffin, hearse, nor pall,  
To cause affections tear to fall,  
Yet doth this symbol, ah, too well,  
Call those who no more with us dwell.

We have not given it to the earth,  
Or to the mouldering sod,  
Where every brother calmly waits  
The coming of our God.  
We place it not where winter storms,  
Or tempests wild shall smite,  
The token of those absent forms,  
Who dwell in Death's dark night.  
We bring it where our eyes will fall,  
And every well-known voice recall;  
We place it where their forms once stood,  
The brothers of our brotherhood.

Is not our love-bound army now,  
Like a green spreading tree,  
Those who the spoiler's wrath hath spared,  
Shall not forgotten be.  
The leaves have fallen—yet are fresh  
In memory's hallowed fold,  
The silver cords have long been loosed,  
But we the links yet hold.

One's here to show the archer's dart,  
The feelings of each brother's heart ;  
To show upon life's restless sea,  
That some are now what we shall be.

Behold, with art is here engraved,  
Each name we called them by.  
Who next among our band enrolled  
Upon that stone shall lie ?  
Before another year is come,  
How many shall have fled ?  
Oh, brothers ! who of us shall go  
To slumber with the dead ?  
Yet if we pass—the rest will keep  
Our names within their bosoms deep ;  
Friendship is purer than the wave,  
And love is stronger than the grave.

Lo ! brethren, are we not all men ?  
And shall we not all fail ?  
Bow meekly 'fore the tablet then,  
Before the cheek grows pale.  
Death's waves beat hard upon the shore,  
And blast it as they flow ;  
Time's suns come hot upon the sods,  
And blanch them as they go.  
The flower is fair—up comes the main ;  
That youthful flower smiles not again ;  
The Spring gives more—but yields not up,  
The buds which decked the ocean's cup.

'Tis so with them ;—no longer they  
 Can mingle with our throng ;  
 No more shall those gone be with us,  
 In vow,—in pledge,—in song.  
 Then brethren let us cast our eyes,  
 Oft on this marble true,  
 For each beneath the green earth goes,  
 For us no more to view.  
 Each hand is still—each form is hid,  
 'Neath his name on the coffin lid ;  
 And more must go :—well may we stand,  
 And sorrow for a better land.

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 FROZEN TO DEATH.

"It was a sad sight, frozen to death by the wayside, lay the beautiful E——, well known last winter among our fashionable circles as the belle of the season."

—EXPRESS.

Frozen to death, in the pitiless air,  
 Pearls of ice twine in the raven hair,  
 A mother is sleeping in death's embrace,  
 To the moon's pure light gleams the dead boy's face  
 The holy stars have a halo shed,  
 On the brows of the lovely unburied dead ;  
 Who is it unclaimed, and unknown by all,  
 Only last winter, the belle of the ball.

She is no mendicant, bearing for years,  
The lone lot of poverty, hunger and tears ;  
No wrinkles are carved in that marble brow,  
Which death and dishonour are claiming now ;  
She was lovely and loving, gentle and vain,  
Pleased with the glitter of flattery's chain ;  
Known as the star of the radiant hall,  
Only last winter the belle of the ball.

They are meeting to-night in the festive room,  
The lamps are all lighted, the flowers all bloom,  
There's a strain of rich song in the heated air ;  
Take up the sleeper and carry her there.  
Who would not shrink from the passionless guest,  
Who would not start from that visionless rest ;  
Yet is one there like her, the fairest of all,  
Surely this winter she's belle of the ball.

One is among them whose cheek may wan,  
At the sight of that lonely forsaken one :  
His lips have breathed vows he would not keep,  
His hand mixed the poison that caused this sleep ;  
Let him gaze on his victim ; show every guest,  
His ring on her finger, his child on her breast ;  
Dishonour veils him with its dreary pall ;  
Not her who last winter was belle at the ball.

Oh, of all the arms that were gently wound  
Round that slender waist, could not one be found,  
To drag her back from the fatal snare,  
That they knew too well was still lurking there ;

There were fathers and mothers, yet none would speak,  
The words that may burn on the maiden's cheek ;  
• Yet like beacon-fires may have stayed the fall,  
Of her who last winter was belle of the ball.

Mothers have passed her and left her to die,  
With her helpless child, 'neath the winter sky ;  
And others have seen her, and turned their eyes,  
With the Pharisees' comfort, up to the skies.  
Mothers have shunned her with scornful glance,  
Who met her last year in the mazy dance ;  
Now that she sleeps neath that snowy pall,  
Somebody else can be belle of the ball.

Frozen to death, let her sleep on there,  
Over the ice falls, the unbound hair ;  
What have pure drapery, jewels of gold,  
To do with a form that is cursed and cold ?  
What has rich music and sparkling wine  
To do with the victim at tyranny's shrine ?  
What doth the dance with this clod of ice ?  
Man with his brother, or virtue with vice.

What have they ? God knoweth, how here below.  
The wheat and tares will together grow ;  
And with Him who pitied a sinful land,  
We leave the crushed flower within His hand.  
It may yet be found, when this dream life's o'er,  
Transplanted in love to that better shore ;  
With a solace given to her wounded breast,  
"I have not condemned thee, take thy rest."

## THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

Written on receiving the Indian name of "Kajej-a-you" or "Prairie Flower."

My brethren of the forest wild,  
Why have ye loved the stranger's child ?  
Why do the hands that bend the bow,  
Now wreath the pale-faced orphan's brow,  
In your own dense and trackless woods,  
Beside some gushing torrent floods,  
Is there no dark herb nestling there,  
Whose name the one ye love may bear ?  
Take back the loveliest of your bower,  
And call me not the "Prairie Flower."

