

SHADES OF THE HAMLET,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

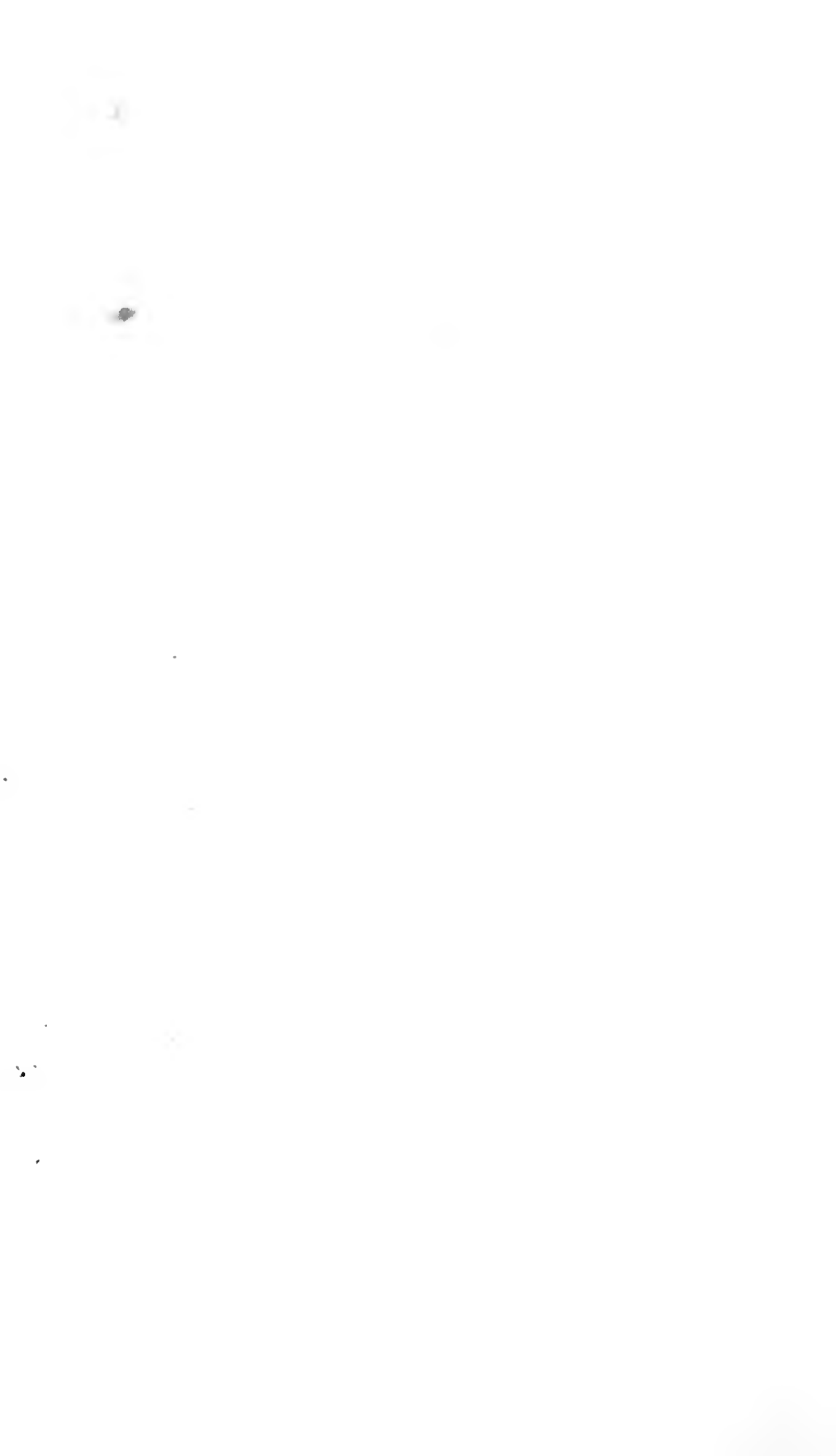
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SHADES OF THE HAMLET.

THE MEETING.

WHERE, as the guardian of the scene around,
The village Church o'ertops the winding hill,
Two friends descend, in earnest converse joined.
The setting sun had on the faded vane
Cast its last beams, "like hope departing from
A fallen state," the oldest said, "Or like
The smile that lights, one instant lights, then leaves
The dying face," the youngest quick replied.
The first had travelled, — seen the world, its courts,
Its customs, foreign states and cities, seas
And isles, and people of all colors, climes ;
The other, poor — the teacher of the poor —
Had gleaned his knowledge from the cottage hearth,
Yet much had seen, and more had mus'd of man.
And after years of absence they had met ;
By many ties united, on they went
'Till twilight, falling on the vale below,
Ended the summer day. The glimmering light
Reveal'd an obscure house, alone and bare,
Without one sheltering tree. An iron band
Fast lock'd the outward door, unsightly boards,

Excluding light and air, the windows closed ;
No living thing was there. " Now, what is this,
Dear Walter, say, here desolation reigns ;
Unlike the busy cottages we pass'd,
The gloom of death seems gathering round this cot
Its silence and its blight." " And well it may,
For here I witness'd, George, its fatal end.
From age to age a godless family liv'd
On this bleak spot. Three only now remained,
Two brothers and a sister. He who own'd
This mansion and these fields was old and crazed,
The snows of winter and the summer's sun
Unnoticed pass'd, and still I saw this man,
With great unwieldy bulk and giant arm,
Driving the axe, to cleave the stubborn wood.
A rope of straw around each ankle bound,
Capacious garments hung upon his limbs,
His busy lips for ever muttering mov'd,
And his fix'd eye, like marble, sought the earth.
It happened once that a young girl had died
Within these walls, — and beautiful in death
Her fair form lay, — that day the axe was still.
Some sudden gleam of light, some broken thread
Of former thought press'd on the brain. He took
A prayr-book to the unconscious corpse, and gaz'd
With earnest, anxious eye, and murmuring, read,
Or seem'd to read, the prayers, — then rushing out,
Look'd wildly round as if in eager search
Of something missing, — something never found,
Faster and fiercer fell the cleaving steel,
Faster and fiercer moved the livid lips,

'Till one cold winter day, and all was still,
Christmas had come, and he was in his grave.

You see those distant hills, where dwarf-like spruce
And elder bushes meet, those lonely fields,
Through which the brooklet murmurs as it flows,
And many a rood of wooded land besides, —
His burly brother claimed them for his own ;
No record of the dead proclaimed his will,
While nearer heirs were found — but disallow'd —
The laws decision with the laws delay,
The disappointed heirs, the brother blest
With such a blessing as such wealth bestows,
It matters not to tell. Success was his.
And now elate, inebriate with joy,
“ His heart was merry,” and he thus began —
“ Now may we sleep, my sister, now enjoy
This hard-earned conquest, and this verdant land
To till, improve, and gather in its crops
For many years to come, our mutual aim.”
Thus he, the summit of his hopes attained,
Decreed the future, in his folly plann'd,
And quite forgot his God. While He who sits
O'er all, from the beginning, o'erwhelm'd
His projects, on the quick-sands built.

The autumn leaves were in the forest strewn,
The trembling bird had to their coverts gone,
The frequent rains had filled the lakes and pools,
The Indian Seer, in experience learned,
Foretold a winter long, and hard to bear.

