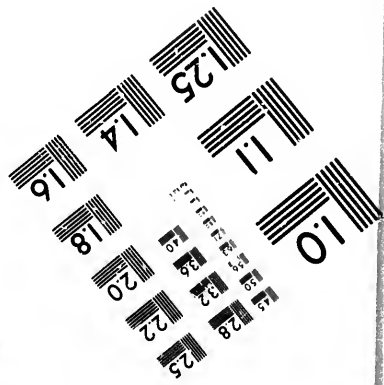
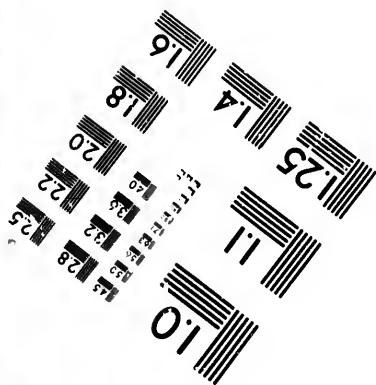
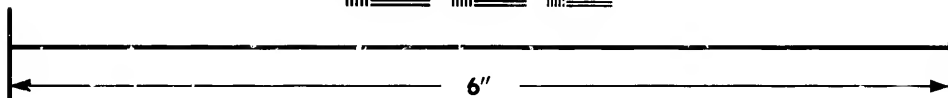
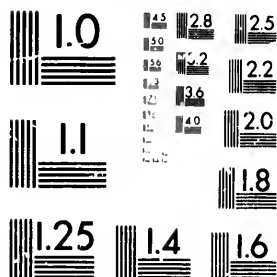


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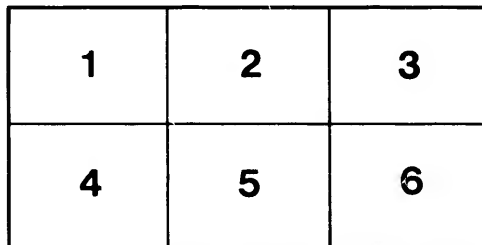
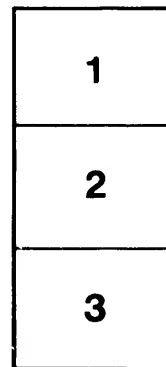
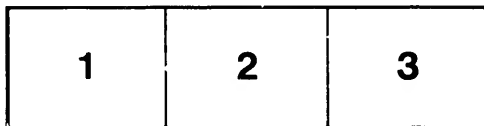
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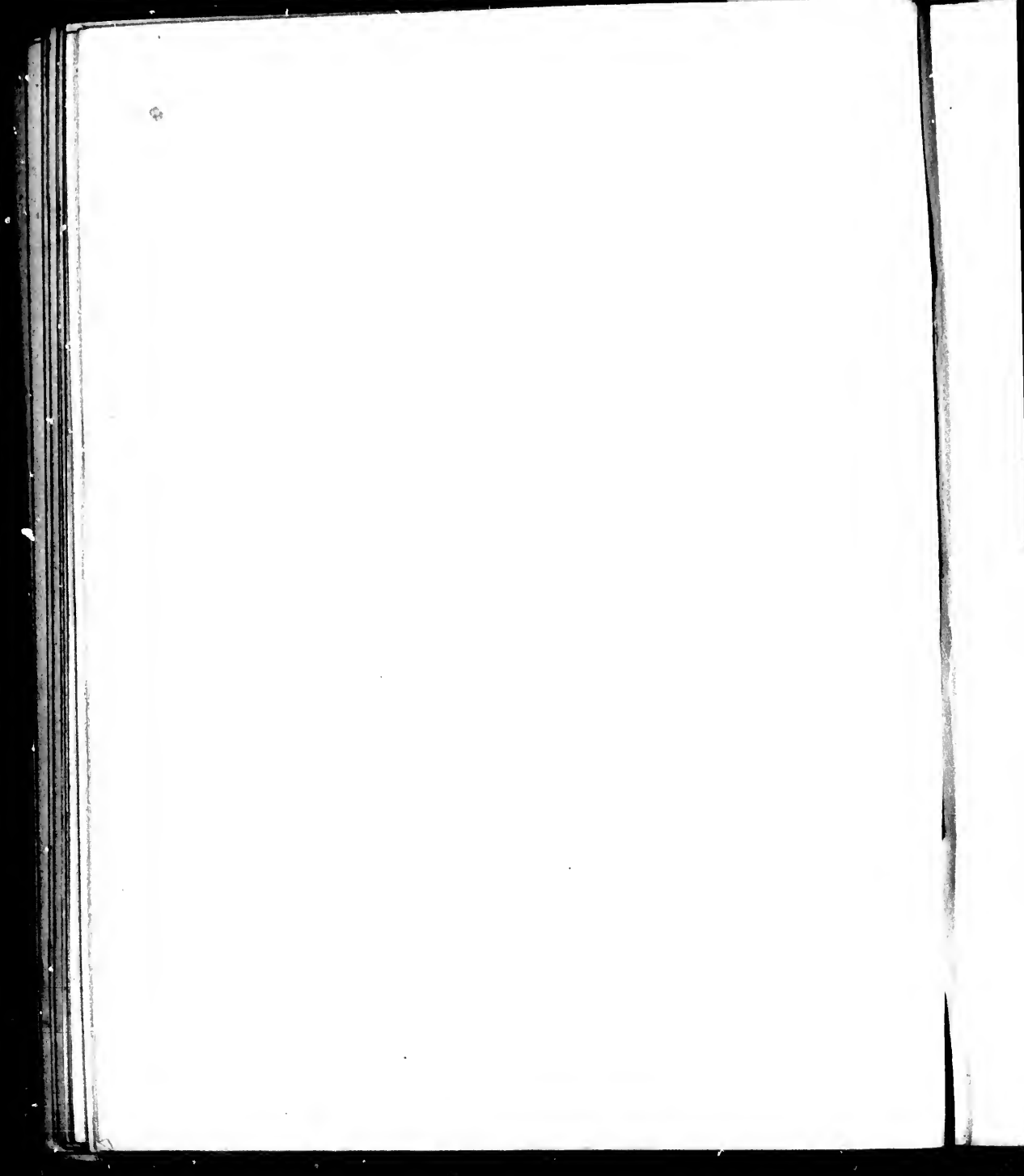
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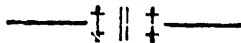
KNUD IVERSON:
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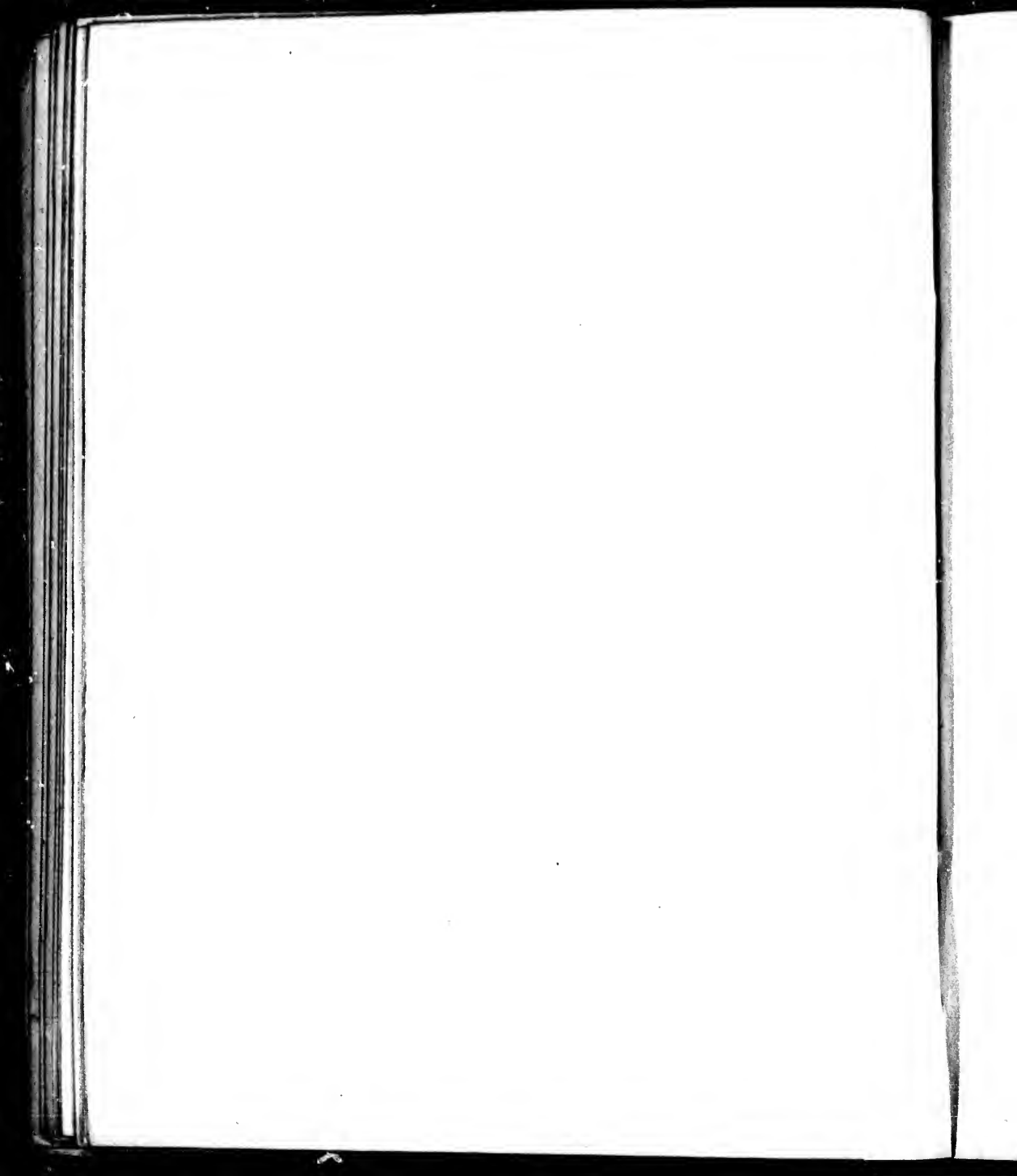
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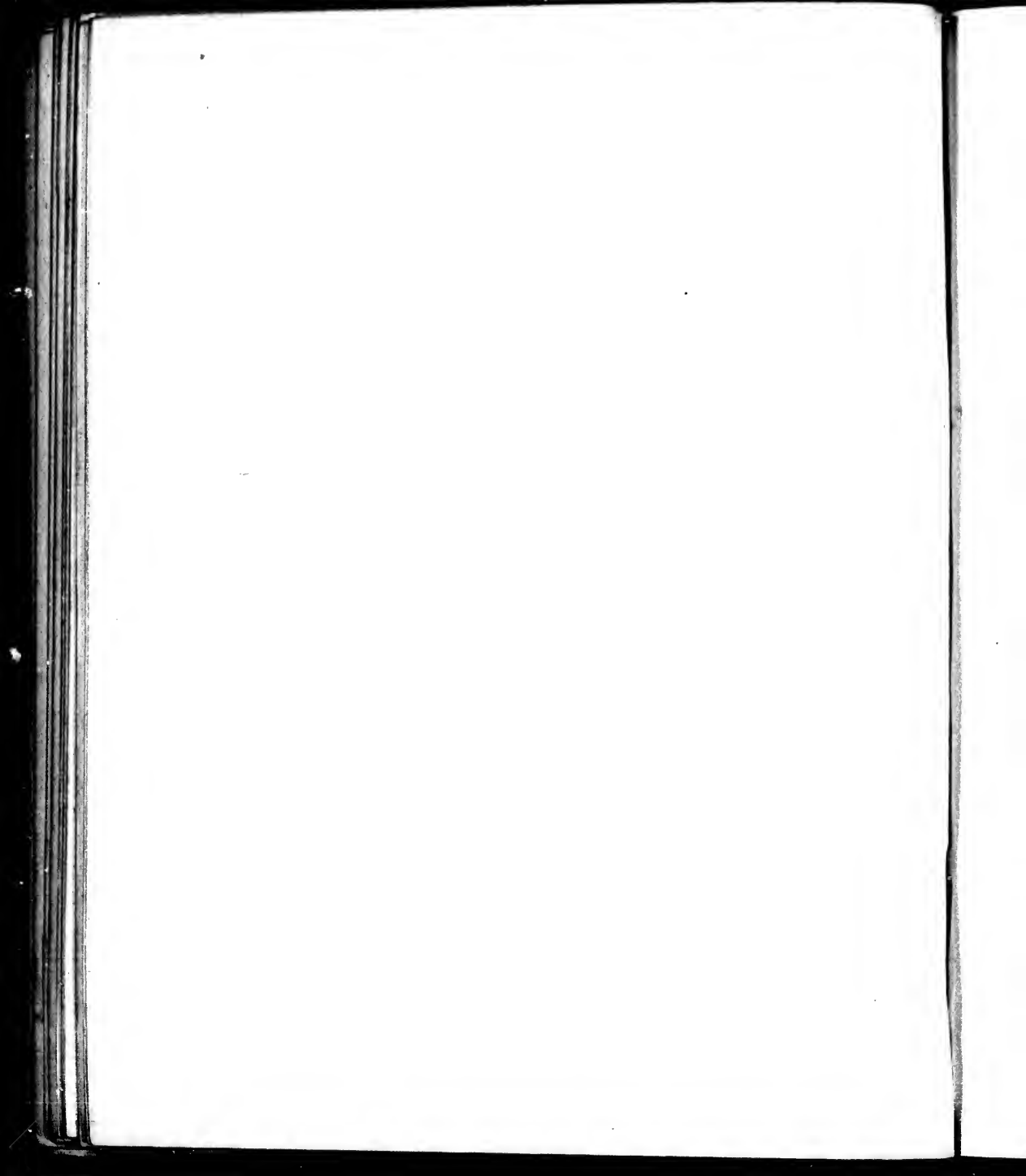
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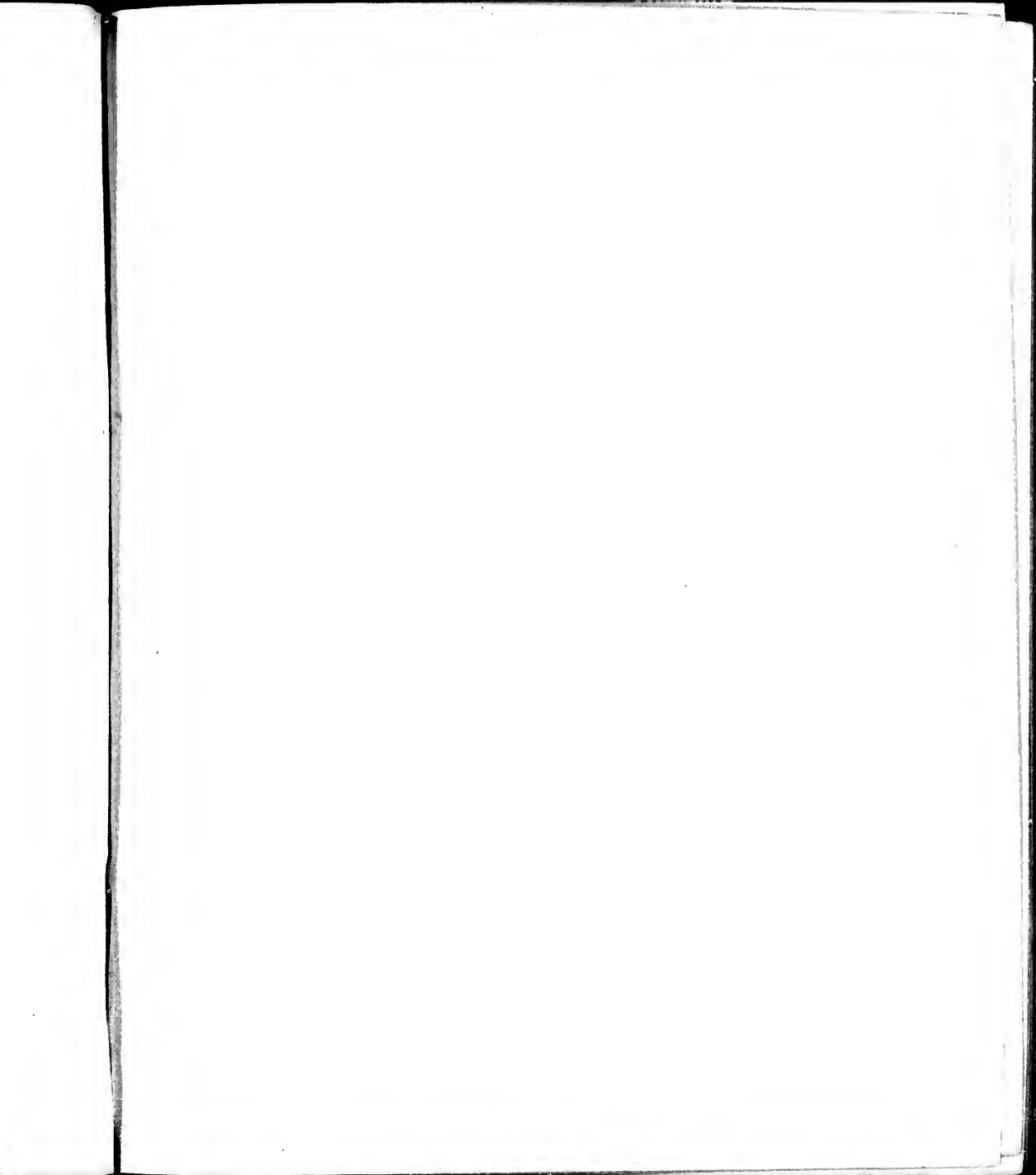


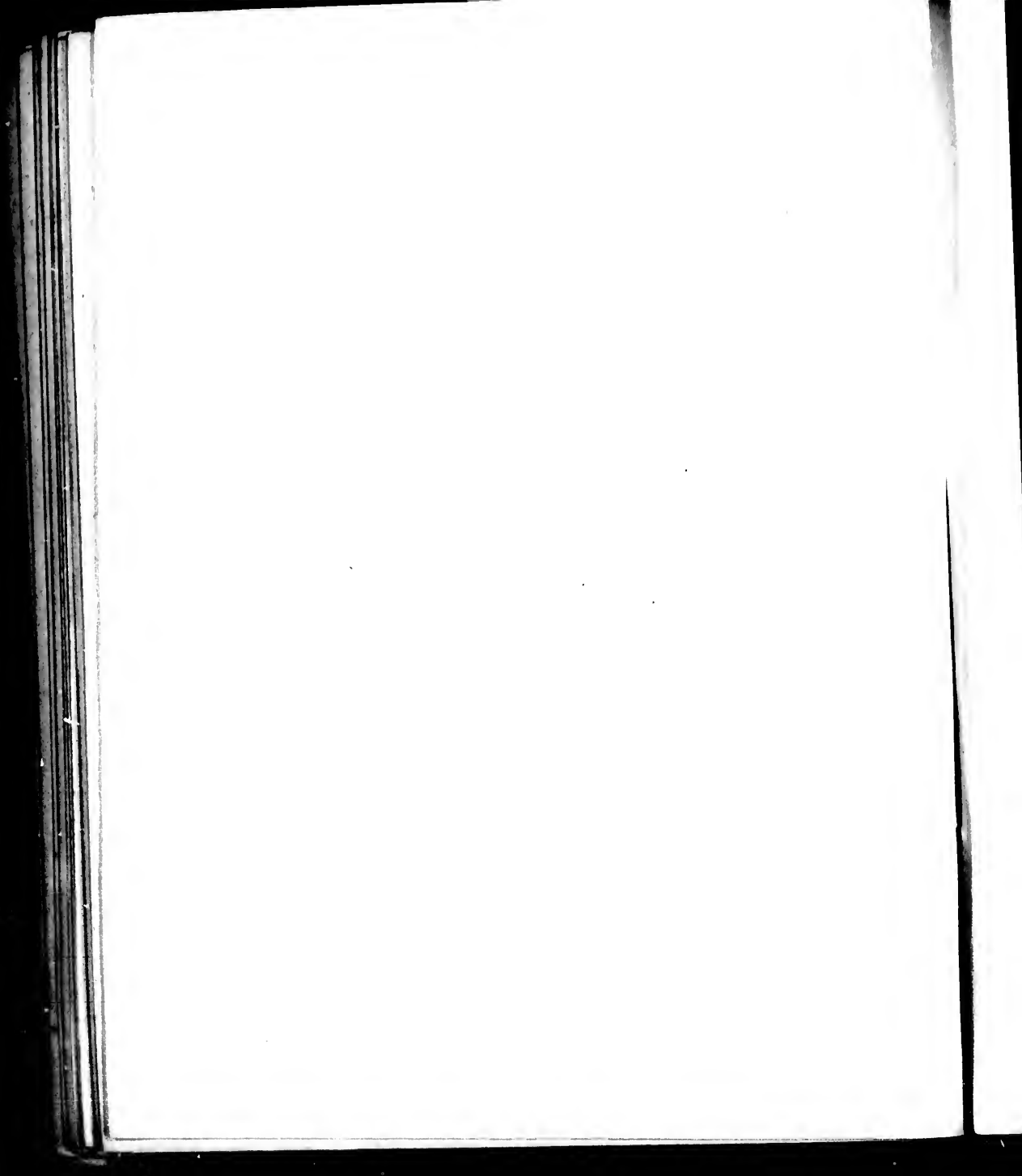


KNUD IVERSON.