A thousand lovely tints all blend,  
Where its pure offerings ascend ;  
The warmest sun, the sweetest dews,  
Hover to nurse its brilliant hues.  
The young winds leave their hiding cave,  
This delicate flower's stems to wave ;  
Yet smiles it in the dreariest hour,  
Then call me not the "Prairie Flower."

The stranger, worn with changeless scene  
Starts to behold, its leaf of green ;  
And stoops to clasp it to his breast,  
The fairest blossom of the West.  
Hope's bright rays to his heart are given,  
He gains a bolder trust in Heaven ;  
His soul hath won a priceless dower,  
Then call me not the "Prairie Flower."

The Indian driven from his way,  
Far in the Western wild to stray ;  
Beholds the pale face rear his home,  
Where only should the red man roam.  
Nought is the same neath those strange skies,  
Save his own flower's smiling eyes ;  
That beam unchanged by sun or shower,  
Then call me not the " Prairie Flower."

Sons of the ancient Mohawk, wait,  
Till we have passed Death's dreary gate,  
Until the tessalated floor,  
By weary pilgrims is passed o'er ;  
Until we bow before that shrine,  
Where bends thy father, Chief, and mine ;  
There call'd to life by Christ's own power,  
Glorious shall rise your " Prairie Flower."

When our Solomon shall stand,  
Glorious among his chosen band ;  
And speak of all the forest trees,  
That bloomed 'mid Earth's ungenial breeze.  
There may my Indian brothers wait,  
Lebanon's cedars tall and straight ;  
And neath your shade in some sweet bower,  
May you behold your " Prairie Flower."

MARCHING SONG OF THE XIII<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION.

March boldly on, march side by side, stand or fall,  
With patriot zeal, no room for coward fears ;  
Together march, we're loyal-hearted all,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! Canadian Volunteers.

With steady aim and loyal heart, each is there  
To guard our homes, and shield the lov'd of years ;  
And they who doubt may prove it when they dare,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! Canadian Volunteers.

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A MOTHER'S SABBATH PRAYER BY THE SICK  
BED OF HER CHILD.

Hear me ! hear me !  
Father of all ! beside her bed I kneel,  
Watching the fiery course of this strange blight ;  
In this sad hour thou knowest all I feel—  
Thou knowest human love ; o'er the grave's night  
Thy tears fell free ;  
Hear me ! hear me !



Hear me ! hear me !

Thou once on earth did'st visit one like mine,  
 Lingering with fever ; and her father too,  
 Was ruler in the synagogue ; that voice of thine  
 Spake but the word, and back life's streamlets]flew ;  
 May I this see ;  
 Hear me ! hear me !

Hear me ! hear me !

I may not in the temple courts be found,  
 Nor list to-day our solemn Litany ;  
 Yet when the prayer shall rise for all thus bound,  
 And some think of this stricken one and me,  
 Father of heaven,  
 Hear them ! hear them !

Hear me ! hear me !

I fain would see my darling back ere long,  
 To fill her place once more round home and hearth ;  
 Again would hear her voice in prayer and song,  
 Again would hear her joyous shout of mirth,  
 Of health and glee ;  
 Hear me ! hear me !

Hear me ! hear me !

Thou who didst strengthen thy loved Son to bear  
 The cross of suff'ring ; hear my pleading breath,  
 If it be possible let this cup pass on ;  
 Yet thy will, Father, be it life or death ;  
 My trust is Thee,  
 Hear me ! hear me ! .

## COLERAINE.

'Twas the evening ere the battle of famous Waterloo,  
And two warriors side by side looked on the water blue ;  
The youngest spake, " I summoned you from our comrade's  
    merry jest,  
There's a heavy weight lies here, brother, a trouble in my  
    breast ;  
And I've much to say to you that must be said to-night,  
For God has told me I shall fall to-morrow at the fight ;  
And I know that you will ever be the soother of each pain,  
Are we not both from Erin, and both from dear Coleraine.

" Nay, start not, Bryan, look not sad, I am not dying now,  
The breezes yet play freely round my warm and flushing  
    brow ;  
And my soul is strong and vigorous to bear the soldier's  
    part,  
And the streams of life gush easily throughout my beating  
    heart ;  
And I'm a Christian, brother, and not afraid of death,  
But there are loving ones who'll weep over my dying  
    breath,  
Though they will not see me fall among yon princely train,  
For they are all in Ireland, in distant, fair, Coleraine.

" I've a gentle wife, dear Bryan, you may remember her,  
When we three in happy childhood so oft together were ;  
When you return in honour convey this to her hand,  
Say they are letters come from one in a far and happy land

There's a lock of hair, a portrait, they are tokens sad and true,

And she will weep o'er those with tear-drops not a few ;  
But tell her also how I died, tell her that every vein  
Thrilled to the last for Ellen, young Ellen, of Coleraine.

"I've an infant, Bryan, not a boy, I should not fear for him,  
For his would be bright honour's path till wearying life grew dim,

And the world would call him brave in his daring bold career ;

'Tis for a gentle daughter, dear brother, that I fear ;  
With her mother's winning loveliness, her father's spirit free,  
O! God in mercy guide her bark safe o'er life's rolling sea.  
O! Bryan she may deeply love one of the warrior train,  
And be left as I have left one, one in far-off Coleraine.

Oh! Bryan, we are brethren, by a strong and mystic tie,  
Say will you keep and nourish these till you lie down to die ?  
You have often sighed o'er faithless ones, you know the heart will take,

A blemish from the blight of Love, and bear it till it break ;  
But now you'll have another charge, a young and joyous thing,

Oh! friend, dear friend, no scalding tear, thus from your eye should spring,

You may see me never more, for among the crowded slain,  
You'll scarce remember Dermot, poor Dermot, of Coleraine."