It comes, — the drifting snow, with mighty mounds
 In eddies whirl'd, encircles this bleak house.
 Bitter and biting is the piercing cold,
 Wild wail the winds through every cranny here ;
 And yet a sound above them all is heard,
 The strong man wrestling in his agony.
 The flesh was falling from the naked bone,
 This world receding from the outstretch'd hand,
 Which in its impotence was rais'd to heaven,
 As if imploring pity from the skies.

For ever sacred be the dying bed
 To "him who ministers in holy things."
 Yet let us not then first for mercy call ;
 The leaves of penitence may fast appear —
 As fast as ebb the last few sands of life —
 But where is found the fruit ? "The Prodigal !
 O, would, like him, I to my father's house
 Could now return." Such were his dying thoughts ;
 The live long day is heard his earnest pray'r,
 The earnest prayer is heard the live long night ;
 But while his spirit saddens o'er the past,
 Or breathes itself in ever suppliant strains,
 His sister dies, without a warning given ;
 This hour in health — the next within her shroud ;
 The snow removed to find her humble tomb
 Was not replaced ere slept her brother too.
 And he who labor'd on their little glebe,
 Strong in the youthful buoyancy of life,
 One of the hardiest of a hardy race,
 Lay prostrate by a fall, so seeming slight,

That childhood's self innocuous might endure.
 Thus sister, brother, servant — all were gone.
 Then fell the shadow on this gloomy place,
 Alone, neglected, silent and decay'd.

THE FIRE.

“ Now lay that volume on the mantel-shelf,
 For health and pleasure both commend a walk ;
 The passing shower has laid the unquiet dust,
 And hung on every tree bright silver drops,
 And earlier, George, you might have seen with me,
 Heavens bow extending through the troubled sky
 Its arch of beauty o'er a sinful world.”

“ Sinful, indeed. Through Russia's blood-stained snows,
 This book records Napoleon's grim retreat.
 I shudder as I read, and gladly go
 To look on nature undefiled by man—
 Man, the destroyer, and the foe of man.
 Even now, that author's strange descriptive power,
 Peoples the woods with phantoms of the brain ;
 These sapless trees, of bark and branches bare,
 Standing like sentinels beyond the lake,
 May not inaptly represent the band
 Of skeletons congeal'd on Dnieper's banks.”

“ Far other scenes, and sadder thoughts they bring
 To haunt my memory, dwelling on the past,
 When miles and miles my solitary way
 Through blighted woods I melancholy took,
 And vainly sought and sigh'd for something green.
 There those I lov'd have suffered — some are dead ;
 And that sweet silvery voice that told the tale

Of what she witness'd, when these forests fell,
 And those bright beaming eyes, that pity fill'd
 While telling, gladden me no more. "You see,"
 She said, "those scath'd and dismal wastes,
 Once green as spring time in the morning's prime,
 They flourished, and are gone, I cannot say
 Whether to punish or amend this land
 The Almighty arm was rais'd. It fell, and we
 Were desolate, a famish'd people, poor,
 And much distress'd. It seems but yesterday,
 So vividly remembrance paints the scene.

It was an autumn evening. Sultry heat
 Had been throughout the day. The river lay
 Still as the heavens when not a cloud is seen ;
 The woodman's float was safely moor'd ; secure
 The pilot boats had drop'd their loosen'd sail ;
 The ships were lading with their wooden freight ;
 The Indian, in his indolence made free,
 Swiftly impell'd his slight but safe canoe.
 The shore was lin'd by towns of various size,
 Some straggling, some compact, but all well fill'd ;
 And public buildings, rural cottages,
 And, rarer sight, a villa raised by wealth.
 Yet I could hear my breath so still all lay ;
 The sailor's song, the pilot's laugh, the busy hum
 Of multitudes was hush'd. A languor deep,
 Oppressive, felt by all, came creeping on
 Our senses and our spirits, till ere night
 Nature seem'd tired, weary for repose.
 My eyes were fasten'd on a wide-spread cloud,

That hung portending on the distant wood.
Just then, a vivid ball of lightning fell, —
The wind swept past me, wailing as it went,
The river, rushing with a hollow sound,
Dispell'd the awful stillness. Well I knew
Our fate was seal'd. Encircled round by fire,
Escape seem'd hopeless, all we then could do
Was trust in God, and calmly wait for death.

Nearer and nearer came the wasting flame,
Arm'd by Omnipotence to work its way.
Flash after flash, the rapid lightnings mix
With earthly fire. The constant thunders roar —
The hurricane, with winds from every point,
Lend all their aid. The waters rise and fall
Like ocean in his rage. The scorching heat
Increases ; sounds are heard unlike the noise
Of earth, drowning the shrieks of dying men ;
The low, wild wail of feeble woman's fear,
Startles the child reposing on her breast ;
The lurid light is gleaming, far and wide,
On thousands, hopeless, homeless fugitives,
Whose faces, white with dread, too truly told
They seek, but know not where to fly. Instinct
Has driven the wild beast from his lair. Instinct
Has rous'd the terror of the tame. They look
To man, and man looks up to God. I see
The scene, I hear their piteous moans ; again
I see and hear, as when a trembling girl
That night — preserved, and thankful we were safe —
I wept and pray'd, or hasten'd to behold,
As some new evil, fresh calamity

Call'd forth the frequent shout. I watch'd the spires
 Where often I had worshipp'd. There they stood,
 The blaze swept by them, yet they did not fall.
 God's temple stood, — at this my soul rejoic'd.
 Hundreds of evil men were all around,
 And not one curse was heard. O'ercome by fear,
 The wicked thought their time for judgment come,
 And rais'd their eyes and faltering voice to heaven.

No one may know how many were the deeds
 Of boldness, utter fright, despair, or wild
 Insanity that mark'd that night. I had
 A friend, a youthful, playful girl; she stood
 That evening, ere the danger came, waiting
 A few invited, cheerful guests. The hour
 Had come; but when, enveloped in a sheet
 Of flame, her homestead lay, her festal wreath
 Falls to the ground, and pale as death, she stares —
 Her white lips open, — mute, entranced with dread,
 Her eye dilates. And that expression still
 Stamps on her face the sufferings then endured.

A little blind girl, with her brother stood
 That night beside a cabin built of boards;
 A world of sadness on his fair young brow,
 And long he gaz'd upon his helpless charge,
 And cried, "We perish, see, the fire, the fire!"
 "I cannot see, as well my brother knows,
 But God will not forsake his little ones
 Who trust in him. My dying mother told
 Me this; and now our father is away,

We have no friend but God." "Then hasten, love,
For danger, fear, and death, are all around."
Then hand in hand they to the river went,
And launched their tiny raft upon the stream.
A transient gleam of pleasure lit each face,
As it was seen, that when the morning dawned,
These orphan children, thus expos'd all night,
And cheered by confidence in God alone,
Close in each others arms were still alive.

