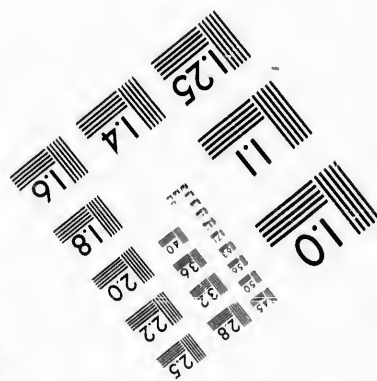
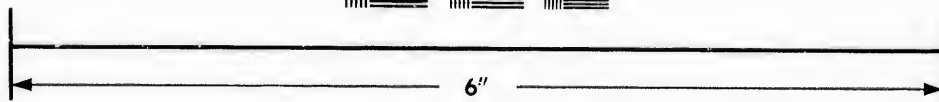
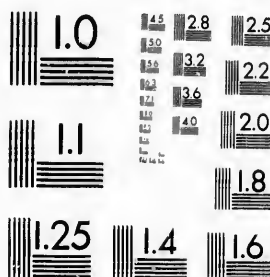


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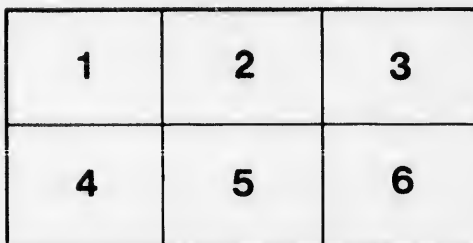
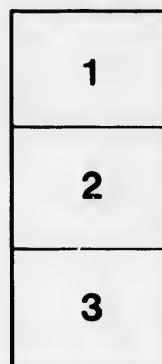
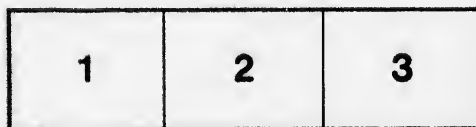
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THE

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

OF

RELIGION AND TEMPERANCE.

BY JOSEPH SPRATT.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED BY J. P. PRALL, No. 12 SPRUCE ST.

1848.

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PREFACE.

THE writer of these pages deems it necessary to inform the reader that they were written in the British Provinces of New Brunswick, with a design to promote the prosperity and advancement of Religion, and the noble and divine cause of Temperance.

It is to be lamented when so much has been said and done, by the friends of temperance, to expose the innumerable evils which result from intemperance in all the diversified forms of degradation, wretchedness and suffering in which they are daily witnessed, that an institution which has and still is accomplishing so much good, in every country, where its principles have gone into operation, should not have been more generally received and acted upon, by all who feel interested in the welfare and happiness of mankind,—but more particularly by those who profess to be the zealous advocates of civil and religious liberty.

As an individual, the writer candidly admits that he cannot reconcile the existence and permanent security of liberty in any country, with the existence of intemperance, because they are in their natures antagonistic agents, and are seen to be so in their influences and effects in every community.

The unholy influence of intemperance must always act in direct opposition to reason, justice and virtue, and to every principle which imparts dignity and worth to the character of man; nor have I any hesitation in asserting that every individual who is enslaved by this unmanly vice, is acting a part which tends to the subversion of the sacred principles of liberty.

It may be necessary for me to remark, that the appearance of these well intended pages before the public is principally to be attributed to the suggestions of friends in New Brunswick, for whom the writer entertains the warmest friendship.

JOSEPH SPRATT

NEW-YORK, *September*, 1848.

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RELIGION AND TEMPERANCE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The following verses were written—~~it~~ may be ten or twelve years since—on reading in a paper at that time, published in the State of Maine, an affecting narrative of a young woman and her babe, who were found frozen to death on the ice. It is said that this melancholy occurrence took place while on her way to a tavern, in quest of her husband.

In Western lands where dews distill
On woods of hoary fame,
Where Sylvan grandeur crests each hill,
And fringe each noble stream.

Luxuriant beauties—Nature's wild,
A vast and gorgeous theme—
Amidst these scenes a woodsman toiled ;
Oh, publish not his name.

And there was seen a youthful bride,
Fondling her first born toy ;
Gazing with laughing eyes and pride
Upon an infant boy.

They looked a pair of Nature's flowers,
Akin to those that bloom
Deep in the forests foliaged bowers,
Cheering the lonely gloom.

There in the woods she dwelt remote
 From friends or kindred near ;
 Of time and wrong she took no note,
 Content, her world was there.

But in her husband's heart a shoot
 Sprang up, from which distilled
 A juice more fatal than the fruit
 The Upas forests yield.

No deadlier serpent twines his coils
 Around his captured prey,
 Or with more fascinating wiles
 Beguiles the downward way.

A passion blighting all the joys
 Which wedded love imparts,
 And rudely rends those m. sic ties
 That join connubial hearts ;

Which makes the heart a loathsome nest
 Of all polluting things ;
 Foul birds and reptiles, savage beast,
 With worse than vipers stings.

And then at times the brood would wake,
 And howl their fierce desire,
 Or fretful whine their thirst to slake
 With draughts of liquid fire.

Ah, well she knew the sullen scowl
 That gathered on his brow,
 When kindling passions, like a coal,
 Within began to glow.

And well she understood the tours
 That led him from his home ;
 Those necessary business hours,
 Before he back could come.

It was upon a winter's day,
 One cold and frosty morn,
 When from his camp he took the way,
 But promised quick return.

And onward sped in high delight,
 With free and buoyant mind,
 Nor thought once of the lonely plight,
 Of her he left behind.

Charmed with the prospect of a spree,
 Where drunken maniacs brawl,
 There fulsome wit and boistrous glee,
 No baser reptiles crawl.

For taverns are enchanted ground,
 Inclining down to hell,
 Where drunkards souls are chained and bound,
 By Satan's witching spell.

The sun had set--her peering eye
 Saw darkness draw its veil,
 While fleecy clouds coursed through the sky,
 Borne on a north west gale.

But ah, no sounds salute her ears,
 Or distant shades impart
 A hope that he was drawing near,
 To soothe her trembling heart.

And language fails to speak a vice,
 So fiendishly ingrate,
 For through the woods a female voice
 Was heard to wail her fate.

