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FLOWERS OF THE YEAR

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

LETITIA F. SIMSON.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
PRINTED BY J. & A. McMILLAN.
1869.

PREFACE.

At the request of many friends, the authoress consented to put the scattered writings of a few years together in one volume. She respectfully presents it to them and to the public, not claiming a high degree of merit as a writer, but simply wishing that they may be kindly remembered, as they may serve to recall familiar names and incidents to the reader.

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.

THERE are flowers that bloom on the mountain's top,
  And by the river's glassy slope;
And far in the woodland's sunny glade,
  The modest Violet droops it's head.

There 's a flower that blooms 'mid the winter's snow,
  Braving the winds that round it blow;
'Tis the Year's first-born, a child of hope;
  That matchless one—the lov'd Snow-Drop.

In the desert wild, 'mid the burning sand,
  Of far Arabia's sunny land,
The moonlight wakes a little flower
  That blooms but in the starry hour.

When April comes with her brightest green,
  The pale Primrose in the woods is seen;
And in the quiet and lonely dell,
  The zephyr woos the dark Blue Bell.

May crowns with Daisies the laughing year,
  While April sleeps on her lowly bier;
And March winds loud their anthems sing
  To welcome back the Queen of Spring.

Gay June, with the rose-lip, lily-cheek,
  On the Tulip's cup paints many a streak;
And bright July, with its sunny hours,
  Brings garlands gay for our summer bowers.

The Humming Bird plays on the Ivy leaf,
  And hides in the tiny Woodbine cell;
The Butterfly sports his hours, so brief,
  On the leaf of the Rose he loves so well.

But the sweetest of all we have gazed on yet
  Is the breath of the gentle Minionette;
It comes when Spring awakes the flowers,
  And lingers to cheer the Autumn hours.

Ah! then from His throne in the August sky,
  The Sun-flower's God looks smilingly;
And the glorious Tube Rose hastes to fill
  Her place in Flora's coronal.

Then breathing its gentle tale of love
  Is the Heliotrope in the shady grove;
And the meadow Saffron comes to tell
  That the days are passing we love so well.

There 's a song of regret in the chilly breeze,
  That September wafts through the falling leaves;
The lov'd and the beautiful flowers decay,—
  Borne on the current of time away.

'Mid the wreck of flowers and withered leaves
  The Dahlia braves the wintry breeze;
And the with'ring Autumn wind that blows
  But heightens the glories of its hues.

We 'll weave a wreath for the festive night,
  To gladden the dull October light;
The garland that decks the snowy brow
  Shall be of the Ivy and Missletoe:

For there are Flowers which the Ice King's breath
  Hath no power to touch with the chill of death:
Through the changing seasons still they come—
  Emblems of Life beyond the tomb.

St. John, July 19, 1865.

SONG.

To the Skaters of the Saint John Skating Rink.

WHAT a picture of beauty before my sight,
Like a vision of fancy, so fair and bright;
Beautiful faces, and costumes rare,
Gliding like meteors through the air;
Merrily round the Rink they fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye.

Grim old Winter we love thee well.
For thy icy breath is the magic spell
That bedecks the forest with diamonds light,
And bindeth the waters so pure and bright;
So that merrily round the Rink we fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye.

'Mid a blaze of light, and a burst of song,
The beautiful Skaters glide along;
The cold, hard world, with its weight of care,
Are left behind when they enter there;
And merrily round the Rink they fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye.

St. John, February 17, 1866.

WHY IS ENGLAND GREAT?

It is related of Her Majesty, Queen VICTORIA, that a foreign Prince sent to Her a costly present, requesting, as a favour, to be made acquainted with the secret of England's greatness. The expressive and beautiful reply was a gift of the Holy Bible in his native language.

'NEATH a tropical sun, in a far off land,
A dark-browed warrior stood;
He was chief of a fierce and warlike band,
And a Prince of the Royal blood.

With his sturdy braves he had fought and won
On many a battle field,
And he thought no monarch 'neath the sun
A mightier power could wield.

At his lordly feet a thousand slaves
In abject fear do kneel;
Protected, too, by the surging braves,
Where no lurking foe could steal.

In the swift canoe, o'er a silvery sea,
He sought a foreign foe;
And his warriors led to victory
Wherever they chose to go.

And now, whence cometh the dark'ning frown
That rests on his royal brow?
He has heard of a Nation of great renown,
At whose feet the world must bow:

Of the pale-faced warrior, far away,
  In lands before unknown;
Of a Queen, whose mighty power and sway,
  By far surpass his own.

How his stout heart quailed when he first beheld
  The ponderous ships of war!
When the thund'ring tones from the cannon's mouth
  Re-echoed for miles afar!

With fear and wonder he viewed the men
  Who had cross'd the mighty sea;
And he said, in his heart, "I will ask their Queen
  To solve this mystery."

Then the Monarch sent a costly gift
  To the fair and gentle Queen,
Saying, "Tell me, I pray thee, whence this power
  That my wondering eyes have seen?"

Then the answer came—"'Twas only a book:"
  And the Chieftain's heart was sad:
But he eagerly read the Holy Word,
  And it made his spirit glad.

And he saw that the Word was a gem, whose light
  And beauty surpasseth far,
The richest diamond of the mine,
  Or the beams of the brightest star.

He read of a world, before unknown,
  Which his eyes might yet behold;
Of the City whose gates are made of pearl,
  And whose streets are of yellow gold.

Jehovah's Book! Thou hast caused his heart
  To thrill with a strange delight:
He ceases to wonder whence the cause,
  Or the source of England's might:

For her gifted sons have given the Word
  In almost every tongue;
And her ships have carried the sacred freight
  The ends of the earth among.

Now the dark-skinned Warrior and his Braves
  Have turned from their gods of clay:
They have joined the ranks of the shining hosts
  That march to victory.

And the sword of anger that dares to turn
  On Britain, must shivered be;
For it cannot pierce the shield she bears
  From the sacred armory.

Oh! beautiful thought! inspired of Heaven
  In Victoria's gentle breast—
Expressive of love to the easy yoke
  That bringeth the weary rest.

St. John, December, 1866.

SONG.

I JOY when I see thy smile;
  I weep when thy brow is sad:
But thy tenderness all the while
  Maketh my spirit glad.

I list to the zephyr's voice,
  Laden with gentle tone;
Wishing that thou wert nigh,
  Calling me still thine own.

January, 1854.

SONG.

We are home once again in our bowers of sweet peace,
And the Olive-branch rests on our dwelling;
Now the din and the tumult of warfare must cease—
Now no longer shrill trumpet-tones swelling.

We are clasping our home-treasures close to our breast,
And the hot tears are silently falling,
As we think of the brave spirits gone to their rest,
And their lov'd ones so hopelessly calling.

Like the flowers that we trampled, our brave heroes fell,
'Till the green earth was strewn with the dying;
And in triumph and anguish we heard their farewell,
While before us the Rebels were flying.

We planted our standard on Southern soil,
Free from slavery's foul stain forever;
And around it are gath'ring the dark sons of toil,
Never more from the Union to sever.

Oh! fair, sunny South, with thy Paradise bloom,
Stand erect, for thy fetters are broken!
No more dark scenes of terror, oppression and gloom,
No more harsh words of tyranny spoken.

We 'll join hand in hand in the Conqueror's praise,—
Brave in battle, yet mild and forbearing;
All undaunted he* stands, while in wonder we gaze
At the bright crown of glory he 's wearing.

*General U. S. Grant, United States Army.

St. John, 1865.

LINES.

Suggested by the proposed Union of the Old World, and the New, by a Telegraphic Cable.

ROLL on, Old Ocean, in wild unrest,
With riches untold on thy heaving breast;
Messengers swift, with their wings of white,
Skimming thy surface by day and night.
All unheeding, thy bright waves roll,
Laughing at man and his weak control.

Grand old Sea, with thy caverns deep,
Holding beloved ones in dreamless sleep,
Never to wake till the trumpet's roll
Startles the nations from pole to pole—
Sleeping as calm in their briny bed
As if flowers were blooming above each head.

How shall we fathom thy vast domain?
Man! have thine efforts been all in vain?
See, once before, (*) how the Heavens were still,
Pouring down fire at their master's will,
Wonder of wonders! those shouts proclaim:
Fire is traversing thy heaving main.

Tedious and weary in days "Lang Syne,"
Were those endless journeys from clime to clime;
Spirits, impatient and wild, must wait
For winds and waves, and till sails were set:

*** Franklin's Electric experiments.**

What matters to thee, in thy grandeur wild,
That thy green waves sever the Mother and Child.

We have often sung of the coral strand
Of India's far off sunny land;
But the messenger's feet were slow to reach
The Ice-bound shores, or the shining beach:
Now the fiery tongue in its ocean bed,
Shall tell them of Calvary glorified.

Man! noblest work of creative art!
How thy skill hath united the worlds apart:
Exalt His name who hath given to thee,
A spark of His god-like Deity.
Oh! blessed fulfilment of Prophet's song—
For the earth and its fulness to Him belong.

Ah! Britain, thou wearest a starry crown,
And the world is fill'd with thy great renown;
Thou hast faithfully earned thy claim to be
Entitled the "Mistress of the Sea."
For thy banner of liberty waves unfurled
O'er the distant regions of this bright world.

Who talks of treason to rule so mild?
As well might a father suspect his child:
What do ye want, that clamour for more?
Is there not freedom from shore to shore?
Where can ye find a fairer sway
Than the sceptre that England wields to-day.

Synonymous terms to the weary slave,
Are Britain and Freedom, the good and brave.
Once place thy foot on her fertile soil,
And thy friends are her sons of hardy toil.
Like the Cable, that lies in the deep blue sea,
Are the only chains that she suffers to be.

'Tis the bond of Union, the bridal ring,
That shall cause the Isles of the sea to sing
Hosannah to God! in the highest heaven,
Who such wisdom and power to man hath given:
With His arm our helper, defence and shield,
His wondrous glory shall be revealed.