See yonder cot, on that declivity
Lately erected, and at little cost.
Its owner is an aged man. Cheerful he was,
A father well advanced in healthful years ;
And where that cottage stands his house was built
In better days. Ten children, and his wife,
With early, thrifty hours, had sought their bed,
He was returning, hoping in himself,
Though unexpected after absence, yet
"They might be up." But soon, experienced in
These woodland scenes, he hastens on his way
To shun the coming fire. He turns ; behind
He sees its rapid course. Again he turns ;
Before, it has outstripped his utmost speed.
There is his home, — one effort more, and he
Will join them all. Hemm'd in by fire he sees
The burning house. His senses reel ; and when
Restored, he looks — his long lov'd home is gone,

Apart from all, secluded, peaceful pure,
A happy family dwelt. Whatever cares

Disturd'd the father's breast, a beaming smile
Still greeted those he lov'd. The mother, too,
Had anchor'd all in heaven. The legacy
A dying Saviour gave was her reward.
Five blooming daughters round their cheerful board
Shar'd in their parents' love ; sweet flowers and trees,
And odorous plants, adorn'd their sylvan bower,
Fragrant and fair. When desolation came —
As come it did — the mother's eye was calm ;
She saw the wreck ; one look, one pitying glance
Upon her mournful girls she sadly cast,
And said, " His will be done. He spares our lives,
My gentle children, grieve not at our loss ;
Our home is safe, though every star should fall, —
Our home is safe above the skies." They liv'd
By faith, and bright'ning hope was shedding on
Their path its heavenly hues ; and holy love,
Like dew, descended and refresh'd their souls."

This was her story. I remember, George,
When first the tidings of this dire event
The distant city reach'd. Blood-red the sun
With sickly glare scarce pierc'd the pendant pall
Of blackness hovering round. Light cinder'd leaves
Were flying through the air. Then came the news,
The stunning news — three towns in ashes laid ;
Hundreds of miles of forest trees destroy'd,
And human beings smouldering as they fell.
It is a tale forgotten now ; but I
Must die and moulder in the silent grave
Ere I forget that devastated land.

THE BROTHERS.

“ Italian skies have been the poet’s theme,
And some, with quite disinterested pains,
Praise what they never saw. Yet not at Rome,
Nor where the Bay of Naples lies serene,
Have I beheld the sunset leave so bright
A train as this. This colors cannot paint,
Nor man describe. For all the radiant things
Of earth, its gold and precious stones, are dim,
Faint emblems of that gorgeous heaven. Its tints,
Clear, bright, combining, blended into one,
Without the aid of fancy, deck the clouds
As palaces of light. And now they shine
Upon these two white twin-like cottages,
Which, perch’d upon the green declivity
Beyond that rough-hewn bridge, resemble most
The peace substantial of the peasant’s lot,
Compared with all the glitter, vague and vain,
Of soaring greatness, distant and admir’d,
But empty, borrow’d, false. Tell me, my friend,
For you can tell, does not true happiness —
At least such happiness as man may claim —
Reside in these low homes ? ” “ Where man abides,
Dear George, abide both care and pain. Where’er his home
Some evil passions dwell. Once peace was here ;
Two brothers liv’d and lov’d, and side by side
They placed these lowly cots. When life was young,
Robert and Michael toil’d in Erin’s Isle,
United by the bond of brotherhood,
And by affection more. They married there ;

Like olive branches spread, their children grew,
And as one family they dwelt. Then came
They here, industrious emigrants, and
As yeomen labor'd for a yeoman's wealth.
Robert was grave, and silent, and reserv'd,
While Michael, volatile and full of glee,
Weigh'd not his words, and never mask'd his thoughts,
Was voluble and gay. Thus different
In temper, still alike they were in close
Cemented amity. One summer's day,
When everything was green, and the sweet hay
Was scenting all the air around their fields,
And none were absent, the brothers stood
Rejoicing, pleased and happy. Then there came
One of those sudden, unexpected blows
Which fall on man, when man is least prepared,
And prostrate as they fall. A cry is heard —
And Robert's wife is dead. I could not say —
When to the village church-yard slowly came
The mournful train — which seem'd to grieve
The most of either family. But brief
Was all their sorrow, brief and shortly gone.
A twelvemonth pass'd, — and there was feasting high,
And revelry, within these cots. A bride had come
To fill the vacant seat and guide the home
Of her so long belov'd. We mark'd the pair ;
Ill-match'd they surely seemed. Something there was
Of stern austerity in that sharp face,
That augur'd little good. The husband, too,
Soon chang'd, — more neat appear'd, and yet more grave
The lines upon his brow grew deeper ; care

Seem'd sinking in the inward man. He smil'd
More seldom, — still more seldom spoke ;
And what most strangely moved my wonder then,
The cheerful Michael wore a deepning frown,
Bent on the ground his eyes, impatient grew,
And sadder every day. Two men, 'tis said,
Once left to watch a distant light, where waves
And winds, commingling, kept remote
All others of their kind, for six long months,
Were found by the first visitor apart,
Estrang'd and separate, far as the space
Of their lone tower admitted. They had been
Thus sever'd all their exile through. Thus far'd
It now with those two brethren in the woods ;
They spoke not, — pass'd each other by as if
No link had bound them. Michael was griev'd —
The bitter tears of manhood shed. “ 'Tis hard
That evil tongues should come between our love ;
We've play'd as children on the same green sod —
As men, have toil'd through many a weary day —
Upon the ocean watch'd the wished for land, —
And when our vessel foundered on the shore,
I last remained, to save the youngest child,
And placed him safe within his father's arms.
I would have shed my blood in his defence ;
And now I am an alien from his house —
A stranger to his heart.” Sorely he wept ;
But what availed this manly burst of grief
Against the evil influence that steel'd
The stubborn mind of his stern brother, — made

A hedge-row broken, or a field disturb'd,
Weigh down the fond devotion of a life.

There is when man's responsibility
Finds echo in the soul, an hour at length
When Byron wish'd himself a saint, and Paine
Forgot his blasphemy to pray — if vague
Wild cries for mercy constitute a prayer,—
In such an hour the obdurate may relent.

It was an autumn day, — the forest deck'd
In colors manifold appeared. The last
Sear'd yellow leaf upon the willow tree
Was quivering ere it fell. And life was then
Departing from the man who occupied
That cottage on the hill. His fever'd eye
Unsteady glar'd around ; — the close small room
Was still, save when the dying man bequeathed
His worldly substance to his nearest heirs.
In such a scene, could fancy e'er conceive
That even one of all the gentle sex
Could dare exasperate the last sad hour
Of failing nature, by recalling wrongs
Imaginary against a kinsman's love.
“Woman forbear !” As thus I spoke these words,
The door was opened, and that kinsman came.
A year had passed since they had interchang'd
One single word. A little while he stood,
And gazed on Robert's face, — then hasten'd on
And cried, “My brother ! O, my brother !” Then
Their hands were clasp'd, — a stifled sob was heard —
A spasm cross'd that wan and woful face.

A stranger now inhabits that lone cot ;
 The orphan children wander far away, —
 And Michael, as each winter closes in,
 Resolves to emigrate when comes the spring.
 The May-flower buds and blossoms, blooms and dies,
 And he postpones it till another year.

The peasant and the prince are thus alike,
 And he who seeks for happiness must build
 Above the world, and centre all in heaven.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

“ Wasted and weary seems that woman's face,
 Her form, attenuated, scarce can hold
 Its faded suit of black. Her wandering eye
 Is meek, yet wildly sad. Wo-struck, her voice
 Sounds like the murmuring of a summer's brook,
 That faintly flows, ere yet its springs be dry.
 Does this proceed from recent grief, or is
 Her mind distemper'd from some former wo? ”

“ O, never darker fell the Hamlet's Shades,
 Than when poor Ann's long cherish'd hopes were wreck'd.
 Her cheerful laugh rang through the wilderness,
 As bent her husband o'er his daily toil, —
 Her little boy, sedate and quiet, watch'd
 The sturdy arm that laid the forest bare,—
 While merry played, in miniature herself,
 Her tiny pet, her fairy-like young girl.