OTHER POEMS.









KNUD IVERSON,

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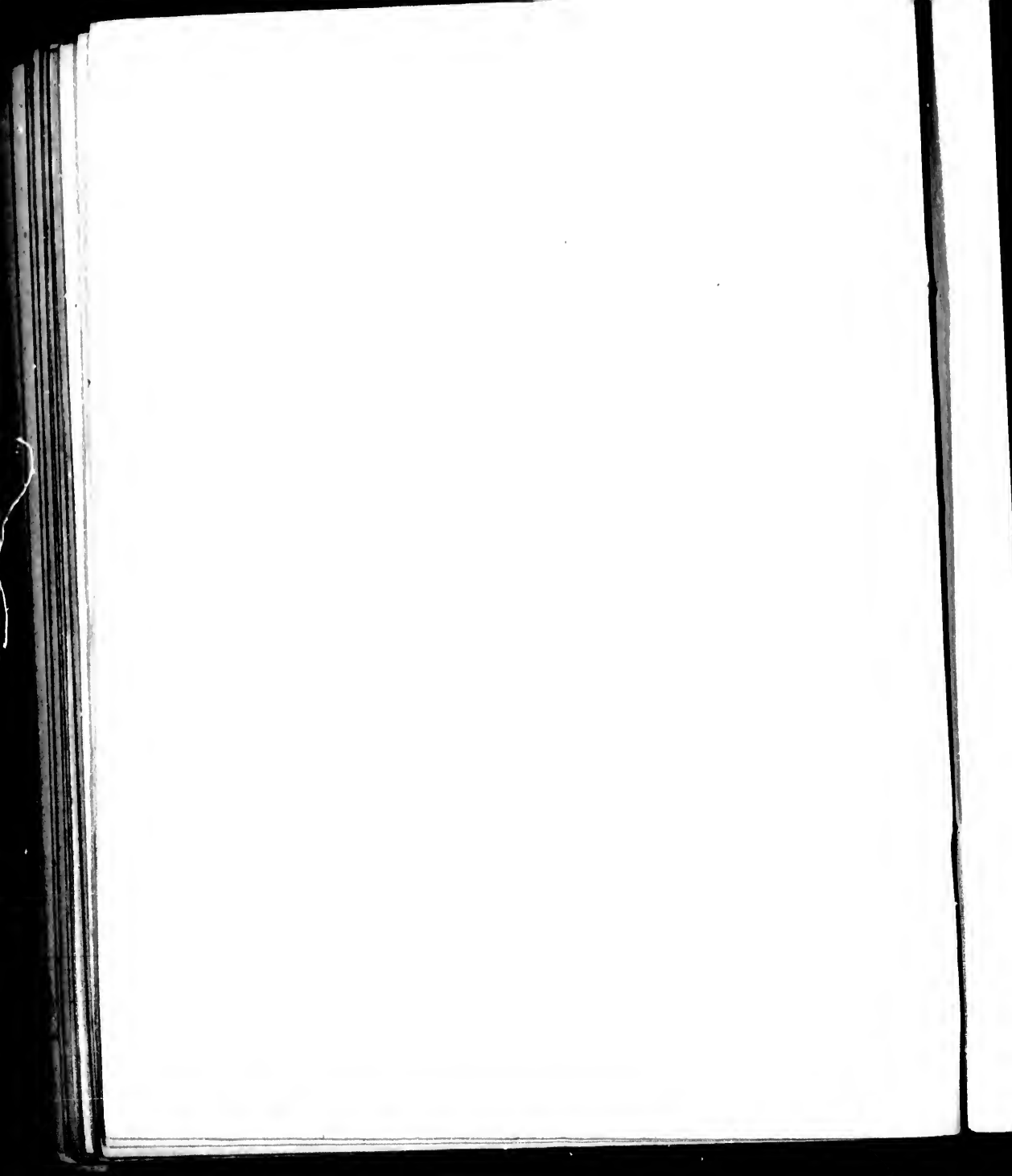
*Author of The Lake of Tears: On The Strand:
Bertha: The Harp: etc.*

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M. DCCC. LXXI.



KNUD IVERSON:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BASED ON AN INCIDENT RELATED IN
AN OLD AMERICAN JOURNAL.

SCENE I.

A Rural District: Iverson alone.

KNUD IVERSON.



WHISPERING a syllable that stirs my bosom,
Trips the sweet zephyr, stops and kisses me:
Recent from hill and orchard, o'er her robes
The odorous Season has poured out its vial;
And while the bright hour moves to melodies,
My heart is wakeful.

Gladness steals upon me,
Like golden sunbeams through the foliage,
That fall and flicker on a dancing rill
A summer morn, which cannot choose but sing,
Rejoicing in existence: I am such.
For God has built the earth most daintily,—
And me a voice of music, to pervade

The labyrinth of its loveliness: or be
A star to wink upon it from the deep
Blue quiet heaven of God.

I would I were
An angel wholly. But long years perhaps,
Long weary years, and sadness shadowed days,
And hours like rich pearls strung on threads of gold
And mined thoughts, and ornate earthly doings—
Which to me yet are climes beyond a sea,
A continent untravelled, but oft dreamt of —
May pass before me ere I shall be such.

The humming-bird midst wealth of blossoms lives,
It chirps or darts or pauses unconfined,
It sips the sweet dews in its graceful motions,
Gleaming and volant. It can not conceal
Its changeful plumes, its joyous attributes:
The hour that rules in gladness is its riches.

The zephyr wakes not with a mournful touch,
While days—fair neophytes—walk forth in gold,
With beauty crowned and richly garlanded:
Neither can I. My heart replies to pastime
Industriously as honey bee in June.
I run, I laugh, I sing, and am withal
A very summer bird, and know not yet
That there is winter, cloud, or raining tears
In this fair world of dreams. But who come here?

[boys running in the distance.]

There is a thought let down the mystic jar,
A nucleus of crystallization, which
Selects, attracts, the fluctuating atoms

And evanescent points of earthly good,
Transmuting them to pure and durable gems.
It realizes more than alchemist
Ere dreamed of in his most extravagant mood.
'Tis the high thought that God is our rich Father,
And we are of the Royal house of Heaven.

[enter two boys running.]

FIRST BOY.

Knud Iverson!

SECOND BOY.

What say you to a ramble?

KNUD IVERSON.

Whither?

FIRST BOY.

Along the River by the Gardens.

KNUD IVERSON.

Fair sights grow by the River, pretty gardens.
Kind leisure serves me, freedom, and the will
To gaze: and gazing is participation:
For I love innocence and joy.

SECOND BOY.

And we

No less than you: so come

FIRST BOY.

We will have fun!

[run off laughing.]

SCENE II.

By a Kicer. Enter Knud Iverson.

KNUD IVERSON.

THE broad deep River holds a heart of glory
 Wherein the earth and heaven delight to sit
 Tranquil and lovely. Even that drifting cloud,—
 Which, like an Island of the beautiful,
 Floats silver rimmed in a surpassing sea,—
 Disdains not the slow waters, but goes down
 Like the bright angel of the sacred scroll,
 Who in the holy City sought the Pool
 And made it healing. Surely there is health
 In such pure prospects more than bad men think.
 The universe should hold but innocent hearts
 Of gladness, and resound with songs of rapture.
[enter a boy.]

BOY.

What doing Knud?

KNUD IVERSON.

Thinking.

BOY.

You lose the sport.
 Thinking, when we are playing! Think alone.
 When none are near you. Only graybeards think.
 Come and be merry.

KNUD IVERSON.

Go. I come anon.
[exit boy.]

They think not: I am younger, and yet think.
 What is the earth for, but to make us think?
 And life and death, and time and chance and change
 And good and ill—should these not make us ponder
 Life into some how sad, to many how short,
 To all uncertain and beset with snares:
 Eventful perillous, holding wide extremes.
 Thus I have read—conjecture and surmise
 Being the peaks of rock on which I stand
 To look about me, having climbed thus high.
 Only thus high, and gazing towards a land
 Cloud canopied.

But sunlight plays around me.

Waving its glittering staff. Yet in my heart
 I feel that I am in a fallen world.
 Surely it is enough to make one sad.
 But there is healing, yes, a glorious way
 Of life in God through Christ. In him I hope
 Kneeling to him I pour out all my heart
 Though sinful, unto him I tell my wants,
 Though halting, aye to him limps on my soul.
 Does he not hear me from the mercy seat?
 Can he not aid me through the journey of life?
 Will he not take me to his bosom of love?

[voices in the distance calling.]

Those lads are boisterous in their urgency.
 Peace—soon I come!

Musing would be my choice

Amid such exquisite scenes, which ever awe me,
 Charm me and soothe me with their tongues and
 shapes

Of glory and joy in endless combination.
 O wondrous euphony! O marvellous skill!

O matchless wisdom! And Thou art my Father,
Maker, Redeemer, Thou who gav'st me these!

Would I could watch the earth ere Eden saw
The sin that slew its gladness. Garden of God,
Would I could see thee as thou wast! Could fly
With the volition of an angel, moving
Through the illimitable void so far
That the remotest images of things,
And paradise of God, would just be flitting
In rainbow hues on light's untiring wing
Fresh with first laurels. That would be a sight!

On the white walls and bright emblazoned panels,
In the great gallery of eternity,
Shall I behold them photographed? Or read
In book of space traced by the finger of God?
A charm o'erlades the weird and wonderful past.

When I become an angel, possibly,
With simple effort of my will, I may
Step forth amidst the ages that have gone
With night and day millions and millions of
leagues
Beyond conceivable distances, and made
Large entrance on the infinitude of space.
In that great cavern of eternity
All things are floating freshly in their glory.
There I shall view the wild absorbing past
Traced by the pencil of Heaven with golden light
In the great Roll of an Infinity.

O what a future awaits me. Up with God.
A theatre of revealing. I must walk
A mark'd perhaps a rough way circumspectly :
The path to life is narrow—must enter in
Through the straight gate. Assist me, Stooping One.
I have my lesson for the holiday—
The sacred season—diligently conned.
'Tis well and I will go. Stay, I am with you.
[exit running.]

SCENE III.

Before a Garden : Enter Knud Iverson

KNUD IVERSON.

THOUGHT falls like dew on life's historic flower.
 I am aweary with the sport—and pause.
[sits down on a stone.]

It is the autumn time, and goodly fruits
 Like living witnesses stand up around
 Throughout this garden. O'er the pleasant paths
 Rare flowering trees supply a grateful contrast.
 Embowered passages, and blooming brinks,
 And flowing walks in graceful curves produce
 Midst narrow limits ample boundaries.
 Fastidious taste has lavished all its skill
 Laudibly copying nature unconfined,
 And birds the beautiful are flitting round.

All these allure me to the Garden of God
 And Tree of Life whose leaves will heal the nations
 My heart like autumn bird forsakes this clime.
 My thoughts like birds of spring flock up to Heaven,
 Like kids they seek the shrubby mountain side.
 From transitory life, tho' newly waking,
 Superior attraction leads me up.
 Just as the young swan loves the spreading lake
 Just as the bobolink first tries its wings,
 Just as a traveller prest amidst a crowd

Feels where his purse is hid instinctively :
So do my aspirations evermore
Creep to my Saviour in the holy heaven,
Or tottle onward to my Father's knee.
While yet earth dazzles its enchantment's broken.
The alluring halo of imagination
Surrounding all this sublunary state,
Pales in the glory of a clearer light.
Or rather, something to my apprehension
Has been address of the Delightful World
Where there is neither death, nor woe, nor sin.
Where glory dwells, and progress has no bar.
[boys in the distance calling.]
Yes, I am coming presently—go on.

There is a bustle in this meagre life,
What turbulence of joy! But halcyon days
Sleep in the distance, like fair city spires
Near a deep river, on the further side,
Bathed in the peaceful silver beams of night.
[rises and goes away.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the garden nearer the river. Boys standing grouped; enter Knud Iverson running.

FIRST BOY.

KNUD IVERSON, O see what loaded branches,
Don't they look nice!

SECOND BOY.

How tempting!

THIRD BOY.

How inviting!

KNUD IVERSON.

Red apples moving in the golden sunshine,
Great pippins peeping through the velvet leaves
Like laughing faces from a cottage lattice
Embowered with vines.

FOURTH BOY.

Come boys, we'll have a share
What say you? Let the supplest quickly fetch them.

KNUD IVERSON.

They are not ours—therefore we must not touch
them.

FIRST BOY.

We are too clumsy to evade the barrier.

SECOND BOY.

Some little fellow, Knud, just like yourself.

FOURTH BOY.

Yes, Knud—such silly scruples! You are small.

KNUD IVERSON.

Too small to steal.

FOURTH BOY.

We would n't call it stealing.
And who would miss them?

FOURTH BOY.

Yes, or notice you?
So what prevents—run quickly bring us some.

SECOND BOY.

Trees grow for all: we have a right to them.

KNUD IVERSON,

They spring and flourish by the bright plumed
sunbeams

That perch upon them all the rustling years
Summer and winter. But who makes them grow?

THIRD BOY.

What but the earth.

SECOND BOY.

And earth is just as much ours
AS any one's.

FOURTH BOY.

Yes, and the apples too.

KNUD IVERSON.

We have no right to them. The apples are God's
Who gives them to the owner of the garden.
I'll never touch them.

FOURTH BOY.

Don't be quite so stout,

What if we make you. Stubborn twigs have bent.

THIRD BOY.

They grow for all, and we would like to taste them
And so would you.

KNUD IVERSON.

I do not covet that
Which is not mine. Nor could I go unnoticed.
Have I not thoughts and they would notice me.
Is there not One above would notice me?
And would they not be miss'd? O yes, myself
For one would miss them. The rob'd trees would
rise,
Where'er I turned, and crave their rifled fruitage.
Day, night, the earth, my thoughts and God would
load me.
With just reproach. Think now if I can do it?
Even you who urge me onward would despise me.
So go your ways.

[attempts to run away, they lay hold of him.]

FOURTH BOY.

Nay, nay—you go not so.

FIRST BOY.

Bring us some apples, need not eat yourself,

FOURTH BOY.

You cannot help it, it is our decree.
And we compel you: So the fault's not yours.
We'll bear the brut and blame: then do it.

KNUD IVERSON.

No!

FOURTH BOY.
You wont indeed. We'll make you! come!
KNUD IVERSON.

I cannot.
I dare not. If I dare I would not do it.
So let me go.

*[struggles to get free. they
drag him into the river.]*

FIRST BOY.

Now go—or taste the water.

FOURTH BOY.

Choose quickly. Come let's duck him in the river,

KNUD IVERSON.

Surely you wil not drown me.

THIRD BOY.

Drown you. ' No.

FOURTH BOY.

Down to the bottom. Answer, will you?

KNUD IVERSON.

[strangles] Oh!

FIRST BOY.

We want the apples, will you bring them to us?

KNUD IVERSON.

I cannot sin.

FOURTH BOY.

Duck him again—again!

Now hold him to the bottom till he begs.

[Knud Iverson drowns.]

SCENE V.

The same. Spirit of Iverson rises from the River.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

I HAVE been sleeping: but the dream is past:
I rise to consciousness. Surely a change
Has rippled o'er me, Who are those that run?
Where am I? have I left the river of death?
Surely it cannot be—is death thus gentle?
Can I believe it? yet a form lies sleeping,
So blanched so still—the body of my abode!
Quiet beneath the stream. What new impressions!
All things are changed, and I like one awaking,
[an angel passes at a distance.
O smiling messenger!— the calm that sits
Upon his countenance leads to my heart
A peaceful and mighty river. Canst thou tell me
Why I am here? Have I indeed come through
The doleful gateway?

Music! O the sweetness!
How far off and how rich. It floats from Heaven.
A wreath of shining ones! and in the midst
One clothed with marvellous joy. They bear him up
With songs triumphant—yes, Hosanna, yes—
Some of them I have seen. They wave their hands
Intent upon their errand—like the first.
Another—he has scarcely tasted death:
While feasting on the mountain tops of love
The archer smote him—but the King was there,

Though unattended, I am not forgotten :
 I know in whom I trust. — O the expanse
 Of wonders which is opening! Rings of holy ones
 Thick sown as stars, with golden instruments
 And snowy vestments moving: all employed.
 The myriads do God's bidding, go or wait.
 Delightful occupation!

Now there rises
 A pyramid of angels. On its summit,
 In arms munificent, with exceptional glory,
 I see a saint. Immortal transports swift
 Succeed to torture and the dungeon cell,
 For Jesus' name borne meekly: It is well.

How the Great Father by appropriate ways,
 In endlessness of wide diversity,
 Takes up his loved ones to their sabbath rest.
 The gate's ajar: bliss seems surmounting bliss,
 Glory o'ertopping glory, as I look!

[enter an angel.]

ANGEL:

Hail, heir of God! This crown he sends to thee,
 This robe of dazzling whiteness—all his own;
 With, Well done good and faithful servant, enter
 The gladness of thy Lord.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

O! how unworthy.

ANGEL.

The worthiness of Christ thy Lord is thine.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

A crown of thorns was his—and this for me!

ANGEL.

One of his jewels—fear not little one.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

O let me go with speed: I ask to kneel
And lay these honours at my Saviour's feet.
Will the vast way be long?

ANGEL.

We can go whither
In twinkling of an eye. Such speed is ours
That light the nimble messenger must lag
Millions of ages behind.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

But yet I see not
Half way to the pearly gates. Are they not hidden?
Others have look'd beyond while in the body.

ANGEL.

Our Master— thine and ours, has many methods
In taking his loved ones home. He sits a King,
And heaven's chief gladness is to watch his will,
And wait to do his pleasure.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

I remember
Of having heard of one whose frail weak frame
Sickness had wasted. Bound on couch of pain
Long had she languished, when one blissful morn-
ing
She sprang up with strange strength stretched wide
her arms,
As if to clasp him, and exclaimed, My Saviour!
'T was said and she was gone, Did he indeed,

The Great and Lofty One, come to her couch,
And bear her in his bosom to her rest?

ANGEL.

His ransomed are his own peculiar care:
That is but little for our God to do.
Whilst marshalling countless starry systems
floating.
Like wisps of light around his glorious feet,
He superintends the most minute affairs.
An atom to a world is tantamount
And ample field to show his infinite skill.
Much yet to learn—but endless days are granted
In which to scan thy Saviour's marvellous works
And note his care.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

O scarcely have I thought,
But shall I know the loved ones who are gone
A little before me? Thou seemest not a stranger,
Though never before beheld. But will they know me,
The dear ones of my heart, who through the cross
Have gone on high triumphantly, made meet
For heavenly glory?

ANGEL.

Most assuredly,
And presently in paradise of God
Thou shalt be with them.

[distant singing: a single voice saying.
Child of God, the bliss.

ANGEL.

The bliss in store for thee, even yet thou
knowest not.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON,

They come with songs,

[enter a company of angels.

ANGELS.

With everlasting joy
Upon thy head; with ravishing voice of music
From Him whose right hand holds upon its palm
All things that are,— thou shalt be welcomed in.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

O inconceivable grace! and me the least——
A mote in floods of the great golden sunshine
Of God's rich mercy. Lead on, bright ones, lead;
My crown—myself I'll lay down at his feet,
For he alone shall be exalted.

ANGELS.

Praise!

ANGEL.

A moment yet, and thou shalt see unveiled
Thy Father, thy Redeemer, the Great God.

ANGELS.

All things are thine.

SPIRIT OF KNUD IVERSON.

Yes, in his book of love
Thus much is written. I called, he answered me,
O what an answer he gives! High heaven is open,
The bow-encircled Throne! My Saviour sits
Thereon. Innumerable multitudes
Blood bought, blood washed.

ANGELS.

Let us go up. Praise God.

[disappear singing.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

NIGHT—— and a glorious night!
The wintry hills are bright
And beautifully white,
Clothed with a snowy vest,
And over them, in blue and shadowy rest,
Spreads the most perfect sky,
Whereon the broad moon, like a silver shield
Of the far days of old reality,
— Some sumptuous trapping of a perilous field —
On massive wall is hung,
In a conspicuous niche:
A glorious trophy, rich
With tales and prowess of the earth when young,
Never by laurelled bards in stirring numbers sung.

The unmoving air seems mild:
The keener spirit of the frost, as if
A weary, rests upon some forest cliff.
This night doth seem a child
Roving midst visions wild
Hidden from other eyes,
Beautiful visions of a paradise.