In sorrow's deep impassioned moans,
 While lulling on the breast
 Her babe, with sad but soothing tones,
 Fearing to break his rest.

At length, oppressed with grief and fear,
 In prayer she bent her knee,
 Call'd on her God—and felt that there
 Her Father was good to be.

For o'er her came a light and power,
 Which filled her troubled breast,
 With holy joy that favored hour,
 And gave the mourner rest.

That voice that spoke the leper whole,
 And calmed the troubled flood,
 Then bade her trembling soul to roll
 On his atoning blood.

Green branches formed her homely bed,
 Where with her babe in dreams,
 It seemed as visions round her shed
 Their bright celestial beams.

When with her child in rapid flight,
 She passed beyond this sphere,
 To where angelic scenes delight
 The eye, and sounds the ear.

Not o'er that fabled stream, which flowed
 When Homer wrote of ghosts,
 Who were by Charon rudely rowed
 To Pluto's dreary coasts.

But borne aloft by angel forms,
 As Bunyan's tales narrate
 The scene when Pilgrims reach their homes,
 Through the celestial gate.

The way by which the seer was borne,
 Of olden Scripture fame,
 In a bright chariot, which was drawn
 By harnessed steeds of flame.

Immortal forms who on this earth,
 Had oft the sinner's prayer
 Pour'd out to God in trembling faith—
 Hailed her arrival there.

Who looked as stars are seen by night,
 Of less or brighter grades ;
 Some shone as first-born sons of light,
 Some threw out fainter shades.

Some the chaste virgin's semblance wore—
 Forms of celestial love,
 And some the matron's impress bore,
 For mother's love above.

Maternal love is from the font
 Of life's essential fire,
 And though in heaven transformed, it wo'nt
 In mothers' breasts expire.

But to my tale—she deemed that throngs
 Of matrons round her pressed,
 Who, with warm welcomes on their tongues,
 Her and her babe caressed.

And there she saw the sacred mount
 Where dwells the great Three-One,
 The living water's flowing fount ;
 And high upon his throne,

A lamb was seen, crimsoned with stain
 Of sacrificial blood,
 Who looked as if he had been slain,
 But lived enthroned with God.

The saving glories of whose beams,
 Reach the eternal hills,
 And from the virtue of his names,
 Their balm of life distills.

She saw life's river roll its flood
 Midst palaces and flowers,
 Where reign the ransomed sons of God,
 As potentates and powers.

Where that mysterious tree still lives,
 Of Eden's primal growth,
 Whose monthly fruit and healing leaves,
 Preserve immortal youth.

And from each radiant mountain top,
 She heard responsive sounds,
 Rising, like burning incense, up
 To Him whose bleeding wounds

Once poured the price of human guilt ;
 A scheme ere time began,
 Devised by mercy, when she built
 Her throne of grace for man.

At length she was informed by name,
 She must return again
 To that sad world from which she came,
 But not there to remain.

When soon again in rapid flight,
 She seemed to reach our earth--
 While through the groaning woods that night,
 Rushed winter's icy breath.

Yet, when awake, she scarcely deemed
 Herself still wrapped in clay,
 Late visions to her present seemed,
 Like the last shades of day.

She felt an all-absorbing wish,
 That, with her babe, she then
 Might quickly from the body rush
 To that bright world again.

Nor did she feel to earth a tie
 From which she could not part,
 Saving the drunkard's friendless boy,
 Who nestled in her heart.

She thought, then, of her heartless spouse,
 Resolved when morning came,
 She'd journey to the guilty house,
 The drunkard to reclaim.

Cold blew the wind, and clouds of drift
 Whirled through the leafless trees,
 Which oft their frozen branches rift,
 As with a giant's ease.

When with her babe she left the camp,
 Deeming no danger near,
 But soon she found the toilsome tramp,
 Awoke a mother's fear.

A solid bridge, formed by the frost,
 More firm than that which bore
 The Persian, with his countless host,
 To Grecia's warlike shore,

Was the highway to come and go,
 Where, nightly, howling packs
 Of hungry wolves, left in the snow
 Prints of marauding tracks.

And down this bleak and lengthy bridge,
 A partial track she traced,
 And many a deep and drifted ridge
 Of pashey snow she paced,
 Until her feet felt like the dead,
 Forbidding her sojourn,
 As with a warning voice, which said
 She must in haste return.

She turned to reach her lonely camp,
 But soon her fretted heart [cramp,
 Was ceas'd with chills—her limbs, through
 Could not perform their part.

And o'er her came a drowsy spell,
 Resistless as the tide
 Of listless feelings, when she fell
 There, with her babe, and died.

Death on their forms portrayed no fright,
 'None heard an infant weep,
 Like marble statues, snowy white,
 When found, they looked asleep.

Two crystal drops proclaimed her wrongs,
 To humane eyes and ears,
 And drunkards' callous hearts, for tongues
 Spoke in those frozen tears.

Now let none from this tale dissent,
 Who hope to be forgiven,
 For we are told when men repent
 There's special joy in Heaven.

If so, Heav'n must much more rejoice,
 When souls, redeemed by blood,
 Enter their purchased paradise,
 To walk and talk with God.

Nor let the scorner curl his lip,
 With a disdainful sneer,
 Or coldly censure those, who dip
 Into hereafter here.

Eternal scenes around us blaze,
 Diffusing light and heat,
 And Reason's eye, may boldly gaze
 Into that coming state.

The following lines were written, after a lapse of nearly forty years, on the recollection of the circumstance as the Author heard it related, by the late Rev. John Gaultier, once well known in England as a minister of the Wesleyan Connection.

A hoary man whose body bent
Beneath the weight of years,
Whom age had withered, shook and rent,
And wrecked beyond repairs.

But in it stirred a deathless thing,
Which groaned to burst its ties,
Waiting a signal hence to wing
Its flight to other skies.

In life he long had walked with God,
And knew all right within,
By virtue of a Savior's blood,
That antidote for sin.

Salvation, through his works and prayers,
He turned from with disgust,
And wisely settled his affairs,
Upon a better trust.

And knew his anchor's hold was good,
Ent'ring within the vale,
It storms and hurricanes had stood,
Nor feared he it would fail.