And industry soon made the desert bloom.
Above a placid lake their cottage stood,
Surrounded by its fields, enriched by dint
Of busy hands, impelled by cheerful hearts.
And when this little home was desolate,
And she a widow, struggling with the world,
Her children cheered her solitary hours,
Until the boy became her earthly prop —
Almost an idol to his mother's heart.
Uncheck'd by sanguinary laws he roam'd
The pathless woods ; and o'er his shoulders hung
The speckled partridge or the silvery hare.
And when the ice had on the waters thrown
Its brittle prison bars, enticed by light
Admitted from above, the spotted trout
Came bounding to his hook. A freeman he, —
His charter written in the clear blue sky,
The verdant earth, and on a youthful heart.

As blooms some hidden flower, unseen by man,
His sister grew. Her hazel eye at his
Approach more radiant beam'd, and when his friend —
His only, well-tried, youthful friend — would come
From the far city to his woodland haunts,
At evening hour, her blushing face,
Suffused, was bent in earnest survey of
The mimic wreath that her quick fingers traced.
Amos was dear to that fond sister's heart,
But dearer far young Henry. She had known
No other love ; apart, remote from towns,
He found her guileless as the playful child, —

And he had won her by his words of praise.
 And now the lake, the trees, the starry skies,
 The passing wind — all spoke of Henry; he,
 When absent, still was with her spirit there;
 When present — seen, and heard, and lov'd and bless'd.

At length young Emma told her brother all
 The secret of her soul. On New Year's Day
 The sacred pledge before the altar given
 Would bind his sister to his only friend.
 The widow'd mother smiled upon them both,
 And hope and joy their lonely threshold cheer'd.

And New Year's Eve has come, — the widow trims
 Her lamp, and culls untimely flowers that came
 From friends to grace fair Emma's hair. And she
 Looks out upon the moonlight night and sighs,
 And wonders why her brother stays so late;
 For ere the dawn had lit the eastern sky,
 Henry and he had bound their snow-shoes on,
 To track the rapid moose. And she has watch'd
 The setting sun, and listened to the sound
 Of coming steps, or for the signal gun.
 The moon is shining on the snowy waste —
 And still they come not; hour succeeds to hour,
 Till spent with watching, slumber seals their eyes,
 To wake to misery such as seldom falls
 Even to the wretched in this mournful world.

No marriage train approach'd the village church
 That day. From house to house the tidings flew, —

Young Amos dead, and shot by Henry's hand, —
An accidental death, — that crush'd
The hopes and hearts of three surviving friends.
A widow she — and he her only son, —
The mother bent her head — her mind was gone
And Henry wanders on from place to place,
And wakes at night to see the bleeding corpse ;
And Emma meekly kneels before her God
And gains submission from Gethsemane.
Such is the story of that woman's grief,
A broken heart and a disordered mind.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

“ DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

Remember Thee! Yes, Lord, I will,
As I thy dying words fulfil.
Remember thee! Who can forget
Of those before thy altar met, —
Thy brow encircled round with thorn,
Thy body and thy spirit torn ;
The servant's cross — the Godhead's crown, —
Men mocking — angels looking down.
Remember thee! Frail heart, be still —
My Lord, my God, I will, I will.

No holy pledge, no sacred vow,
Are needed, Lord, where thou art now ;
Amid the joy that reigns above
Thy saints behold, adore and love ;
The wilderness and journey o'er,
The clouds and fire are seen no more, —
But we poor pilgrims, journeying here,
By symbols know that thou art near,

Saviour of souls! thou bread of heaven,
We praise thee that they have been given ;
Our guard and guide, thou Prince of Peace,
To that bright world where symbols cease,

To make it ours, thy grace impart,
 A-broken and a contrite heart,
 That so, from all our sins set free,
 We live and die — rememb'ring thee.

THE STORM.

While the tempest stirs the lake,
 While the rower's fears awake,
 While the storm is raging high,
 Mingling water, earth and sky, —
 He who can from peril keep,
 On a pillow lies asleep.
 Hark ! the wild cry of despair
 Rises on the midnight air, —
 “ Lord, we perish on the wave,
 Save us, Lord, thy servants save ! ”
 Then He speaks, and then he binds
 All the wings of all the winds, —
 “ Peace, be still ! ” and all is still,
 O'er the waters, on the hill.
 Not a breath, and not a sound,
 “ A great calm ” is all around, —
 “ Why so fearful ? ” then he saith,
 “ O, ye men of little faith.”
 Lost in wonder, they began
 To ask in dread “ Can this be man ? ”
 Sovereign King of winds and sea,
 The universe belongs to Thee !

To us sinners it is given,
 To know thee as the God of Heaven.
 Lord of all, from out mankind,
 Let thy Church thy goodness find,
 Till, its troubled waves at rest,
 It blesses thee, by thee is bless'd,
 Hears thy voice, like healing balm,
 Diffusing grace — a heavenly calm ;
 Its contests and its trials cease,
 The Saviour speaks and all is peace,

THE TEMPLE.

Bright the glittering marble shone,
 Gilded by the setting sun
 Brighter beam'd the Jew's dark eye,
 At the pinnacles on high,
 Glowing with a patriot's pride,
 The Messiah by his side,
 " See those buildings, Lord, behold,
 Stones of price and shafts of gold,
 Radiant Temple, God's own care,
 Grac'd with all that's rich and rare.

Not a stone shall soon be seen,
 To mark the spot where it has been ;
 Where the eagles watch their prey,
 Desolation points the way, —
 When the heathen armies stand

Around this now devoted land,
 Then the appointed hour has come,
 Call no more this city — home.

Time has pass'd, and now appears
 The doom foreseen, foretold with tears, —
 Famine, want, contention, dread,
 Around the dying and the dead,
 Rome's proud eagles upward soar,
 And Judah's pride is seen no more.
 The evening sun set red with blood,
 The last sad day the Temple stood, —
 The morning's sun ariseth fair,
 Judea's Temple is not there.

THE RETURN.

Wild raged the night tempest, and bleak was the blast,
 As the youth from the home of his childhood first pass'd ;
 And the snow wreaths were cast from the wings of the gale,
 And the cold rain of winter was mingled with hail, —
 And he smiled at the storm and he said, “ There 's for me
 Hope to brighten the future, love cheering the free.”

This world was his all, — and he deem'd the world bless'd,
 And he sought for its glory, to give him his rest ;
 His proud heart was beating at thoughts of the strife,
 As a victor return'd from the battle of life ;
 And his fancy was busy to deck its sweet close
 In a day dream of beauty, and love and repose.

He return'd, and the home of his childhood he gain'd,
For he knew that the home of his childhood remain'd.
He came in the summer, when there stirred not a breeze,
When the sunlight like silver lay still on the trees,
When all nature was hush'd like an infant asleep, —
But the storm was within him — he enter'd to weep.

“ My father, receive me ; I come but to die ;
Beside my poor brother in peace let me lie.
My father, the world has been hard and unkind, —
I am weary of life — I am broken in mind ;
There was — but my father I cannot go on,
My hopes are all shattered — my spirits are gone.”