The shadow of those pines
That fringe the river bank.
There where the forest deer in summer drank.
Spreads in a tissue of most fairy lines:

As if they were portrayed
Never again to fade,
On breathing canvas by a master hand
Which held a victor thought at its command.

O dowered night !
Rich legend of the day !—
I trace the spirit of its high delight,
I hear the murmurs of its gladness stray
Out from the depths of woods
Over the mutest floods,
Which locked in dreams of summer gladness lay.

A glorious beauty nestles on the earth,
A glorious loveliness pervades the air,
A vision of beauty reacheth every where ;
Forever giving birth
To golden thinkings. The most ornate days,
Like new crowned victors smile :
Like sceptered monarchs in protracted file,
Stretch forth the jewelled reed,
And cry aloud, Take heed !
Let not the spot of an unworthy deed
Rest on thy rational soul,
Enwrap thee in the shadow of its curse,
And from thy spirit blot creation's smile,
The solemn gladness of the universe.
O rest from sin awhile,
And the false promiser shall pass away,

Or rather, thou shalt pass
Into the kingdom of perpetual day,
Where sin shall not harrass.

Beauty is everywhere,
This heavenly teacher,
This holy preacher
With words of marvel and with thoughts most rare
All spirits respond as does the musical reed
To the apportioned and melodeous air,
And lives to gladness. So hath God decreed.
Beauty is every where.

A fair and changeless hue
Tints the unmoving heaven; how softly blent:
And with bright points innumerable besrent,
Like drops of dew
Sparkling upon the outpoured firmament.
Lift thy divalging tube, O man of mind,
And read the wonders here.
Brightening and drawing near,
Vast starry orders there
Like countless flocks appear,
Feeding beneath the Almighty Shepherd's care.
Numberless though they are,
He knows them each and calls their hosts by name.

Repaying study for eternity!
Perpetual feast for glowing soul redeemed!
With blissful watch God's pleasant works to see
In the myriad orbs of heaven,
Whence knowledge all the wondrous Past has
Both morn and even. [streamed

WITH GLEAMING SPEAR.

WITH gleaming spear from the sombre wood,
The Frost is roaming o'er field and flood,
He comes like a Chic flain of the past
With a battle'whoop in the hollow blast.
He stalks o'er the fountain-garnished hills,
Mailing in sheen the errant rills;
While ruby and pearl and amethyst
With splendor his cloud-robbed form invest:
And showers of diamonds, banked like sleet,
Blaze in glory about his feet.

He spreads his floors on the slippery wall
Of the old fantastic waterfall.
In columns and peaks of crystal bright
The flowing rivulet starts upright.
And the strong enchanter builds his grot
In the rock-thrown torrent's wildest spot.

He came like a scath o'er vale and bower,
He stampt his foot on the latest flower;
And the lips of Eld rehearsed the tale,
How he shrivelled the last leaf with his gale.
In a crystal net he bound the lake
Till its oft-pledged billows ceased to break;
And it lay like an infant, calm and sweet,
In its sleep of joy at the victor's feet.

He soared through the ample sea of air,
He touched the rain in its viewless lair:
The invisible mist congealed and white: —
Like the foot of a fairy, mute and light,
It fell from the stars at early night.

Morn rose on a lofty and cloudless sky :
 A glory hung on the hill peaks high ;
 Saintly and bright they rose around,
 While their gushing founts with dulcet sound,
 Came down o'er the sparkling and sparry rocks,
 Like the aureate gleam of an angel's locks.
 And the stainless vest of the mighty wood,
 And the stainless vest of the hidden flood,
 Were gorgeoas as pearl and chrysolite,
 Fair flashing and free as the stars of night,
 When they burn in the azure and crystal dome,
 Where silence hath built its spangled home.

A loveliness spreads its dazzling wing.
 And its magical hues o'er everything
 Making each form in the light that plays
 A gem in the circle of the days,
 A guiding jewel richly set
 In nature's kingly coronet. —

Each atom of snow is as as a sun.
 Telling the power of the MIGHTY ONE,
 Whose stately goings have been of old
 Building the things we have not seen,
 The invisible things we shall behold ,
 When nothing of earth can intervene.
 Building the beauties that we ken
 When He brought into being this world for men.
 A marvel to witness and behold.
 A golden book to be read and told.
 O wonderful GOD! How great is He
 Who fills both space and eternity.

IN THE HOUR.

IN the hour of my trouble and sorrow,
When the griefs of my heart overflowed,
While fear wrote dismay on life's morrow,
Unto God I bowed down with my load.
I cried unto God in my anguish,
I found him a helper indeed
Who comforts the weak when they languish,
Who knows how to meet every need.

To him let all glory be given—
Unspeakable praise is thy due,
Omnipotent Father of Heaven,
And Saviour the faithful and true.—
Of mercy how great are his riches!
How high are his ways above ours!
Lo his glorious arm he outstretches,
And pours down his blessings in showers.

INVITED.

INVITED I come to thy feet,
O Jesus my Saviour and trust:
Thy kind words, so gentle and sweet,
Uplift my sad heart from the dust.
Lord, thou art a refuge indeed!
With pity thy bosom o'flows,
And through the black midnight of need
To thee I will run with my woes.
O come to my tossed foundering bark
On the tempest-vest waters of life:
Then morn will break over the dark,
And a great calm succeed to the strife.
O Jesus, my helper and trust,
Thou alone and thou only canst save;
Thy goodness stoops down to the dust
And rescues from hell and the grave.

BENEVOLENT UNION.

COME, let us join in doing good,
An earnest active brotherhood.
Goodness has flowery paths of peace
Which lead to Heaven's eternal bliss.

BOTH WORLDS,

BOTH worlds are promis'd unto righteousness:
Good in this life, and Heaven's eternal bliss.
But unto sin a blight begins below
With bitter days and never ending woe.

MUSINGS AMID THE DARK.

TOIL is the common lot, long wearying toil;
But now the earth is darkened— the green earth
Is wrapt in cloud thick as wild Hecla's gloom
After fierce thunder cleaves her caldron fumes.

Stern night, thou hast a needed love for all.
The low the high the wretched and the glad,
May share alike the shelter of thy nest,
Thy folded peaceful wings invite them all.

Gloom's pitying mantle falls o'er nature's couch,
And I will rest. How fair a thing is rest!
It rises like a gentle breath of joy
That wakes along the waters, and anon
Kisses the wild rose on its emerald bank,
And laves the living forest. O'tis sweet
After the varied toils of day to feel
The quiet of repose. ——— Night dark and deep
Involves the pitchy heavens. I see no jewel
In the bright coronet which is the earth's;
The fountains are invisible as they flow

With voices of lulled music. Is there none
To echo back the harmony of the soul
In this deep hour? All, all is solitude:
Obscurity sits throned in listening awe,
Impending—absolute, where nothing breathes,
Save the strange heart, the enigmatic heart,
Which gathers from the wild and wonderful
Much that is fabulous and disproportioned,
Much having grandeur, uttering harmony,
Much quite distorted huge and dissonant—
Fantastic shadows and delirious dreams,
Presumptive deeds, and dissipating bliss,—
Procuring death, possessing wretchedness.
Thus it becomes itself a universe
In magic and delirium and joy.
With toppling perpetuity of hope;
A universe whose baseless glories crumble
At the mere footfall of the coming times,
And leave the soul to wreck and wretchedness.

This shade is a reminder. So we walk
As in phantasmagoria. We dream
Upon the brink of a sheer precipice:
The future and the past are in the vision. —
Transporting joy and prospects beautiful
Oft vanish from the soul leaving it sad;
As if affliction were its heritage.

But there are musings sometimes more intense, —
Sudden and overbalancing emotions,

When distantly in part appear the destinies
Of sails spread on a grand eternity
In bliss perpetual or unceasing bale.
O'er the vague margin creeps an awful shadow :
And from reverberating solitudes
The question comes, How is it with thy soul ?

It is a solemn act, O night and gloom,
To sit upon some cold unconscious crag
Of the lone precipice, and meditate
On what we have been, what we are and shall be
Through a futurity that knows no end.

Suns burst like waves on the eternal shores,
And worlds like bubbles rise and sink again ;
But I shall live when these have past away,
Shall live while God shall live, O wondrous tho't !
A glorious and a fearful gift is life ;
Existence that shall change, but never end :
Which must be happy, or else miserable.

And I have sinn'd—and sin and sorrow walk
Through time and through eternity together.
How shall I gain deliverance from my sins ?
And be admitted to the blissful Presence ?
Nature is voiceless throughout all her realms.
Is dumb to this enquiry. But a Book,
An old a glorious and a marvellous Book,
Replies to what I ask. A Mediator
Is there revealed—the choice one of the Father,
Who kept the sacred law which Adam broke,
And gave himself a PERFECT offering

For all mankind. Now whosoever will
May freely take the blessings he procured,
May find complete deliverance from sin,
And the eternal punishment its due.

God even urges us to come and take
The glorious gift of everlasting joy,
Beseeches us to ask and be forgiven,
Entreats us to be reconciled to God.
He stretches out his arms and bids us come—
He runs to meet us with a father's joy
Over an erring and repentant child.
Say, in the face of such alluring mercy
Shall we neglect or slight the grace and perish!

Sin has its wages— death. The gift of God
Is endless life through Jesus Christ our Lord;
Who loved us and who gave himself for us;
Became the propitiation for our sins.
Grace O how matchless! shout both earth and heav'n
How godlike is the gift, that from deep hell
Exalts us to the topmost rank in glory;
Transforms us into sons and heirs of God.
How rich this great salvation, how complete!

Wisdom the infinite, kindness that excels
All height and depth, devised and wro't the whole.

THE LITTLE GRAY COTTAGE,

ON the tree-dotted mountain beyond the broad stream
A little gray Cottage now tenantless stands;
Into rooms quite forsaken the trembling stars gleam,
And the sun only busies his great golden hands.

All lonely the silent light falls on the floors;
Climbing hope has departed to toll otherwheres.
Red rust on the damp locks has sealed up the doors,
And shut out the world with its joys and its cares.

Though nothing of beauty that Cottage may boast,
A tender emotion its prospect recalls;
A charm wakes around it, which gathered or lost,
No palace could claim with its rich fretted halls.

For there, pure and sparkling, a jewel I found,
A gem from the mine in the mountains of love —
A flower fresh from Eden, performing the ground —
Rich gift of the bountiful Father above.

Yes, sweet is my Emily, dearest of girls!
Affection has crowned her with gladness and smiles.
Love's pathway is balmy and glowing with pearls —
Life's ocean is sprinkled with green sunny isles.

Are there friendships achieved on this shade-checked earth,
Which end not with life? Which extend beyond time?
Which will ripen in Heaven, the home of all worth?
And last midst the cycles of glory sublime?

Yes! Such is our trembling high hope through the Cross,
 Life's mission accomplished, earth's perils all past,
 Delivered from evil, recovered from dross,
 We shall sit at the feet of our Saviour at last.

O who may imagine the feasts of delight,
 The glory, the lore of that blissful Abode?
 There knowledge expands in the noontide of might,
 And the ransomed exult in the fulness of God.

TWILIGHT CIMMERIAN.

HARK! vagrant Reason loudly boasts o'er dubious Relics, won
 From that unceasing tide of Years which sullenly sweeps on;

And dreams it can evoke the Past in native vigor drest,
 And rouse it like a sleeping Child from its deep cave of rest.

But after all that musing might and tiring thought can do,
 There is a cavern and a shade it finds no passage through.

There is a secret, Time and Space can not be forced to yield:
 A treasure that defies the search though hidden in the field.

Truth o'er the spacious universe is graven rife around;
Fires in the infinite stretch above, hides in the guarded ground;

But deep amidst the ocean depths, beneath the deep sea line;
And far beneath the artesian steel and slowly entering mine.

The little that we aptly cull, from all which we explore,
Is but a pebble from the hill, one grain of golden ore:—

While the great mass of nature lies beyond us dark and vast;
And the rich veins extend so deep they disappoint at last.

Hold, Visionary! stay thy steps, mark where thy feet are placed,
And better read the written past from Records uneffaced.

The Power who plan'd these wondrous things & into being bro't
Is He by such a snail as thou, presuming scorner! taught?

How struggling reason would evade its immortality—
Burst like a meteor—proudly blaze—then grandly cease to be!

Nonentity its origin; accountable to none—
Enclosed in complex mystery——it was——and it is gone!

When God in six successive days upbuilt this beauteous earth,
Adhesive and elective forms of matter had their birth.

Nature was instituted then; her laws and course defined:
Each element prescribed its course, as pleased the **Eternal Mind**,

††
††

Each atom had its field prepared, its character imprest ;
The chemic and abstruser laws of movement, life and rest.

Material energies were framed, intricate, dark and deep :
And marvellous perfection throned in nature's strongest Keep.

Impenetrable glory crowned the least creative act,
Where puzzled gropes the keenest mind o'er every dazzling fact.

Truth laughs at the inductions crude, materialists propose,
And wrapt in mystery remains till sin-shorn time shall close.

Full of Thy riches is this earth, O God, thou great Supreme :
Replete with wealth which loftiest mind ne'er visited in dream.

Marvels on marvels, patient skill with lasting gain will bless ;
And times remote, and other men, thy bounteous gifts possess.

There is an impress, on the mould of nature, all divine :
Instinctive energy, that works, to separate and combine.

Progress—perfection—are the dies which God designed to fill,
And spread abroad the normal powers of instinct, nature, will :

The properties and laws of life—of light—and chemic change :
Fertile through all the fields which form their elemental range.

Man was commissioned to subdue, perfect and rule the earth ;
And vivify its powers occult, as by a later birth.

False sage, whose shallow vapory brain would deify the clod ;
And from the wonders of God's hand, eliminate the God :

For congregated atoms claim a potency and skill ;
Powers of selection and resolve, progressive act and will.

Time the iconoclast, has strown the crumbling fanes of old
With fragments of their broken gods, bedropt with gems and gold.

Confusion shakes the pediment, where trembling votaries stood ;
And ghastly ruin leans, regaled, in mocking attitude.

Art thou too gone, O Holy Light, the Hebrew host that led ; [fled ?
When Sea stood chained in icy towers ? And high heaped Jordan

No—God still lives. His witnesses unceasingly attest :—
They speak from each historic page ; on earth and heaven impress,

stupendous truth, with flashing arms, will baffled error quell :
And dazzling beams relume the race, that madly leagues with hell.

The vain hypotheses that float like morning mists obscure,
Must vanish in meridian light, and leave the noonday pure.

'Twas night—unbroken and intense—when God the work began,
To execute his high designs, and form his creature—man.

Empty and waste the earth came forth at that omnific word:—
Not chaos—but a perfect globe—with earth and water stored.

A circumambient ocean then enwrap it in the dark:—
Silent and shoreless was that sea—a deluge with no ark.

'Twas darkness of the eventide. God spoke. Material light
Came at his bidding—in the robes of threefold glory dight.

Fair azure of the firmament, O beauteous blue Expanse, [prance:
Where through the wild fantastic clouds, fleet-footed lightnings

Where sun and moon and wondrous stars, in glory rest and move:
From water raised, O fair Expanse, and grandly arched above.—

Perfect in each appointment. Framed for life and melody:
Nor lacking aught of good—it rose—when God said, LET IT BE.

Spake he again—the waiting world listened throughout its crust;
Schist—gneis—granite, rose uppled, and seas left bare their dust.

With God—the only great and wise, the only rich and strong,
Moments for mighty works suffice of periods vast and long.

Incomprehensible in power——who dare a limit set?
See—moments to his might are filled with cycles most complete.

THEY WORD IS TRUTH—against this rock blind atheism must dash,
And all false theories be hurled, with dark and dismal crash.

God said: Let earth be clothed with green, with forest, herb, and
Species and sorts at once uprose, prepared for every want. [plant:

Each with its wondrous virtues stored— inexplicably planned;
Choice with its life and symmetry, fresh from the Forming Hand.

Lightbearers let there be above—and sun and moon God made,
To blaze along the cope of day, and solace evening's shade.

See those stupendous globes bowled forth, ponderous and grand in
One robed in changing loveliness and one in dazzling light. [night.

God said: Let waters, and the air, with living beings swarm:—
Lo, monsters of the deep came forth, and fish of every form.

The infusoria plied its task; deeps blushed with gorgeous flower:
And swarming seas and coasts, were built with marvels of an hour.

Flocks filled the open firmament, and birds, of varied plume,
With echoing music woke the groves, midst fragrance and perfume.

Endless diversity—how vast—how perfect—lo, what care
In all adaptations and degrees—grotesque—unique—and fair.

What countless, wonderful, minute, exact, impossible things,
Perfect in all their least details; with life and thought and wings.

Stand—changed to tho't, with wonder mazed—and note the insect
Study for lapsing periods : what powers—adapions—forms. [swarms,

None but an infinite God, could make the very least of these
Which battens in the noonday sun, or sports upon the breeze.

But now the crowning day—the sixth. In God's own image made,
Adam appears—a perfect man—and enters Eden's shade.

And Eve in softened loveliness, formed from the man, is there ;
Light of his eyes—his wide domain, and all delights, to share.—

What was that image of his God, in which the Man was made ?
Was it alone in uprightness and moral power portrayed ?

Moulded with kind, considerate care, and fashioned to excel ;
Did not that body share the shape of the High God as well ?

Has God no image, form, nor shape ?—Let metaphysics hide
Beneath the panoply of night the swathings of its pride.

Shape is inseperable from both —matter and spirit too :
Each furnishes distinctive traits—to form and fashion true.

But man transgres'd—his rich estate of frame and mind were lost :
Rectitude gone, and beauty fled—most marr'd, for fallen the most.

The blight of sin swept body & mind with all its pending storms :
Oh, crush'd with bale ;— least perfect now of vertebrated forms !

This week of six days' toil embraced the labors of a God;
Works, ponderous and wisely plann'd, minute and spread abroad.

No lingering periods, undefined, elaborate the mass;
And bring, by process understood, the grand result to pass:

No cycles of unmeasured length, but just like ours, the days
Which saw the achievements of his hand, the legend of his ways.

God spoke—it instantly was done, formed by that word it stood,
A perfect work, and lacking nought of beautiful or good.

Full of his riches rolled the earth around its central star,
Unhindered by the ethereal mass, quivering with light afar:—

That wondrous ether, ponderous, vast;—more dense than sternest
Matter in which we live & breathe, but neither see nor feel. [steel:—

Time, long or short, in God's account, is an indifferent jot;
Of ponderous change an equal base, which signifyeth not.

Sufficient it is an instant's space, for God Almighty's work:
Perfect—behold it—and complete. Glories unweeded lurk;—

Myteries enwoven, rich and rife, athwart its golden warp;
Each asks infinitude of thought, and angel's loftiest harp.—

Hence with the false—the idle schemes of slow development:
The senseless subterfuge—the slag of reason fused and pent!

Vain boaster! canst thou comprehend the ultimates of things?
Or of an atom show the form, and probe its secret springs?

How came it what it is? and whence did it derive its power?
Explain the origin of laws which paint the summer flower.

Resolve the questions which result from wonders spread around
Thick as the never-counted stars, or sands that strew the ground.

—O, thou Eternal One, on high, whom mortals dread and doubt:
What mind can comprehend thy work? what seraph find thee out?

See—God brings up the summer cloud, behold his beauteous bow,
Ere sh witness of his power and grace, seven hued and rich in glow.

Come, scientist, determine now in all thy pride and trust,—
Uplift thy puny front, O worm, and arrogate from dust:

In God's fair Garden, Paradise, ere sin brought fatal blight,
Did that fair Iris once arise with rapture and delight?

Lo, sin with poisoned dart assails the disobedient race: [place?
O'er the changed earth, midst rolling clouds, has that fair arch a

Justice—longsuffering, has aroused—sends pouring mists abroad:
Shall the dark deluge illustrate this beauteous Work of God?

—Raindrops had no prismatic power those colors to distil,
Ere the eight souls were safely lodged on high Armenian hill.

Ere Noah's sacrifice, by faith, sent high its sacred smoke;
And the Creative Voice again all nature's rapture woke.—

When the great deeps were broken up, by dread convulsions rent,
And overwhelming floods outpoured—from a black firmament :

Till all earth's highest mountain chains, in awful torrents drow n'd
No spot for foot of man, or beast, or flying fowl, was found.

Then arctic and antarctic seas disgorged their frozen stores :
And glaciers of two thousand years unmoor'd from thawing shores.

Earth's products of all climes were mixt & swept from pole to pole,
While corpses of the vanquish'd race with beasts bestrew'd the whole.

Two continents of floating ice plough'd tropic hills and vales,
Drooping the stone-drift here and there—for geologic tales,

And dreams of atheistic minds, whom the plain truth offends ;
Who make deductions, crude and false, for plain ignoble ends.

Who hate the Testimony sure, by Inspiration given ;
Thrust immortality aside, and quite ignore a Heaven.