He had finished—in the morning the sounding trumpet pealed,

And these true ones fought like brave men on battle's gory field ;

And many hours rolled swiftly by ere pressing foes gave  
way  
Before Britannia's banners and her troops of mighty sway ;  
But it ended at the last, and the noble, young and brave,  
The coward and the loving, lay in one fearful grave ;  
And Bryan with one bleeding wound traversed the cover'd  
plain  
To search for gallant Dermot, brave Dermot, of Coleraine.

He searched among the living till hope's bright star had fled,  
And a tear was on his cheek when he turned among the  
dead ;  
But his sad task was not fruitless, he found his friend at  
length,  
The young and stately warrior struck down in manly  
strength ;  
And Bryan wept o'er him, who lay a corpse upon the earth,  
Far from his gentle kindred and the clime that gave him  
birth ;  
He started—not in loneliness lay the soldier on the plain,  
For Ellen was with Dermot, fair Ellen, of Coleraine.

Ah ! she had journeyed wearily to gain the scene of strife,  
And she reached it to behold the soldier's ebbing life ;  
And the arrows of Death met her as she knelt upon the  
sod,  
And their faithful souls together, reached the city of their  
God ;  
And Bryan looked upon them, as they slept together there,  
Life's streams gushed all around them, the gallant and the  
fair ;

And the watcher moved the mantle and saw life among the  
slain,

'Twas Dermot's infant daughter, good Dermot, of Coleraine.

They were buried with the honors which crown a soldier's  
tomb,

And tear-drops not a few fell for their early doom ;

And many an aged warrior sighed and turned away his  
face,

As Bryan bore the daughter to her parents resting place.

And days rolled by, a ship of war, bore the victorious home,

And a fair girl with a warrior ; together crossed the foam ;

They reached their native land in peace, from the battle and  
the main,

But two were left in Waterloo, two wanderers from Coleraine.

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### THE SYMBOL.

And God said, " Speak to the people that they wear for a border a riband of  
blue, that they may look on it and remember."—BIBLE.

A silence in the wilderness,

A holy hush unbroke,

While unto Israel's thronging host,

The son of Amram spoke :

" Remember, from the Lord our God,

A charge I give to you,

A simple thing to look upon

And wear, a riband blue.

“ When the dire conqueror invades,  
And trumpet blasts sound high,  
And blood-stained spears are shining bright,  
Like stars upon the sky ;  
Gird on the sword for Israel’s might,  
And bear your banners through ;  
Yet halt ! the bleeding foeman kneels ;  
Look on your riband blue.

“ When the widow and the fatherless,  
Are found within thy walls ;  
When the moanings of the desolate,  
Ring through your marble halls ;  
Comfort the mourner, lest a curse  
Falls like the blighting dew ;  
Should you forget the fatherless,  
Look on your riband blue.

“ When ye see the captive in his cell,  
The strong man doomed to bow,  
No gentle voices in his ear,  
No soft hand on his brow ;  
O, seek to win the prisoner back,  
To love and honor true ;  
Once ye wore chains in Egypt’s land—  
Look on your riband blue.

“ When the stranger turns his languid eyes,  
Towards your rising tent,  
As the burning sun is coursing through  
The cloudless firmament ;

He may not speak your Shibboleth,  
Yet One whose name is true  
Loveth the stranger ; pass him not ;  
Look on your riband blue.

“ When Orion and the Pleiades  
Sail in their mystic flight,  
As the glories of the sky above,  
Circle the queen of night ;  
When in the soul temptation speaks,  
Homage to them to do,  
Remember Israel's God is One ;  
Look on your riband blue.”

The son of Amram fills to-day,  
His unknown place of rest,  
And they who heard his solemn charge,  
Sleep on their mother's breast ;  
But is that dead of which he spake,  
Mercy and justice true ;  
May none but Jacob's children wear,  
True love's sweet sign of blue.

Ah yes ; God's pen writes everywhere,  
And we should holier grow,  
With heaven's blue circling arch above,  
And clear blue waves below ;  
Gentile and Jew alike may learn  
In nature's temple fair,  
The symbol of a better world,  
Till God shall call us there.

## A GLANCE OF LIFE.

Through the halls of the proud  
Soundeth music and song,  
'Fore Mammon and Pleasure  
There worships a throng,—  
Plant the feet lightly,  
On pavement and floor,  
Merry sounds echo  
Through window and door.

A twelvemonth has pass'd  
O'er the mansion of wealth,  
And riches have vanished,  
And beauty and health,  
Plant the feet lightly  
On pavement and floor,  
The windows are darkened—  
There's crape on the door.

Pause and consider,  
Ye sons of the mould,  
Pause, in your harvest,  
Ye gleaners of gold.  
Curls lose their brightness,  
Lips turn to dust;  
The treasures ye've gathered  
Show tokens of rust.



Pause and consider ;  
    There spreadeth a shore,  
Where the rust and the moth  
    Corrupteth no more,—  
A host of the faithful  
    An entrance have found ;  
And a travel-stained army  
    Are seeking that ground.

Oh ! ye poor pilgrims,  
    Weeping and weary,  
Steep is the mountain,  
    The prospect is dreary,  
Raise your fond glances  
    Up Life's rugged slope ;  
" Turn to your strongholds,  
    Ye prisoners of hope."

The walls of the city  
    Are gleaming and high ;  
Toil onward and upward,  
    There's rest by and by.  
The hawk flies not there,  
    In his search for the dove ;  
And Death may not circle  
    Your arbours of Love.

