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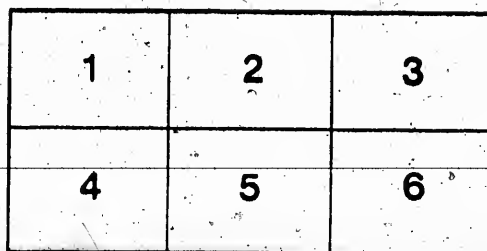
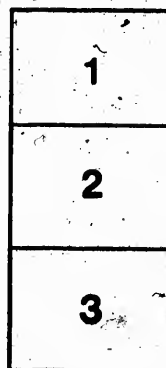
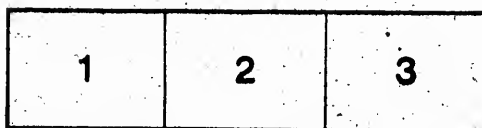
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DEDICATION.

TO GEORGE HELSON, ESQ.,

KEENE, OTONABEE.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Permit me (in view of the pure and unimpaired friendship that I enjoyed with you since my arrival in this Province, and the high opinion I entertain of your distinguished mental abilities and inflexible love of justice, as displayed in an affair ever memorable in Keene.) to dedicate this effusion of the muse—consequent upon our discussion—to you; hoping that we may enjoy many such happy associations in life, and that my character will continue to claim that bond of sympathy which has held our hearts in every storm together.

I remain,

My Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.,

J. T. BREEZE.

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MY BROTHER IN HEAVEN.

The following Poem on "My Brother in Heaven" was occasioned by an incident in the life of GEORGE HELSON, Esq., Keene, Otonabee. On his parents' leaving England for Buenos Ayres, in South America, they were approaching a house on the sea shore, to wait for the vessel; the waters of the great deep had been lately agitated by a violent storm, and the boy imagined that that white foaming waters was a beautiful white field, and he ran swiftly to pick the white flowers that he supposed to be there, when his eldest brother on detecting him ran swiftly to save him from a watery grave. On being asked why he ran there, he replied that he wanted to play on that white field, meaning the white foam. I replied humorously that it would have been best for him and the world had he had his play out in the white field; he would be now on the white fields of the celestial world, away from the sorrows and trials of life, with an expanded mind and the yet knowledge of God's great purposes in the government and redemption of this world, instead of groping in darkness amid the petty associations of this sin-sitten world. "You are mistaken, sir," replied Mr. Helson, "I think I am better off where I am; for, if I had died in my infancy, it would have been an unutterable loss for me in the eternal world in every respect." "How so?" replied I. He proceeded to say that this world was adapted to draw out the powers of mind, feelings of heart, and to expand human nature, mentally, morally, and physically, in a way in which it was impossible for Heaven to do. I replied that after the immortal mind had been disenthralled from the body, its various attributes and energies, passions and principles would gravitate to its own home and destiny in the spiritual world, where they would expand every power symmetrically; but that everything in this world was imperfect, and that therefore there were powers in our nature lying dormant and morbid, for want of circumstances to give them all their full development and uniformity—that here one state of circumstances would develop one part at the expense of the other—that the spiritual world was better adapted to the mind and the whole man, under the perfect moral government of God; there man would be philosophically taught, in its perfect adaptation to the degree and nature of mind. I admitted that, viewing the question morally, in the aggregate of our existence, human life on earth, with all the reminiscences falling upon the memory and heart in Heaven, would be sources of ineffable gratitude, in reviewing all the ways through which Providence brought us—that faith under those circumstances may impart a happiness on the mind which faith in God in the spirit world could not; consequently, the moral nature is stronger by being left on earth. But to the point of the argument: what of the facilities of the mind to grow under Divine tuition and influence. Every point of philosophy, every fact in science, come to the mind here by such a slow process, on account of the medium of the soul (the brain) being so weak to allow the mind to receive impression; and when we are nearest a point of knowledge, the body's infirmities prevent us from obtaining it. In Heaven the medium through which the mind receives intelligence must be of the same nature as the world in which it lives; consequently, better adapted to gain a larger grasp of principles and impressions respecting God, and the amount of knowledge God designs to impart to a finite mind. The science of language is probably a theme of study, which study gradually strengthens the mind. The infant in Heaven is acquainted with words about what he is learning; but, while he is learning that, he is not acquainted with those sublime terms that those whose experience last for centuries in that world of bliss. So of every other science; these stores of knowledge must come into the mind by gradual development of its powers. "But," said Mr. Helson, "human life in all its advantages is, in the nature of things, better calculated to befit the mind for a state of perfection in Heaven, and becomes the source of enjoyment for ever, in which it is impossible for an infant to participate; hence, I argue it would be an infinite loss for me to die in childhood." I sat down and penned the following Poem, under the force of the argument of Mr. Helson.