Thy word is TRUTH, its perfect mass, like cupell'd—finest gold,
Returns unalter'd from the fires, with value yet untold.

Thy word is LIGHT, its flashing rays the distant past reveals ;
Sparkling with scintillations bright from things God yet conceals.

They who despise this only Torch which streams along the past,
Must stumble o'er the crumbling crags, and fall in pits at last.

In its authoritative Roll, the future lives revealed:
While graphic shadows clothe the forms of things in part conceal'd.

This is the Beacon on the cliffs, that guards the sea of life:
The Witness confident and true: the Pledge thro' all earth's strife.

Creeds and opinions burst like spray on this Unshaken Rock,
While, stainless ever and serene, it rises midst the shock.

This is the Pillar that supports the rights and hopes of men:
Whate'er is high and pure in thought—all that shall live again.

The progress of the world exists by its perpetual aid:
Whate'er is noble, good and pure, it lifts above the shade.

Tho' long and doubtful the campaign, it aids and crowns the right.
And all who learn and love its truth, will share in God's delight.

O, glorious BOOK! all wonderful in progress, grace, and truth.—
It lives and lasts perpetual years, in freshness, power, and youth.

He who accepts it, holds the key that keeps the Golden Door;
He who rejects it—throws away himself and all his store.

VISIONS EVANESCENT.

WHEN young was my heart in the promise that flings
Its aureate charm o'er life's withering things; —
When the Rainbow of hope in the morning of joy
Was shed o'er the mists and the clouds of Annoy—
I thought, oh, how sweet
Were the days—dim and distant—my spirit should greet!

Soft is the rustling the night zephyr makes,
Mid the flowers of the steep, while the young foliage shakes:
Pensive and loved is the rivulet's tone,
With the silvery tears of the Night-watcher strown. —
Dreams delightful as these
Came like musical barks o'er Life's glittering seas.

But the flower opes and perishes; leafless and brown
Hangs the mantle of earth at the Winter's sharp frown.
And the Fountain is sealed with the stone of amaze,
Where the banked snows are sleeping tempestuous days.
So fareth the heart——
Years gather a sternness—and visions depart.

Life comes to the plant again, morn to the night,
And the blossom is fresh, and the young ray is bright: —
Can a freshness like these e'er revisit the heart?
Shall youth with its hopes from those dark shadows start?
No—no, alas—no!
The wave of its Childhood can never reflow.

HOPE THOU IN GOD.

BE strong, my struggling spirit,
Look up, my troubled heart;
Now lay aside each hindrance,
From every sin depart.
Forsake thyself, and gather
Affections from the dust
Arise, thy Saviour calls thee
In him alone to trust.

Thou feelest thou art unworthy,
He knew thou wouldest be so
Before he left his glory
To lift thee from thy woe.
And when he spake and bade thee
Leave all and follow him,
Most perfectly he knew thee —
And yet did not condemn —

And yet did not despise thee,
All loathsome as thou art:
Then why so sorely troubled,
My doubting trembling heart?
The chambers of God's promise
Are gloriously bright
With words of golden marvel
Enwrought in precious light.

Large is his heart in mercy,
He giveth like a God —
Himself in humiliation
He gave with prayers and blood.

Lo, numbered with transgressors
He bows upon the tree—
Mercy excelling mercy!
Was this indeed for me!

Lord, take my heart—my spirit—
My body:—make me thine
Completely—and for ever,
And on my dimness shine.
And when thou send'st the message
From earth to make me free,
Lord, come thyself, receive me
Always to be with thee.

[1860.

THE TWO HILLS.

THE Day is done—the wintry Day
Subsides into the West;
Though purple clouds prolong its stay,
'Tis slowly fading quite away:
Yet where the woods opaquely lay
Upon the mountains crest,
The belting snows, serenely white,
Distinctly shimmer through the Night;
And Shadow crowns its height.

Hope's Day is done—her witching Day
 Sinks also in the West:
 Imposing clouds some moments stay,
 A goodly crowd in rich array.
 They pass. But where the scene is gray,
 A mountain rears its crest.
 Its base with purest snow is white,
 A forest rings its central height—
 But capt with dazzling light.

First Hill that in the distance shows
 I would not care to climb:
 Its snows are crusted ponderous snows,
 And its dark top of dull repose,
 Of churlish winds and threatening woes,
 Is limited by time.
 The icy air invades its crest:
 A snowy couch must there be prest—
 Its only place of rest.

The second—through the scene it shows—
 That Mountain let me climb;
 Conquering whatever may oppose.
 Yes! I must pierce its drifted snows,
 Scorning the Valley of Repose,
 And reaching out of Time.
 Upon its rich and dazzling top.
 Lo! the Invisible Heavens drop;
 Nor will the Traveller stop. (Jan. 17'60)

A MEDITATION.

CLOUDS float along the starry canopy
Like the strange deeds and legends of the past,
And the low liquid murmurs of the South
Steal through the garlands of the wilderness,
O very sweetly.

Fair one of wild days,
Thou Moon! which risest midst the centuries
Clad in the vestments of eternity.
The cordon of the dark thick years is round thee—
And thou hast beautified the sapphire Vault,
And gleamed upon the marble solitudes—
The Cities of the Desolate, where day
And night, and toil, and rolling destiny,
Seem marked no more—but mingle.

Sombre times,
And stormy periods, have scarr'd the years
Of a sad Earth. Great Nations have arisen—
Swept o'er the scene like fiery prodigies,
And been extinguished. Even their existence
And history would be treated as a myth,
Had not the winds of Centuries strewn their sands
O'er vast and gorgeous Palaces; which now
The antiquary wondering exhumes:—
And the sun gilds the elaborated slabs,
Inscribed with legends and with histories,

Which raise the Past loaded with Skeletons.—
 God thus o'erwatches his Prophetic Roll,—
 That Book whose light is truer than the sun's.

Can human intellect presage, or scan,
 From noticeable things, and known events?
 The efficient cause, and ultimate result?
 From nature's laws, decadence and erosion,
 Deduce the date and origin of things?
 Compute the earth's nativity, and fix
 Its gaseous and its intermediate states?
 With introverted glance prophetic sweep
 The Past again, and re-construct creation?—
 Unfathomable mystery sits Guard
 O'er matter, mind—in all their varied modes;
 Life—vegetative, sensitive, or animate;
 Time and its tenses. Limping Mind can never
 Advance beyond conjecture. Weird dreams,
 Deluding whimsies of geology—
 Crude phantoms floated on a dropping cloud—
 Repay such toil to overthrow the verity
 Of Truth itself—and set up vagaries,
 Shorn of the light of immortality,
 And all the golden nobleness of truth.
 —Go worship Spontaneity and Chance,
 Developement and Natural Selection,
 O sapient sages, worthy to be men! —
 Behold the god of their idolatry,
An Atom!

O, how fallen and blind is man;
 What vile absurdities extoled as truth!

A senseless atom, most inane and weak,
Preferred to the Great God who works in all
The innumerable atoms He employs—
MAKER of Nature and Intelligence.

Enchanting Valley of Night! The open gate
Beside the Obelisk of Mysteries,
Invites the loiterer to step within
And spell the hieroglyphics graven thereon
In dazzling schemes, by the Eternal Hand.
O! glorious earth and heaven. What harmony
Midst semblances and hues, which variagate
And supplement each other. Wonderful
In place and substance. Vast out-topping skill
And power unparalleled, now plainly stand
On the dim hills. While golden hooded Night
Touches a strain most charming.

It is sweet
To hear the moving murmurs of the streams
In many mingled voices. While the face
Of the round Moon sprinkles with silver flashes
The rippling brooks. Lo, the stone-bounded River
Woos—wins the heaven with all its drifting hosts
Of majesty and beauty. Nature sleeps—
But wrapt in charming dreams & wondrous shadows
Which seem like glimpses of a life beyond —
Veiled as that Prophet, recent from the Mount,
With the rock Tablets man had never graven!

The birds are mute, sweet minstrels ! perch'd around
 Above the flower clad banks luxuriant ;
 And tangled thickets of the sweet wild rose.
 Exuberant branches nod with leaf and blossom
 Until they kiss the waters. — Very fair,
 And like the voice of a delighting one,
 Which has been hidden many winter days,
 Is this romantic spot. And I could live,
 Blest as an unimbltered Anchorite,
 A life of individual happiness
 Feasting upon the glory of this scene.

*FENEBERG'S LOAN TO
 THE LORD.*

TO godly Michael Feneburg,
 Pastor of Seeg, Bavaria,
 With downcast eyes and empty purse,
 A weary Traveller came one day.
 Who may aid him to Journey's end,
 Now that his silver staff is gone ?
 Shall the generous Pastor be his friend—
 So far as three crowns—to help him on ?
 “The journey is long—ah, see the gate,—
 Hence must I go at morn's awake.—
 A hapless Traveller, thus in strait,—
 I crave three crowns—for Jesus' sake.”

Three crowns !—'tis all the Vicar can claim.
 But the Traveller earnestly implored :—

"Now, since he asks in Jesus' name,
I will lend the money to the Lord."

He drew the silver from his purse;
He sent the strangled Stranger on.—
But now the Vicar's case grew worse:
Needs prest him sore---his means were gone.

To left he look'd, he look'd to right:
No aid—no token of relief:
His wants came pressing—thick as night,
And mustering winds portended grief.

He went unto the Lord, and said:
"Three crowns, dear Lord, I lent to thee—
My needs ran gaunt:—my rain-clouds fled—
I pray thee, give them back to me."

Ere night there came a messenger:
What means that packet? hides it aught?
'Tis opened—"Lo, what have I here?
Two hundred thalers—safely brought!"

Childlike—amazed and joyfully,
Exclaimed the man for kindness famed ———
"Dear Lord, what dare one ask of Thee!
Straightway one feels so much ashamed!"

MORNING.

'TIS Morning, and the glorious sun
Flames like a cherub, as he wakes
From cloud-piled Night's imperial couch.
Over the earth what gladness breaks
At his celestial touch!
The brooks like thoughts of glory run,
Flashing with radiance newly caught:
Earth singeth——for the Night is done,
And is remembered not.

'Tis Morning in the mourning soul,
Lo! Christ the sun breaks through the gloom,
Light the all-beauteous strangely streams,
Leaving no death and scarce the tomb:
Heart wakes to holy themes.
Musings like brooks of glory run
Flashing with radiance newly caught,
Despair's tempestuous night is done
And is remembered not.

CONTENTMENT.

I ENVY no mortal that lives,
Although I have nothing to boast :
But a heart which contented receives
Is a blessing unknown unto most.

No mansion of splendor is mine,
No slave crouleth low at my hee,
No gems on my coronet shine,
No millions are galled for my rest.

I care not for pearl or for gold,
I reck not the red flashing cup,
Unadorned is my drapery's fold,
Of the earth's crystal fountains I sup.

I oppress none to compass my ends,
For my conscience prohibits the deed ;
I know none who are not my friends,
Though perhaps never tested by need.

If the nations be filled with alarms
I sit in my cottage of peace,
A stranger to fetters or arms
Or the trappings of cumbersome case.

My mind is the throne which I fill,
My thoughts are the hosts which obey,
The vassals which wait at my will,
And are swift as the flashes of day.

They conjure the Past from its shade,
With its lore, with its deeds, with its flame,
Till I gaze on the thousands arrayed
In the power and the splendor of fame.

They illumine futurity's cave,
They revel midst system and star,
Where the vast and low-murmuring wave
Of Eternity rolleth afar.

And I sit by that Sea and recline
Midst the tones of its deep maestrely : ———
And thus is the universe mine,
It yieldeth all treasures to me.

I bask in the light of to-day,
To-morrow may bring what it will ;
My heart neither cloudy nor gay,
Shall have constant serenity still.

And thus, though my lot may appear
To merit the sigh of the great,
For them I could furnish a tear,
And lament o'er their splendor and state.

For what are the earth's richest gifts
If no treasure be laid up above ?
Oh ! how poor is the soul which ne'er lifts
Its hopes to the Kingdom of love.

My grave may be marked with no stone,
No bosom above it may grieve ;
But the streamlet beside it will moan,
And the zephyr sigh softly at eve.

And the birds will sing blythe in the tree
And the flower-stem wave rankly and tall ;
They will sing they will blossom for me,
I have cherished affection for all.

LIZARD.

THE bright sun burns in the glowing sky,
For the time of leaves is drawing nigh:
I feel it, as with music tone,
The breath of the soft wind floateth lone.
O'er the brilliant face of the drifted snow
That air diffuses a softening glow,
And the vaulted cope is pure and clear
As the chastest gem, or affection's tear.

Old and gray hangs the mighty wood,
Lock'd in ice rolls the summer flood,
The rivulet moans not in the vale,
No warbler is telling its minstrel tale;
Yet a glory, a love, a heart-felt bliss
Pervades the shadowy wilderness,
It floats from the banks of glittering snow,
It falls from the heaven to the hills below,
And the frost-smit earth is no longer sere,
For the time of leaves is drawing near.

A BLESSING FROM THE LORD.

I LOVED a dowerless Maid: —
Beauty and light were her sole heritage,
Her guileless heart was an unwritten page,
A Volume bound in gold—which yet was white.
And I and love inscribed, in figures bright,
Fair things within—and laid
Perpetual tracings of most beauteous eyes.
And it became a Book of memories,
Wherein was written—Joy,
And glories of the earth-outtopping soul.

C R O W N E D .

CROWNED like the scalp of the lordly hill,
White——white :
But dim thine eye as the gray bird's bill,
That wrinkled visage—speaks it of ill
Concealed from others' sight ?
Monarch—but what hath blanched thy head ?
And bleared that eagle eye ?
Have musings bleak thus furrow'd thy cheek
In the hours of the years gone by ?
Go question the storm-reared mountain oak
If blasts e'er shook its stem ;
Demand of the desolate desert rock
How rains have channelled its creviced block :
Time hath ennobled them.
And time the glory of its snows
Upon thy scalp hath shed——
He hath stricken thy cheek with his blasts full bleak
And made thy youth be dead.

Though crowned like a cloud outtopping hill,
White——white :
A theme in thy heart breathes summer still ;
And kindlier than rich dews, distil
Emotions of delight.
Ask you about that princely theme ?
Nature makes poor display :——
The eagle in flight ne'er saw its light,
Nor chanced on its wond:——

The heart may slumber amid the noon,
 Sluggish and lost in dream—
 It stirs too late, it sleeps too soon,
 Slowly it wakes, as from a swoon,
 To this transcendent theme.
 Hears it the all inspiring hymn,
 The music of a Name?
 Lo! Jesus the kind heals the sick and the blind—
 Mighty to save—he came.

The glorious voice of the infinite God
 Calls——calls:
 Salvation invites the world abroad,
 Goes up and down the beaten road,
 And halts before the walls.
 Life for eternal wondrous years
 May bathe in oceans of bliss.
 Surprising the grace! in all its displays
 Of life and ineffable peace.
 This glorious hope appears
 Beckoning from beyond——
 From a clime that knows no sighs nor tears,
 Where life is young thro' unmeasured years,
 And the fruits of delight are found.
 Happy the myriads entering there,
 From this world of sorrow and shade:
 TL ' unspeakable grace they come to the place
 For the ransomed and fitted made.

BY the gentle brink of a loving stream,
Where wander'd the day's retiring beam.
Like an angel—coming down to lave
His radiant wings in the cooling wave;—
A silent loiterer reclined.
Trees over him whisper'd—old and vined.
And he studied the earth and the tranquil sky
With spirit entranced and a dreamy eye.
That sky was clear—that earth was sweet,
With thro'ts which were lovely, strange and fleet.
Blossoms abounded on summer tree,
And songs of inspiring melody
Floated around from dell and grove;
And in all the soft blue sky above
There was only one cloud of beauteous mould.
On its tissue of silver and ruby and gold
Murmurs of gladness seemed to beat
From ripples that come and again retreat.
And a brilliant star appeared thereon
Like a memory rich of some being gone..

And the loiterer gazed until there seemed
A voice from the cloud—so sound he dreamed—
And amid the hush of the twilight dim
He spoke—and the fair cloud answered him:—
It told him of priceless—but wasted—days,
Fading like paths in the dreamy haze:—

Of opportunities—costly and rare—
 Which indolence left to the cold winds bare,—
 Alas! a shudder of bleak dismay
 Over his sad heart won its way :—
 But a golden gleam of the light beyond,
 Cheered—and forbade him to despond.
 For the eve and the cloud and the jubilant star,
 Are beacons of life, and point afar.—
 From cloud and evening and star and brook,
 To the GOD revealed in the Golden Book.

R U I N E D .

HATH the world no cold pity.
 And no tear for thee. Maiden?
 Hath the world no cold pity
 For thy misery?

Frozen seem its fair waters,
 Exacting, its regard, Maiden,
 For thy stain hath it no waters?
 Not the ice drop hard?

Sink not with despair's wailing,
 Give not all to grief Maiden:
 For thy heart's relentless wailing
 There may be relief,

Wilt thou listen? One is tender,
 One upbraided not, Maiden;
 God forgiveth, He is tender,
 Nor art thou forgot.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

THIS the same spot—and I will sit me down
Where I have sat, full many an eve and sung,
Beneath these same two wedded trees; when brown
The evening wax'd; and life was bright and young:
No pleasure waned—and not a string unstrung,
Warned me of months most desolate and pest,
When the hushed harp should on the limbs be hung
Of basswood in its gloomiest vestment drest:
And not one lonely joy
Find lodging in my breast.

- II.

Delightful grove! whose many waving boughs
Have sounded over me, in leafy green,
As now the music—now the memory—flows:
Where I have been most happy. And have been
In many an hour that years have come between,
In many an hour yet with my being blent;
And marked around me the same glorious scene:
Hills sky and stream with evening's radiance sprent
While rapturous o'er the whole
Mine eyes dilating went.

III.

Ah! who shall say----how high soe'er his hope,
How glad soe'er he wait futurity,
And range its dewy paths, its verdant scope,
And shape it out what he would have it be——
No day of gloom or blighting waits for me?

I have seen torrents and red lightning pour
On prospect of enchanting melody,
That to itself but faint resemblance bore,
When past the cowering night,
And the thick storm was o'er.

IV.

Yet saith the Song of wisdom, it is good
A man even in his youth should bear the yoke,
Till pride be stricken, stubbornness subdued.
And crystal castles shattered. Spirit broke,
In dust he lays his lips beneath the stroke;
Crying in anguish--if there may be hope:
While tears and sobs his supplications choke:
Till through the night a golden vista ope,
And upward moves his steps
On Life's inviting slope.

V.

It is the time of Autumn, and the wood
Puts on its spoils of radiance. I behold
Meshes and veinings, where the working flood
Hides the plump fry sleek scaled in gems and gold.
Yonder, dim blueish cliffs jut rough and bold:
Nearer, a strife of beauty sweeps the shore,
And shadowy blendings tenderly infold
The changing branches, and the rocks all hoar,
With a sweet mellowing haze
That was not there before.

VI.

One little bird is fitting through these boughs,
In glossy plumage; and its plaintive note
Falls in a trance of sorrow. Hark!—it flows
At varied intervals, where ripe leaves float

To the calm sunset. And I see, remote,
 Some clouds uphung in whiteness. And the stream
 Of Lahstok's river, without speck or boat,
 Rolls on amidst these hills in steel hued gleam,
 Like a rich alchemy,
 Or glad accomplished dream.

VII.

Red ripened apples glance from long lithe boughs,
 Tempting to smiling lips and romping glee.
 Rich purple plumbs and clustering cherries, rouse
 Quaint venturous sallies of the fresh and free.
 Rife grainfields sleep in yellow mimic sea;
 Now ready for the sickle. Tassled corn,
 Bank, through its long leaves rustles pensively:
 Lo crowning plenty smiles, she comes Heaven born!
 The reaper notes the sky,
 And waits the dewy morn.

VIII.

Like music from the flight of distant wings,
 Something is floating round—in part revealed:
 A magic sympathetical upsprings:
 A winning grace eludes us half concealed.
 A crystal which long droppings have congealed,
 Stands in the cavern of the olden days,
 Gleaming with light of science. But the field
 Is circumscribed, nor obvious to the gaze;
 And searching Thought walks forth
 To stumble midst the maze.

IX.

Nature—behold the drudging giant rise!
 What vast adaptations muster on the soul!—
 From seeming chance oft opportune surprise

Rewards the adventurer with new control
 Deep hidden since the earth began to roll.
 Laboured inventions, and discoveries grand
 Beckon and seize the enterprising soul,
 Lend to aspiring arts the dexterous hand,
 Till powers occult and vast
 Rouse at a child's command !

X.

Marvels seem inexhaustible—such store
 Has Heavenly Wisdom lavished on this sphere,
 Laborious ages fall as yet to explore
 The unbounded mine. And in their long career
 Wonders succeeding wonders still appear.
 Helmed in quick lightnings, lo! where conquering
 Thought——
 Leaping wide earth and diving seas—is here :
 And consanguinity from climes remote,
 Feels the broad brotherhood,
 Repeats the thrilling note.