This Piece was printed in the *Edinburgh Scotsman* in 1866.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Written upon hearing JOHN BOYD, Esquire, recite Mrs. Hemans' beautiful Poem entitled "The Homes of England," in the Union Street Congregational Church.

THE pleasant homes of England!
Oh how we love to praise,
The dear Old Country of our birth,
The scenes of early days.

The daisied fields and heath-brown hills,
  O'er which we used to roam,
E'er yet ambition stirred our hearts,
  To seek our distant home.

The cottage homes of England!
  We never can forget:
The calm, and sweet content, and peace,
  Is lingering with us yet.

The palace homes of England!
  So ancient and so grand;
Are treasures of our memory still,
  In our adopted land.

Here, where a few short years ago,
  The Red Man's whoop was heard,
Nor sound of other human voice,
  Awoke the forest bird:

Here, where wild Nature reigned supreme,
  In deep, expressive praise;
And Art is hastening to unfold,
  Long hidden mysteries:

To cleave a highway for the feet,
  Of nations yet unborn—
Where fields and barren mountains top
  Shall wave with golden Corn.

From East to great Pacific's shore,
The Iron Horse shall land,
Stores of great riches gathered up
By many a toil-worn hand.

O England! Mother England!
We render thanks to thee;
For all thy guardianship to us,
In helpless infancy.

And now we 've grown to manhood's strength,
We would go hand in hand,
To honour and to love thee still—
Our dear old native land.

St. John, April 17th, 1868.

IMPROMPTU.

My spirit is roaming,
Dauntless and free,
Seeking communion
Loved one with thee.

Star of my weary night,
Where dost thou shine?
Come, for thy presence bright
Sadly I pine.

St. John, 1854.

LINES

On the death of the Widow of THOMAS MOORE, the Poet.

She has gone to sleep, for the hand of time,
  Had furrowed her fair white brow;
And the lone heart longed for its peaceful rest,
In the beautiful world of spirits blest,
  Where the quiet waters flow.

The dim eyes watch with a placid smile,
  For the angel of death to come;
She is dreaming of *one* on that distant shore
So loved and loving, in days of yore,
  In their peaceful, happy home.

Ah! her tender spirit was strongly bound,
  To the fleeting things of time;
And all the glorious world above,
Forgotten and lost in the wealth of love,
  Poured out at an earthly shrine.

For she was the chosen, beloved of him,
  The "light of his home and heart;"
To make his Eden a bower so fair,
That the "loves of the angels" centre there,
  And joy to his soul impart.

'Twere easy to tell of Eden's bliss,
  When we dwell in its charm'd bowers;
Or to sing of the nectar of pleasure's cup,
If from day to day its bright drops we sup,
  Beguiling the rosy hours.

Sweet harp of Tara! no more, no more,
  Shall thy thrilling strains arise;
Awoke by the touch of his master hand
Who loved to sing of his Father-land,
  In stirring melodies.

Yet I fain would touch thy trembling strings,
  In a requiem sad and low:
Let the daughters of Erin join the strain,
For the bright ones that never, ah, never again,
  Shall visit us here below.

Sweet bird of song! though silent now,
  Yet thou never shalt be forgot;
From the beautiful shores of thine own green isle,
To the silvery banks of the flowing Nile,
  Has been heard thy warbling note.

Ah! couldst thou come on thy pinions light
  From the starry world above;
If ought could heighten angelic bliss,
It might be the homage of hearts that miss
  Thy song, and its notes of love.

Farewell! farewell! we shall see thee still;
  By the rays so grandly bright,
Of the "fire worshippers" stately pile,
And the charms of the gentle Nourmahal—
  The harem's sunny light.

Farewell, bright bird, and thy gentle mate,
  We ask thee not to stay;
Thou hast often dazzled our earthly sight
With the varied hues of thy plumage bright,
  And thy wondrous melody.

REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THOU art gone, Olden Year, to thy doom—
Fraught with memories pleasant and sad;
There are some, darkly shrouded in gloom;
There are others that make the heart glad.

Thou hast witnessed hand joined in hand,
With professions of love and of truth;
And thy smiles have been gracious and bland
Upon many a fair head of youth.

Thou hast taken, alas! in thy flight,
Many sweet buds of promise and love;
But we know they are blooming as bright,
In the regions of beauty above.

Thou hast taught us that time has an end;
That our loveliest flow'rs must decay;
And that sorrow with pleasure must blend
'Till the dawn of eternity's day.

And we know that our eyelids must close
On this earth and her beautiful scenes;
Then, O then, may we find a repose
Far transcending our happiest dreams.

We must go through the valley alone,
Though we shrink from its darkness and gloom;
The command has gone forth from the Throne
That consigns us to death and the tomb.

We may flutter, like moths, round the flame
  Of a brilliant and dazzling light;
But we wound ourselves always the same,
  And must yield at the close of the fight:

Without compass, or rudder, or guide,
  On the dark, rolling river, alone;
Ah! how many, through folly and pride,
  Are still drifting away from the Throne.

Lonely voyager! dark is thy sky!
  There is no Son of Righteousness near;
Scorn'd and slighted when once He was nigh.
  Now He leaves thee to doubting and fear—

Drifting far from the Beautiful Shore,
  Into regions of grief and despair—
With the sad words "too late," evermore
  Ringing out in thy misery there.

Let us gird on the armor of Grace,
  For the year that is just coming in;
Weak humanity cannot efface
  The foul blottings of error and sin.

Do Thou guide us, Oh! Spirit Divine,
  Through the intricate windings of life;
Fill our souls with Thy teachings sublime,
  Closing up every inlet of strife.

January 1st, 1868.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

THOU sunlight of life's tearful way,
Thy presence brightens every day;
Thou giv'st to every voice a tone
Of gentleness that 's all thine own.

All things look brighter where thou art;
Thou bringest joy to every heart;
And in the gentle, winning smile,
We trace thy influence all the while.

ON VISITING GOLDEN VALE (KINGSTON), AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

YES! 'tis the same old spot,
Though blighted and decayed;
Though all its beauties seemed to be
In sorrow's weeds arrayed.

Each leafy bough that waves
In yonder dim old wood;
Tells of the melancholy past,
When 'neath its shade I stood.

Those were days of balmy sunshine,
When a bride, and yet a child,
Sweetly dreaming of the future,
I explored the forest wild.

Nature's robes were bright and blooming,
And she gave with liberal hand;
Fields of verdure and of plenty,
Flocks as fair as in the land.

And, methinks, I hear the clicking
Of the shuttle and the loom;
And the hum of busy voices,
Now so silent in the tomb;

And the rushing of the water,
Urging on the busy mill;
Now, I list in vain to hear them—
All is desolate and still.

Buoyant hopes and brilliant fancies,
Cease to fill my busy brain;
All this desolation round me,
Does not lift its voice in vain.

Blighted fields, and homes deserted,
Tottering, falling to decay,
Do not speak to ears unheeding—
Hearts all void of sympathy.

Years have changed the tide of feeling,—
Checked the gladness of my soul;
Scenes like these arrest my dreaming,
With a power beyond control.

Once that Homestead rung with voices—
  Sounds of busy, nimble feet;
Then the parents and their children,
  Mingled oft in converse sweet.

Ere the lapse of years had changed them
  From the innocence of youth;
Ere their feet were taught to wander
  From the paths of love and truth.

Peace and plenty were their portion
  'Till their childhood passed away,
And the finger of contention
  Touched the blossoms with decay.

As I tread the empty chambers,
  Once the scenes of busy life,
Memory points, with tearful sorrow,
  To the consequence of strife.

Ah! my heart, restrain thy beating,
  Here are relics of the past—
Dear mementoes of my girlhood—
  Of those hours too bright to last.

Strange that, after years of absence,
  I should find a treasure here,
Causing one bright beam of sunshine,
  Drying up the falling tear.

Scenes of sadness, yet of pleasure,
Once again, I say farewell;
Of the changes yet before us,
Of our future, who can tell?

July 16th, 1866.

TO LOUISIA F. FOR HER ALBUM.

THIS is now thy glorious spring time,
Bright with sunshine, joy and glee;
Hope, the syren, lures thee onward,
When still brighter days may be.

Hear the voice of one, whose morning
Once was sunny as thine own,—
Warns thee not to trust too fondly,
Hopes that perish one by one.

Keep thy treasure, where the mildew
Of this earth shall touch it not;
And a sweet and calm contentment
Shall o'ershadow all thy lot.

June, 1867.

TO MY SISTER, ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

THOU art standing on life's threshold,
  Looking forth with wondering eye,
On the varied fates and fortunes
  Of the many passers by.

Some are clad in smiles and gladness—
  Hearts untouched by grief or woe;
Others, bound by heavy sadness,
  Weeping! weeping! as they go.

Some have walked a weary journey,
  Furrowed brow and silvered hair,
Telling o'er the oft-heard story,
  Of a life of toil and care.

Some are climbing hills of steepness,
  Seeking glory and renown,
Trusting in a mortal's weakness,
  Thus to win a Victor's crown.

Some are gath'ring from life's garden,
  Clusters of its fairest flowers;
Never dreaming that their sweetness
  Fadeth with the summer hours.

There are groups of smiling faces,
  Happy in domestic peace;
Happy in the full enjoyment
  Of unbroken blessedness.

Oh! my Sister, choose not lightly;
All that glitters is not gold:
May'st thou walk the pathway leading
Up to blessedness untold.

May the teachings of thy childhood
Hallow all thy future lot;
And through all life's varied wanderings,
Never, never be forgot.

Murmur not, though in the desert,
Wide and waste, thou lose thy way;
Many a bright and green oasis
Shall refresh the weary day.

Then the lamp of heavenly wisdom,
If thou keep it in thine hand;
Shall direct and guide thy footsteps,
To the happy, promised land.

LINES

Suggested by a Sermon, preached by the Rev. A. M. Stavely, on the subject of "Religion."

Sweet influence! where thou art there is no strife;
Thy meek command is ever "peace, be still:"
Thou giv'st a calmer, holier joy to life,
Subduing man, and guiding his strong will.