TO MY BROTHER IN HEAVEN.

I had a little brother once,
So gentle, meek and mild ;
But God was pleased to take away
My brother when a child.
Oh ! we were like two sprightly lambs,
That danced in frolic play ;
But God mysteriously would call
His soul from earth away.

God never told me why he dealt
So wondrous strange with me,
To plant affections in my mind,
To love so dearly ;
Then take the darling of my heart,
A kindred soul to heaven ;
And left my own midst life so rude,
With many an arrow riven.

Where shall I center all this power,
And spend this matchless love ;
Since He has taken brother, dear,
To that bright world above.
Be hush'd my muse, nor crave his lot,
Of happiness in heaven.
Though thy poor soul may suffer on,
With many an arrow riven.

Perhaps the Lord thought this of us :
These minds shall run a race,
One down on earth midst trials deep,
Supported by my grace ;
The other call'd to soar aloft,
Midst cherubs round the throne,
To bask his countenance in bliss,
And holiness unknown.

One catching light from minds below,
Midst darkness, death and sin ;
The other drinking heavenly streams
Of purest knowledge in.
I should not know my brother now,
Though a sprig of the same tree,
Transplanted to perennial fields
Of immortality.

While I remain a growing on,
 Down in this earthly soil ;
 So barren is its desert ground,
 Receiving annual toil.
 Though grace in copious showers descend
 Upon my spreading boughs,
 They bear yet no comparison
 To thy immortal blows.

Dear spirit, dost thou from that realm
 E'er cast a wishful eye,
 To see thy elder brother toil
 And grope in misery ?
 Oh ! has thy tender heart e'er yearned,
 That I should reach thy dome ;
 And wouldst thou ope thy gentle wings,
 To fetch thy brother home.

I'd rather thine than Gabriel wing,
 To come to Jordan's stream,
 To bear me through the ether sky,
 As ends life's transient dream.
 I'd feel a closer sympathy,
 Between my heart and thine,
 And ask thee to conduct me through
 Heaven's portals all divine.

Like Ruth of old and Na-o-my,
 I'd go where thou wouldst go,
 Be guided by those souls most dear,
 In heaven, which thou wouldst know.
 I'd want thee ever by my side,
 In that bright world of bliss ;
 I'd point the million'd throng and say,
 My brother John is this !

If God will let thee, brother dear,
 O-wing thy gently way
 To see thy brother's ruder brow,
 In this his earthly day.
 Behold his powers here struggling on,
 'Gainst Satan and his host,
 Determined like a valiant man,
 To die here at his post.

And then consider, brother dear,
 If thou wouldst ever please,
 To live a life so rude and strange,
 With thy poor brother Breeze,
 But when those pondrous massive worlds,
 Are swept in endless night,
 Our minds outliving, each are brought
 Before God's throne of light.

Then God will measure both our souls,
 To know their breadth and height,
 And which hath gathered in his course
 The most of heaven's own light ;
 O, which shall stand the nearest, then,
 To God's eternal throne,
 To bear the effulgence of his face.
 Midst holiness unknown.

Or whose life brings the brightest crown,
 To deck the Godhead's brow ;
 The one who spent his life in heaven,
 Or he on earth below.
 This brings an argument of weight,
 And wondrous mysteries ;
 And who shall solve the problem clear,
 Until each part agrees.

The first is known to live in heaven,
 Where nought but God's own light
 Could break upon his brilliant powers,
 To give them increased light,
 And raise them to their stature full,
 Expanding every part,
 The mental and the moral,
 With every power of heart.

No subtle enemy disturbed,
 Or checked their inward joy ;
 Nor keen temptation pierce his breast,
 Its purity t' alloy.
 His matchless powers were stretched to reach
 The compass of God's laws ;
 And when his published will is grasped,
 They make a gentle pause.

They climb'd the summit of time's hill,
 To know what passed before,
 And grasped the future for to see
 What could be known yet more.
 But here he folds his matchless wings,
 Nor tiring in their flight,
 And wait the growing history
 Of God's own plans aright.

As they develop in their course,
 From age to age the same,
 The future big with mystery,
 Profound as Jesu's name.
 They cannot go beyond those plans,
 But wait each to mature;
 In heaven above, as minds below,
 Both strive these to secure.