XI.

Earth for her golden age amain prepares,
 Metallic voices pierce the azure cloud :
 Those wires grow resonant with softening airs,
 And stealthy words awake the admiring crowd.
 Friend speaks with friend in natural tones aloud
 And instantly—though long leagues intervene.
 And man, with new ubiquity endowed,
 May yet behold his brother on a screen,
 And talk with him at home
 Broad seas the while between.

XII.

Sweet is this evening hour, and sweet to muse :
 Loud surgings of the tempest stir it not ;
 Draped in the genial haze, who would not choose
 To sit and hold communion with high thought ?
 There things remote are to the spirit brought :
 Ardor the Minstrel and the Sage have known,
 Touched by thy potent wand, O Night, is caught.
 Dim and sublime thou sitt'st upon thy throne ;
 And seeming absolute
 Nodd'st o'er the deep alone.

XIII.

Whence that low sighing ? 'Tis the wind of night ;
 See where fantastic mists float from the west :
 The pensive moon seems grudging of her light,
 Nor spurns the lagging clouds about her prest.
 Now smiles like silver on the edges rest
 Of the rolled mass, which ever-changing glows,
 And floats away with varying hues imprest.
 Now unimpeded light a moment flows,
 Then drifts across the stream,
 To bless the hill's repose.

XIV.

As children loitering all a summer's day
 Of golden hours beside some tinkling brook :
 So we along a life unmindful stray,
 Nor once into its hidden wonders look,
 Nor gain the wisdom stored in many a nook,
 Nor seek the life beyond—that never dies.
 The kingly crown we slight ; the golden Book
 Which tells about it, clouds before our eyes :—
 Time fleets—we pass—and fail
 To win the glorious prize !

XV.

O strange perversity, O heedless waste,
 O negligence that art itself defrauds;—
 Heart uncorrected, I so deep have abused,
 Bearing those garments which are not God's,
 Scorning all quarter though it stands at odds,
 Slighting rich grace, averse to proffered good.—
 Thus sordid rust the brightest steel corrodes:
 Thus the cool cup with poison is imbued:
 Hope topples from a throne,
 Nor rises when subdued.

XVI.

Tablets of God! transcendent golden Tome,
 In which lie hidden pearls of greatest price;
 There the undreamt of, dazzling grace to come,
 Warbles, forever fresh from Paradise—
 O is not he who trusts the message wise?
 Seraphic witness of exalting love,
 Strong arm of help outstretched in sweet surprise:
 Apocalyptic envoy from above.
 O can one heart be steeled
 And ne'er responsive move?

XVII.

O! decked with amaranths and charms of life,
 Land, beckoning radiant in the distance dim,
 Region unknown to turmoil sin and strife;
 Set in the far-off like a rapturous hymn:
 Have not thy glad crowds one exhaustless theme?
 A rapture, a delight that never tires?
 Loves burst in peals to HIM who did redeem;
 Earth hides its shame and its unhallow'd fires:
 While glory sits supreme,
 Midst life's enthroned desires.

XVIII.

A feeble flambeau glimmers down the past,
 A voice of mournfulness yet echoes near:
 Yes, oft the Red Man spread his rude repast,
 Upreared his wigwam, held his treasures dear,
 His wild home joys, and led a life severe.
 To him the forest was a princely boon,
 A park of pleasure—bred to sports austere;
 Its singing boughs no hand dare lop or prune:
 While suns unstinted rose,
 And sailed the varied moon.

XIX.

Close wrapt in furs his snowshoes track'd the sle^t
 Of wooded valleys, hills and ice clad lakes.
 Roused the swift moose and deer, himself as fleet.
 Excited in the chase, he overtakes
 The bounding elk mid streams and mountain breaks
 Pierces him stalwart with his twanging bow,
 While the soft snows steal down in quavering flakes
 —But there were scenes diverse, and bitter woe,
 Howlings, and wild grimace,
 And sports o'er vanquished foe.

XX.

Lahstok! weird river, speculation deep
 Jaded with vigil, sits where rainbows blend,
 On some gray cliff at foot of tyrean steep,
 Absorb'd in dreams. While the blue skies descend
 In many a charming nook and graceful bend,
 Deep in thy waters, midst forgotten deeds,
 Midst braves and chieftans who no more defend.
 O state for which compassion vainly pleads:
 While swift in spectral bark
 A wounded warrior bleeds.

XXI.

And now 'tis wigwam'd in the dreamy past,
Absorbed in the oblivion of earth,
Gone like its People—destined not to last :
Faint as a thrice born echo : vain as mirth
Bubbling from frenzied woe. Swept off in dearth
Before the o'erbrimming fulness of a Race
Ordained of old endued with highborn worth.
Abash'd, the Red man has concealed his face ;
And, silent in the shades,
No more reserves his place.

XXII.

Who knows but that the archives of fled years
May be revived from ruins crushed and old ;
Loud songs of glee, deep wails full fed with tears,
Low haunting winds of feelings spent and cold ;
And aspects, once more valued far than gold,
Which have departed to oblivion dun.
There is a book unopened, strong to hold
Shadow and sunshine, deeds and trophies won,
Assays that end in plight,
And efforts well begun,

XXIII.

Hope, like a spider by the sphex transpierced,
And lodged amidst life's nurseries entranced,
Must nourish must regale when waking first ;
Ere to a less obscure estate advanced.
Use then the waiting mo sel while thou canst ;
Scorn not the sleeping, heart sustaining food :
Solaced with hope that often planned and danced ;
Partaken now in night and solitude :
Factor of latent force,
Enthroned by efforts rude.

XXIV.

How strange this being ! lo, what deep unrest :
 Longings, wild wrestlers with beleaguering years :
 Blindness that vaults and plunges to be best :
 Fate that awakes amidst jeopardizing fears,
 And lions of the jungle. Bitter tears
 O'er shattered fortunes, or dismantled hopes.
 Intrigues that harrass as with foemen's spears :
 Urged forward on a treacherous ledge that slopes
 Down to an iron cage
 That shuts but never opes.

XXV.

'Tis well to ponder oft this passing show,
 This feverish state where many seem not wise :
 For what behooves it mortal, if he know,
 And knowing spurn the good that near him lies ?
 Or what avails it, though he moralize,
 With seeming sapience, midst another's grief ?
 Put forth thy hand—nay help the woe that cries :
 No cold spectator comes with curt relief,
 With cup of kindness pure,
 With oil, or ripened sheaf. —

XXVI.

High in the splendent South midst anchored stars
 A brilliant spectacle salutes my sight :—
 Did the old pagans deify yon Mars,
 Reddened with glory, panoplied with light ?
 Yes, many a myth in fancy's wildest plight,
 Inspirited their ignorance, and threw
 A spurious wealth and a falacious might :
 Radiant, as fresh from heaven in glittering dew :
 On themes of stygian birth,
 And morrows veiled from view.

 XXVII.

The meriment of earth has sunk to rest,
 A stately melancholy wanders now,
 A plaintive murmur stealthily inquest,
 A wandering shadow on the mountain's brow.
 The summer's wealth despoiled from many a bough
 Heap'd on the moss-clad roots and hollows lies.
 Only the cedar, hemlock, youth avow,
 With sighing pine; midst fitful blast that flies,
 Cast off their wind-beat spires,
 In fresher verdure rise.

XXVIII.

Come let us walk on this remember'd bank,
 This marge romantic. Here the world is not:
 Its ill its strifes float like an idle plank,
 Scarcely perceived in this secluded spot.
 Here for some moments be it quite forgot:
 Give to the future meditation due:
 Converse awhile with life in serious thought:
 Cite the fled days: thy purposes review:
 Lift up thy heart to God,
 And to thyself be true.

XXIX.

O Child—of spoliation and distress!
 Whose thoughts revert to incidents and days
 All golden rinn'd, when hope stood up to bless,
 Predicting bounty for Life's future ways;
 And kingly joys throned in excessive blaze.
 And opulence supreme. And yet Hope lied.
 Then turn'd—O phantom! vaulted in its rays!
 And Disappointment gloom'd the vernal tide:
 While roaring torrents plough'd
 Black desolations wide

XXX.

There is a ray which nature knows not of,
 A light that flickers o'er the tomb of life,
 Discovering to the thoughtful, things above.
 For scarce these earthborn faculties arrive
 At the hill top of wisdom — though we strive,
 And struggle and determine—without aid.
 This holy radiance bids the soul revive;
 Reveals decrepit earth in all its shroud:
 Shows to itself the heart,
 With what shall last and fade.

XXXI.

Yes! happy he whose rectified desires
 Escape beyond this smoke beclouded state.
 Who owns a God reveal'd, and hence aspires,
 Thro' Heavenly pity, grace and mercy great,
 And timely aid to all who prayerful wait,
 To reach the jewell'd City of the King.
 World's good— poor gaudy prize, it glints too late:
 Its noisy flocks sail off on rapid wing.—
 But glorious Mansions rise,
 Where pilgrims rest and sing.

XXXII.

What is there like the gospel of God's grace,
 Which can supply the soul with riches true?
 What is there lovely but His shining face?
 What other arm can bring us safely through?
 CHRIST—Son of David—undertake and do!
 Heal every ill, each sobbing want supply:
 Thou art the Faithful, thou alone the True.
 To thy dear cross and bleeding side I fly.
 Thy words comprise my trust,
 Thou hear'st the sinner's cry.

XXXIII.

Since earliest touches of this artless lay,
The varied seasons and the changeful days,
Have paddled onward and have slip away,
Midst sorrow's grasp and joy's decoying rays:
Earth's vocal wooings and its mute displays;
Guiding into that tideless Sea unknown.
O Heart! uprear thy monument of praise,
For all the way with countless blessings sown!
For Life's sustaining gift,
For trials overblown.

REDEMPTION.

LOOK down in cloudless lustre,
Exultant orb of day;
Burst into odorous blossoms,
O buds of the genial May:
For a hope in my heart has risen,
Seraphlike sitting there,
Over the smould'ring ashes
Of earth's intense despair.

Awake, O sweetest warblers,
Jubilant with the spring;
Sing with the rocks and valleys,
For the rocks and valleys sing.
The fountains waken with praises,
The mountains clap their hands;
While my heart casts out its sorrow,
And leaps from its broken bands.

Praise God, O rich creation,
All breath all being praise:
His splendor of salvation
Floods o'er his countless ways.
High as high heaven in glory,
Profound as midnight night,
Vast as an unknown ocean,
Endless as full delight

Baptism Amidst The Hills.

NOT now where arch and fretted roof arise,
With skill by men bestowed;
But out beneath the blue depending skies,
Thy matchless work, O God,
We come to worship Thee this glorious day,
In thine appointed way.

Not by some stunted pool, midst pillar'd aisles
Of temples decked by hand;
But here, amidst the hills and green defiles,
Where Thine own trophies stand,
Thy leafy woods, Thy singing birds appeal,
With impulses that heal.

Here where melodious waters cool and clear,
To nature's bath invite:
Sovereign of all! we wait upon Thee here,
With multiplied delight.
Our supplicating hearts and ready hands,
Fulfill Thy high commands.

Not with some drops from all this plenteous store,
Mock we the sacred rite:
But with Thy word unchanged forevermore,
Walk watchful in Thy sight:
O Lamb of God who tak'st our sins away,
Thee only we obey.

In Jordan's river, midst the glowing hills
Of rich & dead land,
The crowd that quak'd at John's intense appeals,
Were merged by God's command:
And amidst the living waters, now will we,
Dear Savior, honor Thee.

THE CONVERT.

*For here we have no continuing city,
but we seek one to come; Heb. xiii.*

THERE are songs before the Throne,
There is gladness here on earth :
Child of sin becomes a son
Of the High and Holy One,
By a second birth.
Happy soul, ascend !
Here there is no fixed abode ;
Earnestly go up the road
To the Eternal City.

What was lost is found again
Christ, who suffered, claims his own——
Purchase dear of stripes and pain :——
He who lives, and once was slain.
Changed the heart of stone.
Happy soul, ascend !
Here there is no fixed abode ;
Earnestly go up the road
To the Eternal City.

Welcome to the Pilgrim's meed,
To his conflicts, to his tears ;
To the glories that succeed
All his trials, straits and fears :
To his crown of life !
Happy soul, ascend !
Here there is no fixed abode ;
Earnestly go up the road
To the Eternal City.

Stranger! take the shield of faith,
 Don Salvation's helmet-hope :
 Struggle, climb; nor halt, till death
 Shall the unseen Kingdom ope,
 With its unsung bliss!
 Happy soul, ascend!
 Here there is no fixed abode:
 Earnestly go up the road
 To the Eternal City.

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

LUKE XXII. 17. (11 s.)

WHEN my thoughts travel back o'er the
 pathway of life,
 When I trace Thy rich goodness through error
 and strife;
 Midst heedless forgetfulness, blindness and sin;
 In the rod to correct, in the kindness to win;
 In the love never failing, the bounty untold,
 From sources immense coming down as of old:—
 Midst forbearance supreme, midst rich mercies
 divine,
 Lord, I can but confess I am much like the Nine.

How lean and how feeble my praises have been,
 Midst that vigilant care that has wail'd me unshen!
 Midst those succors celestial, each timely, complete,
 Which have held me in life, and attended my feet;

Midst the favor of healing, so often bestowed;
 Midst strong promises set like great towers by the
 road!—
 Midst those free gifts of God, which all mercies
 combine,
 Oft I've been little better than those of the Nine. —

But, O child of a King! dwelling yet in the dust,
 Stand up drest with honor, proclaim thy strong
 trust.

Thou witness for Jesus the Faithful the True,
 Who bought thee, who brought thee, who
 tenderly drew;
 With rapture, with shouting take up the refrain,
 Come, tell of the arm of thy saviour again.
 Midst mercies unnumbered, midst favors Divine,
 No! never canst thou be like one of the Nine. —

Dejected one, trembling one, least of the least;
 The Master is serving! rise, sit at the feast.
 Thy purpose is weak, and thy talent is small,
 But the Friend whom thou lovest, is God over all.
 'Tis the way of His marvels, His path of delight,
 With the nothings to bring to nought grandeur
 and might.

In the fulness of Jesus arise now and shine;
 Nor be shamefully silent, as if of the Nine. ———

O sleeper! what dreams are illuding thy mind,
 Shutting out from thy sight a Redeemer so kind.

UNFULFILLED.

The arm of whose grace drew thee up from a pit,
Set thy feet on a rock? yea, extends to thee yet!
Is His name quite forgotten, and acts of His grace
That thou like an alien must hide from His face?
Canst thou stray with the herd? cast off counsels
Divine?
Say friend! how much longer make one of the Nine?

—O heedless one, foolish one; loving thy sin
Midst the full blaze of mercy that seeks thee to
win!
Still blind to the blessings that fall like the rain;
And the grace offered over and over again:
Sporting madly on verge of the cliffs of dismay:
Whom a breath, like the autumn leaf, soon steals
away:—
Did it ever occur to that proud heart of thine,
That, possibly, thou too art much like the Nine?

UNFULFILLED.

WEAK unaccomplished good! its effort quivers
Like an autumnal tree beside the rivers,
Whose sighing leaves usurpt, are stript in splendor
Midst cloud and sunshine, hours severe and tender
Alas for dark sad nature undelivered!
A sword in rust, a sapling lightning shivered:
Astatic hope whose heavenly force survives not;
Ardor irresolute that quails and strives not,
Each office for desiccant gust is ready:

In sorrow snared, midst sunlit joy unsteady.
 Is there a Might can edit life's sad story,
 Revivic? goodly? reimbursed with glory?
 Lo! from beyond these heav'ns a radiance shining
 The ill discovering, and the good defining.

A P R E L U D E .

HELP me my Maker in the pleasant toil
 From Thy fair works to mould a precious foil.
 A ring however rude may chance to show
 The gold and costly gems that make it glow.
 Tenderly aid me from Thy throne above,
 And wear it on the finger of Thy love.

Lord, I would make of words a glowing woof
 To weave with flowers familiar or aloof,
 Figures of beauty in a web of thought:
 Let my unskilful hands by Thine be taught,
 Till God shall deign the tribute to accept,
 And place it where His valued gifts are kept.

I see creation crowned with loveliness,
 Delighting with inimitable grace,
 Glowingly painted wheresoe'er I look.
 Lord, I would note it in a trifling book.
 Though copied poorly, may it serve to show
 Something of that which makes my heart to glow.

When I reflect on all Thy works divine,
 And think within me this great God is mine—
 FATHER, from Thine almighty hands I came,
 And I will try to glorify Thy name.
 REDEEMER, from the dead I rise to bless
 Thy glorious power and Thy restoring grace,

C R E A T I O N
A N D
P R O V I D E N C E .

A C o n t e m p l a t i o n .

GOD spoke and these beautiful things had birth,
The spanning heavens and the fruitful earth,
That arched blue heaven and this green fair earth;
Heaven starry and grand with its sun and moon,
Earth with its night its morning its noon.
Crowned with garlands and decked as a bride,
Rolling away on the sparkling tide.

Earth teems with thy riches, O God. Yon sky
Drips over with marvels too vast and high
For thy time-stayed child's unpracticed eye.
Who shall sail through the infinite?
There the eternal times are set:
Light and glory walk there unbound:
And none to enter the Temple is found!

Like children playing on ocean's shore,
We watch the billows and list their roar:
But the wondrous truths those waters teach
Are too bright and away beyond our reach.
Like Isles they rise dim in the open weather,
But offer no bark to waft us thither:
The haze of the deep is around them spread,
And with thoughts like chaff our minds are fed.

But a day is coming—how large and free,
When THY redeemed where THOU art will be,
Thy love to learn and thy greatness to see.

Noiseless, o'er Eastern summits rolled,
 Welcome, O charriot ribbed with gold,
 There, richly robed and helmed with might,
 Flames the exultant victor Light.
 Tinted and gorgeous clouds arise,
 Thrilling the pomp in the glowing skies.
 While stars like ice-gems tack about
 In the crescent and dazzling front of ice,
 Earth rouses to gladness pure and new,
 Vocal with birds and sparkling with dew,
 The meadows lie tangled with samaras blown,
 And the air wades enamored mid waves of foam.

Bold child of earth, for ever astray,
 Vain floating bubble of yesterday,
 What is thy score on the ages past,
 That thou risest so proud and standest so vast?
 There are wonders which thy presumptuous tho't
 Assails through folly, esteems as nought,
 Transcending thy powers to understand.
 Stupendous works of a matchless Hand,
 Of that Great One who hides his counsels deep
 Midst the ages lying entranced and asleep.
 And facts immortal will speedily rise,
 Confronting and full in the doubter's eyes,
 Icing his bosom with dread dismay,
 When the phantoms of time shall have past away.

Over **THY** works obscurity broods,
 Concealment inhabits its solitudes.
 Man's portion is this: To explore, to find,
 Conjecture, compare; and appease the mind

From the thick sown wonders of the past,
 And latent fruits that ripen at last.
 Thus every day's developement
 For aid and in furtherance is sent.

O God—the infinitude of light,
 Ocean of wisdom, source of might:
 All unapproached, all unconceived;
 In the strife of thy marvels unbelieved.
 But on whom with trembling faith we trust,
 Mounting in destiny high from dust:—
 Speed the feet of our thoughts aright,
 Steady them with the staff of light:
 As we toil up the hills of steep ascent,
 Or halt in the valleys with sweet content,
 Or peer o'er caverns cautiously bent.
 Midst the plethora of error guide,
 Midst tracks divergent on every side,
 Where plausible sophists are wandering wide.

The fool in his heart may say, "No God;"
 Ever anxious to prove himself a clod.
 All—all immortal claims resign.
 Strange waif of chance—without design:
 Or product of bleak necessity,
 Which without cause began to be.
 Some possibility long pent.
 Some patient and meek developement,
 In tardy degree and changing shape,
 Blossoming up to the brutal ape.
 As if indeed there were no design
 In minutest life and the humblest vine,

As if 'twere the sphere of chance to change
 A scope like nature's, and thus arrange
 Its myriad orders with craft and skill,
 And each requirement at length fulfil.
 Pour all their streams—an exhaustless tide—
 Over creation vast and wide.
 Jets of glory and rills of thought.
 And fixt decisions that rise untaught :
 Implanted each in its essence deep,
 And waking at once with the creature from sleep,
 Directing its walk, predicting its course,
 Inspiring and aiding each needed force.
 What but a careful and tireless arm
 Marshals the whole prodigious swarm ?
 What but an infinite Power has hurried
 In nicest orbit each ponderous world ?
 Prescribed each goal and defined each race,
 And filled the golden goblet of space ?

Can we guess, by the things we now behold,
 Those prior things in the depths untold ?
 Is miracle, nature maturing slow,
 Through cycles of years as the forests grow ?
 Though a thousand years as a morning be,
 In the acts and purpose of Deity ?
 Nay ! swift are the acts of creative might :
 His word in a moment created the light.