In every storm, thou art the guiding star;
In every time of peace, a source of joy;
Thy promises, as sure of bliss, afar
In that bright land, the Christian's destiny.

January 8th, 1854.

MUSIC.

I listen to the strain,
And my heart is fill'd again
With all the blessed memories of youth:
Those many songs of glee,
Lov'd so dearly then by me,
Recall the happy days of childhood's truth.

And in girlhood's brighter hour,
Had thy sound the magic power
Of awak'ning in my heart a world of joy;
In an atmosphere of song
How the hours glided on,
All unmindful of a sterner destiny.

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

GENTLY! gently! for the life blood
From its source is flowing fast;
And the Martyr 's turning homeward
To his everlasting rest.

Not a word, a sign, or token,
Ev'n to her he loved so well;
Ah! destroyer! thou hast broken
Every chance to say—farewell.

Stricken, while the gems of glory
Glittered proudly on his brow;
While yet nations read the story
Of the rebels' overthrow.

Stricken, while glad shouts of triumph
Filled the air and rent the sky;
While he sipped sweet drops of pleasure
From the cup of victory.

Bear him gently, for his great heart
Throbbed with pity for the slaves;
And he pledged his word to free them,
Though the land were strewn with graves.

Farewell, brave and kindly spirit,
Thou hast won a world's renown;
May thy soul with joy inherit
Heaven and a glorious crown.

April 26th, 1865.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

LATE PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

A MIGHTY Leader, of a mighty race;
  A very Titan in the statesman's art;
In whose rich tones and eloquence we trace
  The charms that bound him to each Briton's heart.

His manly strength and beauty seemed to smile
  In calm derision at the flight of time:
Brown locks were turned to white; yet all the while,
  The source of life seemed strong, as in its prime.

A triple crown of honor, wealth, and power,
  Rests on that brow! serene in majesty!
Still at the helm, unconscious of the hour,—
  That awful hour! so full of mystery.

Now, in the hall where British statesmen meet,
  Sadly we gaze upon one vacant chair;
And in the tones of stirring, keen debate,
  The leading voice, and presence, is not there.

Oft in the surf of fierce, contending strife,
  The Ship of State obeyed his powerful hand:
With all the energy and strength of life,
  He strove to guard his glorious Father-land.

Rest in the transept (with thy great compeers,)
  Of shady Westminster—the rich man's tomb—
Thy grave is water'd with a nation's tears,
  And all the land is wrapped in sombre gloom.

Now, may kind heaven grant a leader, bold,
To guide Britannia safely through the sea:
She bears a freight of wealth and worth untold;
And there are breakers on the bow and lee.

Clouds are o'ershadowing our sunny sky,
And traitors are among the gallant crew:
Proud Britain's honor, and her standard high,
Must be upheld by all the brave and true.

Those distant mutterings portend a storm:
Now we shall miss the penetrating eye,
The steady judgment, and the lordly form,
At whose bold presence traitors turn and fly.

There may be trouble; but we fear no ill;
For England—glorious in war or peace—
She bears the Ark, the message of God's will.
The guarantee of safety, and of grace.

SONG.

LIFE'S sunny hours are fleeting away.
Slowly they vanish, day after day:
Laughter is fading; joy cannot last;
Surely they 're gliding into the past.

Time is progressing, blighting our youth;
Daily we 're learning how rare is truth:
Then, in the future, shall memory bring,
Thoughts of our childhood, life's pleasant spring.

OUR MOTHER.

We laid her down to rest,
  Where her little ones were sleeping;
And sad friends round her grave,
  Hot, bitter tears, were weeping:
But we knew that angels bright
  Were bearing across the river,
A happy, ransomed soul,
  To the realms of bliss for ever.

Ah! true and loving heart,
  For ever rest in peace;
Ah! soft and willing hands,
  From earthly labor cease:
But one more harp shall sound
  At the foot of the starry throne,
Where He sits who saved them all,
  And claimed her for His own.

A shadow is on our hearts,
  As we gaze on the vacant chair,
And we miss the cheerful smile,
  That brightened the sunlight there:
But we know that never more
  Shall those eyes be dimmed with tears,
And there, at the foot of the Cross,
  Lies the burden of three-score years.

Ah! pure, angelic soul!
  At home in the starry skies.
Can'st thou see our lonely home,
  And scattered destinies?
May we be guided now
  By the thoughts of other days,
When thou taught'st our knees to bow,
  And our lips to utter praise.

Ever a pleasant smile,
  For the outcast, or the poor;
Ever a cheerful gift
  For the pauper at the door:
None ever turned away
  With a sob, or with a sigh,
For the broken-hearted always met
  With a ready sympathy.

Ah! may we learn to live
  Just such a blameless life,
Apart from the careless world
  And its scenes of busy strife;
So, when the hour comes,
  We can meet thee on Jordan's shore,
The golden links of love complete
  For ever, evermore.

April 1st, 1867.

LINES

On the death of JAMES W. AGNEW, washed overboard from the ship "Herald," of Boston, on 12th of May last, off the Cape of Good Hope, son of the late Mr. James Agnew, of this city, aged 29 years.

FAREWELL! till the hour when thy form shall rise
From its briny bed to the starry skies;
We know thou art sleeping as sound and well,
As if laid in some sweet and shady dell;
But our hearts are bleeding! our eyes must weep,
When we think of thee now, in thy last long sleep.

Were thy visions of home, when the raging blast
Hurled thy fair young form on the billow's crest?
Or of her, who so lately has gone before,
To await us, her children, on Jordan's shore?
Yet she tarried not long, for her dark-eyed boy,
He has followed her soon to the realms of joy.

Ah sorrow! to think of that brow so fair,
That the sea-weed entwines in thy golden hair;
That the sad sweet pleasure can never be ours
To bedeck thy grave with earth's sweetest flowers.
Roll on deep sea, for there cometh a day
When our treasures shall rise from thy depths away.

Yes, there cometh a day when the tempest's roar,
Shall resound in thy caverns, from shore to shore;
When the millions that lie in thy vast domain
Shall be clothed in humanity's robes again,
And the song of the Blessed that day shall be
"Death is conquered now; ours—the victory."

St. John, August 8th, 1867.

TO ANNA.

BRIGHT days are thine,
Dear friend of mine,
And fairy favors seem to greet thee;
From hill and dale,
And flowery vale,
They come with bounding steps to meet thee.

My spirit seeks
Some calm retreat,
Where joy is never mixed with sorrow,
Where flattering smile
Can ne'er beguile,
Be true to-day, and false to-morrow.

Earth has no joy
Without alloy,
No sun that's ever shining brightly.
Dull care may throw
Shades o'er that brow
On which the hand of time rests lightly.

Thou canst not tell
What witching spell
Hath woven wreaths of love around thee.
Thine only is
To know the bliss
That kind and loving friends surround thee.

Some hours bring,
Sweet hopes that fling
Around thy path a ray of gladness;
But time's swift flight,
May shroud their light
In heavy, sable, hues of sadness.

February 3rd, 1854.

SONG.

ONE word from thee, one kindly word,
'Tis long since last we met;
But thy last fond look, thy cheering smile,
Are lingering round me yet.

My heart has treasur'd thy last farewell,—
The tone of thy cheerful voice,
Like a spell, it has driven my fears away,
And caused me to rejoice.

To be in thy presence, to share thy smile,
Or charm thy grief away;
To strew bright flowers along thy path,
And gladden thee day by day:

To make the ills of life more light,
And ever be near to thee,
Would make my path on the earth as bright
As I would have it be.

January, 1854.

THOUGHTS

Suggested at the Bible Anniversary Meeting, by a Speech given on the Restoration of the Jews, by Rev. A. M. Stavely. One of the beautiful quotations used by the speaker was the following:

> **"Oh Judah, how long shall thy weary ones weep,**
> **Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep:**
> **How long 'till the echoes that ring in the mountain?**
> **Shall welcome the exile to Siloah's fountain?"**

Oh, soul-stirring eloquence! mighty art thou!
At the wave of thy sceptre we reverently bow:
Bright spark of the Deity! spirit of light!
How thy presence illumines the darkness of light.

Thou art like to the mind, as the string to the harp,
Which, when touched, speaketh melody, sweet to the heart:
How thou lightest the eye, and imprintest the brow
With intelligence nought but thy power can bestow.

SUDDEN DEATH.

On hearing of a sudden death, bereaving a wife and one child of a kind Husband and Father.

A happy trio! met around the glowing hearth,
And each seemed to forget how brief his joy on earth.

That night the summons came! from death's unerring hand,
He urged his silent claim on one of that small band.

But two there are to weep in that sad, lonely home;
Their loved one lies asleep within the narrow tomb.

ON THE PROPOSED ERECTION OF A REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN SAINT JOHN.

YES! build a house, where Zion's King,
  In all His majesty, may dwell;
When grateful hearts His praise may sing.
  And messengers His glory tell.

Not like Jerus'lem's pride, of old—
  The idol of each Jewish heart—
Will each succeeding race behold,
  And worship at the shrine of Art.

No gold, from Ophir's costly mine,
  May glitter 'neath it's humble roof;
One brilliant gem alone will shine—
  The priceless pearl of Living Truth.

It's walls shall never echo praise
  Sung by the Organ's pealing voice;
But hearts shall sweetest music raise,
  And in that melody rejoice.

No Monarch's knee may ever bend
  Beneath it's roof, in humble prayer;
But He who dwells above will lend,
  To lowlier ones, a willing ear.

It needs not Crowns, of earthly worth,
  To place us on a throne in Heaven:
The humblest follower of Truth
  May win the Gem, so freely given.

Think of the days, when good old men,
  Braved many a ruthless mountain storm;
When many a Scottish hill and glen
  Re-echoed solemn Sacred Song.

When heather-bells were crushed beneath
  The knees that bent in heart-felt prayer;
And even the zephyr seemed to breathe
  False music to each troubled ear.

The tide of years has swept away
  The chains that sought to bind the soul:
Free as the eagle's flight on high,
  Truth spread her wings, and scorned control:

And gentle, hallowed beams of light
  Burst through the superstitious gloom,
Which wrapt man's brightest hopes in night,
  And hid all bliss beyond the tomb.