The other mind is left below,
 To clay and matter bound,
 And gathers pebbles on the shore,
 On time's vast coast around;
 And gradually doth catch the gleams
 That flow from other minds,
 Though dim by error's dusky shade,—
 Scarcely the truth he finds.

But days and years go slowly by,
 The mind unfolds its powers,
 To ascertain great principles,
 Through all life's priceless hours.
 The fields of truth grow larger still,
 Before his mental eye;
 And all God's revealed truths explored,
 To their vast boundary.

And if that boundary is reached,
 In heaven or earth below,
 What more avails your heavenly sight?
 What can ye further know?
 Till time's revolving wheels reveal
 God's and man's history,
 We grasp the past, as you in heaven,
 And reach futurity.

So earthly James and heavenly John,
 Whose minds do march the race,
 In knowledge and in holiness
 May keep an equal pace.
 The soul from earth will have recourse,
 To all life's wondrous past;
 And glories new will break for e'er,
 Long as God's throne will last.

What pleasure sweet will rise in heaven,
 In memory of this life;
 And see the providence of God,
 Through all its varied strife.
 Thus James from earth, for suffering there
 His Heavenly Father's will,
 And bearing all life's trials deep,
 God's purpose to fulfill,

Will get a rich reward when he
 Will reach the Godhead's throne,
 And wear a wreathed crown of light,
 In glory not his own.
 His brother John will come to see
 Him wear this crown of light,
 And wish to change it with his own,
 With all its lustre bright.

But self will mind its own in heaven,
 Nor sell its birthright share;
 But will direct his brother John,
 His own bright crown to wear.
 Nor will their holy bosom swell,
 With pride or yet envy;
 But fall into each others arms,
 And love eternally.

Amen.

THE BETHANY FAMILY.

Are there spots through Nature's deserts,
 That are strew'd with lovely rose,
 Breaking off the gloom the traveller
 On his journey undergoes?
 So, 'mid dreary wastes of sorrows,
 'Mong the families of earth,
 There are spots of heavenly beauty,
 That bespeak celestial birth.
 And the glorious burning cherubs
 Oft would cast a wishful eye,
 To those Edens in life's deserts,
 As they wander in the sky.
 Do you think those happy spirits
 Would not covet going to see
 Such an hallowed spot of friendship,
 On the plains of Bethany?
 There the springs of love and friendship,
 Open in their hallowed breast
 Of three favoured ones of heaven,
 Giving peace and constant rest.
 It was lovely to behold them,
 Sitting 'neath those trees of palm;
 Lazarus and his Redeemer,
 On some eve of holy calm.
 One a God, upon whose power
 Hung those worlds that float on high,
 Fondly owning him Creator,
 As their lustre pass him by.
 By His side a worm, in friendship
 Holdeth converse with his God;
 What a privilege thus given,
 To a mortal, through the blood!
 Once old Horeb's mountains trembled,
 At his presence long before,—
 Stubborn rocks did 'fore Him quiver,
 As He trod its brow of yore;
 Now, enshrined in clay, a mortal
 Stands unshaken 'fore his face,
 Gazing at divine effulgence,
 Breaking of unbounded grace.

See them bend their knees together,
 As their souls, on wings of faith,
 Seem to feel almost transported
 O'er the darkest shades of death.
 Nature bends beneath the fullness
 Of the eternal waves that roll,
 Sparkling out in flames of glory,
 As it breaks forth from the soul.

Then they press their footsteps gently,
 To a cottage by the ville,
 Where the happy loving sisters
 Wait to do His holy will.
 And their peace flows as a river,
 Righteous as waves of sea
 Kiss the conscience of their spirits,
 Consequent of prayer by thee.

Martha, full of deep industry,
 Full anxiety and care,
 To receive the Lord of glory,
 And His supper to prepare.
 Jesu's footsteps cross the threshold
 Of their humble cottage door,
 And commands His peace to bless them,
 Such as they ne'er felt before.

Through the burning day His labours
 Have prostrated all His powers ;
 Though a God His human nature
 Needed rest of quiet hours,
 Mary falls to kiss His foot-prints,
 Fondly lingers at His feet,
 Raining tears of affection,
 Then to cool their burning feet.

Wipes them not with purest linen,
 Bought from out earth's richest store ;
 But she borrow'd golden tresses
 Of her hair to wipe them o'er.
 Oh ! what depths of love and virtues,
 Cluster round His hallowed feet ;
 Angels ! did ye ever witness
 Such 'round heaven's glorious seat ?