Is matter eternal, dust unmade ?
 A chaos hurtling thro' voids of shade ?
 Lawless and leagued without design ?
 Though, hid in each atom intertwine,

Promise and potency, what'er
Ever evolves of the grand o'er fair?
But whence arose the purpose and force
Which bowled the planets in their course?
Can stupid matter accomplish in space,
Those wonderful times, and that ceaseless race?
Vain scientist, quake in thy protoplasm:
Earth's tiniest mote is a bottomless chasm!

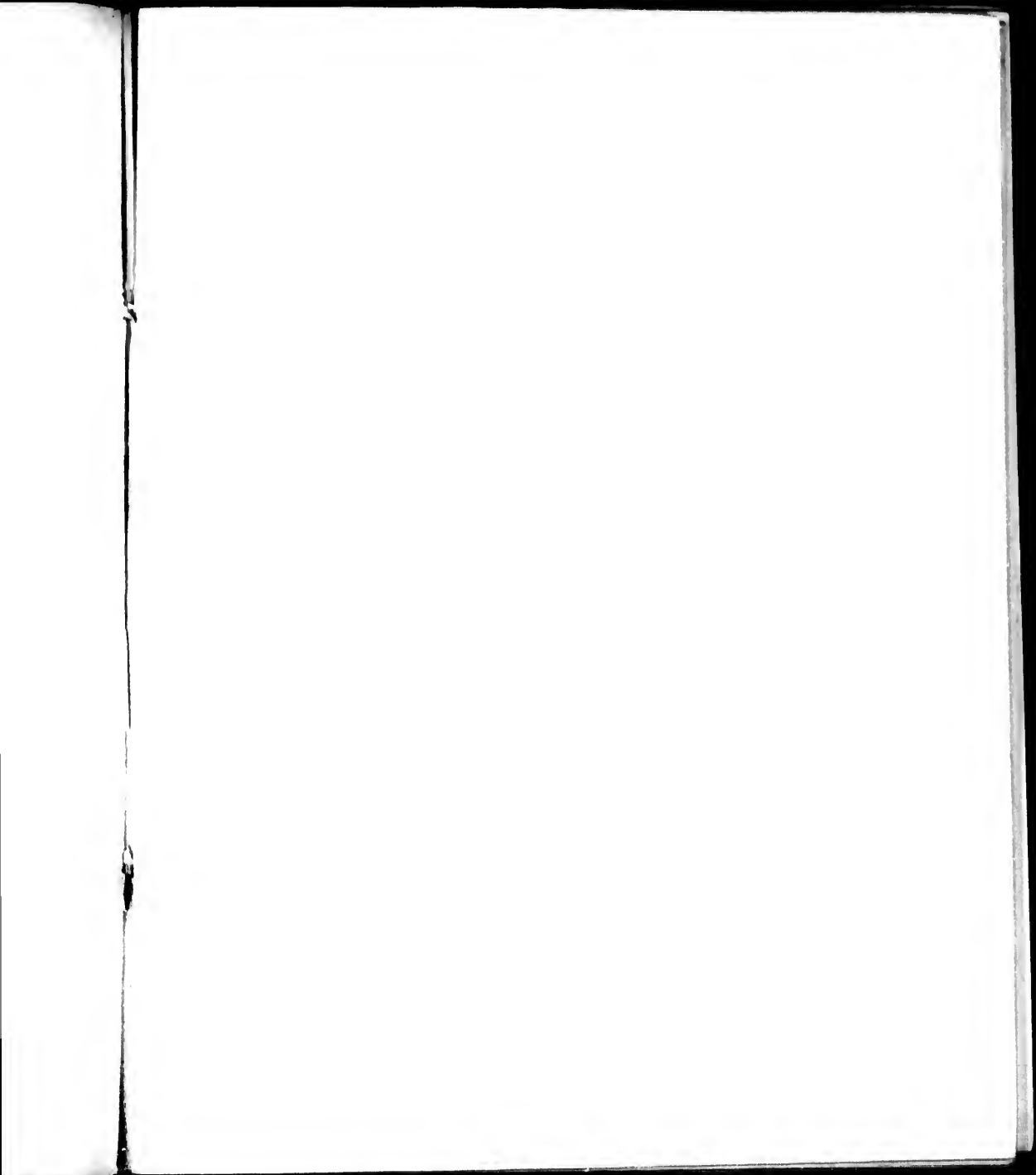
Yon signal sun with its retinue
Of puzzling globes, in motions most true
In ballance and nicety minute;
And in all appointments each other suit.
Rich, circulating orbs of heaven,
Apparently at random driven:
Yet ever exact and most precise,
Obeying a Power that underlies——
The FORMER, who governs the myriad spheres:
All that arises and all that appears.

The Glorious FATHER whose wisdom plann'd
The life and emotion of sea and land;
With ultimate purpose, thro' great and small,
Assigned some special service for all:
Some art to practice with skill, untaught;
Some intuition, some germ of thought:
A knowledge innate, a reckless bent,
O'er-mastering, and for mastery sent,
The energy of a ceaseless deed,
Transmitted as golden days succeed:
Inherent and acting through the line,
With aptness entailed by the act Divine.

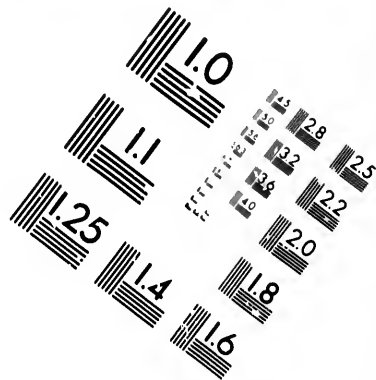
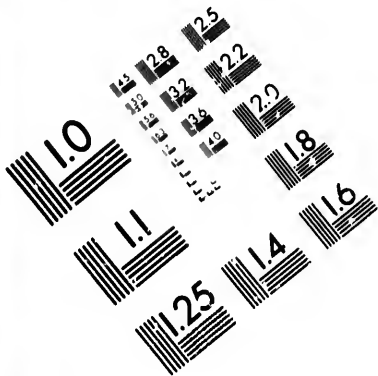
These in the beasts and btrds compare,
Yea, all the be vies of earth and air.

But unto man was the rule assigned :
The sceptre of thought, the empire of mind.
The honor to uplift, complete :
Uncover the splendors that retreat.
This sultan whom powers occult obey ;
Devising amidst the orient day
Adaptions potent, with skill'd review,
The splendor of combinations new :
The godlike quality to invent :
Always advancing and never content.
Midst things subservient to his will,
Exactng patience, requiring skill.

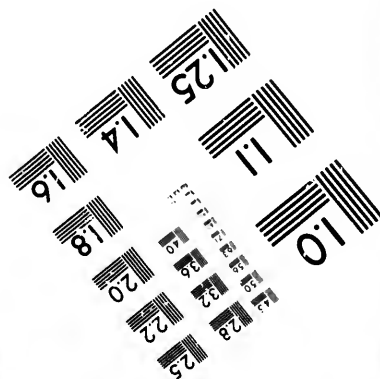
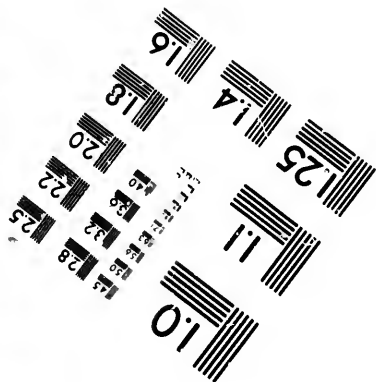
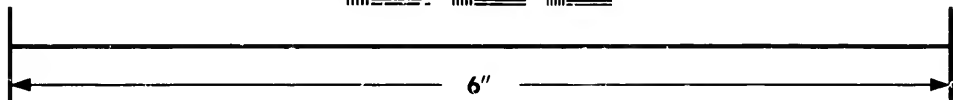
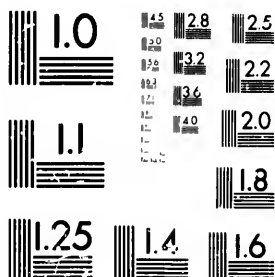
To implant, correct and re-arrange :
Midst certain limits to alter and change :—
These are his toil—the mission of Man,
In THE ALMIGHTY BUILDER'S plan.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
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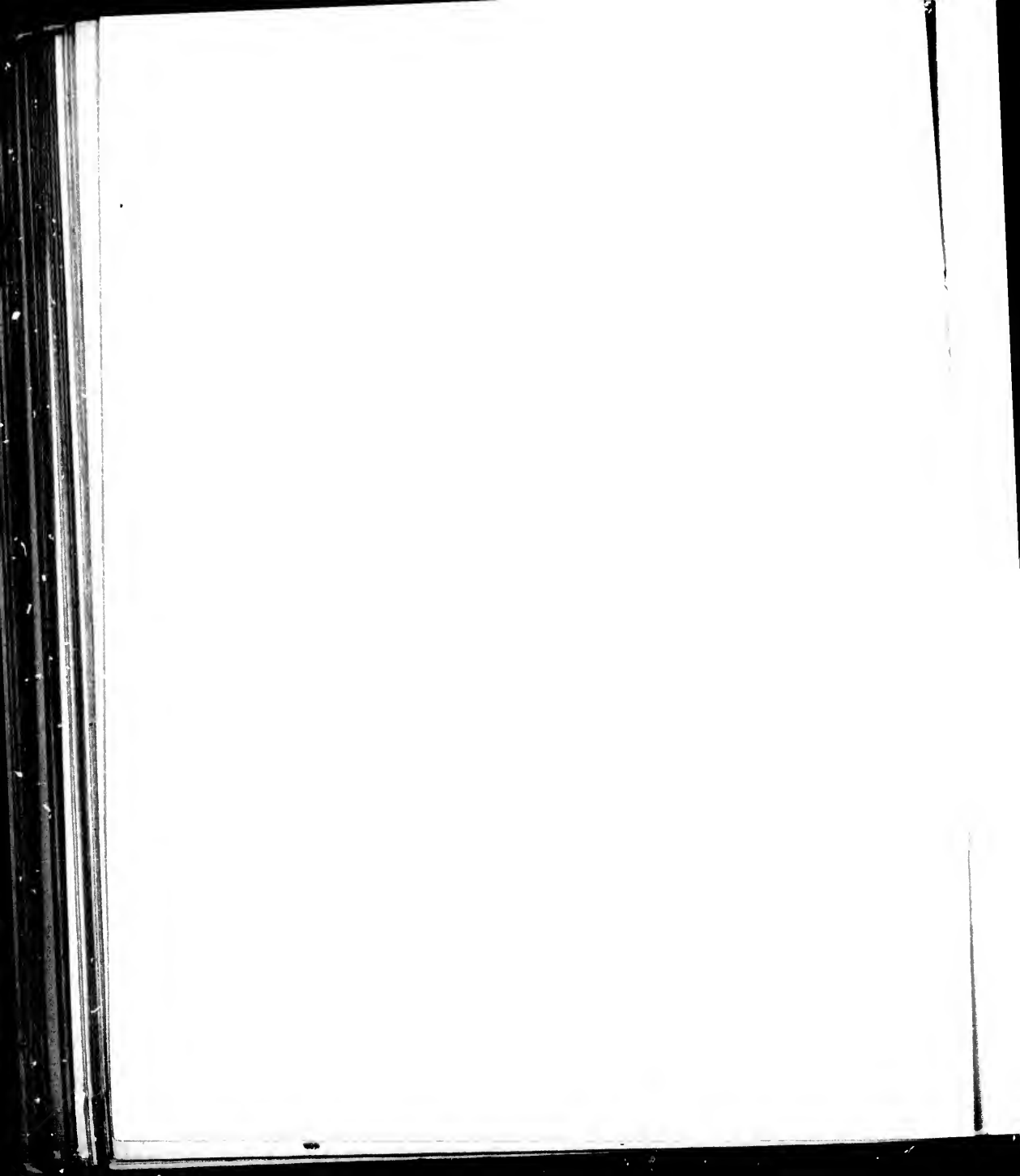


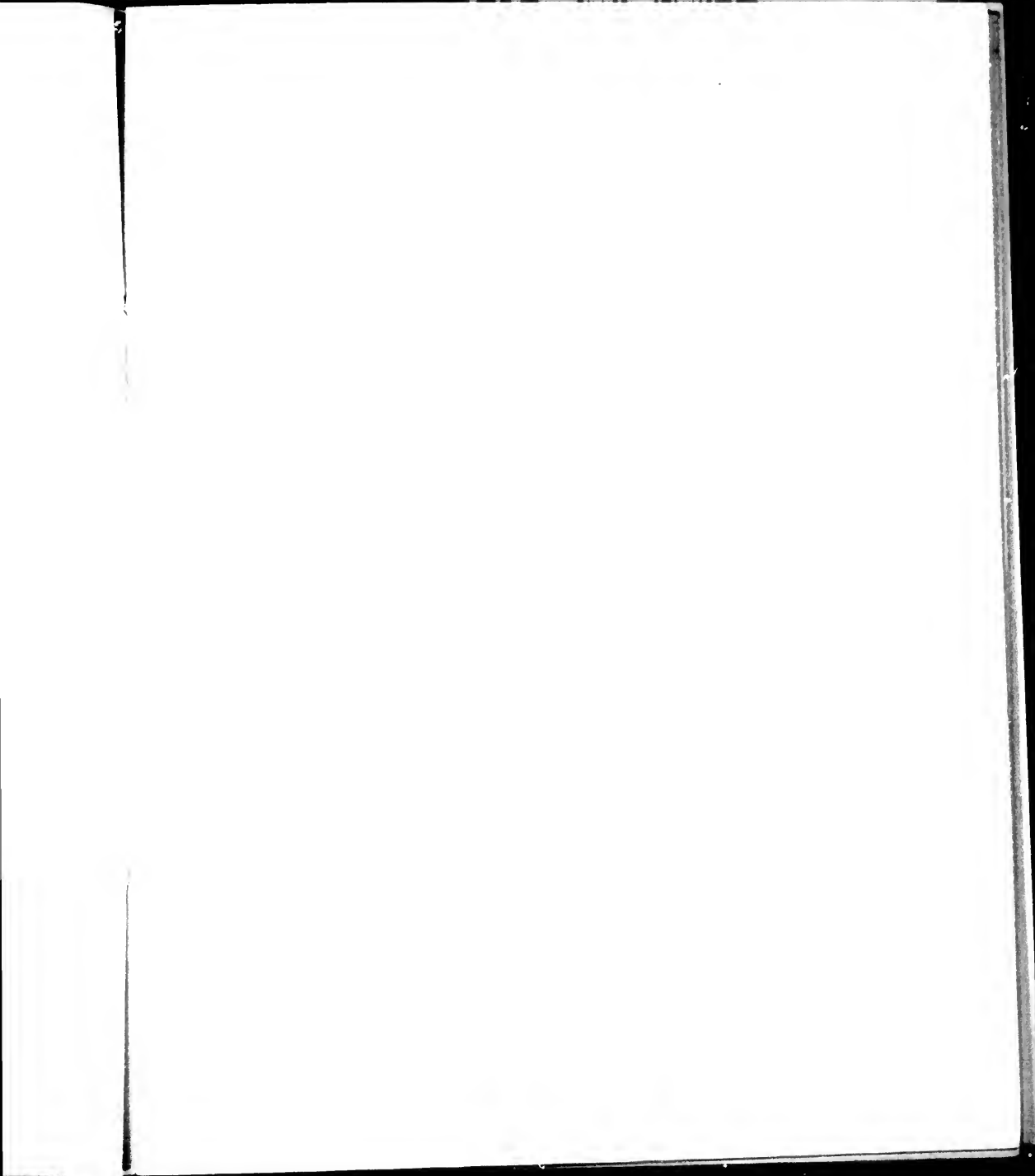
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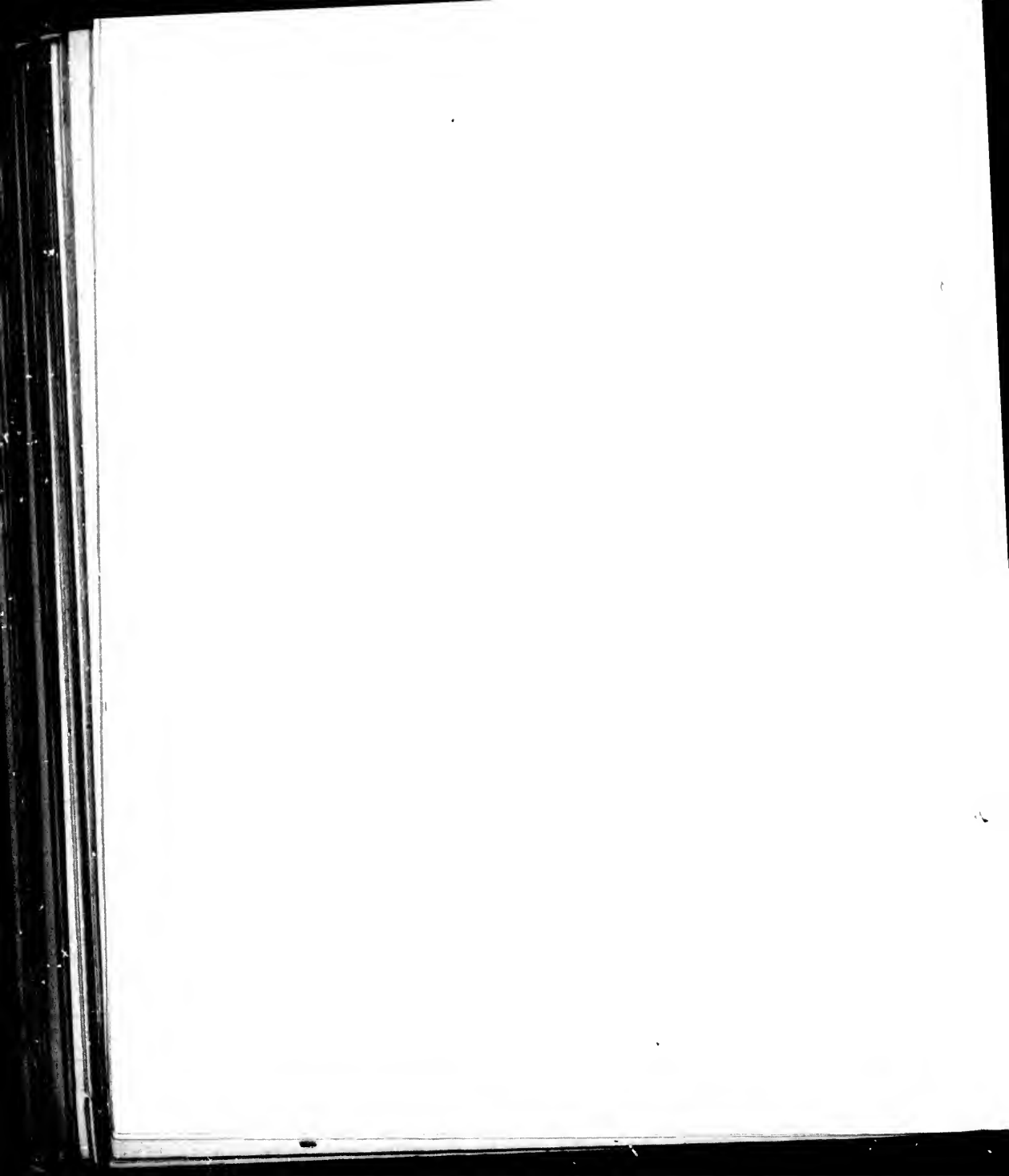
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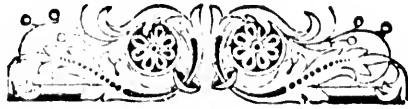
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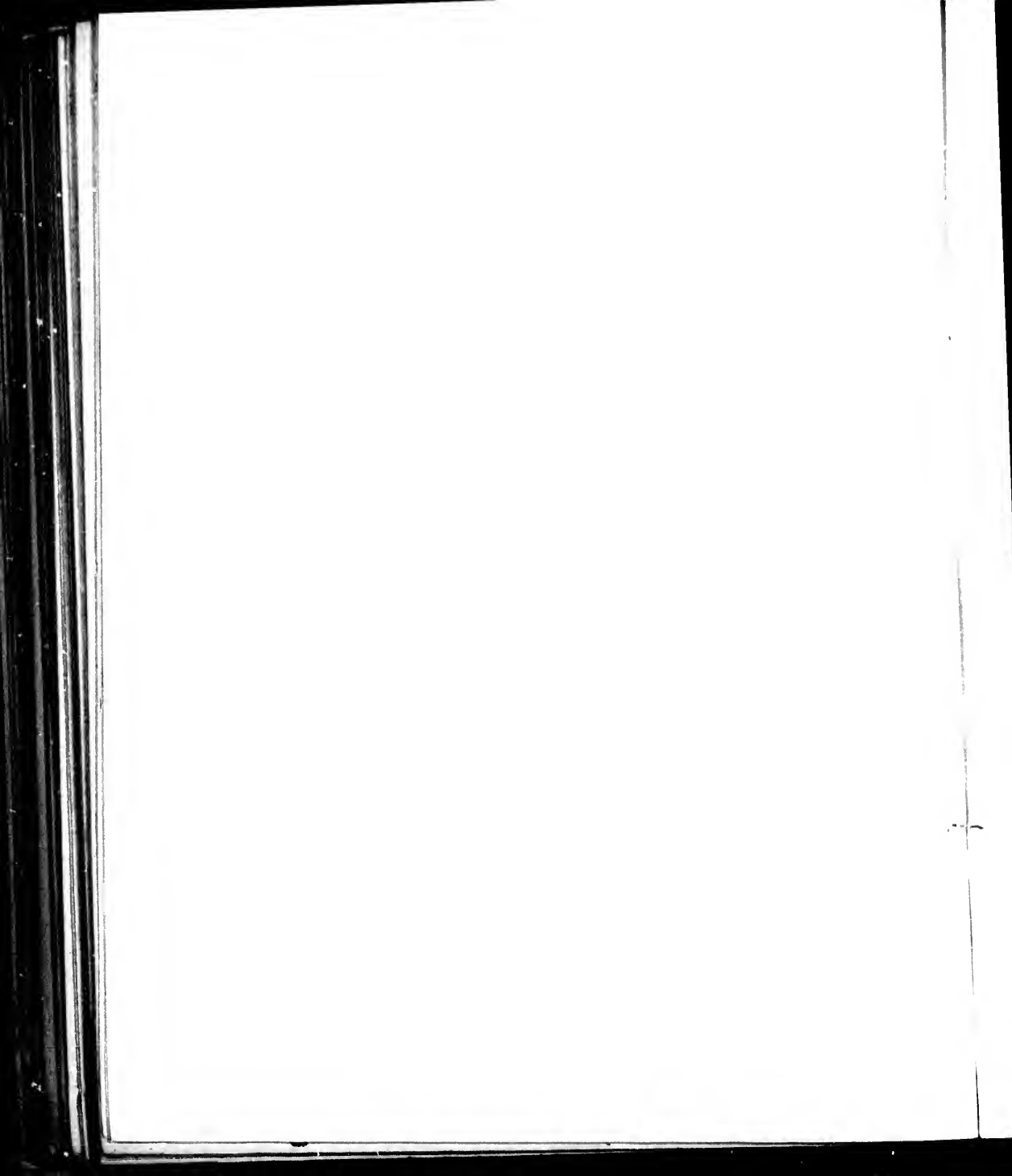
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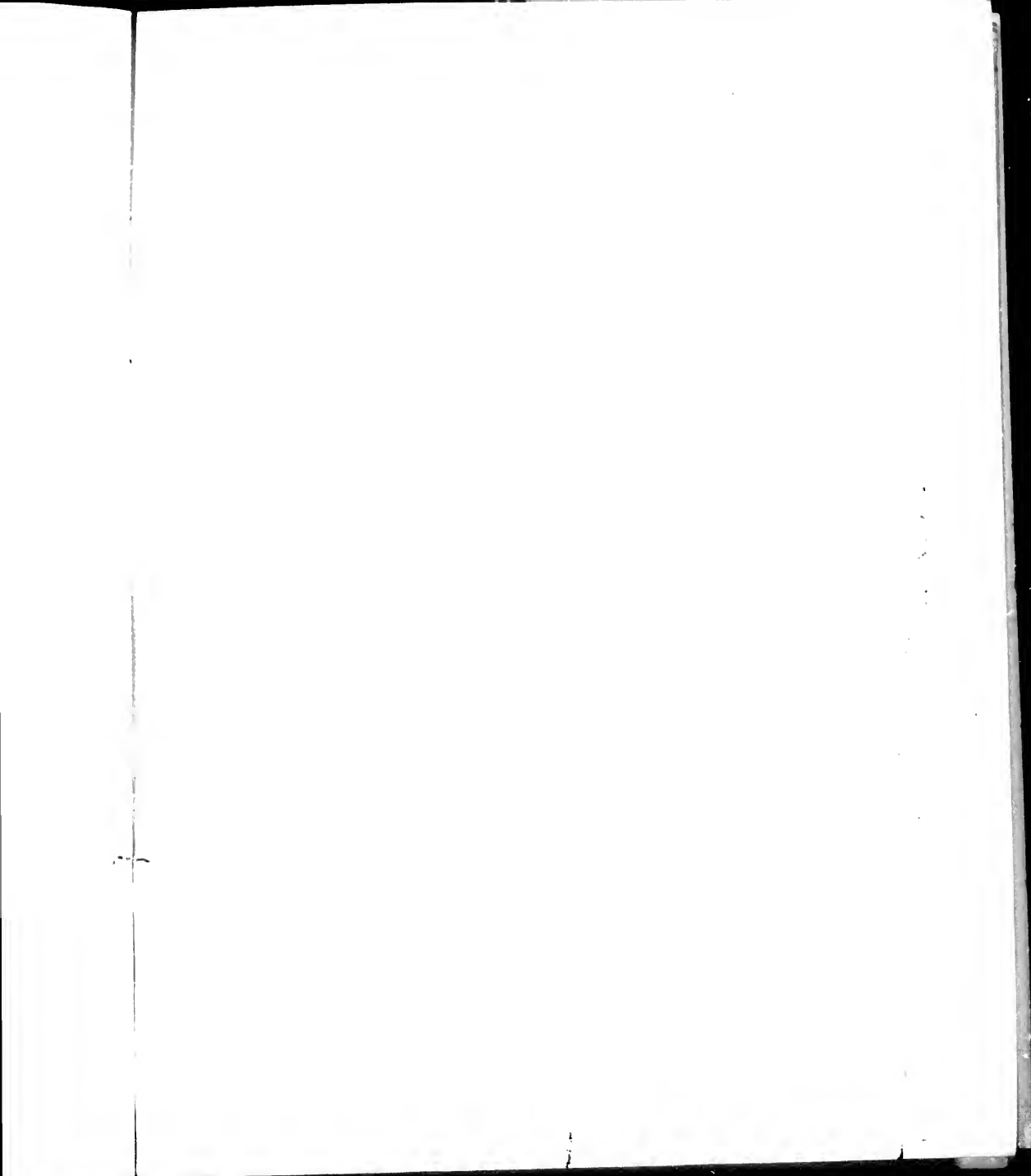
A FRAGMENT:

And a Myth.

* * * * *

BOOK THIRD.







THE LOITERER:

A FRAGMENT:

And a Myth.

BOOK THIRD.

WHAT has design to do with him who builds
His nest of reeds upon the summer breeze,
To be a phantom which the sunlight gilds,
A shadow of the heaven, which ever flies
As the mist flies before the tempest's breath?
The brooding kingdom of the air is his,
Home of all clouds and red swift bolts of death.
There wander earth's commingling symphonies,
But faint as memories which have faded quite,
Or hope which hath no aim,
Or joy which hath no light.

His purposes are at the wild wind's beck,
And such were mine while wandering o'er the earth
I've seen strange sights: I've seen fair joy a wreck
And sighing hover round the steps of mirth
And flowers which were sweet flowers
Fall lowly to the earth.

I have spoken of a scroll: The tombstone whence
It fell before my feet is unforgot.

That scroll became a wand unto my lot
Which opportuned a sorcery most strange,
Till even my heart and the blue heaven could change
—It was a hest, which in my own defence,
Armed me with weapons fitter far than steel.

One day, upon an old wild hill, the sun
Was lingering ere he sought his couch of night;
And he was standing, fair and calmly bright,
Midst token clouds of varied hues, that won
Like spirits to my bosom, and called back
The forms of my young heart. I do not dream—
It is not vision when those days thus live,
With all they gave, with all they failed to give.
The flown reality could never seem
So full with life—but this I wulve. I was
Standing within the border of a wood,
Grey mossgrown trunks that guard a mountain flood
A torrent of sweet voice which I must pass.
Borne with its white foam, limbs of broken trees
Were hurrying like the shred hopes of my heart.
I took that scroll and read aloud, "Depart,
For one who loves thee, whom thou lovest, doth ask
Thee, aimless Loiterer, and of thee a task
Which a stont arm and trusty heart can do
Where the fair river of thy youth rolls blue."
And who is this? the thousandth time I said:
Was not the fond one of my young heart wed
Unto another? or is she not dead?
A voice—was it a phantasm? answered, Nay!
And it said, Alvah! and it passed away.
Those sounds were as the music of a thought

All old in loveliness. They seemed remote?
Oh no, but drunk with mystery. I sought
With eager gaze, if any form might float,
Or any clue—however frail—be caught
To this sealed sorcery of fact or thought.

The shadow of the night, which letteth down
Into the soul's well visions of far spheres,—
This shadow fell. I had not yet o'erpast
That torrent's wave, which like a star, was cast
Flashing before me. As if hope's first years
Were on its other marge: not red nor brown:
Not doubted nor remote. But to appear
For aye ungathered, though for aye most near.

Full half a league I clambered down its brink,
If hap might show an arch which span'd its bed,
Where way-worn traveller might securely tread.
But none was visible. And I prepared
To make my resting on the lichens hard.
Just then methought I heard some tones to sink
And rise again among the rocky walls,
Confused and vague, mixt with the torrent's falls.
It was a voice—and solemnly and slow
Seemed fraught with some grave lesson ———
Might I know?

Few steps sufficed to lead me to a bank
Whose sheer black front of stone no leaflets wore:
One lovely shape within a niche it bore—
A pastoral Cot of pleasing symmetry:
For now the forest of the moonbeam drank,

And lived in thousand shapes, to life renewed
 From the short syncope of shade. There was
 A taper glimmering through an oriel glass—
 But thence came not the language: And there was
 An open portal, and a casement vined
 With fragrant summer flowers, which entertwined
 Like hope and joy and youth. And Beauty's hand
 Surely that delicate parterre had planned,
 With its light wicket, and sweet hedge of briar
 Immixt with wild-rose. There the torrent spread
 Into a fairy Lake, whose magic led [higher
 Those, rocks, hills, Cot, and stars which blossom'd
 To steal within its bosom—and lie hid
 Like beauty's eye beneath its shadowy lid.

I drew near to that wicket—and I saw
 A man whose head was white—an old man—seated
 Beside a lamp. Who spake as he entreated
 With deep low voice of reverence and awe.
 Before him was a Volume opened wide.
 And three fair nymphs were seated near his side.
 Two of them scarce had climbed their girlish years
 All were appareled neat and modestly.
 And there were several lads of manly mien.

And as he spake the old man's face wore tears,
 Yet glowed with joy: as a fair cloud is seen
 Weeping its precious drops the while 't gleams:
 For the great day star's all unvalued beams
 Have made it glorious as an angel's brow,
 And then he read again. It was that Book

At whose fulfillings thine and death shall bow.
 And heaven and nature tremble and be no more.
 A gift of love from Him who did restore
 What he took not away; Heaven's hope and peace
 Forgiveness and unsullied righteousness.

I stood as one who with his heart beholds
 That which his vision bodies. And infolds
 In his own bosom, as a precious dream
 Of forms which cease to move and things that were
 As diamonds in life's dark and troubled stream.
 How ravishing the charm! And then I saw
 That sage with snowy locks devoutly draw
 From the wells of salvation water. As he knelt
 A holy calm did o'er my spirit melt;
 And my soul ran through weary years, until,
 In a dear cot beside a lustrous River,
 I saw my father kneel: 'twas Even still;
 And the breath sank in softness: and the quiver
 Of silver planchets on the water made
 It seem a street with glorious gems inlaid,
 Bright leading to the Land which hath no shade.

And all the wanderings of my way came back
 Upon my vision, like birds of heavy plume:
 Or voices which have risen from the tomb:
 Or troubled dream which pains the dead mid night:
 Or cloud which boweth down the midday's night,
 Making it desolate as the cavern stone.
 I had lived to see a mystery bank my track
 With ebon gloom, which made my journeyings lone

I had lived until my spirit grew a tree
Which hath few leaves and where no blossoms be
To scent the true soft west wind lovingly.

Sadness hath many a wave, which from the ocean
Of old oblivion rolls. And each wave brings
Some vestige of life's ruinable things:
Some hope once glowing, some once glorious form
Regarded still despite the wreck and storm.
These stir the heart with uncontrolled emotion.
And the low waves break pensive, as the soul
Stands by that ocean's margin,
And sees them vainly roll.

That sainted man with wintry scalp of years,
Was yet before me kneeling reverently.
And blissful words thro' welling tears spake he.
For he had glimpses of most glorious things.
How low and dim this wretched world appears
To one who thus on supplication's wings
Mounts unto God! Death, agony and fears;
Dismay, strife, weaknes. —all were cast behind.
Heaven had upcaught him to its boundless love:
And rapture passing marvel, o'er his mind,
Flowed as a starry river from above.
I also wept—and felt how sweet must be
Those visits to the Throne of Majesty,
Where joys and choral symphonies abide:
In that glad realm where dwell the purified.

That holy man of venerable days,
Arose, and they arose—those kneeling ones,

That lovely group which God did stoop to bless,
 And will hereafter crown with happiness ;
 Count with his jewels, register as sons
 And daughters, where no voice of sighing strays.
 A dream of rapture yet before me plays ;
 A vision of beauty on my slumber floats.
 And thoughts which have a voice and a control,
 Linger like angels' footmarks in my soul.
 'Tis that which past, but still my fond heart notes,

Then came a swell of song : A sacred hymn
 Was chanted by that household. Rendering thus
 The incense of unfeign-ed praise to Him
 The Loving One, in notes mellifluous.
 Sweet voices sweetly mingling. Sacred song,
 Which echoed those wild solitudes among,
 Softening, exalting, and ennobling. Oh,
 How soft how ravishingly sweet its flow !
 Replete with all that brightens and endears
 The trance and memories of this vale of tears,
 And those who walk therein.— I know not more.
 Wrapt in the memories of mine early day,
 That song had past—or seemed to pass away—
 From all unless it were my mother's lips !
 That song she loved and oft had sung before,
 When the moon shone where the young blossom
 sips
 The nightdrop which is bright and very pure.

And I awoke—I had been dreaming—sure,
 And still was touching my worn instrument :
 For that fair group, all wondering and intent,

Were gathered round me. And the youngest said,

He seems no angel—but how very sweet !

No—no, ye fair ones, look what doth bestend
A wanderer whom some kindly hap hath led
To virtue's bower and piety's retreat.

Pardon, grave sir, that I should thus disturb
Thine hour of worship which to me is holy :
But feelings which would scorn restraining curb,
Have borne to absent mood a guest all lowly.

Sweet songs and sacred words are welcome here :
The old man said : 'Tis no offence to join
Thy voice and pleasant harp with these and mine :
To the Great Father all alike are dear
Whom he hath ransom'd, whether remote or near
Come to our cot, our frugal fare partake :
And thou for these shalt pleasant echoes wake
Of sacred ditties, which to them are sweet,
And oft beguile the hours
Of our beloved retreat.

THE LOITERER:

A FRAGMENT:

And a Myth.

BOOK FOURTH.

I ATE and was refreshed. And—for the night
Was early yet—I waked for them the string
Which hath an answering tone and varying wing
In every heart; and themes begetting might.
And then mine host of wisdom and of worth,
Unto a quiet chamber led me forth:
And saying, God be with thee: left me there.

Clear was the moon, salubrious the air.
And, seating me beside a casement, I
Looked forth upon the blue unaltering sky;
Which witnesses all changes, yet remains
Beauteous and all unchanged. I tho't how strong
The contrast here to what my heart sustains.
I, faltering, warped, blighted and bearing long
The iron of imaginary chains:
Unto myself beseem not that I was:
And scarce could be so, might this thralldom pass,
But the sweet heaven which the tempest rocks,
And at whose crystal gate red thunder knocks:

Which collid clouds of leaden midnight blot;
 When the wild war of elements is done,
 Looks forth as fair as it had suffered not;
 And weareth on its brow
 The stars and glorious sun.

Many wild fancies o'er my spirit rushed.
 I laid me on a couch—and woe was hushed.—

Before me stood a messenger. A form,
 Fair as the ray which struggles thro' the storm,
 A star bedecked his brow and lit his wings
 With regal tintings. Such appear in heaven,
 Throned in the day of rain. What colorings—
 What beauteous hues bedeck the massy cloud,
 While echoing thunders rattle long and loud!
 Unto that arch of grandeur there are given
 A pillow of dark mist and couch of even.

And he said, "Come." I rose and follow'd him,
 How marvellous was his mien! We stood beside
 That forest lake's all fair intrusted tide.
 It was not then more bright nor yet more dim.
 When to the stranger, venturing I said:
 Bright one of heaven, why hast thou led me hither?
 He answered, Let us journey and behold,
 Thus saying he touch'd me with a rod of gold,
 And immortality around me fell;
 Ripe as the leaves which sumptuously wither,
 And fall an autumn day. Could dream excel
 The change of glory which empower'd my thought?
 The beauty which around benignantly
 Floated? Earth donned celestial drapery!

All, all was marvel. And all words are nought :
 Meagre and insignificant as the tones
 Of infant lips ere language lights its pyre :
 While yet its thought is vague and weareth moans
 And smiles and tears, its native sole attire.

That bright one of the far mysterious world
 Smiled as he saw me wonder. Then he took
 My hand in his and we were borne aloft.
 There stole low tones—nay, music sweetly soft,
 Charming beyond compare : my spirit shook,
 O'ercome with heed. Creation was unfurled,
 As a vast gonfalon which unaware
 Spanneeth the heaven immixt with radiant dyes,
 Strange shapes and undiscovered mysteries ;
 Never before believed or dreamed so fair.
 Life matchless, skill in all varieties :
 Beauty in endless phases—everywhere—
 Motion and might and majesty were there.

I saw—I knew—I felt. Who would believe,
 That now he feeleth not—not even to grieve ?
 That now he knoweth not—not even to shun ?
 Nor scanneth what is present—past—begun ?
 He hath the blind man's eye, the deaf man's ear,
 A sealed scroll's knowledge, life upon a bier.
 I saw—I knew—I felt. Since then, before,
 These words are idle sounds ;
 Dry sticks on ocean's shore .

Far—far, and oh, how swiftly ! Who can deem
 This journey of amaze ? I scarce had breathed

The breath of immortality—the dream
 Of a low life had hardly past away,
 When lo, I was where clay no more is clay :
 Where the fall'n soul of man no more is wretched
 With deathly ivy and consuming flowers,
 And inbred evil poisoning his powers.
 I lived, I lived! all had been death before.
 New thought, new powers, new life ;
 New marvels to explore.

We halted in illimitable space :
 And he that led me turned himself around :
 Behold the vision of the Heavenly place.
 These—these are the inheritors of grace.
 I heard them:—those sweet voices—as the sound
 Of mightiest multitudes rehearsing love,
 Grace and enduring bliss. O what a song
 Of marvellous beauty was that! It seemed above
 The soul of man ; for it was joy and love
 In melodies of God
 Scattered like pearls along.

There is a rapture when the balmy eve
 Unlocks the heaven of thought : while vale and hill
 Rest in the sacred shadow meek and still.
 And the low brooks alone send up their song
 Of quiet murmurs, and meanwhile receive
 The breathing forms that float upon the sky.
 There is a strange and loved reality
 Which at such times its quickenings will prolong ;
 Making the heart for joy or sufferance strong,
 And bathing every living thought within,

With opulence and pervading sanctity;
Till life no more partakes of death or sin.
Yes, life which shares vicissitude most dark,
Has many a moment of resemblance left;
As if of Heaven it were not quite bereft.
A gleam as it might be of some faint spark,
Which flits and cheers the torrent tossing bark:
Telling that in God's presence there is light,
Where shade shall never mix.

And then I knew,
I felt and I believed that this is true:
And yet it seemed too gloriously bright.
I saw the glad with harps in vestments white,
Glowing, heard incommunicable strains,
In holy worship. And o'er countless hills,
Gem zoned, tree bowered, and rich wide leading
plains
Delightful, and fair valleys choked with flowers
And fruits and wondrous foliage, groups were
straying,
And companies were busy as the hours,
In clustres, bands and twos; communing sweet
With themes with choice pursuits: with know-
ledge, swaying.
In a soft balmy wind the barge of thought.
There all was real—nothing there was nought.