Death found him ready to depart,
 Hymning a blood-bought crown,
 Deeming his case not worth a dart,
 He gently hove him down.

Cold vapors gathered round his soul,
 Which chilled, like icy breath,
 Life's current, in the golden bowl—
 That chill, he felt was death.

And sweats his furrowed brow bedewed,
 While his once massive chest,
 Tokened by strong internal throes,
 Death's heavy hand then pressed.

A daughter watched beside his bed,
 Who waked with pious care,
 To soothe, with gentle hand, his head,
 And cheer his pains with prayer.

When lo! he suddenly revived
 To sight and life again,
 For wond'rous visitors arrived,
 Of noble rank and mein.

Not as our stately, titled folks,
 In fashion's proud costume;
 But with benign and holy looks,
 That cheered his lowly room.

Nor their radiant vestments pure,
 In which they serve above,
 But what our natures best endure—
 They wore the garb of love.

But though not robed in flaming suits,
To answer special ends,
And silently there stood, as mutes—
He recognized them friends.

When, gazing round in visioned view,
Surprised, but not with fear,
He asked his daughter, if she knew
From whence, and who they were.

Who said, there's no one seen by me,
But you, within the room,
They must be angels whom you see,
Now come to fetch you home.

He smiled in holy ecstasy,
And to her thus replied,
"They are a goodly company"—
Then smiled again, and died.

She heard mysterious music, play
The strains of Zion's hill—
And voices, hymning come away;
She listened—all was still.

ON THE RESURRECTION.

On Salem's altar fires had burned
The paschal sacrifice ;
A rite enjoined when Egypt mourned
Her first born's midnight cries.

The night was still and lowering,
And meteors flashed on high,
As if the stars were showering
Pale signals down the sky.

And silence sat enthroned in gloom,
Where bleached the guilty dead ;
And all was hushed, save round a tomb
Was heard a watcher's tread.

But through the gloom, at times, sad moans
Would start the watcher's ears
With sounds of soft and plaintive tones,
Like angel's falling tears.

The sleepless Roman on his bed
Writhed with the lash of guilt ;
And often to himself he said,
I righteous blood have spilt.

And the high sacerdotal chief,
Felt Zion's sacred tropes,
Which once were wont to 'swage his grief,
Now blighted all his hopes.

While deeply pondering o'er the rites
 That Levi's code commands,
 With frenzied feelings, for its lights
 Showed blood upon his hands.

For oft he traced the gory track,
 Since the first victim bled,
 But sullen voices echoed back,
 His blood is on thy head.

Yet there were hearts that vigils kept
 With firm and constant faith,
 Preparing rites for him who slept
 In the embrace of death.

The dewy dawn wept from the palm,
 As Salem's daughters moved
 For Calv'ry, there to embalm
 The corse of him they loved.

But ere they reached the place of skulls,
 An earthquake's rumbling shock
 Reverberated through the dells,
 And rent Moriah's rocks.

For from the skies a winged light
 Came with a rushing sound,
 Which threw upon each mountain's height,
 A radiancy around.

It was an angel of the Lord,
 Commissioned to our earth,
 To herald the incarnate Word,
 From the domains of death.

When from the tomb he rolled the stone,
 And on it seated, flung
 The beams that in his features shone,
 On the affrighted throng

Of wakeful guards who fell with fear,
 And lay as men when dead,
 Or like an herd of stricken deer,
 From the dread scene they fled.

But where's the mind which can portray
 A scene were seers are dumb,
 Describing him, enwrapt in clay,
 Ascending from the tomb.

Say, did the heavens a concert raise
 New in celestial sounds,
 And wondering seraphs bending, gaze
 On his yet bleeding wounds.

But see the female mourners wend
 Their way up Calv'ry's slopes
 Where o'er the vacant tomb they bend,
 With disappointed hopes.

But in the tomb a young recluse,
 From some angelic sphere,
 Sat, who well knew what did induce
 Their early visit there.

Who spake and bade them lay aside
 Their timid fears—for ye
 Are seeking now the crucified—
 See where he lately lay.

But he is risen, and gone forth
 To conquer and overthrow
 The powers of darkness, till the earth
 Shall at his footstool bow.

Yet ere he takes his royal seat,
 Again ye shall him see,
 For he is pledged his friends to meet
 In upper Galilee.

Then dry your tears, dismiss your fears,
 And raise your eyes above
 To where yon radiant star appears,
 In token of his love.

ON THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Sabbath comes with luring wiles,
 Radiant in celestial smiles,
 Teeming blessings which diffuse
 Zion's pure ambrosial dews ;
 Lo, she bends to earth her light,
 Borne on golden pinions bright.
 Swiftly down the eastern skies,
 See her morning incense rise ;
 Now she breathes her fragrance round,
 Cools with balm each burning wound.
 Hushes all our raging cares,
 Lays the phantoms of our fears.

Day of days which God has blest,
 Throws around her typic rest ;
 Clothes the mountain's rugged steep,
 Mantles with her calm the deep ;
 Softer tunes the humming rill,
 Groves with sacred music fill ;
 Robes each landscape verdant scene,
 In a suit of Sabbath green.
 Flowerets pearled with earliest dews,
 Glitter in sweet virgin hues.
 Hark, lute voices greet the hours,
 'Tis the melody of flowers.
 In her train the Graces seven,
 Point the way that leads to Heaven,
 Red with the Redeemer's blood,
 Reaching to the throne of God.
 Love, full orb'd, leads on the van,
 Shiloah nature joined to man.
 Mystic wonder, far above
 Seraphs' thoughts—for GOD is love.
 Tones of mercy, when she spoke,
 Universal nature shook ;
 But her eyes, suffused with tears,
 Said for man she had her fears.
 Faith, a royal standard bears,
 Radiant with a sign, that peers
 'Bove the unapproached light,
 Cresting Zion's holy height.
 Blazoned on its waving folds,
 Lo! a lamb, her hand upholds,

Bathed in his atoning blood,
When he sacrificed to God.
Look, she cries, as when the sight,
Healed the serpent's fiery bite,
I, the terms of mercy give,
Poisoned rebels, look and live.
Noble Truth, advancing next,
Tells the virtue of each text,
Scattered through the sacred page,
Changeless, sure, from age to age ;
Lo ! a form of purest light,
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Shows to man his filthy taint,
Of the leper's foul complaint ;
Points to where her crimsoned font,
Rises on redemption's mount,
Which alone can purge the stain—
Says, go wash, and be ye clean.
Hope, with winning accents, mild
As a mother to her child,
Shows her anchor's steadfast hold,
Bids the trembling heart be bold ;
Speaks of an eternal home,
Viewless now, a hope to come,
Purchased, promised, sure in both,
Ratified by GOD'S high oath.
See, a lovely form advance,
Meekness beaming in her glance ;
Once she stooped to man's degree ;
Call her name Humility.