## THE PIRATE OF CEYLON.

He stood alone beneath the tree,  
Before him rolled the Indian sea,  
And there was moored his queenly bark,  
Her sails to fill when night grew dark ;  
And gazing on the fig-tree's roots,  
He gathered not Ceylon's ripe fruits.  
Eve went, the moon rose bright and fair,  
And found the stranger weeping there.

And darkly 'mid the gathering gloom,  
The shadows fell on crest and plume,  
The full proud lips are closely prest,  
The arms are clasp'd o'er that broad breast,  
Those hands have grasped the treasured gold,  
That voice commands the fierce and bold,  
That arm has waved the black flag free,  
The pirate of the boundless sea.

They've hailed him from the topmast height,  
The bark must sail at dead of night ;  
He tarries not with sparkling wine,  
His lips meet not the ripened vine,  
Beauty and youth detain him not,  
His strong mind weaves no wary plot,  
Music's sweet sounds he has not heard—  
The depths of his dark soul are stirred.

He to the swelling deep has gone,  
To sound again the hostile gun,  
To spread his white sail to the breeze,  
The robber of those sunny seas ;  
But as he tracks the roaring deep,  
Sad thoughts will o'er his bosom creep,  
Oft will return the floods of grief,  
That fell upon the fig-tree's leaf.

Oh, hush ! before the chiding word  
And heavy doom for him are heard,  
Affection's chain has round him crept—  
'Twas o'er a sister's grave he wept ;  
The snowy marble told its tale,  
Of roseate cheeks grown worn and pale ;  
How calmly, as the rivers glide,  
The Missionary's young wife died.

The pirate wandered wide and far,  
But that calm love was like a star,  
Her voice was in the dashing spray,  
He saw her in the young moon's ray,  
For that sweet girl alone he cared,  
For her the pleading foe was spared,  
And wheresoe'r his tall ship rolled,  
Her love had girt him with its fold.

Oh, in the din of battle strife,  
In the fierce game of life for life,  
'Mid cannon's roar and clanking chain,  
May that sweet voice be heard again ;

And its unmeasured power awake,  
Thoughts that the bands of crime will break,  
And that blest memory be the light  
To guide him to a pathway bright.

The heart that once has loved in truth  
Knit by the countless ties of youth,  
Learn't on a kindred mind to lead,  
And found it not a broken reed ;  
That heart may wander far away,  
From Mercy's path and Honor's way,  
But lost it is not till the hour,  
When Love's last link forgets its power.

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## THE DESOLATE FUNERAL.

Storm-clouds are telling  
Their dreary complaint,  
Come to thy dwelling,  
Come little infant ;  
No sunshine is thrown,  
Over thy burial,  
The pale snow alone,  
Lights up thy funeral.  
In the sad dreary loneliness,  
Cold winds are scoffing,  
Rude gleams the wilderness,  
Rude as thy coffin.

No father, no mother,  
Followeth thee ;  
No sister, no brother,  
Of mourners but three.  
They bear thee, sweet innocent,  
Not to the sleeping ;  
Thine is a banishment,  
Wintry winds sweeping.  
Who by thee sleepeth ?  
The beasts of the woodlands,  
The sons of the rude lands.

Who o'er thee weepeth ?  
The drops of the rivulet,  
And ice seals the cabinet ;  
Yet, when the summer comes  
O'er thee, the sorrowful ;  
Flowers in joy shall bloom,  
Shining the beautiful ;  
The buds of the grove,  
The leaf of the violet,  
The green grass that men love,  
Shall be thy soft coverlet.

How shall we speak of thee ?  
Kindly and tenderly,  
Of winds that were bleak o'er thee,  
A bud that grew slenderly.  
Ah ! for this mournful eve,  
What is the prey ?  
Nought did the spoiler leave,  
Nought but pale clay.

Dishonour thy path cursed,  
Death taught thee farewell,  
And when he had done his worst,  
Made thee an angel.

Thou hast no pathway dim,  
Dark and bewildering,  
Gone up to Him,  
Who hath loved little children ;  
Nor heeding the shame,  
Sin had wreathed on thy brow,  
How blessed the name  
That he giveth thee now.  
Music is swelling,  
Haste little infant ;  
Haste to thy dwelling,  
Angel triumphant.

---

## LORD HAROLD'S FAREWELL.

Unscathed by spear or sabre point,  
Within his native home ;  
The conqueror stood, a victor he  
Passed neath the castle dome,  
A victor, yet upon his lids,  
Curled a defiant scorn ;  
A glance of pride flashed round the hall,  
Where their proud lord was born.

He loosed the helmet from his brow,  
 The vizor from his face ;  
 Unclassed the sword that oftentimes  
 Gave the vain Moslem chase.  
 A moment, and a deep drawn sigh,  
 Heaved the undaunted breast ;  
 A moment, and a mournful tone,  
 Broke the unseemly rest.

“ This is my welcome home, I’ve fought when many brave  
 hearts quailed,  
 I’ve followed in the bold crusade, when gallant leaders  
 failed ;  
 I’ve bound the Red Cross on my breast, and the sword upon  
 my side,  
 And a maiden’s name my guerdon was, in the ghastly  
 conflict’s tide.  
 I followed where the glittering spears led toward the rising  
 sun,  
 I planted England’s colours thrice on the fields of Askalon ;  
 With the honours of a christian knight, with the palm branch  
 in my hand,  
 I left the field, the camp, the war, to seek my native land.