Build ye a house where, 'neath the tree
  Of purest Truth, sweet flowers may grow.
Fit for a long eternity,
  For bliss that earth can never know.

January, 1850.

SONG.

SWEET evening hours! I love ye well;
When wanderers meet around the hearth;
The merry joke and winning smile,
Bidding us welcome all the while,
Binding our souls more close to earth.

Sweet evening hours! there is no care:
Sorrow flies with the setting sun:
We talk of the absent, and drop a tear,
That the loved and loving ones are not near,
To join in the merry song.

The day is bright, and it's noisy hum,
Oft chaseth our gloom away;
But the holy calm of the evening hour,
Soothing the heart with a magic power,
Setteth the spirit free.

Let the storm blow high! there are happy hearts,
In the peace of the evening hour;
And the bustling world, with its weary care,
Is cast away while we mingle there,
Enjoying its magic power.

January, 1854.

THE WORLD.

When I look at the world on the sunny side,
Dressed in the colors of hopeful youth,
At its changeful love, and its haughty pride,
Bearing the semblance of gentle truth.

What joy is written on each green leaf,
What hope in the blush of the dewy rose;
We yield to their influence, though so brief,
Wrapping ourselves in a false repose.

A beautiful world, when loving and loved!
We see no trace of that sure decay;
Which ever! yes ever! has truly proved
How false its brightness, how passing away.

To the eye of genius, how wondrous bright
Are all its beauties, what bliss to trace
The Creator's work in the star of light,
That illumes the earth with its loveliness.

Or go to the depths of the cold, dark mine,
Gaze on the treasure there, all untold;
See! where the ruby and diamond shine.
Emeralds, silver, and yellow gold.

Weary workers are toiling there,
Grasping those gems with intense delight;
To those sad eyes even the world is fair
Though all its glories are lost in night.

There is one whose brow is of ebon hue,
  Whose toil begins with the rising sun;
That beautiful world he cannot view,
  And sighs when Freedom he thinks upon.

He looks at the bird of airy wing
  Mocking his thraldom, soaring high;
Oh for a taste of that heavenly spring!
  Lost to the slave: sweet Liberty.

For the slave has a soul, though his brow be dark,
  And immortal honors he yet may wear;
Death shall erase that cruel mark
  That embittered his life in a world so fair.

Or, far in the land where rich perfume
  Is borne on a thousand airy wings,
Where beauty dwells in her sweetest bloom,
  A land where the heart to the bright world clings:

It appears as if death could not enter there,
  So near perfection doth all things seem;
But he softly comes on the perfumed air,—
  They wither and fade as a fleeting dream.

January, 1854.

CONTRASTS.

It is a world of change! we know not how
The cloud may come to shadow many a brow;
We gaze upon the festival; and then the tomb,
With all its sad impenetrable gloom.

It is a world of change! the busy throng,
Thoughtless in search of pleasure, glide along;
Sweet is the thought that, when it disappears,
We waken to a life undimmed by tears.

There is a house of mourning! one sweet flower,
The pet of all, has withered in an hour;
It is the home of youth, ah! sad to part
From all so loved, so dear to that young heart.

There is a house of joy! a fair young bride
Is standing by her chosen husband's side,
To be his loved companion! ever near,
To share his smile, or wipe away a tear.

January, 1854.

TO THE REV. ALEXANDER CLARKE, D. D.,

OF AMHERST, N. S.

Suggested by the sad affliction of his partial loss of sight, and danger of total blindness; hoping they may soothe, in some degree, and convey the writer's sorrow for such a calamity.

Is THY spirit filled with doubting and with fears,
  As thy earthly vision seems to fade away?
Are those eyes, so much afflicted, filled with tears,
  As the dark'ning shadows fall upon thy way?

Does this bright world seem more lovely to thee now,
  When it's glorious sunlight 's quenched in sudden gloom?
Does a heavier shadow rest upon thy brow,
  When a warning finger points thee to the tomb?

Then let Faith, triumphant, lift her willing eye,
  And thy soul shall filled be with floods of light;
Stretch thy hand; thy Helper, Saviour, will be nigh,
  To conduct thee to a world more fair and bright.

Thou hast stood on Zion's wall, a watchman strong,
  Guarding well th' approach of every cruel foe;
Now, the issues of the day to Him belong,
  Who hath called thee to such honor here below.

If He bid thee lay thine armor down and rest,
  Offering rich reward for work so nobly done;
Bow thy head in silence to the mild behest;
  Wear with meekness every laurel thou hast won.

Thou hast helped to make the forest wild rejoice,
And the wilderness to blossom as the rose;
And with willing hands, and earnest pleading voice,
Thou hast labored hard for Jesus with his foes.

Friends, and childhood's happy home, were all forsaken,
In the morning of thy manhood's early prime;
That thou might'st the poor lost slumb'ring sinner waken,
From his sleep of death, in this cold northern clime.

Bleak and sterile fields were planted, dug and watered;
Beauteous flowers began to grow, and bloom, and bud;
Over hill and dale, the good seed thou hast scattered,
And hast left the increase to thy Father—GOD.

Scotland's martyr'd pioneers are calmly waiting
For thy coming, to that blissful, happy shore;
Oh! how full of joy will be that friendly greeting,—
"Well done, good and faithful servant, toil no more."

June 5th, 1865.

STARS OF THE WINTER NIGHT.

STARS of the winter night!
Brightly ye glow,
Shedding your radiant light
On all below;
Far in the ether of infinite space,
Myriads of glittering jewels I trace.

Dazzling lamps
Of the silent night,
All are not equal
In splendor bright:
Yet ye are gems, in your settings of blue;
Each one so beautiful, brilliant, and true.

Star of the East,
Whose effulgence mild,
Led to the home
Of the Holy Child;
Beautiful mission of thine! to bring
Wandering ones to their Infant King.

Stars of the winter night,
Sadly I turn
Upwards my gaze,
To the vault where ye burn!
Oh, how ye stir up from memory's shrine,
Trysts made with lov'd ones in days of 'lang syne:

When by fate parted
In regions afar;
Each should look up
To some beautiful star:
Blessed renewal of Friendship's vow,
Kindled again by your burning glow.

A FAREWELL SONG.

Go, in thy bark so light,
  Far o'er the stormy main;
Go, and may visions bright
  Hasten thee back again.

Go, for a mother's love
  Rests on thy trackless path!
Nothing can it remove;
  Nought is so true on earth.

Go, for a sister's smile
  Plays like a sunbeam bright;
Let it some hours beguile
  When thy spirits are not light.

Go, where the orange tree grows,
  And, when breathing its rich perfume,
Cast thou a thought on those
  Wishing thy safe return.

Go, where the skies are bright,
  But remember thy native land;
Return, in thy bark so light,
  On its snow-clad hills to stand.

For friends are as true to thee
  As those of the sunny isles,
Though expressions flow not so free,
  Nor are clothed in such witching smiles.

Go, and when danger 's nigh,
  Know that a fervent prayer
Is offered to Him on high,
  Who alone is thy helper there.

Then return, as the eagle's flight,
  Hither with gladness come;
Rest on the billow light;
  Safe! thou art welcomed home.

June 11th, 1865.

LINES ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

NOT keep the Sabbath day? Vain, foolish man,
  Stretch forth thine arm, obliterate the Sun!
Come, set thy foot upon the Ocean's strand,
  And bid its mighty current cease to run!
Ye men of wisdom, tell us, can ye find
A substitute for that ye leave behind?

Blot out the Sabbath day? Oh hear the sigh
  From hearts oppressed with ceaseless toil and care;
Through all life's wilderness in vain they try
  To find a rest,—a bright oasis there.
Unsatisfied and sad, no longer blest;
In weariness, they wish for death's long rest.

Not keep the Sabbath day? From Calvary
Hear ye the Saviour's kind and loving voice—
"I come to fulfil the law, not to destroy,"
And open wide the gates of Paradise:
"Justice, embraced by mercy," leads the way!
Oh, weak, misguided ones, why will ye stray?

Not keep the Sabbath? Were it nothing more
Than hours of sweet repose to sons of toil—
Ah, blessed generations gone before,
Whose wisdom failed those happy days to spoil—
Who placed implicit trust in Sinai's law,
Nor in its perfect code observed one flaw.

Blot out the Sabbath? Hushed forever be
The sounds—"Go up to Zion, praise Me there;"
"Though Jacob's dwellings aye are dear to me,
I love, still more, mine house of special prayer?"
Ah, men of wisdom! have ye turned away
To worship Mammon and his gods of clay?

Blot out the holy Sabbath? Overturn
The Altar of the household, once so dear;
The hallowed place, where we were wont to learn—
The name of Israel's God to love and fear?
How can ye thus seal up from infancy
The fountain of such love and purity!

Not keep the Sabbath day? Could angels weep,
Then tears might dim the joy of perfect bliss,
In grief for blinded men, who would not keep
A boon so rich, in such a world as this;

Who spurn with impious hand what God hath given—
An emblem of th' eternal rest in Heaven.

Not keep the Sabbath? Do ye not believe
That what He once has said is binding still?
Be wise in time, and reverently receive
The slightest mandate of His holy will.
Hear this—"The heavens and the earth may pass away,
But my Word," never! through eternity.

St. John, March 5th, 1866.

ON DEATH.

WHEN the messenger comes, and we haste away;
When ties are broken in grief and tears,
How blessed to know, that 'tis not for aye,
But we shall be united for endless years.

With the mind thus strengthened, we calmly bow
To the fell destroyer, and wait the hour,
That shall witness our parting from all below—
The last sad triumph of death's stern power.

There are seraphs bright from the land afar,
Silently soothing the bed of pain;
They are pointing to Bethlehem's gentle Star,
Light of the sad and sorrowing.

When ages have passed, of the soul's delight,
In that land of promise so bright, so fair;
All beautiful day! no clouds, no night,
Nor decay of beauty, shall enter there.

Link after link of that magic chain,
Which bound each circle of lov'd ones here,
Will be united in joy again,
And sorrow and sadness disappear.