On the cross she meekly bled,
 When she crushed the snakey head
 Of that wiley foe, whose fangs
 Bruised her heel with mortal pangs.
 Learn of me, she meekly cried,
 Brook not, man, Satanic pride ;
 Take my lowly yoke, and test,
 That my service giveth rest.
 God-like Justice closed the rear,
 Not with his red right arm bare,
 Launching thunders in his ire,
 Tempests of consuming fire.
 Angels once, inflamed with pride,
 Dared his matchless strength deride ;
 Them he frowned to deepest night,
 O'er the battlements of light.
 Egypt's gods before him bowed ;
 Pharaoh saw him in the cloud,
 Glancing vengeance on his host,
 Whom he strewed on Arab's coast.
 Fearful attribute of GOD—
 When he bathes his sword in blood,
 Then, its terrors who can stay ;
 Shaking nations with dismay.
 Once affrighted Israel saw
 In his hand a fiery law,
 Which he gave from Sinai's height ;
 Moses trembled at the sight,
 Then he cried, do this and live,
 None who sin can I forgive,

Here's no mitigating grace,
For repentance there's no place ;
But he's quenched his flaming sword,
In the blood of God, the WORD,
Sheathed it edgeless—dyed with stain—
But that sword will flame again.
Justice, now, in Mercy's mein,
Pleads to win rebellious men,
Cries, his bond its claim has lost,
Cancelled by the blood of Christ.
Thus the attributes divine,
In the work of grace combine ;
Harmonize, and sweetly prove,
Christ is universal love.
Sabbath's value, who can tell ;
Mercy's holy festival,
Calls us to a banquet spread,
Cheers with living wine and bread.
Let the contrite heart draw near,
Bowed with guilt's tormenting fear,
For her voice, says, now believe,
Purchased righteousness receive,
Dare thy soul on Jesus roll,
Turn from self, it's dark and foul,
To the winds thy merits toss—
Glory in the wond'rous cross.
Christian Sabbath show began,
Great Messiah reigns with man ;
Gives us tokens of his grace,
Pardon, purity and peace.

View these emblems, as a pledge
 Of a coming Golden Age.
 Clouds of witnesses attest,
 There for saints remains a rest
 In the paradise of GOD,
 With the tribes, redeemed by blood;
 Where they dwell, for ever blest,
 "Sabbath of eternal rest."



THE DEATH-DRUM OF ASSHANTE.

The thoughts below were suggested on reading Dr. Beecham's **His-**
 tory of Asshante.

Asshante's death-drum rolled
 Its tones upon the breeze,
 And tales of woe it told,
 To dress the Fetish trees,
 With human fragments hung,
 To glut the vulture's taste,
 And where the snakes, among
 Their foliated branches feast.
 Afar its echoes spoke,
 O'er forest, field and flood,
 Asshante's hosts, invoke
 Their gods, with human blood.
 And the dread sound apprised,
 As boomed its wail of death,
 The monarch, sacrificed
 To soothe his Demon's wrath.

See where yon sable train
 Advance with trembling tread,
 Demoniac rites ordain—
 Let none bewail the dead.

Hark! how the sounds encore,
 As headless victims quiver,
 Till a red tide of gore
 Reeks like a boiling river.

Nor stay its doleful beats,
 While blood-stained headsmen toil;
 And mangled trunks, in heaps,
 Bestrow her golden soil.

Its last sad beats of sorrow,
 Tell that day's victims slain;
 But ah! the rites to-morrow
 Shall beat that drum again.

For hear, applauding roars
 Ascend Asshante's sky!
 The maddened hordes adore—
 Our Fetish Gods, they cry.

The darkest mental night,
 Is the poor Negroes' doom;
 Yet soon, celestial light
 Shall dissipate their gloom.

For lo! a sovereign voice
 Sounds from her western shore,
 Let Asshante then rejoice,
 Her drum shall beat no more.

EMMAUS.

The sun arose, and threw his blaze
On Salem's hoary towers,
And colored, with his fervid rays,
To brightest hues, the flowers ;
And Olives' foliaged mount shone bright,
Waving a fresher green,
For the sad omens of the night
Had vanished from the scene.

But, through the city, rumor's tongue
Whispered reports, which said,
That he who on the cross had hung,
Was risen from the dead ;
And, that a mighty form came down,
From whose refulgent face
There flashed a dread, portentous frown,
Which rent the temple's base.

Some said the Nazarene had shown
Himself to Magdalene,
And bade her go and make it known,
That she her Lord had seen ;
And tell his mourning band of friends
Not to forego their hope,
Or doubt before he hence ascends,
He'll dry their sorrows up.

The sullen priests in conclave sat
 Weighing their gold, to bribe
 The artless tale of wonder, that
 The soldiers did describe ;
 Resolving, in obdurate pride,
 To pour malignant scorn
 On facts, which proved the crucified
 Rose that auspicious morn.

Alternate feelings swayed the breast
 Of the devoted flock,
 As when the mirage of the east,
 Looms only for to mock ;
 Save her who in the early dawn
 Tarried awhile behind,
 With prying look, like one forlorn,
 His mangled corse to find.

Light's glorious orb, in god-like state,
 Rolled down his western way,
 When two passed Salem's guilty gate,
 For where Emmaus lay.
 And as they journeyed, burning drops
 Coursed down each manly face,
 As oft they cried, woe, woe, the cups
 Of vengeance for our race.

And much they reasoned to unwrap
 Those deep, impassioned words
 Of Judah's monarch, when his harp
 Sent forth prophetic chords.