“ I saw my serfs return to-day, to their cottage-homes with  
 glee,  
 And in my innocence, I dreamt such joy awaited me ;  
 A hundred voices cheered me on, as I bade them all good-  
 bye,  
 And they cheered me as I rode away to seek my native sky,

I saw fond arms and rosy lips wait father, lover, son,  
I saw the joyous feast outspread, for the victory was won ;  
They brought proud trophies from the field where each bore  
    well his part,  
And Lord Harold brings back what? his sword, false hopes,  
    a broken heart.

“ Mother, farewell, where're I go, on sea or mountain wild,  
I never can forget that once I was your darling child ;  
But with the joyous mem'ry now, must steal the pang of  
    shame,  
Since treachery and deceit must weave, with a mother's  
    honored name ;  
I know the game of snaring hearts, is a favorite one to play,  
That stately dames and maidens fair, are on the watch for  
    prey ;  
Ah, yes, I've been on guard myself, in court, in camp and plain,  
Little dreaming of the poisoned hook, baited in Castlemaine.  
‘ Father ! my father, look on me ; ah, do not touch my hand,  
Take back my store of shining gold, take back my flowery  
    land ;  
Ah, gaze once more into my face, remember Harry's brow,  
You have gazed as 'neath my coffin-lid, you have but one  
    child now ;  
Of that son you should be proud, my sire, for he hath fairly  
    gained,  
The prizes at the tournament, when a hundred steeds were  
    reined ;  
Nor is this all that he has won,—he wears a rose with pride,  
And who will dare arraign the Earl, if he stole his brother's  
    bride.

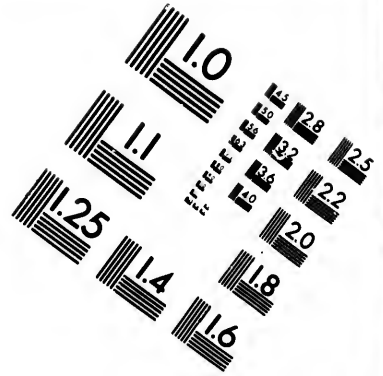
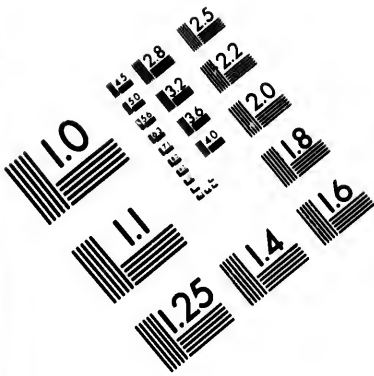


"Bride of the Earl of Castlemaine, ah, raise that sweet, fair  
 face,  
 Thou hast looked on me in other days, nor shrank from my  
 embrace ;  
 Those long fair curls are braided down, as if in classic rest,  
 Are they mourning for the one that sleeps in my unperjured  
 breast ?  
 Thou wert wont to haste with deer-like feet, bright eyes and  
 joyous brow,  
 If thou gav'st me then a sister's love, come meet thy brother  
 now ;  
 The fairest flower of this fair isle, blooms in this old domain,  
 And the falsest heart beats in the breast of the Countess  
 Castlemaine."

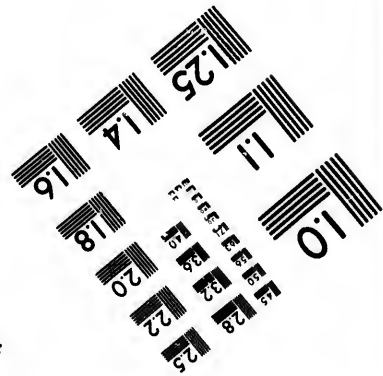
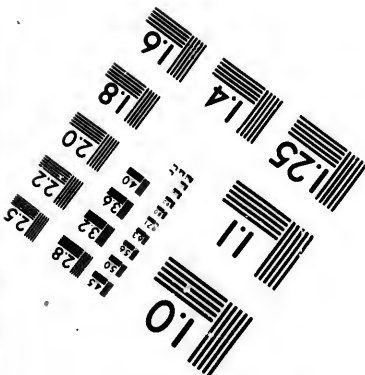
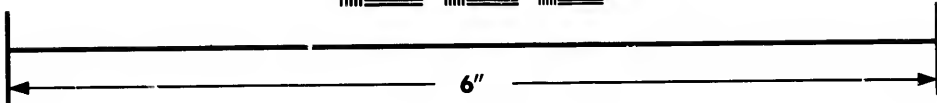
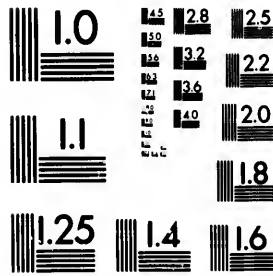
Out from the lofty castle gates,  
 A prancing war-steed strode ;  
 On toward the bright star in the east,  
 A knight in armour rode ;  
 But long the reaper pass'd him by,—  
 Ah, it is often so,  
 That they who asked to be removed,  
 Will be the last to go.

There stands a green knoll by the sea,  
 And tradition tells of one,  
 Whose mem'ry charged with deeds of love,  
 Sleeps 'neath its cross of stone,  
 For stalwart arms the symbol placed,  
 Over their leader brave,  
 And children's hands wreathed summer flowers,  
 Over Lord Harold's grave.





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## THE REQUEST OF THE MANIAC SAILOR.

Come, mates, come with me,  
I've dared the deep sea ;  
Many a day I've been a bold sailor,  
And watched the sun long,  
As it gilded the ocean, and when it grew paler,  
I've sung it a song ;  
And all the night when the moon was bright,  
As a loving and fairy queen,  
And the white foam's glance was the spirits' dance,  
When the veil of night was seen ;  
Then each wand'ring star would come from afar,  
Gilding our lonely deck,  
And each fleecy cloud in its misty shroud,  
Would pass like a broken wreck ;  
And braiding their hair by that mirror fair,  
They would twine their waving tresses,  
While the heaving waves, of all hidden caves,  
Put on their azure dresses.