Creation's mightiest minds shall dwell,
Enjoying a long eternal rest;
Mingling with many who loved them well,
Whose feet they led to a world so blest.

Their harps shall echo the same glad song,
Their voices blending, one mighty choir;
The theme that dwells on each glowing tongue,
Is praise and thanks to Almighty power.

No more to sigh over visions fled,
No vacant places will meet our eye;
Nor vain regrets for the early dead,
Murm'ring at man's stern destiny.

1854.

CONFEDERATION SONG.

LET the glad sound of triumph arise on the air,
And the wedding-bells peal their sweet song;
For the wisdom of heaven has answered our prayer,
And the grand work of Union is done.

Now the silence and gloom of the forest shall yield
To the song of the workmen, so gay;
As with strong hearts and hands noble weapons they wield,
For the Iron Horse clearing the way.

And the lair of the wild beast shall e'er long be hid
By broad acres of rich waving corn;
And the scream of the raven or shrill katydid,
Be absorbed in the husbandman's horn.

On the earth's grassy surface, or down in the mine,
Precious riches in plenty abound;
Then bedeck the Dominion, that brightly she 'll shine
With the gems that her true sons have found.

Mother England! we greet thee: we know thou art proud
Of our land and our leaders so brave;
Every hind'rance to Union they 've wrapped in a shroud,
And consigned to oblivion's grave.

Say then, what shall be done to the men whom our
Queen
Has exalted to honor so high?
Bring the chariot of state, and with love and esteem,
Help them on with their grand victory.

Far away, through the vista of bright future years,
Shall the sons of New Brunswick rejoice,
That their brave, gifted sires cast aside all their fears,
And united in heart and in voice.

St. John, March 30th, 1867.

TO OLD FRIENDS ON PARTING.

ONLY a little while in patience wait!
Parting and sorrow ceaseth
Within the golden gate:
Only to cross the river to Canaan's shore,
Life shall be ours—immortal—
For evermore.

We 've walked together long on Zion's hill,
Hearing our Pastor, true,
Reveal His will;
Fed by a gentle hand, with Bread of Life,
And by the still small voice that calmed
The tempest's strife.

A little longer time, to wander on
Grasping at visions bright,
That melt in tears;

Only a span the longest life must be,
E'en to the far off goal
Of three score years.

A few more fleeting hours! and then
The scattered flock, and shepherd,
Loved so well,
Called by the trumpet's pealing voice, shall come
Up to the everlasting hills
To dwell.

Only a few short years! and household joys,
Scattered in fragments
By stern Fate's decree.
All shall be gathered up—naught shall destroy
The golden links
Through all eternity.

Go, then, in peace! farewell! it matters not
Where, on this earth, we find
A transient rest;
Each widening circle on the wave of time
Shall bear us to our home
Among the blest.

And ye will not forget the lonely few
Gathered around their faithful guide
And friend;
Into the censer we will pour for you
Offerings of love and friendship
To the end.

November 20th, 1866.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE RECENTLY UNITED SYNOD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

RAISE your eyes to yonder standard,
Waving in the Scottish breeze;
Then look to the men who bear it,
Whom? and whence? and what are these?

Who is this so great and mighty.
Claiming such a vast renown?
Read the motto on their banner,—
"Christ! His Covenant and Crown."

On they march with dauntless courage,
Cruel foes on every hand;
Every step is fraught with danger
To that faithful Christian band.

See! the treasure they are grasping.
Rescued from the Monkish cell;
'Tis the Pearl, of priceless value,
And they 're pledged to guard it well.

'Tis the Record of their heirship
To an heritage on high;
Written by their Lord and Master,
In whose love they live and die.

These are they in shining garments,
  Beaming with a lustre bright;
Beams caught from the rays that struggled
  Down through centuries of night.

Glist'ning 'mid the rocks and glaciers
  Of a noble Switzerland;
And Italia's faithful Vaudois
  Reached the lamp from hand to hand.

Fierce Inquisitorial power
  Could not quench the stream of light.
And it burst on Scotland's vision,
  Shining still more grandly bright.

Messengers are fast increasing,
  And uniting heart and hand;
May the ancient motto guide them
  Of their glorious Father-land.

Not consumed, yet ever burning,
  Showing light by night and day;
While the builders work in earnest
  Zion's beauty to display.

'Till the top-stone be uplifted,
  Amid thrilling shouts of joy;
Then the workmen rest from labor.
  Praise, henceforth, be their employ.

Then on Jordan's swelling billows,
  One by one they reach the shore.
Welcomed by the band of martyrs,
  Free and blest for evermore.

St. John July 2, 1866.

SONG.

COME hither, dear friend, I 'll sing
  Some favorite melody;
And my song shall chase the gloom
  That rests on thy spirit away.
And the light shall come to thine eye,
  As in happy days of yore;
And the rose to thy pallid cheek,
  In its beauty and bloom once more.

I can see that Time has touched
  Thy beautiful golden hair;
And that cold, dull Care, has set
  His seal on thy brow so fair.
But come, I will sing to thee
  A song of those bygone hours
When life's journey seemed to be
  Through a bright parterre of flowers.

Thou wilt never be changed to me,
  Let the years pass as they will;
Though the casket wither, the gem I love
  Is pure, unfaded, still.
Then come, I will sing to thee,
  Some well-remembered lay;
And the shadows shall lift and flee
  On the wings of my song away.

August 27th, 1866.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE RENWICK ASSOCIATION OF THE R. P. CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N. B.

LOOK ye up to the Name on your banner inscribed,
Drink ye too of the draught that his great soul imbibed:
Grace, that filled his spirit with tenderness sweet,
Burnished arrows of truth, bringing foes to his feet;
Nothing earthly can make him relinquish the crown
Which he holds for the brow of King Jesus alone.

Was he tempted? Ah yes! look at Royalty's hand
Filled with bounties and promises, gracious and bland:
See! the banquet so regal before his eyes spread,
He has but to renounce Him who suffered and bled;
He has only to mount on the chariot of state,
And to mingle with all that this proud world calls great.

Was he tempted? Ah yes! for the holiest ties
Will be naught to the man whom he dares to despise;
He must flee, as a bird, to the mountain, and hide,
And accept his sad fate, let whatever betide;
Look above thee, brave Renwick! and what dost thou see—
A Saviour, triumphant, is pleading for thee.

Full of faith, he looked up, and a small ray of light
Glimmered forth from the cloud that seem'd dark as the night:
There's a future, my country, just dawning for thee;
From my mansion, in heaven, I shall soon see thee free.

What is this poor life, weighed in the balance with thine?
Nay, I 'd give thee a thousand such, could they be mine.

That grim sceptre of iron, that crushes thee down,
With the tyrant who wields it, will soon be o'erthrown;
Like a giant, refreshed, will the nation arise,
And her pæans of Liberty reach to the skies;
The dark pathway of blood over which she has trod
Shall again bloom with flowers upon Freedom's green sod.

That bright vision, so glorious, strengthened his heart,
As he mounted the scaffold, prepared to depart;
Farewell, kindred and friends! fondly cherished, and dear,
And the flock of my pasture; yet, shed not a tear:
Never more, on the hill sides, our voices shall blend
In the praise of our Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend.

Brave young warrior! now thou canst lay down thy shield;
'Twas a fiercely fought battle; but thou did'st not yield;
Angels bright will conduct thee to yonder white throne,
To receive from thy King the bright crown thou hast won;
Close thine eyes on the world and its false dreams of bliss,
And awaken to happiness truer than this.

Renwick sleeps! the last link of that glorious chain
That was riven and torn, that King Jesus might reign;
Some were ripe for the sickle, well stricken in years;
Others, half through life's journey, in sorrow and tears;
But the bloom of his manhood, and joy of his youth,
Was extinguished by hate, at the altar of truth.

1868.

STANZAS.

HAVE ye ever felt the heart's wild throb,
Or the spirit's agony,
When your dearly loved, 'neath the dark green sod,
Ye have left in peace to lie?
When ye turned from their lowly bed away,
Have ye felt how lonely the heart can be?

When the sky, that was once without a cloud,
And the sun, that in brightness shone,
Have darken'd, and left thy spirit bowed
In grief, for it's joys all gone;
When time has torn all from thy grasp away,
Have ye felt how lonely the heart can be?

Happy, if these be all the woes
That have harrowed thy gentle breast;
If the griefs Time brings, as he onward goes,
Are all that disturb thy rest:
Long years have never revealed to thee
How sad, how lonely, the heart can be!

'Tis when hearts, whose faith we have trusted well,
Have broken the chain that bound us;
And severed affection's holy spell,
And treated our love with coldness.
'Tis when those we trusted have learned to betray,
That we feel how lonely the heart can be!

There 's the glistening eye, and the friendly smile.
And the tones of winning gladness,
That for many an hour have served to beguile
And sweeten our moments of sadness.
'Tis when these have turned from our love away.
That we feel how lonely the heart can be!

There are those whose friendship is ever true,
And love is all confiding;
Like flowers, whose freshness is ever new,
And beauty, and truth, abiding:
But they bloom in fields that are far away,
And lonely and sad must the heart still be.

THE PRESENT TIME.

THIS vision, too, must pass away,
So bright, so beautiful, it seemeth unto me!
A brief, but happy day!
A dream of memory!
Leaving its bright impressions on the heart;
Fondly they dwell, unwilling to depart.

Voices beloved! your merry song
Falls with delight upon my listening ear;
But ah! their melody
Whispereth unto me
Softly, in truthful tones I know full well,
That Time will sweep away the magic spell.

Friends of these happy, happy days!
Eye meeteth eye with looks of love and truth;
Must ye grow dim with tears,
Caused by the flight of years,
Struggling in vain against the stern decree,
That friends, the most beloved, must parted be?

Oh! I would fain fold up Time's wing;
A little longer make those pleasant hours.
Music, and wit, each day,
Biddeth dull care away;
While in the merry dance and happy smile
We oft have met, the hours to beguile.