Or when Isaiah's soul of flame,
 Foretold a virgin birth—
 Announced the wonders of his name,
 And his vicarious death.
 Then conversed o'er each strange event,
 And preternatural sign,
 As when the temple's veil was rent,
 The sun refused to shine,
 As sympathizing with the woes
 Of innocence in death—
 And spoke of those convulsive throes,
 From the affrighted earth.
 And of his miracles they talked—
 As when he raised the dead ;
 Or on the leaping waves he walked—
 The hungry thousands fed ;
 Or hushed the tempest with a word—
 The leper's foulness cleansed—
 The lame, the deaf, and blind restored—
 Expelled the raging fiend.
 Then would, with faltering tongues, recall
 The truths he did unfold,
 When from his lips, rich showers would fall,
 Of pearls inlaid in gold ;
 Tinged with the hues of mercy's beams,
 Priceless, beyond compare,
 Bearing the impress of his names,
 And royal character.
 At length they heard strange footsteps nigh,
 And turned, when there was seen

An unknown traveller close by,
 Of courteous look and mein,
 Who on the mourners cast a brief
 Glance, from a princely eye,
 Which seemed to say, I know your grief,
 And can a balm apply.

When, with mild, sympathizing tones,
 He asked them for to tell
 The cause of those impassioned moans,
 And tears which from them fell ;
 And of those interesting themes,
 Of which they so much talked,
 That seemed to kindle joyous flames
 Within them, as they walked.

When one replied, and who art thou,
 Thus to interrogate ?
 Art thou a stranger, not to know
 What has transpired of late
 Within our loved Jerusalem,
 Now reeking in the guilt
 Of blood, that her Sanhedrim,
 By impious hands have spilt ?
 Has thou not heard of David's son,
 And of his royal heir,
 And of his Lord and Holy One,
 Eternity's compeer ;
 Designed the tribes of earth to bless
 With gifts, which shall come down
 In copious showers of righteousness,
 And death's fell brows uncrown ?

And we conclude that it is He,
 Who will our rights regain,
 And make the Hebrew nation free
 From Rome's despotic chain.
 For women of our company
 Do still our hopes revive ;
 Whom angels at the tomb this day,
 Inform'd he was alive.

When the unknown with grace replied,
 Oh ye unwise and slow,
 Not to percieve these facts described,
 By prophets long ago,
 In those celestial types which shed
 Their lights on Israel's sires
 From all the emblems which have bled,
 Since Abel kindled fires.

And in that promise first entail'd
 On man the woman's seed,
 Which in its mystic import veiled
 High purposes decreed ;
 From which prophetic streamlets gush,
 Whose gurgling tones still spread
 Reports of one destined to crush
 The serpent's venom'd head.

And as they journeyed he withdrew
 The veil which hid the blaze
 Of bleeding emblems from their view,
 And raised before their gaze

The shadows of a thousand years,
 Chanting the dirge of death ;
 Bearing away on sable biers
 Their lifeless rites from earth.

The holiest veil he drew aside,
 And with a wondrous key
 Unlocked the ark, and opened wide
 Its mysteries to day ;
 And seemed familiarized with him,
 Of everlasting date,
 Whose symbol 'neath the cherubin,
 Flamed on the mercy-seat.

Then with elucidating skill,
 These cogent facts applied,
 To prove that he who on the hill
 Of Calvary had died ;
 His royal honors did forego,
 To bear man's guilt and pain,
 Vanquishing death yet must into
 His glory pass again.

And track for man a way once more,
 Reaching the throne of God,
 Red with the sacrificial gore
 Of his atoning blood.
 Whereby exulting mercy wings
 Her flight on vital beams,
 And down which her full gushing springs
 Of living water streams.

The sun hung o'er his western bounds,
 And poured a gorgeous flood

Of rays, which seemed to linger round
 Where old Emmaus stood.
 When the unknown upon them cast
 A look which seemed to say,
 Adieu, for I must onward haste,
 Ere night beclouds my way.

When with imploring looks they cried,
 Oh turn and be our guest,
 And for this night with us abide,
 For see, the day is past.
 Nor shalt thou from us thus depart,
 For some celestial spell
 Has kindled flames within each heart,
 Forbidding a farewell.

He tarried in the guise he wore,
 Till evening fare was spread;
 Then rose as he was wont before,
 To bless and break the bread.
 When lo! they recognized in word,
 And each soul stiring tone,
 The stranger was their much loved Lord,
 And gazed, but he was gone.

ON TEMPERANCE.

Hail to thee, Temperance, and hail to the breezes,
 Which waft the reports of thy conquest afar;
 May thy triumphs go on till the last drunkard ceases
 To drag in the harness of Bacchus's car.

Round altars a reeking with foulest pollutions
 His votaries supplicate, anguish and moans,
 And plight him their troth in deadly potations,
 From the cold sterile poles through the tropics green
 zones.

He moves in his course like a blast of the desert,
 And lashes his vietims with seorpions of fire,
 And their wild frantic revels out-vie the dire conceert,
 When widows are flaming on Juggernaut pyre.

But hail to thee, Temperance, thou star of the
 morning,

The beams of whose splendors illumine our gloom,
 And brightly betoken a day is now dawning,
 Which shall the foul orgies of Bacehus entomb.

Thou look'st like a meteor hung out in the sky,
 A signal of merey in glory enshrined ;
 A voice from the heavens which sends forth a cry,
 Down, down with the foe, and the curse of mankind.

The genius that marshals thy heroic legions,
 And tempers their weapons of warfare, is love,
 Shall yet bear thy banners triumphant through re-
 gions,

And wave o'er the nations her symbol the dove.

Thy motto is coneord, thy principle union,
 Cementing in friendship earth's most distant elime,
 Thy flag is the pledge of a saered communion,
 Creation designed ere the dawning of time.

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Thou'st burst on our vision resplendant with glory,
 Commissioned to herald glad tidings on earth,
 And the deadliest shaft we may learn from thy story,
 By thee has been plucked from the quiver of death.

What though in the cradle some thought to destroy
 thee,

And deemed thee a phantom of monstrous birth,
 There were who beheld in thy features a beauty,
 Surpassing the form of the children of earth.