Comrades, where are ye all ?  
Mates, hear ye not the call ?  
Each deep-toned wave is greeting his brother,  
Where is our bark ?  
And the billows like mountains are vieing each other,  
Now all is dark !  
And each snow-colored sail, with its arms so pale,  
Is clasping the hurrying blast ;  
While the rushing chorus of waves that rush o'er us,  
Bring visions of days long past.

Mates, when I'm dying, ceased my last sighing,  
 Go to the home of the brave ;  
 Of that flag so proud, ye shall make my shroud,  
 And while it is greeting the wave.  
 Like a meteor ray I shall pass away,  
 And I shall go to my rest.  
 But let the ship's bell, toll my last farewell,  
 As ye're sweeping the sunny crest ;  
 Bending each knee on the mournful sea,  
 Comrades, breathe o'er me a prayer ;  
 Contented I'll stay, till the dawn of that day,  
 But messmates, bury me there.

### "HALLOW E'EN."

The celebration of "Hallow E'en" had its origin with the ancient Druids. It was termed the feast of Samhain or the fire of Peace. On that day the annual Assize was held, and all criminal cases adjusted. In the evening every fire and light was extinguished, and re-lighted from the altar of the Arch-Druid. The fire thus obtained was carefully guarded, nor permitted to expire during the ensuing year.

A year since "Hallow E'en,"  
 And who the by-gone days,  
 Hath kept the fires of Peace and Love,  
 Nor dimmed their holy rays,  
 Whose lips have breathed no scorching word,  
 Whose heart no evil has prepared ?  
 Ah ! none have spotless souls to-night,  
 To bring unto the Holy Light.

Light for the "Hallow E'en,"  
The altars of the heart ;  
And through each wondrous aperture,  
Let the pure bright flame dart ;  
Quench the fierce spirit in the breast,  
Bid angry passions take their rest ;  
Let the red glare of Envy cease,  
Light from the fires of Love and Peace.

Our fathers once a year,  
Sought for the holy fires ;  
And shall the sons pass heedless o'er,  
The ashes of their sires ?  
No ; rather let us turn each day,  
To the Samhin's inspiring ray ;  
And leaving each unhallowed scene,  
Make every night a "Hallow E'en."

Of old, fair women stood,  
In the darkness of the night ;  
Their dark curls waved to the bitter wind,  
Till they saw the Samhin's light ;  
And brave men knelt in silence there,  
Waiting the white-robed worshipper ;  
And bright-haired children watched the scene,  
And blest the fires of "Hallow E'en."

And oh, shall woman now,  
Cease to behold that star ;  
Nor strive on home's bright hearth to keep,  
The light that came from far ;

Shall man forget it 'mid the strife  
Of restless, changing, fleeting life ;  
Nor children as their years increase,  
Worship the source of Love and Peace.

We owe its glorious light,  
Not to the Druid line ;  
Not to the misletoe worshippers,  
Of Britain's ancient clime.  
Far gone are Angha's Druids now,  
Faded the green oak's sacred bough,  
But One whose powers can never cease,  
Still lights the fires of Love and Peace.

No waiting Priest stands now,  
With the censor in his hand ;  
To consecrate the glorious flame,  
'Mid darkness in the land.  
But our darkness is of sin,  
Our altar is the heart within ;  
And our light streams from above,  
Fresh from the God of Peace and Love.



## E P H R A I M .

[John xi. 54th verse.]

A little spot upon the earth,  
A city of the wilderness ;  
Why should we mark thy humble birth ?  
Why should we learn thy name to bless ?  
The dust of travel on their shoes,  
Strangers came there as eve grew dim ;  
And asked to stay as they may choose,  
Within the town of Ephraim.

Oh, Ephraim ! we are not told,  
When thy foundation stones were laid ;  
If thou wert rich in gems and gold,  
If warrior troops within thee stayed :  
If kingly heirs to thrones and pearls,  
Were born and reared within thy walls ;  
If fair Judea's lovely girls,  
With song and dance pass'd down thy halls.

Oh, did the city gates lift up ?  
Did trumpet-sounds proclaim their king,  
The sceptre bright, the golden cup,  
The scented wreath, the harper's string ?  
Oh, did the dwellers there abide,  
Close by each consecrated spot ;  
Immanuel, Thou wert by their side,  
And yet, and yet, they knew Thee not.

Did children gather round Thy knees?  
 Children so oft by Thee caressed,  
 Who gathered 'neath the cedar trees,  
 Then holier sought their place of rest.  
 O, some were born for glory there,  
 Some lights which never shall be dim,  
 Were lit while God in flesh dwelt there,  
 A sojourner in Ephraim.

And they were with Thee, that true band,  
 Who came to Thee for peace and rest:  
 Who clasped the fingers of Thy hand,  
 Who leant at supper on Thy breast.  
 Peacefully did the hours glide,  
 O, blest the prayer, oh, sweet the hymn,  
 That sweetly rose at eventide,  
 From that calm town of Ephraim

'Twas in the wilderness, O God,  
 How often did Thy footsteps stray;  
 Where human feet had never trod,  
 For us to suffer and to pray.  
 Was it not in that lonely place,  
 Thou gather'dst fresh strength for the fight,  
 Which soon upon Thy glorious face,  
 Should stamp the thorn, the grave, the night.