O, tender and long was that parent's embrace,
And full of deep pity the gaze on his face ;
And he sooth'd his poor boy, and besought him to pray,
And go to his Saviour by his own narrow way ;
And he spoke of earth's treasures as nothing but dross
Compared with the riches in Christ and His cross.
And he told of the world where the weary have rest —
The heaven of love where the humble are bless'd ;
And the dew of the spirit fell soft on the word,
And contrite he gave his young heart to the Lord.

When the spring time of life with its passions had flown,
In the fulness of manhood he went forth alone, —
He went forth alone, a meek witness of truth,
The compassionate friend and adviser of youth.

THE HOUR OF DREAD.

He walks upon the stormy sea,
The king of earth and heaven,
May mortal man approach to thee,
This night and be forgiven ?

Love bids him come — thy servant tries,
To meet thee on the wave, —
Sees all his dangers, sinking cries
On thee his life to save.

To him while trembling and afraid,
Thy hand is stretched out,
Amid the storm thy voice hath said
“ O, wherefore didst thou doubt ? ”

Lord, tempest-tost thy children tread
The ocean of this life ;
They walk in darkness and in dread,
In sorrow and in strife.

The waters rise, the winds are high,
In peril and in fear,
On thee we look, to thee we cry,
For thou, our God, art near.

To thee, our Saviour and our King,
Our Father and our Guide,
Our trials, dangers, griefs we bring —
Be ever at our side.

No voice but thine can bid us live,
 Sustained by thee we stand,
 And in the darkest hour we give
 Our souls into thy hand.

JACOB'S VISION.

A stone for his pillow, the earth for his bed,
 The patriarch sleeps, and his slumber is sweet,
 A vision of angels descends o'er his head,
 By a ladder of glory that rests at his feet.

It reach'd unto heaven, and there stood above
 JEHOVAH, the Holiest, Greatest and Best,
 The God of his father, the Lord of his love,
 Who promis'd that he and his seed should be blest.

The ladder still comes from the regions of light,
 For He who upholds it is ever the same,
 Its steps with thy mercies and blessings are bright,
 Its top is engrav'd by thy Creator's name.

For sleeping, or waking, at home or abroad,
 His guardian angels still watch o'er thy ways ;
 Securely commit, then, thy life unto God —
 His children are safe with the ancient of days.

THE DYING PENITENT.

Repenting on the cross, he felt
 The love which makes the sinner melt,
 And as he saw the Saviour die,
 His heart relents — one plaintive cry —
 Thou, Lord, remember me.

His prayer is heard, the sinner blest
 With present pardon, promis'd rest ;
 Encouraged by his fate, I now
 Before thy presence humbly bow —
 O, Lord, remember me.

When sorrow comes, as come it will,
 When sickness, pain, and human ill,
 When I resign this living breath,
 And feel the parting pang in death,
 Then, Lord, remember me.

 BEAR THY CROSS.

When the tear-drop fills thine eye
 When recent is thy loss,
 When the sun has left thy sky,
 Then, Christian, bear thy cross.

When thy Master lights the flame
 To purge away thy dross,
 When the world derides thy claim, —
 Then, Christian, bear thy cross.

When the waves of passion strive
Thy troubled heart to toss,
When the conflict 's most alive,
Then, Christian, bear thy cross.

MORNING HYMN.

The light of the morning,
At heaven's command,
Now comes forth adorning,
The water and land.
Awake, then, my spirit,
Rejoice in the Lord,
'Tis thine to inherit
His work and His word.

My God and Creator,
Thy presence I own,
Thou Sov'reign of Nature,
I bow at thy throne ;
Thou king of all glory
I give what I can,
I humbly adore thee,
Redeemer of man.

Thine eye cannot slumber,
And therefore I rest ;
Thy gifts none can number,
And therefore I'm blest.

For life and direction,
 Renewal of days,
 For care and protection,
 Thy name I will praise.

My God, do thou hear me,
 And give me this day
 A spirit to fear thee,
 And walk in thy way ;
 A spirit forgiven,
 Rejoicing in love,
 Whose light is from heaven,
 Whose hope is above.

EVENING HYMN.

The evening closes round me,
 The work of day is done,
 Away all thought of care,
 Be this the hour of prayer ;
 Go to thy ark of rest,
 And be thou blest,
 My soul.

Lord of the highest heaven,
 Thou only hope of earth,
 My feeble praise I bring,
 And of thy mercy sing,
 I humbly bend the knee,
 Here unto thee,
 My God.

JERUSALEM.

Record of things gone by it stands,
 All desolate and lone!
 Is this the highly favor'd land
 Jehovah shone upon?
 Is this the spot where Israel trod,
 Where stood the temple of their God?

Has Judah's harp here echo'd round
 Its never dying lays?
 Have prophets walk'd this holy ground,
 In other happier days?
 Have angels o'er thee spread their wings,
 Has He been here — the King of Kings?

They have, — but what is now thy doom,
 Thou once belov'd of heaven,
 Thy glory buried in the tomb,
 Thy sons in exile driven,—
 Unlov'd they roam through every clime,
 Their very name, a name for crime.

Yet Sion! who will weep for thee,
 Thou stern, hard-hearted one;
 'Tis righteous, just, that thou should'st be
 Thus utterly undone, —
 That thou should'st feel the avenging rod,
 Thou who didst slay the Son of God.

CHRISTMAS.

While strains of triumph float upon the breeze,
While Israel's Shepherd countless angels sees,
While Holy Mary gazes on the child,
The only Son of God, the Undeiled,
The earth seems hallowed in the eyes of heaven,
The curse departs and sinners are forgiven.

Thou pure and spotless Being sent to cheer
Life's weary pilgrims as they wander here,
Whose throne, exalted all our thoughts above,
Is mercy's seat, the very source of love,
Thy blessed name thy servants shall convey
Through many regions on this holy day.
The slave shall hear, while lighter grows his chain,
The sick shall listen, and forget his pain,
The poor shall learn it, with a patient sigh
The dying breathe it ere he turn to die.
And happy homes, where childhood's artless mirth
Half steals from age the anxious cares of earth,
Shall brighter glow, as in thy name they give
To want and wretchedness the means to live.
The willing exile in a distant land —
On Greenland's snow, or Afric's burning sand —
Who lonely labors daily to proclaim
The riches hidden in thy sacred name,
Stern to his purpose, but with soften'd mind,
Shall muse this day on those he left behind, —
Their voices hear, their well-loved faces see,
Shall count the cost, yet still adhere to thee.

To whom but thee, my Saviour, can we go,
 Laden and weary, in this world of wo ;
 Through every age we hear the tidings still,
 " To God the glory and to man good will."

NEW YEAR.

Little Child, on New Year's Day,
 With thy gifts intent on play,
 Never time shall seem to thee
 Half so happy, half so free.

Youth, beneath thy parent's home
 Seek not wishfully to roam ;
 Can California gold e'er buy
 Love beaming from a mother's eye ?

Man, that toilest on thy way,
 Pause to think on New Year's Day ;
 Hoard thy wealth, or pine in wo,
 From the earth thou soon must go.

Aged pilgrim, lingering here
 Like the last leaf of the year,
 Time is speeding fast for thee,
 Hovering o'er eternity.

Mortal man, prepare to die !
 Immortal seek thy home on high !

Talents, beauty, riches, birth,
 Live and perish on the earth ;
 Meekness, grace, and holy love,
 Born in heaven, still soar above.