Like him once so famous in Grecia's old fables,
 For daring exploits from his cradle designed ;
 Thy records like his show thee cleansing the stables,
 And vanquishing monsters which feed on mankind.

But yet 'mong our species there are who decry thee
 Colleague with infernals, thy course to oppose,
 But the wise and the good see their God in his glory,
 Unbareing his arm to the sight of thy foes.

And hail to the heroes whose names are immortal !
 Who drew from the skies the electric flames,
 More brilliant and pure than the fire of the vastal
 Which now shed o'er nations its life-giving beams.

Our sons and fair daughters to time's distant ages
 Shall honor the earth where their ashes repose,
 And record their names in philanthropy's pages,
 As friends of our race, and the healers of woes.

The people shall flourish where liberty's banner
 Floats proudly in breezes perfumed by thy breath ;

For the genius of freedom entrust to the valor
Of Temperance freemen the germ of her faith.

Whose hosts are now rising like giants unfettered
And snapping the shackles which millions enslave,
And the strong holds of Bacchus have to their base
tottered.

For the free sons of temperance only are brave.

Whose warfare and conquest are holy and bloodless,
No gore of our kindred bedews their bright path.

While widows and orphans are blessing their pro-
gress,

And praying their banners may wave o'er the earth.

And ye who are clothed in sanctity's vestment,
The badge of an office all sacred and pure,
Come join our great cause for the drunkards sad
ailment,

Demands your assistance and calls for your cure.

The brigands of darkness have slaughtered their
millions,

And still are destroying in noon-day our race ;
Through country and cities, with saints and civilians,
Are sapping the vitals of order and peace.

And the wails of their victims, should pastors incline
To act not the priest, nor the Levite of old,
But bring to their sorrows, the rich oil and wine,
And lead the poor wanderers back to the fold.

But if in your pride ye refuse your assistance,
And look with contempt on philanthropy's cause,

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The Highest will frown on your hostile resistance,
And on you pour vials denounced in his laws.

Then come in your zeal and contend with the mighty,
Unite with the legions engaged in this war,
For the meteor of mercy now shining so brightly,
With warm holy beams, is our temperance star.



THE HEBREW MOTHER.

An Israelite mother wept over her son,
The infanticide edict from Pharaoh had gone,
Commanding the slaughter of Israel's heirs ;
Projected by Satan, divulged by his seers,
She thought, can the promise to Abraham fail—
Will the God of our fathers his cov'nant repeal,
Which tells that the offspring of Jacob shall be
Like stars of the night, or the sands of the sea.
But the harpies of Pharaoh flew on their prey,
And the gore of their victims was scattered like spray,
Then mothers were seen gleaning fragments of boys,
Or scaring the Jackals with maniac cries ;
And the agonized daughters of Israel bewailed
Their beautiful sucklings on lances impaled,
Or mangled aloft in the vulture's fowl claws,
Or sportingly flung in the crocodile's jaws ;

While some in their terrors sought safety in flight,
 But the horsemen of Egypt pursued in their might,
 And urged the fell carnage with demon-like cheers,
 Oft mothers and infants transfixing with spears ;
 And others to ward from their infants the blows,
 Their persons exposed to the cuts of fierce foes,
 Were ruffianly sabred 'midst insults and jests,
 Convulsively pressing their babes to their breasts.
 And the dwellings of Goshen resounded with woes,
 In whispers the bearing, low muttered her throes,
 For the steps of the savage were heard at the door,
 His sword it was reeking and crimsoned with gore ;
 But the wrongs of the Hebrews were borne to the
 skies,

On incense perfumed with their anguish and sighs ;
 When the God of his chosen in vengeance came down,
 And stamped on oppression his terrible frown.
 A child then was born in Levi's high line,
 His form it was godlike, his features divine,
 And visions of GOD announced at his birth,
 His name would be great to the ends of the earth.
 Assured of his safety his parents defied
 The impious monarch's fierce purpose and pride,
 Nor feared the destroyer when vaunting his threats,
 Or savagely boasting his tiger-like feats.
 A dream of the night bade the mother to take
 The rushes, and with them a vessel to make,
 And in it her infant commit to the flood ;
 Nor doubt that the vision proceeded from God.

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Believing the vision she promptly obeyed,
 And in the frail vessel her infant she laid,
 When warm from the bosom in beauty-entranced,
 And gently the ark on the waters she launched.
 She paused, and then cried as she raised her dark eye,
 Oh, GOD of my fathers, watch over my boy!
 And turned from the scene to her desolate home,
 Awaiting in silence the issue to come.
 Approaching the river in lighthearted mein,
 A posse of Egypt's bronzed damsels was seen,
 Who daily their homage presented the stream,
 And chanted in concert the Nile's cleansing fame;
 And with them the daughter of Pharoah advanced,
 As round her with timbrels her dark maidens danced.
 She joined not the mirth of their music and song,
 Her heart swelled with grief and her lyre was un-
 strung.

She paced in her sorrows old Nile's sedgy side,
 And gazed on the grandeur that rolled in his tide;
 Then saw 'mongst the rushes a fragile thing float,
 And deemed it some voyaging fairy's frail boat.
 A maiden she ordered to draw it ashore,
 Naught thinking an Israelite victim it bore.
 Disturbed in his slumbers the infant awoke,
 When his voice the sad want of a mother bespoke.
 Surprized with the tones of an infant's weak cry,
 Within the strange vessel they cautiously pry,
 Where blooming in beauty lay weeping a babe,
 Surpassing the loveliness pictured in Hebe.

A signature spoke him of Israel's race,
 An infantine glory suffused his young face,
 And the heart of the princess dilated with joy,
 As she gazed o'er the form of the Hebrew boy.
 Enraptured the infant she caught to the breast,
 And wept when she thought of the grief which could
 wrest

From the heart of the mother a form in which shone
 A presage of glory transcending a throne.
 Nor could she the promptings of nature control,
 Which like a young flood-tide rushed warm through
 her soul,

Or ceased she her soothing his tears to beguile,
 Till the boy met her gaze with an infantile smile ;
 When loudly her maidens first heard her complain
 For the Israelite babes whom her father had slain.
 From the slaughter of infants her nature recoiled,
 And there to her maids she avowed that the child,
 Though Hebrew by birth, she'd adopt for her son,
 To purge the foul stain from her forefather's throne,
 Where Nile's fertile streams his rich banks overflow,
 And rank tangled foliage and wild flowers grow.
 There watched in concealment a girl, whose young
 heart

From the float on the waters no danger could part ;
 Who saw the surprise when dissembling her fear,
 She hastened the princess and maidens to near,
 And heard the strange vow that the princess then
 made,
 Invoking her GODS for their favor and aid.