Oh, Saviour, on the glorious throne,  
 Viewing Thy Father's face unveiled;  
 Pleading what Thou for us hast done,  
 Shewing the hands once torn and nailed;

Marking the spots where Thou didst gain  
Thy victories, Thou shew'st to Him,  
Not least upon Judea's plain,  
The wilderness of Ephraim.

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## THE EMIGRANT'S DYING BOY.

He lay in that shelter, lonely and wild,  
The mother wept loud for her dying child ;  
For far from the land of his cradle dreams,  
Far from the mountain, the vale, the streams,  
Far from the spot where he viewed the fold,  
Of the flowers come forth, as the sun-beams roll'd,  
And watched the red eve on the brow of night,  
Till it melted to gold in the ocean's sight ;  
Now distant far from his infant sky,  
'Mid Illinois' forests he lay down to die.

The wild chaunt of waters was swoll'n and rare.  
The wind passed on to its brotherhood there,  
While the meek sufferer spake, " I've been dreaming long  
Of our eastern home and the billow's song ;  
Methought while I watched by the roaring sea,  
An eaglet passed by on its pinions free ;  
He laved his wing where the breaker foamed,  
And pleased with the baptism onward he roamed ;  
But the hunter's shaft came o'er the waters sped,  
And the wounded bird from the billow fled.

And I saw his eye was bright on the sun,  
Thus he gathered fresh strength his race to run,  
And thus though his plumage was thrown to the sea,  
He rose to his home majestic and free ;  
He spread his broad wing to the sunny sky,  
And the eaglet returned to his nest on high.  
Like that bold one I go, no longer with ye  
Shall I track the path of life's stormy sea,  
For the shaft of death hath wounded thy child,  
And I hasten away from the forests wild.

But rejoice that like the young eaglet I go,  
Not for the prey of the archer's bow,  
And as that bird looked to the sun as he rose,  
So strengthened from Heaven, I vanquish my foes ;  
For angels around this wilderness fly,  
They wait to convey their brother on high ;  
'Tis but the weary one seeking his rest,  
'Tis but the eagle going up to his nest."  
He ceased and turned on his rough couch to sleep,  
His kindred turned from him to sorrow and weep.

And morning came on with no sound of joy,  
The tempest blew still round the emigrant's boy,  
And the mother sighed for a cradling cot,  
But her angel first-born needed it not ;  
For a rushing had been as of Jordan swelling,  
And a pure spirit passed to where angels are dwelling ;  
For the eagle home to his nest had fled,  
And the boy lay down with the early dead.

## THE INDIAN CHIEF.

During the war, a party of Indians attacked a village in the far West. One inhabitant alone escaped—A beautiful child, the daughter of a recent settler. The Chief arrived on the ground just in time to view the dying agonies of her murdered father. A few words passed between them, but they were sufficient to secure to the orphan of the pale face a happy home with the red men of the forest.--[Anecdotes of the Indians.]

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE UTTERED BY THE CHIEF WHILE CONVEYING HIS ADOPTED CHILD TO HER FOREST HOME :

I track the forest free ;  
Thy tears have ceased, sleep bears thee far away ;  
My arms have folded thee,  
And claimed thee as my portion of the prey.

Tears with the pale face dwell,  
But I'm a noble Chieftain's only son,  
And thy meek features tell  
That thou wilt learn to bless thy guardian one.

Why do I save thee now ?  
What knits thee closely to my inmost heart ?  
Why do I shade thy brow ?  
What binds me to thee never more to part ?

Is it the loving fold  
Of thy young, gentle arms around my form ?  
Sleep on—the brave, the bold  
Shields thee, the only wreck of that fierce storm.

Is it thy music voice ?  
 Like streams that murmur in the forest wild,  
 Where the red men rejoice,  
 And the Great Spirit guards the forest child.

I hold thee safe, fair one ;  
 The ruthless war-cry it has started thee—  
 Thy kindred are all gone—  
 But thou, bright Sunny-eye, art safe with me.

Hast thou a pleasant dream ?  
 Sleep on, thou tired one, and take thy rest ;  
 And let thy long hair stream  
 In wavy folds across the red man's breast.

I have a home—'tis far—  
 And my brave children sport around the door ;  
 Thou, thou shalt be its star ;  
 Thy white skin shall be decked with jewels o'er.

Woe to the red man be,  
 If, in the hunt, he rescues not the dove ;  
 No longer brave and free,  
 If he forget the magic chain of love.

Smile, pale face, in thy sleep ;  
 I do not, may not weep for thy lost home ;  
 An Indian cannot weep,  
 And there are bright years for thee yet to come.

For thee I'll search the air,  
 And many a gorgeous plume I'll homeward bring  
 To deck thy long bright hair,—  
 Start not,—'twas but the distant rifle's spring.

And when the Father calls  
Me to my brethren in the Spirit Land ;  
And when our own tribe fails  
To take the arrows from His mighty hand.

When we two there have met,  
Thou to be with me whereso'er I am,  
I know *He'll* not forget  
How the War-Eagle bent to save a lamb.

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#### EVENING PRAYERS DURING LENT.

The flowers may wait at evening for earth's tears.  
The lion of the mighty forest may go forth,  
The timid dove in sleep may hush its fears,  
And the stars take their courses south and north ;  
May not earth's pilgrims tarry on their way,  
Despise not this, our worship—Come and pray.

The table of the money-changers leave,  
Ye who have toiled all day for glittering gold ;  
Bend lowly for Heaven's benisons this eve,  
Ye who in merchandize have bought or sold ;  
Ye who have heard the engine's mighty sway,  
The wheels have ceased their moving--Come and pray.