Then, round the cozy winter hearth,
We each would tell our tales of love and mirth.
Sadly I turn away
From that futurity,
When these festivities shall only be
A bygone, blissful, dream of memory.

LINES TO THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY

In commendation of their Charitable endeavours to assist their fellow countrymen during the Famine.

HARK to that cry! to the wail of grief
Resounding from Erin's shore!
Pleading, from kindred hearts, relief
For those who are joyous no more.

Her fertile valleys have stood the storms
  Of many a hundred years;
Nor could the puny arm of man
  Bring forth a nation's tears.

For the Staff of Life, by Almighty hand,
  Has been quickly snatched away;
Famine stalks through the beautiful land
  Of our nativity.

And the Shamrock blooms in her garden bowers;
  The Heather, in meadows green;
And the Ivy twines round the mould'ring towers,
  Unheeded and unseen.

But the gen'rous band that bear the name
  Of the Saint of the Emerald Isle,
Will add another brilliant gem
  To that crown on which fortunes smile.

Though far from the shores of that much-loved land
  Where your lov'd forefather's sleep;
Ye will send your aid, with a gen'rous hand,
  And the mourner shall cease to weep.

And the harp shall sound in Tara's hall—
  Proud songs to England's fame;
And many a voice to heaven shall call
  For blessings on her name:

For her Sovereign governs Britain's land
With a gentle, Queenly grace;
And gives her aid, with a liberal hand,
To those in deep distress.

Then unfurl the banner that proudly waves
O'er St. Patrick's gallant band;
And, with your bounty, send your prayers,
To your loved,—your native land.

March 20, 1847.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WE WELCOME thee to earth, New Year,
Though ushered in by snowy showers;
Ah! who can tell how many a tear
Will fall upon thy fragrant flowers?

Thy coming has been hailed with praise—
The Sabbath song of joy and love:
Thy fleeting wings will gently raise
The sounds to yon bright throne above.

How fair, how bright all Nature seemed
On this holiday;
Nor thought, nor for a moment dreamed
How soon 't would fade away.

I watched the giddy throng
Pursue it's thoughtless flight;
Their pleasures, like the glorious Sun,
Were setting fast in night.

TO A BROTHER,

ON HIS FIRST DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

Oh gently may the breezes blow, that waft thee far away,
And thy gallant bark in safety brave the dangers of the sea:
Her white sails spread, with rapid pace, o'er the Ocean swiftly fly,
And bear thee safe to other lands, far from thy native sky.

To rove amid more busy crowds, to gaze on other scenes,
Thy once fond hopes to realize—thy cherished, youthful dreams;
Oh grant they may be bright, as when thy fancy wandered free,
When those wert wrapt in sweet repose to lands far o'er the sea.

But Oh! if other skies are bright, and other fields more green
Than where thy childhood's hours were spent, forget not each dear scene:
Let home, sweet home, with all it's joys, around thy heart entwine,
And sweeten all thy joys of youth, now in it's hour of prime.

Should fortune weave for thee a wreath, wherewith to deck thy brow;
Should swift-winged messengers of hope be bearing, even now.

Glad tidings for thy youthful heart! Oh, let one little spot
Be left for home's "sweet memories,"—let them not be forgot.

Or, should'st thou rove 'neath sunny skies, where fragrant breezes blow,
Where orange groves fill balmy winds with odors ever new;
Where flowers are ever blooming bright, the verdant fields among,
And rare and beauteous birds make hills re-echo with their song:

Remember still the evening hour, when thou wert wont to bow,
In unison with those loved ones, from whom thou 'rt parted now;
Where'er thy footsteps chance to roam, on land or o'er the sea,
Forget not thy Creator, and He 'll guide and prosper thee.

FOR TILLIE'S ALBUM.

How enchanting is life's future,
To the trusting eye of youth;
Falsehood is so well attired
In the sacred garb of Truth.

Promises of love and friendship
  Gladden hearts with pure delight;
Ever trusting, though our day-dreams
  Fade and settle into night.

Still believing, though the shadows
  Fall across our path each day;
Still we chase the glittering phantom,
  Luring onward to betray.

Now, I know that thou art dreaming,
  As I dreamed in days of yore;
I would warn thee of the breakers
  All along life's rugged shore.

Thou art not more safe than others;
  Not more free from grief and care!
Therefore, I would kindly warn thee
  To avoid each fatal snare.

May thy footsteps all be guided
  Through the labyrinths of life;
Tasting many harmless pleasures;
  Carefully avoiding strife.

When thy mission here is ended,
  And the Messenger shall come,
May thy chastened soul be ready
  For it's bright, celestial home.

June 29th, 1867.

ON THE

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN EARLY FRIEND,

HENRIETTA B. OF HALIFAX, N. S.

WELL do I remember
  Thy expressive face,
And thy form so stately,
  Full of life and grace.

Radient in its brightness
  Was thy bridal day;
All earth's care and sorrow
  Seemed to flee away.

Ah! 't was rainbow beauty,
  Fading into tears;
Sudden was our parting,
  In those by-gone years.

While thine arms were folding
  One sweet pledge of love,
Swiftly came the summons
  From the realms above

While thine eye was beaming
  With maternal joy,
Death's cold finger pointed
  Upward to the sky.

Eyes of lustrous beauty,
  Closed in sombre gloom!
Glossy, raven ringlets,
  Mouldered in the tomb!

Flowers have bloomed and faded,
  On thy lowly bier;
Still, we mourn thy sad fate,
  With each passing year.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY A COMPANION, AT RED HEAD.

SILENCE all mirth in that gladsome home;
Tell them, their loved one no more will come
To gladden their hearts with his merry voice—
To make mournful ones with his smile rejoice;
Tell them, their hopes, like the summer flowers,
Have passed away with the autumn hours.

And that loving Mother! how will she bear
The mournful story that she must hear?
Tell her, 't was done by her Father above,
To win her heart from its earthly love,—
That her son is not in the silent tomb;
He dwells, afar, in a brighter home.

The Sun that rose on the mournful day,
Shone, like his hopes of prosperity;
Ere he set, in his flood of crimson light,
Looked down on the startled spirit's flight!
What a change of scene to it's view was given,
From sorrow on earth, to joy in Heaven!

Father! restrain not thy falling tears!
Thou 'rt thinking of scenes of former years,
When his infant tongue lisped thy well-loved name,
And thou saw him, afar, in the list of fame;
But turn thine eyes from this world away,
And view him, with joy, in the realms of day.

Gentle sister! methinks I see thee grieve,
To think that he crossed the stormy wave,—
That he left his own beloved home,
To find in the stranger's land a tomb,—
That thy love-lit smile on that mournful day,
Could not gladden his soul on it's homeward way,

Brother! you loved the lost one well,
And the grief of your sad heart who can tell?
But blame not the one whose unconscious hand
Was the means of his flight to the spirit land:
'Tis a shadow of darkness across his path
To darken his happiest hours on earth.

Were his requiem sung by the swelling wave,
Had the foaming billows been his grave,

No token of love could have marked the place
Where the loved one reposes in silent peace;
No flower would have shed its rich perfume.
Or green grass waved on his lonely tomb.

The silken curl, and the noble brow,
And the heart that is beating with pleasure now,
And the eye, whose language we love to trace,
May fade in their hours of loveliness;
And the zephyrs that sweep o'er thy grassy tomb
Whisper of grief, and tears, and gloom.

Like the butterfly, sporting in joyous glee,
So may our fleeting life-time be:
Now, we are dazzled with gleams of light;
Again, we are shrouded in sorrow's night.
The eye that is fading with age and care
May weep o'er the grave of the young and fair.

IS THERE A BRIGHTER WORLD?

A BRIGHTER World? Oh yes! each fading leaf
Whispers, in sweet low sounds, the welcome truth,
That when life's hours have passed—so sad, so brief—
In a brighter world we 'll wake to life and youth.

A brighter World? Yon azure sky above,
Decked with unnumbered lamps of purest light,
In thrilling tones tells of a world of love,
Where sorrow never casts her shades of night.

Lovely was earth! but forth from Eden's bowers
  There came a breath, that dimmed the richest bloom
That glowed on Nature's cheek and sweetest flowers,
  And stamped on man the impress of the tomb.

He wakes to life and love, and on hope's airy wing
  Flutters around earth's transient glittering joy,
As though no blight, or death's unerring sting
  Should ever pleasure's flowery paths destroy.

But can it be, that mind, which lights the eye,
  And makes it speak a language all its own,
Will ever, hopelessly, forever die?
  Have we, indeed, no higher, brighter home?

Oh no! no heavy chain can bind it down;
  Free as a bird, it mounts in fearless flight;
And when the casket fades, it seeks a home
  Far from this fading world, in realms of light.

There is a brighter home! no Upas tree
  Invites to rest beneath its dangerous shade;
Where all is stamped with immortality,
  And flowers bloom whose leaves will never fade.

Oh how we love the dear land of our birth,
  Its meanest flowers are precious in our eyes;
But dearer far than any spot on earth,
  Should be this brighter home beyond the skies.

No false or changing friends are in its bowers,
  The native land of truth, and love, and peace;
Well might we welcome future happy hours,
  When in its calm repose our cares shall cease.

What matter if the sky of all our life
  Be shadowed o'er with clouds of care and sorrow.
If we but rest from all its toil and strife;
  If we but wake, to rise upon a brighter morrow.

January 28th, 1850.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY B. S. PICKETT.

'TWAS a gentle, winning, and joyous smile,
  That wound it's tendrils round my heart;
To make it glad for a little while,
  And then, in sorrow and tears, depart.

Yes! I've whiled away many a weary hour
  Gazing upon that lovely face;
For its beauty and sweetness possessed a power
  Of gladd'ning the moments of loneliness.

Like the flower that blooms, when the mantle of night
  O'er the earth its shadows cast;
So thy smiles shone forth like stars of light
  To gladden the sorrowful past.

But, no more on the bosom that nourished thee,
  Shalt thou pillow thy little head;
Peaceful and calm shall thy slumbers be,
  Among the early dead.

Yes! pale and cold thou'rt lying there,
  The second lovely flower
That has perished 'neath my tender care;
  Snatched away by Almighty power.