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Oh, princess, she cried, shall I fetch thee a nurse,
For mothers through Goshen are wailing the loss
Of infants destroyed by the sword of their foe ?
When the princess made answer, Now quickly girl, go.
Then lightly she bounded away for the tent,
There showed to her mother the joyful event.
And quickly the mother and sister drew nigh
The place where the princess sat soothing the boy.
Who cried I here give thee to nurse as my son,
This infant that I from the waters have won,
In memory of which his name shall account ;
And the boy was all right at his own luscious fount.
In haste to the monarch the fondling she bore,
Resolved at his footstool she'd mercy implore,
And there as a suppliant her father addressed,
Who felt the appeal and the edict suppressed.

JOHN WESLEY.

Immortal Wesley ! Who shall sing thy praise ?
Thou noble chieftain of a band of brothers,
Who in old Oxford, dared their voices raise,
Truth to defend, against proud, baptized scoffers.
As when a meteor bursts upon our sight,
And moves in splendor through the vault of heaven ;
So his bright path still shows a trail of light,
In which his deeds of love are deeply graven.
Urged by the impulse of seraphic zeal,
Derived from him who died upon the cross.
With giant strength he did his foes assail,
Accounting worldly fame but worthless dross ;
What if the church, miscalled, pronounced him mad,
And mitred babies o'er him shook the rod,
Pouring their wrathful vials on his head,
He was a mighty messenger of God.
Though oft beset through city, town and glen,
From Tweed, to where the ocean Lands End washes,
By brutal mobs misnamed christian men,
While in full chorus brayed the surpliced asses.
But his great soul still upward held its way,
As when the eagle seeks the fount of light,
To where the portals blaze to endless day,
Cleaving the tempest in his rising flight.

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The fervid breathing of a "still small voice,"
 Imbued his nature with unbounded love,
 The flame in which angelic hosts rejoice,
 Great Magna Charta of the worlds above.
 And there were souls redeemed throughout the nation
 In multitudes, from Satan's deadly snares—
 Grace broke the spell of sin's infatuation,
 And dignified their state to christian heirs;
 For where he taught the presence of the Lord,
 Quickened the dead and brought the blind to see—
 Lepers were cleansed by truth's life-giving word,
 While Greeks and Rabi's cried, Can such things be?
 Yet these were they who dared denounce his deeds—
 Men like himself, who to their GOD had swore
 On Christ's own altar, where the emblems bled,
 To preach His gospel round Britannia's shore.
 With him, which of your ranks can you compare?
 Though you have names your zeal has canonized,
 Some of whom now time's guilty annals bear,
 Floating like scum and froth down record's tide.
 He heard his master's voice—obeyed the call,
 Nor stopped to reason once with flesh and blood—
 A chosen vessel, like another Paul,
 Seeking no other bliss but doing good.
 His highest wish to be approved of GOD—
 And in his garden walk 'midst stones of fire,
 There from life's tree dispense immortal food,
 To feed the longings of each pure desire.
 And signs and wonders marked his long career
 Of zealous labor in the cause of love;

Confirmed his mission as a christian seer,
 Till Jesus called him to his seat above.
 And through our earth his mighty voice yet speaks,
 Where truth prevails and spreads her peerless beams,
 For where the day-spring orient light still breaks,
 There Wesley's deeds shall tell his deathless fame.
 And when his spirit plumed itself for flight,
 Illumined with the light of Heaven's afflatus,
 He saw the future, as from Pisgah's height,
 And cried, the best of all is, GOD is with us.
 These were the last of his prophetic words ;
 With us he's been, and with us still abides ;
 We see our signs among earth's brutal hordes,
 Nor shall they fail while Wesley's spirit guides.
 Oh, had he lived to witness what we see—
 The truths he taught prevailing through our earth,
 From east to west, o'er islands of the sea,
 As if creation threw'd in second birth.

WHITEFIELD.

And his great colleague whose electric tongue
 Aroused the masses from their guilty slumbers,
 As with the music of a seraph's song ;
 The theme was grace in all its glowing wonders,
 Expansive feelings swelled his soul through space—
 Although he sang on the flat key of fate
 The sovereign music of abounding grace,
 Caught at the footstool of the mercy-seat—

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He ceaseless toiled in his great Master's work,
 And thundered through the land a warning cry,
 With eloquence that broke the flinty rock,
 Or filled the mourner with indwelling joy.
 And if from some minutia of his creed,
 Discordant hissed a bitter, biting spark;
 Why, Paul and Barnabas were not agreed,
 But had contentious words about John Mark.
 Yet Whitefield was a messenger of GOD,
 An angel flying through this world of night,
 Pointing the road to the atoning blood,
 And on the nations pouring floods of light.
 The love of Christ was his triumphant boast—
 A consecrated flame which warmed his breast,
 Whether he roamed around his native coast,
 Or trod Columbia's lands in the far west.

CHARLES WESLEY.

And thou whose harp still sends melodious sounds
 Of sacred song such once as Zion heard,
 The wreath immortal which his temple bounds,
 Yet breathes fresh incense from the Wesleyan bard.
 Thine was the genius of the shepherd king,
 'Tending his flocks in Jordan's hallowed meads,
 On Hermon's dewy heights, by Bethlehem's spring,
 Or wraped in poesy's flight in Calv'ry's shades.
 As when with early song, the lark ascends
 The morning sky, and leaves her grassy sod,

On circling wing, through clouds, the minstrel wends
 Her airy flight to near the throne of GOD ;
 So do his lays exalt and warm the heart
 With kindred feelings, which his lays inspired,
 When from our eyes the contrite tear shall start,
 Or when the sense of mercy is acquired.
 Such only can appreciate his muse,
 Sublimely soaring 'midst the blaze of grace,
 Winging her flight, to catch transcendent views
 Of mercy's fulness to our fallen race.
 Ye ranked with the great three of David's heroes,
 Who for his royal branch, dared to maintain
 War with the legions of malignant Neros,
 Leagued with infernals, 'gainst Messiah's reign.
 Blest be that sovereign grace, which sweetly touched
 Your hearts and lips, with glowing coals of love
 From mercy's altar, where you all avouched
 Jehovah's cause to serve with one resolve.