Ye who have stood beside the bed of pain  
    With the physician's skill, now pause and rest ;  
Ye who have sat in judgment—ye who train  
    The strong for battle and the warrior's crest,  
Drink of the brook that murmurs in your way ;  
Night is the time for worship—Come and pray.

Ye who through flitting hours have held the pen,  
    And woke the thrills which only poets know ;  
Ye who ford depths once passed by learned men,  
    Where the broad streams of science freely flow,  
Knowledge like a bright spell upon ye lay,  
Rest volume, pen and paper—Come and pray.

Pastor ! since morning broke upon thy brow,  
    Hath not the sufferer heard thy words of faith ?  
Hast thou not heard the orphan wailing low,  
    And told the mourner what the Healer saith ?  
The gentle Shepherd, on life's dreary way,  
Gladly we wait thy summons, " Come and pray."

Mother ! thou throughout all the day hast moved  
    In woman's quiet, blest and holy sphere,  
Still being the loving and the most beloved  
    Home's light and blessing ; wherefore art thou here ?  
Thou seekest aid to guide thee in thy way—  
Thy household flowers are sleeping—Come and pray.

Stranger ! thou wilt bend with us also now,  
    Though night has ushered in the foreign skies ;  
And when the prayer is done, up to thy brow  
    Will come no glance of fond and loving eyes.  
Thy heart is where thy fair-haired children play—  
Thy memory with the absent—Come and pray.



All who throughout the hours that are fled,  
Have watched or toiled, have loved, or joyed, or wept,  
Kneel now ; is there no word ye should have said,  
And spoke it not—none said, that should have slept ?  
Have ye not stains of sin to wash away ?  
Need ye not help to-morrow ?—Come and pray.

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## SABBATH BELLS AT SEA.

If holy throbs across us steal,  
Whose charm we may not tell,  
As we listen to that music peal,  
A deep-toned Sabbath bell ;  
How strong the magic fire doth glow,  
When sacred days we see,  
Amid the waves' unceasing flow,  
And Sabbath bells at sea.

No cloistered fane, no marble steep,  
Their booming tale doth hear,  
Of treacherous breakings of the deep,  
Of terror, woe, and fear :  
No mountain doth retain the sound,  
No river, rock, or lea,  
But foaming surf the notes resound  
Of Sabbath bells at sea.

They call not forth a cottage band  
From o'er the flowery glade,  
Nor fair ones of a blooming land,  
Steal from the myrtle's shade ;  
No city poureth forth its throng,  
Like summer streamlets free,  
At the deep billow's echoing song  
Of Sabbath bells at sea.

They call the waves' adopted child,  
The ocean's daring son,  
To breathe with Heaven ; while tempest wild,  
And rushing waves sweep on :  
These learn to feel as on they march,  
While yet they bend the knee,  
The baptism of the breakers' arch,  
'Mid Sabbath bells at sea.

O! ye who cherish shades of love  
Bright flow'rets of the heart,  
Whose tendrils reach from Heaven above,  
To this our mortal part ;  
Whene'er before God's throne ye kneel,  
Forget not those, the free,  
Who ever listen to the peal  
Of Sabbath bells at sea.

## THE MISSIONARY'S VALEDICTORY.

Land of my fathers brave,  
I leave each mount and cave  
Yes—I no more shall feel my pulses bound  
Like a free streamlet, as the spot I trace,  
Where, from my infancy, I've heard the sound  
Of the same waters in the same green place :  
Yet I weep not to leave thy dome,  
My father's home.

Scene of my boyhood free,  
Yes, I must go from thee ;  
The islands of the sea wait for me there,  
And men are calling from the idol's stone ;  
I shall see the dwellings, rich and rare,  
And wreaths of roses to the soft winds thrown ;  
Yet oft my thoughts to thee shall roam,  
My boyhood home.

Lot of my infant hours,  
I must go from thy bowers ;  
A voice is echoing thro' the myrtle band  
Like a soft viol—lo, it calleth me ;  
A murmur loud is on the ruby strand,  
A sound is sweeping o'er the rolling sea ;  
With joy I seek the gushing foam,  
And leave my home.

God of my boyhood free,  
 I cannot go from thee,  
 'Mid dawns of the sun in vine-clad bowers,  
 Or his last gush of love on mountains drear,  
 Or in the lone watch of the midnight hours,  
 Thou wilt be with me and forever near ;  
 Thou wilt never from me roam,  
 God of my home.

Land of my purest love,  
 My better rest above,  
 I know I shall be gathered to the soon,  
 When I shall pass away from foe and storm,  
 And from thy climate where no burning noon  
 Or withering frost shall pass across my form ;  
 No foe shall call me from thy dome,  
 My angel home.

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

To cheer the mourner's heart,  
 To dry the falling tear ;  
 To show that woman's faith is thine,  
 And woman's love more dear ;  
 To beam a ray of light,  
 A star of holy birth ;  
 To bear the cross in Jesus' name,  
 This be thy lot on Earth.

To stand with those who bow,  
Before the Throne of God ;  
A denizen of that blest clime,  
Where spoiler's feet ne'er trod.  
To know that peace and rest,  
For aye to thee is given ;  
To wear the robe that Jesus wrought,  
This be thy lot in Heaven.

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## G L O R Y .

There's a strange glory in the setting sun,  
Glory is where the 'crimson'd fields are won ;  
Glory where earth's proud monarchs sweep,  
Glory amid the ocean's broken sleep.  
But brightest glory is reserved for those,  
Who have pass'd far away from mortal foes ;  
Unmingled glory to the throng is given,  
Who rest upon the radiant shores of Heaven.



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Hilton, C.W.