Now thou art gone! and I've learned to see
  How vain 't is to place our trust,
On things of earthly mould that be,
  For "dust shall return to dust."

But above, in that blessed and beautiful land,
  Where sorrow cannot come,
May we meet—an unbroken and happy band,
  Around Jehovah's throne.

February, 1847.

TO LIZZIE.

My soul! my soul! O peace, be still,
And ask for grace,
To do thy heavenly Father's will,—
To seek His face.

Oh! she was beautiful!
A gem,
Beaming with beauty bright
In Jesus' diadem.

He carried her safely through
Death's swelling stream,
Where the quiet waters softly flow
In pastures green.

A lamb in the gentle Shepherd's arms,
At rest!
Far from the cruel world's alarms,
Supremely blest!

No scorching sun can wither now,
My pretty flower;
Her head shall never have cause to bow
In sorrow's hour.

She was given to light our home,
For a little while;
And memory fondly loves to dwell
On her sunny smile.

But she never can cross again
That swelling flood;
She will join us when we are called
To meet our God.

March 20th, 1859.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth! ye are passing away.
Without shedding one bright or cheering ray
To lighten my dark and dreary path
Of pilgrimage on this sorrowing earth:
Slowly and sadly I must decay;
Days of my youth, ye are passing away.

Where are the friends of my early youth,
Whom I loved with a sister's holy truth?
Where are the treasured dreams of old,
That whispered of hope and joy untold?
They have withered in premature decay;
They are gone! all gone! they have passed away.

Like the fitful ray of the sun's bright beam,
That shines on the rippling crystal stream;
Like the fragrant hue of the summer flowers,
That sheds bright joy on our sunny hours:
Slowly and sadly I must decay;
Years of my youth, ye are passing away.

The leaves that fall from the forest tree
Are emblems of frail mortality;
The flowers that fade in their loveliness,
Tell us that all these pleasures must cease:
All things terrestrial are marked with decay;
We are passing away! we are passing away!

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE OLD BURYING GROUND IN ST. JOHN.

"Forget them not, though now their name
Be but a mournful sound."—MRS. HEMANS.

AND can this be a hallowed spot?
No trace of love is here:
Have those you left behind, forgot
To shed the sacred tear?
Neglected graves and withered leaves, in silent sorrow speak,
In deep and touching eloquence, that bids my spirit weep.

Oh many an eye whose glance was once
The light of other days;
And many a voice that sweetly sung
Glad songs of love and praise;
And many a form whose queenly grace, made glad the light of home,
Unconscious and neglected lie, lone inmate of the tomb.

And many a sweet and tender bud,
That blossomed but an hour,
To shed its fragrance on sad hearts—
A fragile, lovely flower!
Oh, ye who laid them down to sleep, go deck their lowly bed
With flowers, whose fading loveliness are emblems of the dead.

Yes, plant the weeping willow there,
To shed it's bitter tears
O'er hopes and joys for ever fled,
And loves of by-gone years.
Let the yew-tree overshadow them, in silent sorrow bend,
And wave it's mournful branches over each departed friend.

And let the cypress tell its tale
Of deepest sorrow now,
For the glory has departed
From many a noble brow;
And many a kind and generous heart is broken in the dust;
One voiceless multitude they lie, to earth's cold bosom pressed.

Oh city of the dead! boast not
Of treasures rich and rare;
In all thy vast dark prison house,
Not one pure spirit 's there;
For even now, their glorious song of vict'ry has begun,
And golden harps are given them in lands beyond the Sun.

But beauteous caskets wither there,
And cheeks where bloomed the rose
Grew pale; we laid them to rest
'Neath where the yarrow grows.
Thy green sods rest on those loved forms who watched our tender years;
We must bedew this sacred spot with love's own heart-felt tears.

Oh deck it sweetly! not with works
Of rare and costly art:
Bring flowers, sweet flowers, and plant them there,
The offerings of the heart:
Make shady bowers and calm retreats, where sorrowing friends may come,
And gaze with sad, yet happy hearts, upon the silent tomb.

THE MISSIONARY.

His happy home, where boyhood's hours
Have swiftly o'er him sped;
Where, 'mid an atmosphere of love,
Life's brightest hours have fled:
Fate has decreed that he must leave that yet unbroken band,
And seek a home that 's far away,—far, in a stranger's land.

Since th' hour his head was pillowed on
A mother's gentle breast,
Her careful hand has guided him,
And lulled his cares to rest.
A sister's kind and loving smile has lighted up his path;
But he must leave that cherished spot, the dear home of his birth.

His father's heart beats wildly now,
With pure and heart-felt joy,
For fame's wreath decks the noble brow
Of his beloved boy:
He bids him tell benighted ones, of offers freely given,
To lure them from this fading earth to brighter homes in heaven.

His careful hand has trained a flower,
And plucked the weeds away;
And he has prayed the "Mighty One,"
To guard him, day by day:
And now he bids him tell lost ones of that surpassing love
Which bids them welcome to a home, in realms of bliss above.

Then go, devoted one, and prayers
Shall waft thee o'er the deep,—
"He 'll keep thee that keeps Israel;
He 'll slumber not nor sleep."
Go, take the "Lamp of purest light," and show to wondering eyes,
The straight and narrow path that leads to bliss beyond the skies.

And he must "weep when others weep,"
And "mourn when others mourn;"
And Oh, perchance, he nevermore
May to "sweet home" return:
But still, his path is chosen, and with trusting, fearless heart,
He longs to tell the message which bids sin and death depart.

Think not the tide of rolling years,
Has swept that love away
Which bound his heart, in other days,
To home, far o'er the sea:
Oh no! but it has kindled to a brighter, holier flame:
He casts all other thoughts aside, to preach his Master's name.

And when the exile's heart has gone
"To seek it's peaceful rest;"
When strangers hands have made the tomb
And dust to earth is press'd,
Bright seraphs from yon heavenly home, of which he used to tell,
Will bear him up to live with Him who "doeth all things well."

November 1st, 1849.

TO ANNA.

COME with me, Anna, we will wander back
On memory's pleasant wing, and view the past;
Back to our early days, that joyous spring
Teeming with buds of joy, too bright to last.

Youth's freshest bloom is yet upon thy cheek,
No tears have swept the rosy tinge away,
Buds of sweet promise bloom upon thy path,
No blighting breath hath touched them with decay.

Time hath not dealt so gently with thy friend:
  Yet loving was the hand that gave the cup;
The draught was bitter, but the cloud is past,
  And life seems once again to brighten up.

The world is full of beauty now to thee;
  Its pleasures have a dazzling, witching power,
There 's fragrance in the breeze, thou hast not felt
  That there are thorns among its choicest flowers.

I 've called thee by the gentle name of friend
  Since those bright, happy hours, when first we met;
May rolling years the mystic union bind,
  And passing hours ne'er "teach us to forget."

1850.

YOUTH.

Oh happy youth! the bloom is on thy cheek,
  Years hath not dimmed the lustre of thine eye;
Not yet, not yet, hast thou been called to weep —
  Except indeed, the tear of sympathy.

Oh happy youth! thy brow is free from care,
  And hope is weaving garlands bright for thee:
There 's not a cloud on all thy sky so fair;
  Untroubled and serene is life's calm sea.

Oh happy youth! thou see'st not a thorn
  Among the flowers sweet that strew thy way;
Their fragrance tells not of th' approaching storm:
  Youth is a gay, but fleeting holiday.

FOR HANNAH'S ALBUM.

A PARTING SONG.

WHAT shall I write for thee?
  What shall I say?
Calling up mem'ries sweet
  When far away:
When in the shelter
  Of "sweet home" once more,
May thy dreams visit
  Our rock-girded shore.

Groupings of faces bright
  There thou wilt see,
Beaming with happiness,
  Joyous with glee:
Mem'ry recall to thee
  Sweet songs again,—
Hours spent in learning
  Some pleasant refrain.

Hours of communion, sweet
  Moments of prayer;
Voices beloved
  Speaking peace to thine ear,—
Peace and good will
  From the angels above,
Oh may they hallow
  Thy young life with love.

October 31st, 1868.

THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

THE heart has it's season of vernal spring,
When it bounds like a joyous, restless thing;
No thought of sorrow, no dreams of care,
And the bright sun ever shining there;
When buds come forth undimmed by tears,
Bright visions of beauty, in future years.

And it's season too of those happy hours,
When the buds have ripened into flowers,
When, 'mid sunshine of love and showers of bliss,
Even joy has been found in a world like this;
And the smiles of pleasure too plainly tell,
How they bind us to earth with a potent spell.

But ah! there 's a season of wither'd leaves,
When the breath of autumn is on the breeze,—
When the freshest tints of the rose are gone,
And the sad one weeps in her bower alone;
And the finger of memory points, with tears,
To the "light that has faded" of other years.

Lady, thy prospects are bright and fair,
Gather the jewels, rich and rare;
And when time bears off, on his shadowy wings,
The treasures round which thy young heart clings,
No clouds of regret will cast their gloom
Across thy path to a brighter home.

TO IRENE.

We have held sweet converse, gentle friend,
  We have talked of the happy past;
We have watched the rays of the setting sun
  Of a day too bright to last.

Together we 've gazed on the star of hope,
  In the sky of one weary night,
'Till it's lustrous rays illum'd our souls
  With it's own bright beaming light.

If a friendly wish could strew thy path
  With bright and thornless flowers;
Or if human will could add one joy
  More bright to thy sunny hours,—

Then such is my prayer for thee, dear friend,
  That the spirit of love may cheer,
And spread it's wing o'er thy happy home,
  To make it still more dear.

And then, Irene, when brighter joys
  Have lighted thy speaking eye,
And the shadowy clouds have flown before
  A happier destiny.

I fain would have in thy mem'ry's shrine
  One niche reserved for me;
One little spot I fain would hold
  In thy sweet memory.

'T is true we cannot claim the strength
  That years can give to friendship's claim;
Our's is a love of quicker growth,
  But still, it's beauty may retain.