Choose to day — to day is thine —
 Earthly gifts or gifts divine ;
 Choose to-day, O, do not wait,
 Another year may be too late.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The strain be lowly like a funeral lay,
 That chants the sorrows of this sacred day,
 My hand would tremble, and my tongue be still,
 Did He not live who died on Calvary's hill,
 The feeble arm to help, to guide the humble will.
 The cross is raised — our Lord is lifted up
 To drink the sorrows of that bitter cup ;
 Derision mocks the sufferings of the hour,
 The reign is darkness, and its prince has power,
 No sun can shine, no bird can raise its wing,
 The pastures mourn, there's gloom on every thing.
 " My God ! my God ! " the Sinless pray'd to thee,
 " O, why, my God, hast thou forsaken me."
 The trembling earth hath heard the awful cry,
 While angels watch to see their Sovereign die.
 Deriding sinners smite their breast to hear,
 All nature then first felt the pang of fear.

" 'Tis finished ! " all our griefs the sufferer bore,
 For heaven could give, and earth receive no more.
 King of the world above, thy hand I see
 Tinting the flowers that deck the fields for me ;
 And when my eye surveys the worlds afar,
 I see its impress stamp'd on every star.
 By me that hand upon the cross was torn,
 For me thine agony and death were borne,
 My sins before thee in that hour were spread,
 When thou gav'st up the ghost and bow'd thy hallowed head.

Thus may the Christian in his sorrows sing,
 To Christ his Friend, his Saviour, and his King,
 And meekly bending to the chastning rod,
 Find peace and pardon through the Son of God.

EASTER HYMN.

Slow the Roman soldiers tread
 Around the mansion of the dead,
 And the moon is passing by,
 Untroubled in the azure sky.
 Men of blood in peace have slept,
 While holy men have watch'd and wept ;
 For the sleeper in the tomb
 Has met and borne no common doom.
 Let His children watch and weep,
 His enemies securely sleep.
 Yet his friends shall still rejoice,
 His foes shall tremble at his voice.

Dawn is breaking o'er the hill,
 Around the grave — and all is still.
 Hark! the earth its stillness breaks;
 See, see, it from its centre quakes, —
 For the other world has sent
 Its messenger, — the grave is rent.
 Lo! the sleeper now awakes,
 The kingdom of the earth He takes,
 Never ends his glorious reign,
 For death himself at length is slain.
 Let us triumph in our King,
 To day His victory we sing.
 Yet his friends shall still rejoice,
 His foes shall triumph at his voice.

THE PENITENT RETURNING.

In heaven, on earth, all glory be,
 My Father and my God to thee;
 Weary and wandering like the dove,
 O, lead me to thine ark of love;
 Erring and sinful, let me rest
 My sorrows on my Saviour's breast.

Father, I come, to thee I come,
 Receive the mourning pilgrim home.
 With shattered hopes and broken heart,
 I only seek a servant's part;
 Sullied with sin, do thou forgive,
 And faint with hope, ah, bid me live.

MEMORY'S OFFICE TO THE SINFUL.

“ What on thy soul engrav'd by years
 Remains impress'd ? Go mark it well ! ”
 A record blotted with my tears,
 So dark, defaced, scarce can I tell.

“ Readest thou there of well spent time,
 Of active worth, of fervent prayer ? ”
 Nay, guilty pleasure, darker crime,
 And traces deeply mark'd of care.

“ Where are thy boyhood's laughing hours,
 The riper joys of manhood's day ? ”
 All wither'd like the autumn flowers ;
 I lov'd them, and they all decay.

Then man of sin and sorrow, sent
 In mercy from the God of love,
 Thy memory calls thee to repent,
 And find a better life above.

 THE PILGRIM.

I was a traveller on a road
 Far from my Father's blest abode,
 While pleasure was my guide ;
 I hung upon the charmer's smile,
 And journey'd on for many a mile,
 Still wandering by her side.

A youthful multitude was there —
The gay, the thoughtful, and the fair, —
 With careless ease we went;
But now and then strange thoughts would come,
A solemn message from our home,
 By God, our Father, sent.

There was a path, I know not why
Thither I turn'd my tearful eye,
 Though cheerless seem'd the road ;
A few lone pilgrims, hand in hand,
Were travelling to a better land,
 The Sion of our God.

It was my Father's house they sought,
For they had "sold themselves for nought,"
 Like me they had been slaves ;
But now from heaven our Father smil'd,
And kiss'd each poor returning child —
 For he still seeks and saves.

How sweet it was then to my heart,
To bear with them a pilgrim's part,
 And never more to roam.
Their God is mine — our hope 's the same —
We trust in Jesus' holy name,
 His star shall guide us home.

REPOSING ON GOD.

My God, accept a sinner's prayer,
And hear a sinner's praise,
While I before thy altar dare,
My lowly voice to raise.

I own I wander'd from thy way,
Benighted and forlorn,
But lighten'd by the Gospel's ray,
I found a happy morn.

My Father, thou didst see me roam,
And pitying my loss,
Didst lead my erring footsteps home,
To bear them to the cross.

Then, Holy God, may all my love
Be placed on Christ alone,
And may my hopes be rais'd above,
To reach unto his throne.

Lord Jesus come, my spirit keep,
Bid all my troubles cease,
And as thy angels watch my bed,
May I awake in peace.

Or f, my God, thou dost decree,
That I this night must die,
My spirit pardon'd and set free
Do thou receive on high.

THE LAST RAY.

Ere sets the sun behind the western hill,
 A lovely bow of many tints appears ;
 The sweeten'd air is calm, refresh'd and still,
 And trees and shrubs gleam bright with dewy tears.

Thus, ere the Christian sinks within the tomb,
 A holy halo lightens all around,
 A heavenly beam dispels our earthly gloom,
 The storm has ceased—we tread on hallowed ground.

The tears we weep are tinted from above,
 Faith blends with Hope a radiant light to shed,
 And circled brightly by soft beams of love,
 It shines from heaven—it rests upon the dead.

 THE VOW.

By Arnon's blue stream Israel's champion stood,
 His hand was uplifted, unspotted by blood,
 Fire kindled his soul, and wrath glow'd on his brow,
 While he uttered to heaven this terrible vow, —
 "Let the children of Amon succumb to my sword
 And I give as an offering unto the Lord,
 From the door of my house whatsoever shall come
 To welcome the warrior back to his home."

The victory won, he in triumph advances,
And his daughter first meets him with timbrels and dances ;
Only child of his love — only light of his hearth —
His soother in sorrow — companion in mirth.
His hand rends his raiment, while grief rends his heart ;
Must the child and the father thus bitterly part ;
“ My daughter,” he said, “ I am brought very low,
I am troubled to see thee, from me thou must go,
For I’ve open’d my mouth thus unto the Lord,
And I cannot go back from my once plighted word.”

“ Nor needs it, my father, the Lord is our trust,
The pride of thy foemen is humbled in dust ;
Fulfil all thy vow — but two months I require
To mourn for myself and to weep for my sire.
My companions shall meet, where the mountain’s wild gale
Reminds us of freedom, whose loss I bewail.”
Thus she gathered fresh strength for her trial of love,
Bid farewell to her home to seek one above ;
And the daughters of Israel, each year in their grief,
Lamented his child, and remember’d their chief.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

The widow and the fatherless,
Ah, whither shall they go,
To find relief in their distress,
A soother for their wo ?