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LADY HUNTINGDON.

Can I forget that noble christian dame
Of Huntingdon, to royalty allied—
Noble in heart and life, in nature, name—
In all that's in nobility implied.
Selenia heard a voice say, follow me ;
Where courtly pleasures wait each passion's call—
The voice she knew—it came from Calvary,
She wept and loved—then pledged to Christ her all.
By grace made willing, in his powerful day,
She sought and found the fount for the unclean,
And there she bathed, and washed her sin away,
Singing of mercy through the Lamb once slain.
Ah, few among the great ones of the earth,
Submit like her, to wear the Saviour's yoke,
Attain experience of the second birth,
Bow to the scoffer's sneer or buffoon's joke.
But she, all honors laid at Jesus' feet,
Contented to be vile in the world's eyes ;
Nor in dark convents sought a cold retreat,
But nobly struggled for an unseen prize.
Clothed in the armor of the conquering cross,
She, through the ranks, a royal standard bore,
And onward cheered the small heroic force,
To beard the fury of Philistia's power.
And though in church and state her ashes lie,
Uncanonized in legendary jest ;

And round her tomb no wandering pilgrims cry
 To bones and dust, for everlasting rest.
 Show me her like in the long list of saints,
 Where cloistered nuns low bow before their shrines,
 Whose dark memoirs some wily Jesuit paints
 In all the pious gaude of heroines.
 If by her deeds we estimate her worth,
 And test her by Heaven's law, utility,
 All christian graces in her life shine forth,
 Tinged with the greatness of nobility.
 And in the book of life her name's enrolled
 With all who do in the Redeemer die ;
 Eternity her memoirs will unfold—
 For GOD hath said, her record is on high.
 And in his Heavens she has a purchased place,
 Shining in beauty 'mongst the blood-washed tribe,
 Hymning the anthem of redeeming grace
 To him who laved her in his flowing side.
 But who is he that does her fate decide
 By creeds and reliets, in his purblind light,
 Spitting the venom of sectarian pride—
 " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?"
 Presume not, then, who fear their GOD, to hate,
 Nor judge them by the accents of a creed—
 They're Christ's free men, let not sectarian pride
 Reproach the moanings of a bruised reed.

rines,

Lines written on the death of my late daughter, Mrs. Ann Henderson,
of Chatham, Miramichi, who died September 15th 1846.

Fare thee well, but not for ever,
Though a few short years may sever,
Faith lights dispel the hopeless shiver,
Of meeting never.

But thou hast passed death's chilly flood,
Leaning upon the arm of GOD,
Thy only hope the covenant blood,
Where firm thou stood.

Upborne as on a Saviour's wing,
Through the dark vale o'er which the king
Of terrors does his shadows fling,
Nor feared his sting.

Thy hope was not from nature's seeds,
A growth of rank self-righteous weeds,
Pride peccant crop of moral deeds,
No Saviour needs.

Grace taught thee at an early date,
To feel and weep thy fallen state,
And led thee to the mercy seat,
There bade thee wait.

And there thou met the crucified,
 Who bade thee in his love confide,
 And to thy wounds a balm applied,
 From his cleft side.

And if at times a glistening tear
 Would in thy placid eye appear,
 And like a dew drop tremble there,
 A mother's fear—

For children circling round thy heart,
 For some whose souls would feel a dart,
 Rending endearing ties apart,
 With painful smart.

Who mourn thy loss, but bow in faith
 Before that sovereign voice, which saith,
 Shall not the judge of all the earth
 Do right in death.

Nor would we by our parting tears,
 Recal thee from those radiant spheres,
 Where endless cycles measure years,
 To mercy's heirs.

Yet will every coming morrow,
 Touch some latent chord of scrow,
 And in memory's mirror show
 A form we know.

Some kindred friends thou'lt meet above,
 Among those fadeless forms of love,
 Who all the mystery will solve,
 Of thy remove.

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And there thou wilt that child enjoy,
 Who lately left thee for the sky,
 Who there will to thy bosom fly,
 And tell her joy.

And he who now these thoughts indites,
 Hopes for the beatific sight,
 To join thee on some mountain's heights,
 In worlds of light.

Who says again, till then, farewell,
 In hope when death his earthly shell
 Dissolves, we shall for ever dwell,
 Where's no farewell.

"AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED".

Daniel xii. 4.

Hail to this promise, knowledge shall increase,
 And yet shall throw her beams full on the face
 Of superstition and her dark allies,
 With all their engines of deceit and lies,
 Stripping the monster of her saintly robe,
 Wherever man exists upon our globe,
 Or other globes I'll say, if some bold scout,
 Should to them find a practicable route,
 And certify from what he saw therein,
 There too exists a remnant of her kin.

But charity, 'tis said, begins at home—
 Then, as things are, I think we should not roam
 From this dark orb, but ply the laboring oar,
 To carry truth and love to every shore.
 For surely there's enough for all to do,
 Who feel disposed to aid the overthrow
 Of sin and superstition—direful works
 'Mong Jews and Gentiles, dark Hindoos and Turks.
 And think that men should join in some wide scheme,
 Their fellow men from error to redeem ;
 Taking the earth for their great sphere of action,
 From pole to pole—to every man a section ;
 And in the spirit of the Prince of Peace,
 Dry widows' tears and cheer the orphan's face ;
 Unload the burdened—let the slave go free—
 Send through the earth the shout of liberty ;
 Withdraw the veil which hides Heaven's two great
 lights,
 Religious Freedom and man's Civil Rights ;
 Proclaim the advent of Messiah's year,
 For tokens now announce His presence near,
 Whose radiant beams from east to west are spread,
 And crest the summit of each mountain's head,
 While from the skies the voice of Mercy booms,
 Prepare the way, for lo! the Shiloah comes.

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