For years can never change the heart;
  Unfading still it's love will shine;
And though the casket may decay,
  The gem will light it's secret mine.

And when we sink to dreamless rest,
  Where flowers for us no more may bloom;
Oh may we meet among the blest,
  And Heaven be our eternal home!

April 6, 1855.

THE FUTURE.

THE future is a dream, how bright—
  A wreath of fancy's fairest flowers—
A star, whose radient, dazzling light
  Illumines all our darkest hours.

A chain of golden links,
  With which we love to bind
Our trusting spirits down to earth,
  It's promised joys to find.

A star, which buoyant youth
  Has named the Star of Hope;
And to it's ray the lone heart turns
  When joy begins to droop.

A garden filled with flowers,
  We fain would never fade;
A world where sunny bowers
  By beauty's hands are made.

A rainbow of delight
  Whose promises allure;
Yet fading into night,
  When joy seems most secure.

A world of unseen joy,
  Waiting us from afar;
Pleasure without alloy
  Ever the guiding star.

TO A MUCH LOVED FRIEND,

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER AND FRIEND.

I SEE thee bending meekly to His will
  Whose hand has snatched thy heart's delight away;
How thou dost strive the rising sob to still,
  And bow submissive to thy destiny.

'T was hard, with such a heavy grief as thine,
  To watch the fading of thy earliest friend;
But now, beyond the fleeting hours of time,
  Those dear ones dwell, where joy shall never end.

When thou art weeping, raise thy weary eye
  To yonder starry home, and dry thy tears;
Thou can'st not tell how soon thy soul may fly
  To dwell again with friends of other years.

In the bright sunlight of that better land
  No shadows fall; no hopes are blighted there;
No cheeks grow pale by time's cold, with'ring hand;
  No voice of lamentation or despair.

Thou art not all forsaken; time will lend
  Thee many bright and happy hours yet;
Sweet peace her gentle halo shall extend
  Across thy path, and teach thee to forget.

Forget—as evening shadows gently fall
  Upon thy heart—the storms of other years,
And thou wilt only hear the Angel's call,
  Away from this sad world of grief and tears.

Thou wilt forget, but not that gentle one
  Whose every thought of thee was love and truth;
With fondness shalt thou ever dwell upon
  The mem'ry of the guardian of thy youth.

Thou wilt forget, but not that noble one
  Whose joys and sorrows thou wert pleased to share;
Whose love allured thee from thy childhood's home;
  With whom 't was light the heaviest grief to bear.

He is no longer nigh, to check the tear
  That falls unbidden on thy pallid cheek;
But if thou, from the shadowy land, could hear
  His song of joy, thou would'st forget to weep.

There is one left, on whom thy heart may pour
  The fulness of it's love; he too has known
Much bitterness; naught can restore
  The joys, which from his grasp so quick have flown.

His heart is sad! Oh, gladden it with smiles;
  Be thou a bright star on his lonely path;
With love's own teaching, weary hours beguile,
  And teach him to forget the woes of earth.

So, shall thy father's house be glad and bright,
  Though there are vacant seats and withered flowers;
So, shall his evening sun set 'mid the light
  Of loving smiles, and tranquil, happy hours.

LINES

Suggested by reading a beautiful Poem in the "Fifeshire Journal," entitled "One by one Love's links are broken."

YES! 't is true, Love's links are breaking,
As the years roll swiftly by;
Each one, as it snaps, but making
Heaven's bright portals seem more nigh.

Yet, how glorious is life's morning!
In love's light, a Paradise;
Beauty's golden tints adorning
Everything beneath the skies.

No rude blast, as yet, has shaken
Youth's fair bark upon the stream;
Yet, too soon, alas! we waken
From the bliss of life's "young dream."

One by one, the harp-strings quiver,
Touched by sorrow's trembling hand,
As we glide along the river,
Towards the far-off spirit land.

One by one, we lay each token
Of a loving presence by;
One more cherished link is broken,
One more fastened in the sky.

All the fair, bright, summer flowers,
Rich in beauty and in bloom,
Wither, as the sunny hours
Merge into stern winter's gloom.

But the resurrection cometh
On the balmy breath of Spring;
Flora's wreath of beauty bloometh
With the year's first offering.

All earth's tender loves and greeting
Are not lost for evermore;
There 's a trysting place of meeting,
Waiting on th' eternal shore.

Clad in robes of vestal whiteness;
No more denizens of clay;
Broken links, one chain of brightness,
Never more to know decay.

No more hearts bowed down with anguish;
Mourning joys for ever flown;
Not one happy soul shall languish,
Kneeling round the great White Throne.

February 28th, 1868.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER AN EVENING SPENT IN STUDYING ANCIENT HISTORY.

GRAND and instructive theme, for every mind,
To wander over History's varied page;
To watch our fathers, as they bravely climbed
The hill of knowledge in each darkened age.

One little star upon the troubled sky
Of heathen nations, meets our earnest gaze:
It points the way to bliss, in realms afar,
And draws from pious hearts a song of praise.

TO MISS MARY CLARK,

ON HER APPROACHING MARRIAGE.

MAY the rosy flush of pleasure
  Ever rest upon thy cheek;
And may this, thy new-found treasure,
  Give thee joy no words can speak.
In the labyrinths of sorrow
  That thy feet may have to trace,
May his strong arm ever fold thee
  In a pure and true embrace.

May the bond of love, unbroken,
  Like the golden circlet be;
Pure and bright, a lovely token—
  Lasting as eternity.
Hand in hand, go on, united;
  May thy way be strewn with flowers;
And the love, so fondly plighted,
  Strengthen with the fleeting hours.

Every day a sweet renewal
  Of the bliss already flown,
And thyself the brightest jewel
  Of thy husband's earthly crown.
At the household altar kneeling,
  Songs of thankfulness arise—
Happy hearts and homes revealing—
  Angels waft them to the skies.

December 3rd, 1865.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF SCHOOL DAYS, AND SCHOOL GIRLS' PARTINGS.

I 'M thinking of the brightness, of our early summer sky
Of youth's fair morning, when our hopes were rising fast
and high;
When life's gay landscape lay outspread a rich parterre
of flowers,
And pathways seeming but to lead to pleasure's fairy
bowers.

I' m looking back with tearful eye to yonder happy throng,
Bright in the loveliness of youth, impatient to be gone;
Impatient each to tread those paths whose flowers are so
bright,
Fresh with the dew of happiness and love's own sunny
light.

I 'm thinking of that parting, it was curious to see,
Bright expectation on those faces, full of joyous glee;
It was a study of delight to watch them setting forth,
For each one seemed to think her home the "dearest spot
on earth."

I 've thought of them while wand'ring on in doubt and
weariness,
And wondered if but one had found a bower of happiness;
One kindly shelter from the storm, a place of peaceful
rest,—
If one of all that youthful group could say that she was
blest.

Or if, like me, their visions bright had vanished one by one,
Until, in doubt, and clouds, and tears, their summer morn has gone;
Watching and hoping still, that morn's brief hours may be more bright,
Lingering to bask a little while in hope's warm, cheering light.

I know that some have glided on in calm serenity—
A morning of unbroken rest and calm tranquility;
And now, at noonday, I would pray that rude storms may not come
To mar their quiet happiness, or blight their joys of home.

Yet Oh! when clouds have darkened every sunbeam of delight,
And fate has threatened that our life be one long, weary night,
How much more happy are we when the shadows break away,
Revealing to our troubled eye a clearer, brighter day.

IN MEMORY OF MARGARETTE,

Daughter of Hon. STAYLEY BROWN, Yarmouth, N. S., a dear friend of many years, who died in December, 1864.

GRAVEN on the tablet
Of each passing year,
Is a fair and sweet face,
Gone,—but ever dear.
Mem'ry loves to linger on that cheerful smile,
One so full of brightness, and so free from guile.

Rich in mental culture,
Gentle and refined;
Golden were the treasures
Of thy well-stored mind:
Happy recollections, of the day we met,—
How we loved each other, never to forget.

Still I feel the fond clasp
Of thy friendly hand;
Though thou art an angel
In the spirit land.
Ah, how grieved I watched thee, fading day by day,
All love's tender pleadings could not make thee stay.

Wealth and love were nerveless
In the grasp of death;
Home lost all it's sunlight,
With thy fleeting breath.
Oft I trace, in sadness, those dear lines of thine,
Penned while death was pointing to the end of time:

Penned even while the angels
Beckoned thee away;
Penned while ties were breaking,
At the close of day.
Then I love to wander, back to that sweet time,
When thy girlish beauty caught this hand of mine.

When we pledged our friendship
In the flush of youth,
All through life it strengthened
In it's holy truth.
Though thy feet were treading brighter paths than mine,
Never didst thou falter, or thy pledge resign.

Ah! how much I miss thee;
But we 'll meet again,
Free from all that grieveth
In this world of pain.

1868.

LINES

ON READING GILFILLAN'S BARDS OF THE BIBLE.

SOME angel bright, with viewless wing,
  Hath guided thy master hand,
And given thee voice and tongue to sing
  So sweet of the spirit land.

The flowers of Paradise bloom as fresh
  As when planted in Eden's bowers;
And we hear the songs which the morning stars
  Have sung in their happiest hours.

With giant strength thou hast scaled the heights
  Of Sinai's lofty brow;
The Leader of Israel by thy side,
  And the wondering crowd below.

Thou hast struck the harp with a master's skill,
  And we seem to hear the swell
Of the notes of Moses' lofty song—
  To the God of Israel.

THOUGHTS.

WHERE will they lay my head
When my spirit has passed away?
Among the silent dead,
Where shall my dwelling be?
Will it be in the spot I love so well,
In a corner of some sequestered dell?

Or, will it be far away,
In some lone and desert spot,
Where my resting place shall be,
Unnoticed and forgot,
Where the requiem of my death shall be
Sung by the leaves of the forest tree?

I would not weep, if I knew
That Ocean would be my grave,
Where the wild winds fiercely blow,
And the scattered waters rave,
If I thought that my ransomed soul would fly
To that land of beauty beyond the sky.

THE END.

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