The widow and the fatherless,
The world is not for you ;
Its pity is but cold and short,
Its promises untrue.

The widow and the fatherless,
By the deserted hearth,
Seem to the careless heart and eye
The most bereaved on earth.

The widow and the fatherless,
While mourning for the dead,
God watches every sigh you make,
And every tear you shed.

The widow and the fatherless,
Hope lights their lonely cot,
The promises of God have made
Their home a blessed spot.

The widow and the fatherless.
To you the boon is given,
When gloom encircles all on earth,
To borrow light from heaven.

THE POOR.

Now blessings on the cheerful poor, wherever they may be,
 Whether within their humble homes or exiled o'er the sea ;
 O, happy be their hearth-stone, and blessed be their lot,
 And by their wealthy brethren may they never be forgot.

I would not be that rich man, who would turn them from
 the door,

I would not be a tyrant to trample on the poor,
 For fear their wasted features might haunt my dying bed,
 And the record go to heaven—"He gave us not of bread."

The Flamen and the Brahmin, with all the pagan clan,
 May bless the purple robe of state, the faded garment ban,
 But the merciful, the merciful, who wept at human wo,
 The merciful Lord Jesus taught not his followers so.

Then seest thou the poor man hard struggling with his fate,
 Stretch forth thy hand to help him ere thy succor be too
 late ;

In the mine and on the ocean, at the forge and at the loom,
 The sons of labor toil to decorate thy room.

Then when their hands wax feeble, and their cheeks grow
 pale and gaunt,

Speak gently and act kindly, and save their age from want ;
 And when the poor are joyful, for the poorest have their
 mirth,

Let not an angry frown cast a shadow on their hearth.

Their lot is not like thine, but their nature is the same,
'To justice and to mercy they have a rightful claim,
Then in their sorrows aid, and lend a helping hand,
And open wide God's Temple to the poorest in the land.

THE DYING CHILD.

Without was storm, and tempest, rain,
And darkness, that dread night ;
Within was agony and pain,
Beneath the flickering light,
As o'er my dying child I bent,
And saw her life was nearly spent.

She suffer'd much ; her little eye
Was meekly rais'd above,
As if expecting from the sky
Some messenger of love,
To bear her spirit far away
From this sad scene to endless day.

She died — the little suff'rer slept —
While from the curtain'd bed
The mother rais'd her voice and wept,
“ My child, my child is dead !”
I turned away my face — was still —
And bow'd unto my Father's will.

THE LIVING AND THE DYING.

When the meek and gentle spirit
 Parteth from its clay,
 When it goeth to inherit
 The eternal light of day,
 When the struggle is before it,
 Ere it reach its place above,
 The Saviour bendeth o'er it
 With a beaming eye of love.

O, this earth hath then its sorrow,
 In an hour like this,
 For the living have their morrow
 When the dying are in bliss ;
 And the whirl of thought is waking
 Deep anguish in the brain,
 And the heart is almost breaking
 With its hidden weight of pain.

Yet some gleams of light still hover,
 When the sun has left the sky,
 And when all on earth is over,
 Hope is shining from on high.
*He hath met,** and he hath taken
 The sainted wife and mother,
 Ye are mourning, not forsaken,
 Live to comfort one another.

* " He shall meet me in the valley," were among the dying expressions of the estimable person whose death these imperfect verses were intended to commemorate.

PARTING WITH THE YOUNGEST.

The sun shines bright on yonder hill,
 The air is balm, the winds are still,
 Our children are at play ;
 Then why, confined within this room,
 With darken'd blinds and silent gloom,
 We sit the live long day.

O, ask us not ! behold that bed,
 Our little sufferer lays her head,
 Here in our sight to die ;
 Our lovely one, our youngest born,
 From all our fond affections torn,—
 And now the hour is nigh.

Yes, call the children, let them place
 Their lips upon that dying face,—
 We give the last fond kiss ;
 And all that loveliness is clay,
 Yet ere we turn our steps away,
 That spirit is in bliss.

O, Dinny,* dearest, sweetest child,
 I often thought when thou hast smiled,
 I felt much love for thee ;
 But could my arms again entwine
 That lovely form, and call it mine,
 Much more that love would be.

* A term of endearment for a young child very suddenly and sadly removed from this world of care.

Where thou art now, the love is pure,—
 Where thou art now, thy bliss is sure ;
 An angel now,
 Resting upon thy Saviour's breast,
 All happy, sinless, and at rest,
 • Would I were thou.

BISHOP HEBER.

Thou art gone to the valley of death,
 Remote from the home of thy youth,
 But tears have been shed o'er thy last lowly bed,
 Thou teacher of goodness and truth.

Thou art gone to the valley of death,
 But thy spirit hath gone to its rest ;
 Thy troubles are done, and thy race has been run,
 And now thou art safe with the blest.

Thou art gone to the valley of death,
 But the grave has been robbed of its gloom,
 Hope shed forth her light, to dispel the dark night,
 That saddens the comfortless tomb.

Thou art gone to the valley of death,
 O, Heber! like thee may we go,
 With our sins all forgiven, our treasure in heaven,
 Far, far from this region of wo.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

IN YOUTH.

Midnight is pass'd, and through the silent streets
 Nought but the flitting shadows now are seen,
 Trembling beneath the moon's pale beam. Yet I
 Will slumber not as other men. No, let
 Me watch, here, as my taper dimly burns,
 And commune with myself. 'Twas said erewhile
 'That at this dreary hour dead men have left
 Their cheerless homes to visit those that live ;
 Then where is he for whom my tears have fallen,
 My father, friend ? A month has pass'd, a long
 And weary month, since I have nightly kept
 My vigils here, 'mid strangers, mourning thee.
 But no ! It may not be ! Not on this earth,
 Not here in this cold world, we meet again.
 But as I cast my weeping eyes above
 To where the pale moon walks in glory on,
 I think of thee, a blessed saint in heaven,
 Remov'd from sorrow, and remote from wo,
 And envy not the skeptic's doubting creed.

This life, this weary journey to the grave,
 How much we prize. We travel daily on,
 And when the head is pillow'd for the night,
 Fondly anticipate another day. It comes,
 We eager garner up our little store
 Of transient hopes and self-deceiving joys,
 And call these shredded fragments happiness.
 And even these, the sum of earthly bliss,

We scarce enjoy, ere some rude blast dash down
 Our treasure house, and dissipate our little all.
 Then let me build no house for bliss below,
 A baseless fabric on a windy shore,
 But let me gird myself, and calmly climb,
 With patient steps, the weary mount of life,
 And from its summit view, with eye of faith
 And heart of hope, the promis'd land of rest.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE,

FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE DUKE OF KENT.

Silence and gloom, companions of decay,
 Still linger round these haunts of honors fled,
 While on these mouldering walls departing day
 Rests like a gleam of beauty o'er the dead.

Through lonely walks now deeper grows the shade,
 Save where the fire-fly lights his mimic lamp,
 Or where, beside yon leafy colonade,
 A ruddy flame displays the rude made *camp*.*

Ere not a mark of other days appear,
 Ere ruin sweep each vestige from the scene,
 I pause to ask,—“ And was it even here
 Once dwelt the sire of England's Sov'reign Queen ? ”

* A small party of Aborigines or poor Emigrants were preparing their evening meal under the shade of the beautiful poplars which form the avenue to this interesting ruin.