Martha, in her love to Jesus,
 Labours His wants to supply;
 Bids the Lord have Mary aid her
 In those hours of industry.
 But observing holy ardour
 Burning deeply in her breast,
 He permitted her continue
 At His feet in holy rest.

And bid Martha never trouble
 Much about the things of earth;
 But, like happy Mary, rather
 Choose the joys of heavenly birth.
 Only one frail year of sorrow
 Had then wing'd its distant way,
 Since their last beloved parent
 Reached the realm of heavenly day.

While the Saviour was descanting
 On those glorious realms of light,
 You could see 'neath Mary eyelids
 Holy tears nestling bright:
 "Mother's there!" she crieth, sobbing,
 "'Mong those joys of bliss untold;
 In her hand an harp eternal,
 Tuning high its strings of gold."

"Father, too!" cried weeping Martha,
 "Th' object of my tender love;
 Oh! I almost hear his accents,
 'Mid those throngs of bliss above."
 "Sisters!" said the heavenly Jesus,
 "What about another cup?
 Should your Heavenly Father mix it,
 Could ye, think you, drink it up?"

At this Mary cast an eyeglance
 On the brow of Lazurus dear;
 Gazing on its marble palor,
 Shook her breast with deepest fear.
 "He's our only stay," cried Martha,
 "His pen stain the sacred scroll;
 Should his arm by death be palsied,
 We should with him also fall."

" Could ye not recline implicit
 On that arm that's seen to faith,
 Should your Lazarus be smitten
 By the pallid hand of Death ?"
 " Be it far, my dear Redeemer,
 From Thy purpose let it stray ;
 Take not our beloved brothers
 From our wounded breasts away.

At this James, and John, and Peter,
 Calls for Jesus Christ to go,
 On his holy mission preaching
 The glad tidings here below.
 While away some days, their Lazarus,
 Coming through the Temple door,
 Felt Death feeling for his heart-strings,
 Telling him that life was o'er.

Two companions saw Death's features
 Stamped upon his noble face ;
 Heavenly glory played a moment
 On it, with seraphic grace.
 Thus they bore him onward gently
 To the sacred cottage home,
 Where the weary holy foot-prints
 Of his Saviour often come.

Mary's out, as usual, waiting
 The tall figure in the way !
 " Yon's his lovely form," she cried,
 " Why so softly come to-day ?"
 Fears awoke and off her footsteps
 Sped their way quick as the light ;
 " What doth ail thee, Oh ! my brother ?
 Why so slow thy feet to-night ?"

Ah ! they halt—his eyes are glancing
 On her own a fond farewell,
 And would lean upon her bosom,
 Speaking love no pen can tell.
 Home the brother comes to pillow
 His fond head upon their breast,
 Calmly bear divine affliction,
 Then in Death's embrace to rest.

Martha sees the lifeless brother,
 As she glances through the door ;
 Gives a shriek and downward falleth,
 - Almost lifeless, on the floor.
 Mary turns her thought to Jesus,
 Thinks of what His sweet lips said,
 'Bout the cup He thought to mix them,
 When their brother bowed his head.

Yea, the Saviour had a purpose
 In this dispensation deep ;
 He must demonstrate God's glory,
 Though His nearest friends must weep.
 Not the wicked had He chosen,
 That their soul go down to hell,
 And return from all its horrors,
 In this tenement to dwell.

In the grave three days already,
 Yet the Master cometh not ;
 Where, my Saviour, is Thy sympathy ?
 Sadness dwells around the cot.
 "For the flock's dear sake," the Saviour
 Said, "I'm glad I was not there ;
 Now we'll go and wake the sleeper,
 And my Father's power declare."

Martha hears of Jesu's coming,
 Goes to meet Him to the place
 Where his wearied feet were waiting
 To behold her mournful face.
 As they meet He talks of power
 That can raise the buried dead,
 That her faith may be inspired
 To restore him, if Christ said.

Martha makes some strong admssions
 Of what God's great might could do,
 And confesses Him "th' anointed
 Son of God," forever true.
 Home, inspired with hope, she turneth,
 Hurries Mary him to greet ;
 And in haste her footsteps presses,
 For to worship at his feet.

When she saw Him, cried in sorrow :
 " Lord, if thou hadst but been here,
 Lazurus would not have perished,
 Nor I shed this salty tear."
 Jesus sees the gushing dew-drops
 Steal in streamlets down her cheek ;
 " Jesus wept," and mingled freely
 Tears from His heart so meek.