I gazed enraptured, for I was amid
A sea of starbright forms, and myriad things
Bewildering memory. These now lie hid
Deep in my soul, too deep for fettered might
Of earthly toil in its meridian height,

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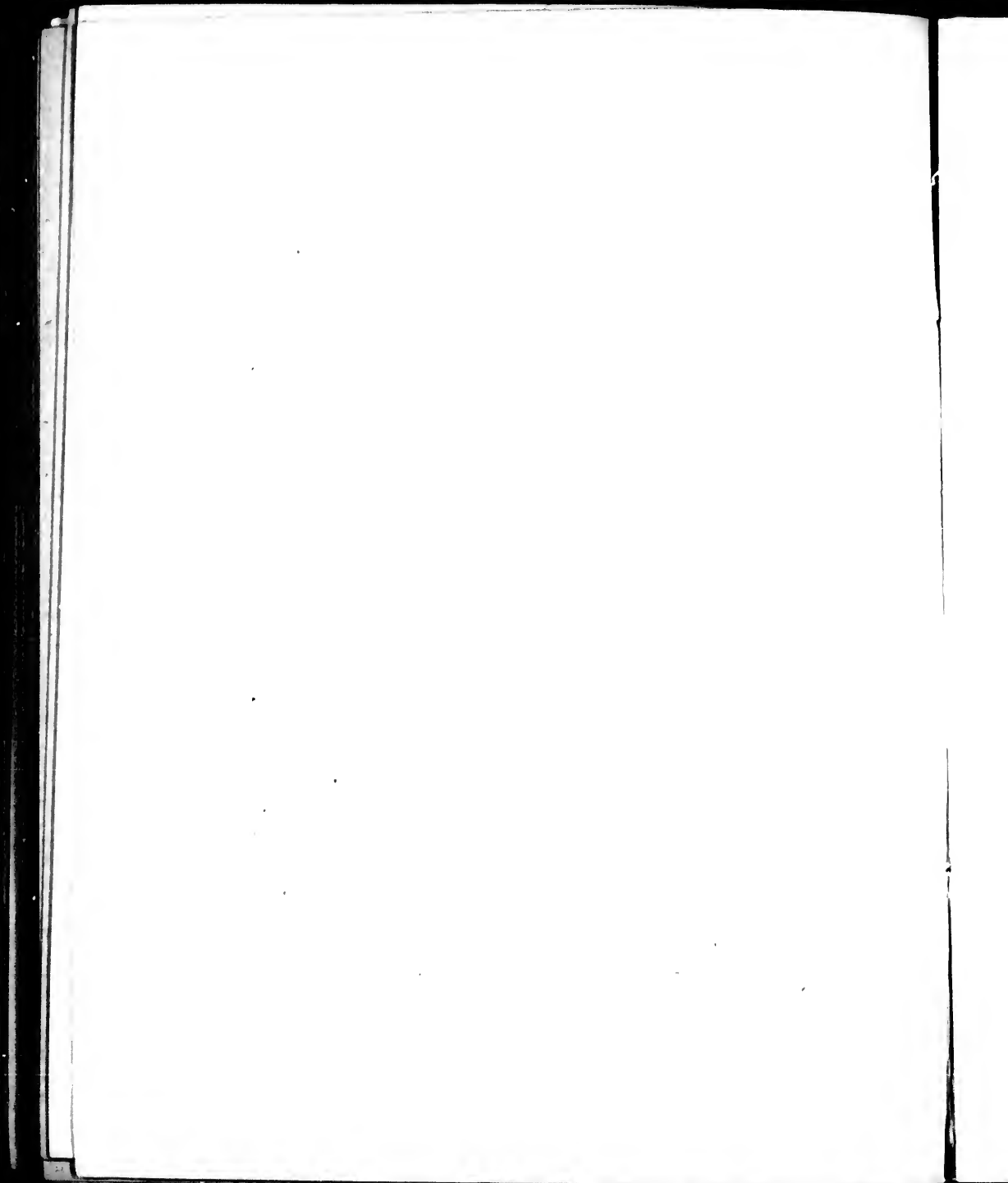
To usher to the heart's lone visitings.
 Yet saw I not the half. There all was love,
 Love, peace, the home of love: there love was bliss
 Wisdom and glory. There the mighty years
 Rolled on and rolled, and brought no doubts nor
 tears,

Nor languishment nor end. Oh, it is this
 Which like an angel comes, and comes to kiss
 My dream fed lips. And then I seem to be
 All a most glad and glowing memory,
 And this full world is emptiness to me.

Now as I gazed and listened, lo, how bright,
 A glad thought leaped within me: Let me go,
 Unto my guide I said, to this delight,
 This world of beauty which has charmed me so.
 O sweet exchange! such boundless joy for woe!
 Immortal vigor for earth's aching dreams:
 Undying love for time's shrunk feeble streams,
 That dry and vanish from the thirsting lip,
 And turn to nothing when we stoop to sip.
 Here all is real—boundless—endless—bright,
 With glory pristine and redeemed delight.
 Restrain me not! I said, but come with me.
 There she that was my mother worships God:
 No longer fearing—hoping—tremblingly,
 And weeping underneath the gracious rod.
 I recognize her—scarcely knowing how.
 O lovely one! how precious was thy love,
 That with my heart's first lowly wanderings strove;
 Being a well of God at which I drank,
 And lived and felt a momentary bliss,

O kindest! how thy yet remembered kiss
 Of purest affection, and thy tender words
 Of truest counsel which within me sank,
 Now live and float: I know that thou art she;
 My mother—yes—how quick I come to thee,
 My own lost mother! And I would have flown
 Upon the ravishing moment radiantly:
 But then that bright one checkt me with his hand,
 And said, Thou mayest not yet. How sharp,
 how lone,
 These sad words pierced my heart. How like a
 band
 Of ninefold iron compassing my soul.
 I hid my face and wept:
 But then a sweet voice stole:—

“Sad wanderer of an erring world of dreams,
 Seek thou thy mother’s God; and thou shalt be
 Partaker of this full felicity.
 Which now invites thee with transcendent beams,
 The prayers, while yet on earth, of her who bore
 thee,
 Are held in memory by The Faithful One.
 Live that The Judge at last may say, Well done,
 Thy father’s Helper spread his great wings o’er thee
 From whose bright covert deaths and ills shall flee
 And disappointing hopes, and doubts and fears,
 Through the long cycles of eternity:
 While God shall give thee joy,
 And wipe away all tears.”



THE LOITERER:

A FRAGMENT:

And a Myth.

BOOK FIFTH.

AND I awoke. The sun had risen in heaven,
And shook his golden tresses in my room.
It was a dream—a bright spot in my doom.
A plant of Heaven which seemed to drop its bloom
And fragrance in my heart—O I had even
Approached the holy threshold unaware.
It had been bliss to linger ever there,
Far from this disappointing world's despair.
I wept to think that this should be a dream:
A bubble on life's cold deceiving stream,
Which caught a spark of heaven and burst forever:
One cooling drop—but one—in life's long fever.

Onward I journeyed with my company,
Strange phantom thoughts and eating melancholy

Hope died within my heart, which seemed to be
A star cast out to dwell in caverns lowly :
A caged and lonely bird forever drooping :
A bowed and broken tree forever stooping :
A volume of glory torn and shred forever,
which the wild winds of earth the more dissever.

Then from my bosom I drew forth the scroll,
And read what there was written. As I read,
Hope came again, a spirit from the dead ;
And died as dies the lightning. O'er my soul
Thick waves of a vext ocean seemed to roll.

The sun stood high in heaven : and I was weary.
Some days had past me on a broken road,
Like distant barks at sea that bring no aid
To the wrecked mariner, whose bleak abode
Is some swept crag ; and he beholds them fade
In the dim distance chilled by feelings dreary.

Dark hills of uppled stone rose on my right,
And leaping thence sparkled a little brook,
A rill of joy clear as a well of light,
And singing like a seraph very sweetly.
Beside that brook, by foliage closed completely,
Kissed by the whispering boughs that seemed to
look

Pity and love, a ruined mansion lay.
No foot had wandered there for many a day :
At least it seemed so as I chambered o'er
Rank flowers and fallen fragments at the door,

And weeds high grown as guards to bar ingress
To this strong Pile in dim forsakenness.

Entering—alas, 'twas like a desolate heart,
Inviting all—but which all have forsaken,
Leaving inscribed on sumptuous walls, "Depart!"
There was no form to rise, no voice to waken:
No welcoming from: all who had partaken
The mingled cup of life in this abode.
Yet here had gladness revelled, sorrow pined,
Affection prophesied, and hope divined:
And youth grown gray, and beauty kissed the tomb
With budding lips that withered in their bloom,
And eyes whose purely liquid sparkling spirit,
Was caught away high glories to inherit.

From room to room I passed, where vacancy
And solitude in their lone temple dwelt.
Choked echoes of a voice replied to me,
In jargon jets that ceased but did not melt.
I stood amidst a gallery proud and high,
Whose frescoed walls seemed fresh with memories sown.

Upon the floor, in golden tracery thrown,
A warrior pointed to a burnished sky.
The picture from a painted oriel fell;
And seemed far thoughts of buried days to tell:
Those days which questioned deign us no reply.
And there were forms around him, and beyond
On a rough crag a peerless Lady stood.
Between them boiled a wild and hungry flood
A stream impassible: and she outheld

A garland of fresh flowers, with glances fond,
 Wishful and sweet and generous; all unquelled
 By the roaring waters. Oh how very fair,
 And worshipful in beauty's light was she.
 But withal sad. Whom did this toil portray?
 The Lady and the Warrior—who were they?
 Relics of some wild far forgotten day,
 Of which alone remained this mystery?"

Then my heart's spirit spread its lightning sail
 Upon conjecture's wildly rapturous sea:
 And I went forth to know who these might be.
 On winds of that great flood rehearsed, their tale
 Came with unbodied voices far and soft,
 As if some cherub whispered it aloft.
 And there were notes of dulcet music ringing
 From golden isles a wealth of fragrance flinging.
 Whose shores of opal felt the living motion,
 The lambent pulses of that jasper ocean.
 My heart's dominion had no realm of sorrow,
 Wherein to wail the past or brood the morrow.
 For I was forth amid the thick old years,
 Loving and testing them, and questioning
 Their stateliness and glory, as a king;
 And sipt the sparkling wine of their joy tears.

Again I stood before the imperious Now.
 The sunken sun had ushered in the hour
 Of twilight dews, of pæsy and power.
 The West had bound a wreath about her brow,
 Of heaven's rich flowers enwoven: flowers of flame
 Ethereal in their beauty; which became

Parcel of my soul's chaplet. Then they faded:
 And Night her face of starry wonder shaded
 With long white clouds stretching from hill to hill
 Curdled and multiform. And to and fro,
 With heavy heart with measured step and slow,
 I paced the hall of a most old domain,
 And waked my loved harp's low
 And melancholy strain.

I slept and Morn awakened me. Her warm hand
 Of liberating life upon me laying:
 Redeeming me from sleep's discordant band
 Of fancies rade with whom my soul was straying.

In splendor was the cloud hung heaven arrayed,
 Rife beauty nestled in the broken wood,
 Gleamed from the rocks, regaled in every shade.
 Bathed with gray power the ruin where I stood.
 While varied notes of gladness rich and clear,
 From song birds perched or flitting far and near,
 Revived my senses mingled with perfume
 Evolved from summer's grateful plenteous bloom.

On crumbling turret of that pile I stood:—
 Bliss over all was poured a radiant flood,
 From the High hand which metes all destiny.
 Birds, air, earth, water seemed to welcome me,
 To the fullount of which they all partook,
 The fountain of God's blessing. And I thought,
 Why is it I rejoice not as I ought,
 Returning glory to the Glorious One?
 Yielding the tribute of a grateful spirit,

Some goodly harvest sheaf? And had I none
For a wave offering, whereon He might look?

Alas, what is the shadow of this life?
Its substance is but emptiness: and yet,
We have forgotten, or we do forget,
That time, eternity and man are met
In this poor nothing which to substance turns.
Here good and ill wage unremitting strife,
And for a prize of high import debate.
Is it a marvel that a bosom mourns,
And bleeds and toils in this unfriendly state?
The greater marvel is, that one can rest,
Who is immortal, yet is not all blest.
Holding a precious treasure insecure.
Giving his bark unto the tossing deep,—
Lulling his head on desert sands—asleep,
And buried in impalaced dreams of bliss,
Where strays the sand-cloud in its fearfulness:
In fancy rich, and yet how poor—how poor.

There was a niche revealing a recess:
I entered. Loneliness was graven there:
And desolate thoughts crowded the vacant air,
Partaking vaguely of its hollowness.
No decoration hung on that white wall,
Nor was there object in that room save one.
Grotesquely moulded was the stand, tho' small.
Decades had long impeached it with a glance. —
Stealing the magic of each countenance,
With revolution aye rolls on the sun. —
Some fragments soiled upon that tripod lay;

Mildew and dust had gathered on the lid,
Within appeared some lines by time embrowned,
Long by neglect in desolate shadow hid:
Yet here what priceless treasure had been found!

Was this the Book of God? O marvellous book.
I pondered o'er those fragments till the moon
At midnight set, at midnight set too soon.
With rapture—awe—amazement—fear, I shook,
And memories of delights sepulchred long.
These words had made my mother's heart how
strong!

How rapturous was my father's thought when he
Feasted upon the Heavenly mystery.
Both were immovable as hills of God,
And glorious as the firmament, when it
With hosts in bright caparison is lit,
And the wind sighs from summer banks along.

Strange mingled themes of sorrow, gladness hope,
Absorbed me as the moon absorbs the night.
The earth is dark, this Book is all its light:
The soul is sad, this Book alone is joy.

How foolishly we toil, how vainly waste
The precious treasure of our heart's full love,
Upon a passing show, a scene of haste,

Which is and is not : while our cravings grow
To a gross stature of determinate woe.

O fools—what fools we are ; and will not know
The eternal things that fill the world above.
O fools—what worse than fools, to dream that we,
By any use of subtlest alchemy,
Can transmute sin to gladness, or distil,
From its inveterate poison aught but ill.

THE LOITERER:

A FRAGMENT:

And a Myth.

BOOK SIXTH.

WAS it high day again? I had o'erstept
The fair and natural boundary of sleep,
And stood midway a river golden and deep,
A river of God. The dazzling water swept,
Rife with the good and glory that besems:
Bearing proud ships upon its freighted streams,
From the remotest island of my life.
I looked forth from a casement on the scene,
Enamoured with the matchless loveliness,
That spread its broad wings as a rapturous screen
To heaven and earth. A voice—Partake my bliss,
Seemed written on all things:—yes, a voice was
written.

That voice was written on the bluest sky;
On the white cloud that moved, but did not fly;

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On the careering sun, full fledged with glory;  
On the strong hills, and rocks with ages hoary;  
On the deep woods and intermingled greens;  
On the frail leaves that stir when lightly smitten,  
And in the winds of which they are the lyre,  
Making staid pensive music. It was written—  
That voice was written in tones of eloquent fire,  
Upon the crystal rivulet that hung  
On its stern crags like words on a sweet tongue.  
'Twas written on the wild bird's voice and plume:  
    'Twas written on the grave,  
        And flowers that decked the tomb.

I had been deaf to this sweet teaching before,  
This voice of Him who formed me. Could it be,  
I had not felt it on the lonely shore?  
In the still night—night the most beautiful,  
The regal one, crowned with a heaven of stars,  
And sitting on the mountains faint with glory,  
Noting immensity in breathless story?  
Had I not heard it when the morn unbars  
The gate thro' which the heavenly autumn is led,  
Loaded with mercies? I had not indeed.  
Yet I had listened with most earnest heed,  
Yea, wistful as a prisoner who expects  
Enlargement, to the voices of the day:  
Voices of night—the utterances of time,  
Present and past—and the great future. Yea,  
Had wandered by those seas of the sublime,  
Wrapt in a mantle of submissive thought;

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But yet these sweetest voices had been hidden.  
They fell in secret and I heard them not,  
They called me, and I yet remained unbidden.

While thus I stood communing with my hea  
Before that open casement, there was pause  
Of my long sorrows; and their active cause  
Seemed moving in a cloud that might depart,  
Changed into gold as change the clouds of even.  
There seemed to be a hand reaching from Heaven,  
Ready to aid me, mighty to deliver,  
Glorious in working, waiting to deliver;  
A hand full filled with mercies as a river,  
Full filled with love as an o'erbrimming river.  
Near me it seemed: yes, but a little way,  
Just as it were a step. But though I strove  
To take this step, alas, I could not move—  
No more than the disorganized cold clay  
That paves the bottom of the glen of death.

I would have gone—the power seemed not of me,  
For my affections fed on things beneath;  
Though hungering for that blest paternity.  
But—was I loaded like a slave with chains?  
Chains strongly riveted, and not to be  
Shaken off easily. Yet I did hope,  
That in process of time, by nourished strength,  
I should be able with this clog to cope,  
And cast it from me in a mass at length.

Vain hope—vain hope : for only ONE is strong :  
And this I knew—but failed to feel it long.

The golden sunset coming as a child :  
And on a crumbling balcony stood catching  
The song of waters. For creation smiled,  
Fragrant—and full of dreams. I saw before me  
A lame man rise. His shoulders stooped to bear  
The pack of years, sad fardel of life's care.  
His locks were long and streaked like moonlit  
clouds,

Some tranquil night that ends an autumn day.  
With staff in hand, led by a dog—alas,  
For he was blind ; and through the tangled grass  
Came slowly for short rest and brief delay.  
Now he approached me as a feeble strain,  
Of song once mighty. As an echo creeps  
Through the reverberate hills, and once more leaps  
To an expiring life that faintly tells  
Of what it hath been. O'er my secret heart  
A shadow passed, and rained into its wells  
The drops that keep from drying. Thus he came,  
Nor seemed unhappy, though both blind and lame.

Beside me on a stone he soon was seated ;  
And a large hour of genial evetide fled.  
In their repose the brightest bright stars g i tened,  
While with surprise I questioned him, or listened.

Tho' hid from scenes of earth and hope excluded,  
 The ennobling future beamed upon his spirit.  
 Earth of fantastic charms had been denuded.  
 He saw the Land of joy, and did inherit,  
 Even in this earth some foretaste of its gladness,  
 Some sweet addition to this cup of sadness.

"Changes," he said, "since earliest life began,  
 Have been my teachers and my chasteners. —  
 As on some sturdy tree a scar appears :  
 Some battered channel where the torrent ran,  
 Now dry and shrubless in the hanging ledge :  
 So on the heart a trace of bitter tears :  
 So in this marvellous frame some flaw remains,  
 Recusant vestige of discerptive pains.

'But seems it strange? or is the rod unkind  
 That stirs to thoughtfulness the wayward mind?  
 Sunshine and cloud and rain and heat and cold,  
 The darkness and the quiet and the storm,  
 Each in that good decreed must still unfold,—  
 Though in its manner dubious and occult.  
 The germ deep locked in snows and winter lies,  
 Yet blossoms sweetly as the rich result.  
 Thus sorrows may be angels in disguise,  
 By Heavenly pity delegated here,  
     Sorely afflicting some  
     Because esteemed more dear.

What seems thy past?" I answered, Memories;  
 The present with its objects soon will be

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Amidst them. And he said, "Are they not seas,
Whose waters are contiguous, and mix?
There is one other sea—we scarcely fix
Our eyes upon it in the distance dim."
What sea is this, I said—is it the sea,
Which is the ocean of eternity?
He answered, "Yes: And there is one sweet hymn;
Friend, canst thou sing it?"

And I answered thus:
My heart is a well of music; yet its voices,
With many sad thoughts have grown tremulous,
And also sad. Sing this sweet hymn for me.
He answered, "'Tis a song which aye rejoices
The saddest heart: the only sweet—sweet song.
Friend, canst thou sing it?" I replied to him
In the same language I had used before.
He said: "I hope to sing it evermore,
In a fair world which shall not once be dim.
It is the song of pardon for the past,
And blessing while eternity shall last. —
This golden language of the holy Book—
I know that my Redeemer lives,—even this,
Is the true knowledge and the only bliss:
The secret of perpetual happiness.
He who knows this, has found the treasure of
treasures;
He who knows this, shall drink the river of
pleasures.
All other attainments walk in to the grave:
This lifts us high above the heaven's blue brink.


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Drawing us upward by a golden link.  
 Say dost thou love the MAN who died to save?  
 Say—canst thou sing this rapturous song?"

My head  
 Leaned on my hand, my eyes lay on the ground;  
 My heart dropt waters freely, as I said,  
 Would that I could!

"If so, what hinders then?  
 Hark to the voice. It speaketh to all men:  
 A most compassionats voice in sweetest sound.  
 Be glad—be glad! The Holy One, whom we  
 Have disregarded—even continually,  
 Offers us pardon, adding love to grace,  
 Glory to love, and immortality  
 To overwhelming glory. Grants us space  
 To turn and live—beseeches us to turn!  
 O what are we, that God should thus requite  
 Our evil with good, our darkness with such light!  
 Lift us from death, to live even in His sight,  
 Where pleasure abides.

Friend, what a God is this!"

I said: I know it—and yet know it as if  
 I scarcely knew it:—so strange a heart have I!  
 And he proceeded: making this reply:—

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