Where are the festive lights, the garland flowers,
 The sweet wild music, melting on the wave,
 Where are the stately guards, the princely bowers,
The Hermit's home,* the stone that mark'd his grave?

Did merry laughter ever here rebound,
 Did busy footsteps haste along this floor,
 Did mingling voices in this hall resound,
 And hearts beat high, that now shall beat no more?

Can grandeur pass away without a trace,
 To tell of present bliss or future trust?
 Then let me linger near this lonely place,
 And write the record in its kindred dust.

Queen of the British Isles! I may not see,
 Save by the graver's art, thy face divine,
 Nor, lady, would'st thou deign to hear from me,
 The rustic strain that suits not ears like thine.

Yet, could thine eye behold this lovely spot,
 And mark the desolation time hath wrought,
 Though all exalted be thy royal lot,
 A moral to the heart would here be taught.

Fleeting and frail is all beneath the sky,
 The reign of beauty and the throb of joy,
 Mine be the choice, amid the good and wise,
 To seek the home no changes can destroy.

* The hermitage and grave stone which formerly were conspicuous in the romantic walks around the Lodge have now as little existence as the imaginary being whose fate they were intended to commemorate. The above was written about 1834, and now, in 1851, the author has to express his deep regret that the Lodge itself has followed the fate of the hermitage.

THE REIGN OF POETRY.

Will Poetry e'er cease upon the earth ?
 Not while the mother gazes on her child,
 Her young heart sparkling through her beaming eyes,
 And pouring forth a fount of love, uncheck'd,
 Unmeasur'd, measureless, profound. Not while
 The sad and gentle watcher of the night
 Bends down her head and scarcely touches that
 Pale cheek, those marble lips, for fear she may awake
 The spirit trembling on the verge of death.
 Not while those blinds have closed out the day,
 And that still band are gather'd round the hearth,
 And not a sound is heard, nor voice, nor sob,
 And yet each heart, of all that little band,
 Is fill'd with an untold, absorbing grief.
 And now one rises, seeks the upper room,
 Removes the slender veil, and looks and weeps,
 To bear the image of that wan white face,
 In sorrow back to silence and to gloom.
 Not while a birth, a sickness, or a death,
 Shall cause a throb of joy or tear of woe,
 Shall thy reign cease, thou sweetest child of Heaven.
 The varying strains through all the earth shall sound,
 The sons of God shall shout, the morning stars shall sing :
 Not while the sun emerging from the waves,
 Strikes one bright line of light across the sea,
 And the white sails of many sized ships
 Are spread to catch the wind that cometh not,
 And some young hero mantling at the sight,

Lifts up his head, and thinks of Nelson's life —
 Not while meek twilight hovers on the hill,
 And one pale star shines out upon the world,
 And from the scatter'd village comes the sound
 Of labor ending till another day —
 And some lone muser, murmuring to himself,
 Goes forth to dream of Milton poor and blind,
 Reaching in song the very gates of Heaven,
 Not while the morning or the evening hour
 Invites mankind to meditate or act.

When heart doth echo back to heart the pledge
 Of early love, and bids the world go by,
 Dreaming of hopes too bright to last
 Where sin and care stand sentinels to watch
 That unmixt joy shall never enter here,
 How sweet, enchantress, thou dost paint the scene
 With rainbow tints, as brilliant and as brief;
 And while the eye lights up at woman's smile,
 And virtue seals the vow that beauty won,
 From age to age shall flow the enraptur'd strain,
 The young shall sigh and the old man shall smile —
 But O, a nobler, purer theme is thine,
 Than mortal passions, mould them as we may;
 When hallowed fire touch'd the prophet's lips,
 He sang the Virgin's son, Immanuel,
 When Heaven's own Host were spread on Bethlehem's
 plain,
 His glory form'd their song. And now the hymn
 Of childhood, pure and sweet as morning air,
 Breathes forth a Saviour's name. Again it sounds,
 Ere yet the "silver chord" is "broken" quite,

The Spirit singing while the voice is weak,
 In the dark valley making melody,
 Ere yet eternity shake hands with time.

And when the organ pealeth forth its notes,
 "Young men and maidens, old men and children,"
 Arise with one accord, and many voiced
 Is the deep chant to Zion's Sovereign King.
 Or from the village church a humbler strain
 Accompanies the verse, — the tune once sang
 By those who now around that once lov'd dome,
 Sleep all unconscious of its harmony —
 And yet remember'd by the loving well —
 With chasten'd tears that Christians shed in hope.

Such scenes shall last till time shall be no more,
 Nor Poetry forsake this lower world
 Till earth, and sea, and sun, and stars, are gone.

THE DEPARTED.

When the pale star of evening bids farewell to the day
 And the spirit within us invites us to pray,
 When the stillness of twilight o'er all nature is spread,
 And our thoughts leave the living to dwell with the dead,
 I see thee before me as thou wast in pass'd years,
 And my half utter'd prayers are all mingled with tears;
 Thy friends are around thee, I see the bright fire,
 And thy hand rests reposing on the arm of thy sire,
 And a sweet smile lights up thy beautiful face,

And thy form is adorn'd with its innocent grace.
 I see thee again and a youth by thy side,
 And hear the low whisper that makes thee his bride,
 O, can I be blam'd, if in grief I deplore
 The sad thought within me, I'll see thee no more,
 Yet selfish would be a sorrow like this,
 For could I recall thee from regions of bliss,
 To a prayer such as this my heart dare not give birth,
 That an inmate of Heaven should dwell upon earth.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE

REV. DR. COCHRANE,

Formerly Vice-President of King's College, Windsor.

Sick for my home, and blinded by my tears,
 Myself distrusting, fill'd with mighty fears,
 Misnomer'd man, but O, how much a boy,
 Windsor enroll'd another foe to Troy —
 Mellow'd by time that little band I see,
 Who number'd Homer's numbers — to be free —
 In vain we trace their future lot in life,
 Some find a tomb, — some triumph in the strife.
 Safe from the contest, let me pay a debt
 Of love, esteem, and ever new regret,
 To him, the kind instructor of my youth,
 To whom the Muse was dear — but dearer Truth.
 Bland were his manners, and his wit refin'd,
 A foe to vice, a friend to all mankind ;

A father's kindness with a mentor's care,
Melted the heart — then stamp'd his image there —
Till from the height of after years the man
Half sighs to think how first that love began.

Where flows the Thames with all its pomp and pride,
And by its banks proud London's living tide ;
A son of genius stops his mid-day dream,
To trace again the Avon's sluggish stream,
Half thinks he hears the buzz, "The Doctor comes,"
In fancy grasps again the learned tomes,
Resumes his seat amid his old compeers,
And tells at night the tale of former years.

Where the St. Lawrence calmly bears along
Niagara's waters, and the Indian's song,
A fever-freighted ship her cargo lands,
Of death — of hopeless hearts and helpless hands.
There, as like sheep, they die, the shepherd bears
The Gospel's tidings and the church's prayers,
Stands by his post, till dimness press his eye,
Then dying meekly, teaches how to die.
Ere yet his vision fails — he haply sees
The little cottage hid amidst the trees,
Where pass'd the happy scenes of boyhood's hours,
The Sage discoursing of his favorite flowers,
Or culling maxims from the good and wise,
Teaches the youth the language of the skies.

Our early Guide, thy absence we deplore,
Though thou art wafted to a better shore,
In grief we bow above thy hallowed dust,
Yet feel — How "sweet the memory of the just."