Giving proof of all the manhood
 That lay slumbering in His breast ;
 All the Godhead failed t' suppress it,
 When love broke its inward rest.
 " O, behold ye how ye loved him,"
 Cried the iron-fronted Jew ;
 Love like thine, O, mild Redeemer,
 Speaks of glories ever new.

Jesus, therefore, again groaning
 In himself, come to the grave :
 " Take away the stone," He muttered,
 " From corruption I will save."
 And in loud commanding language
 He cried, "*Lazurus come forth!*"
 Come back from thy throne in heaven,
 And its joys of untold worth."

Down by golden stars it travels,
 Heard His voice amid the throng,
 Stopped and dropped his harp the instant,
 Hush the sweet redeeming song ;
 Angels and the Prophets wonder,
 Till they turn an eye to earth,
 And see Jesus by the grave-yard,
 Bidding Lazarus " come forth."

And the spirit wears corruption,
 Goes again within the cage,
 Like a bird that fled, entangled
 By the fowler's subtle rage.
 Yea, the dead came at his bidding,
 Wearing grave-clothes on his form,
 And his face bound in a napkin
 Yet to breast life furious storm.

There he sits within the cottage,
 His sweet home of Bethany,
 Trying to compare its beauties,
 With those in eternity.
 Where Thou art, O Christ, is heaven. —
 Heaven is here, my God of Peace;
 All the counterpart of glory
 Is read in Thy heavenly face.

...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HEAVEN.

What's it to thee, O spirit bright and pure,
 Free in the regions of celestial joy,
 Drinking of bliss beside the crystal stream
 That flows perennial from the throne of God,
 Shaded by bowers 'neath the Tree of Life,
 And eating free the fruit that decks the ground;
 What carest thou, free from the toils of life,
 That here on earth dwell bardic souls,
 Within whose breasts celestial passions spring,
 That love thy name and choose to tune their harps,
 To praise thy deeds that angels did admire.

What joy must spring within thy holy breast,
 Seated aloft on Hymalayan heights,
 Casting thy gaze o'er earth's dark scenes below,
 And see the millions that thine arm made free,
 This little spot, Americ's wide domains!!
 A speck, as viewed from those celestial hills;
 It sounds thy name in anthems loud and long,
 Yet thou, unheeding, carest not to know.
 To feel thy work is done, is knowledge pure for thee,
 And fills thy breast with an eternal joy.

Is there a law that binds that world to ours,
 And makes it echo with the joy of this?
 So fine and pure that as the heavens
 Extract the dew above in clouds of rain,
 And lets it fall again in showers below;
 So that fine law, extracting joy from earth,
 Takes it above to augment the joys of heaven,
 And make their bosom thrill with constant bliss,

Then echoing back to let us know on earth,
 If so, thy deeds, applauded loud and long,
 Must call the angels from their thrones of light,
 To join the joy that swells the human breast,
 And touch the life-threads of their holy breast,
 Then homeward wing to make thy popular name
 Resound again through the domains of heaven ;
 Yea, seraphs bright would kiss thy favoured brow,
 As entering in to enjoy joys of thy Lord,
 Passing the portals of the pearly gate,
 They'd guide thee on, deep in the burning throne,
 And smiling say, "This arm did break the chains
 That wrung earth millions in perpetual woe."
 They cry aloud to implore the Jáh divine,
 To reach his hand to the bureau of life,
 To bring the brightest crown His throne affords ;
 The crown of starry gems comes dazzling forth,
 To deck the careworn brow of him who held
 The nation's reins within his pungent grasp,
 And bore the care of millions on his heart.
 The crown becomes the princely brow of him
 Whom earth, while here, made king of men.
 "Servant of God," his maker said, "well done,
 Thou good and faithful servant, take this crown,
 And wear it ever by my lustrous throne!"
 No gems of thought poured forth their light divine,
 To grace thy lips to make thy fame resound ;
 Like bard of yore from old Olympias' brow,
 'Twas deeds divine, noble and daring too,
 A life of moral worth, growing brighter e'er,
 Till its meridian blazed in noon-day pride,
 Then set in skies of loveliest hues for e'er.
 Take this bright gift, the King of Glory said,
 From out the hand that guides the stars along,
 And rolls the planets through the troubled sky,
 And guided thee through all the scenes of life ;
 Yea, held thy heart when sorrow bowed it down,
 And held thee firm as stands the troubled earth,
 When thunders roar and lightning rend the sky,
 And held thee, too, when the assassin's arm,
 Uplifted high, let fall its fated stroke ;
 Sit on this throne and wear this crown of light,
 And tune this harp of love for evermore.

