



Mary Susan Rice.

Presented by.

Mr. Tomlinson

Boston, June 17. 1847.

THE
PILGRIM'S HARP.

BY

REV. J. L. MERRICK,

ELEVEN YEARS MISSIONARY TO THE PERSIANS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER AND BREWSTER.
NEW YORK:—LEAVITT, TROW; & CO., AND M. W. DODD.
PHILADELPHIA:—HENRY PERKINS.
1847.

KF-3139



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847,
BY REV. J. L. MERRICK,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E .

MAN is a pilgrim on earth, and should hasten toward a better land and a heavenly rest. Many are led by divine Providence through such unanticipated scenes, that they often cry out with the prophet, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." But the way of the upright is ordered in wisdom, and, whatever changes may come over it, will lead to everlasting joy.

Descended from an ancestry very early established in the land of the Pilgrims, and having been providentially led through varied scenes in my own and in foreign lands, the occasional poems that have cheered a long and weary way, may appropriately be styled *THE PILGRIM'S HARP*. Taken up at intervals of relaxation, as an accompaniment to devotion, a solace in trial, an echo of memory, a recorder of events, or a cheerer of hope and perseverance, it has favored the performance of more arduous duties.

Many of the following pieces were written in America, not a few at sea and while journeying in Turkey and Persia, and others were composed at various places of missionary residence where my pilgrim steps for a period were

stayed. Copious notes illustrating subjects, and describing places and scenes touched on in the following pages, have been prepared, but must be omitted, as the anticipated limits of the work have already been exceeded.

To Persia my youthful thoughts were directed, to her welfare the most vigorous portion of mature life has been devoted, and should I see her mountains, plains, and people no more, her cause will I plead, for her my prayers shall still ascend. May the God of salvation send her favored heralds of the truth, and bestow on her grace, peace, and righteousness forever.

JAMES L. MERRICK.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY POEMS.

	Page.
The Pilgrim's Harp,	13
Prayer for Persia,	17
Missionary Farewell,	18
Missionary Adieu,	21
Entering Persia,	22
Thanks to Harp,	23

CHAPTER II.

LYRICAL AND OTHER THEMES.

Kin&thayl,	26
Sabbath School Celebration,	35
Correction,	36
Thoughts of Spring,	37
Earthly Ties,	38
Pandemonium at Christmas,	41
Lonely Christian,	44
Moonlight at Sheerâz,	46
Sky-scene at Sheerâz,	49
Sing us a Song of Zion,	51
Temperance,	53
The Marriage,	54
Meditation,	56

▲*

	Page.
Hope,	57
Innocence,	58
Journeying,	59
The Bible,	60
Encamping,	61
Gentle Sleep,	62
Longing for Bliss,	63
Single Cares,	64
The Bachelor,	67
Matrimony,	69
Amiable Tempers,	70
Sabbath Bell of Fancy,	71
Pensive Musings,	72
Melancholy,	74
Mayday,	75
Harp Resumed,	77
Viewing the Past,	79
Missionary Call,	80
It doth not yet appear,	81
Desire to Reason with God,	82
Mutual Sympathies,	84
The Night Visit,	86
Despised Pious Zeal,	89
Love of Christ,	90
Sacred Love,	91
Missionary Baptism,	91
Checked Desire,	94
Manhood's Review,	96
Stormy Nations,	99
Thanks for Favors,	100
Two Infants,	101
Mother and Child,	104
Infant Choir,	107
Sennacherib,	114
Glance at the Future,	116
Another's Lays,	117
Fleeting Pilgrimage,	119
The Strayer,	119
Suit at Persia's Court,	123
The World of Snow,	124

	Page.
Tempted Soul,	126
The Vision,	129
Epigrams,	130
Restless Sea,	132
Anniversary,	133
Utilitarian,	136
The Return,	141

CHAPTER III.

SICK-BED, ELEGIES, FAREWELLS.

The Sick-bed,	143
Sympathies of Sickness,	166
The Little Brothers' Grave,	167
Correction of Sickness,	172
Benefits of Sickness,	172
Departed Missionary,	173
Parting,	175
Leaving Savannah, Ga.	175
Approaching Charleston, S. C.	176
Leaving Charleston,	177
Tender Parting,	177
Greeting from the Sea,	178
Missionaries Parting,	179
Karavan Journey,	180
Leaving Sheeráz,	181
Farewell Sheeráz,	182
Sighs at Persepolis,	183
Missionary Farewell,	184
Leaving Persia,	185
Farewell to Persia,	186

CHAPTER IV.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF NATURE.

The Meteors of 13th Nov., 1833,	189
Sunset,	191

	Page.
Evening Zephyr,	192
Evening Stars,	193
Solitude,	196
Heavenly Retreats,	198
Seastorm,	199
Night at Sea,	200
Thunder-cloud at Sea,	202
Saturday Evening,	202
The Tiny Flower,	204
Ararat,	205
Wind and Grove,	207
Winter Bound,	208
Cold,	209
Sparrow Songs in Gloom,	210
Falling Foliage,	212
Twentieth of September,	213
Farewell September,	214
September Recollections,	215
September Twentieth,	218

CHAPTER V.

VIEWS ON TIME AND KINDRED THEMES.

Flight of Time,	220
Youth,	221
Thought,	222
Thoughts on Death,	224
Last of September,	225
Fleeting Seasons,	227
Closing the Year,	229
Natal Hours,	230
Farewell 1835,	231
The Fleeting Year,	232
Is Duty Done?	233
The New Year,	234
Fancy's Visit,	235
Brevity and Vicissitude of Life,	237
Transient Years,	238

	Page.
Natal Musings,	239
Farewell 1836,	241
Adieu to the Year,	242
The Year's Farewell,	243
Crowning the New Year,	245
Review of Four Years,	247
Helped Hitherto,	248
New Year,	250
Hail New Year,	251
Winter Nativity,	252
Eighteen Hundred Forty,	253
Prayer at the Opening Year,	254
The Fortieth Year,	254
Commencing the Year,	256
Forty Years,	257

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDSHIP, HOME, COUNTRY.

Friendship,	259
Fancy's Interview,	260
Ripe Graces,	261
Fancy's Voyage,	262
Mutual Prayer,	264
Thoughts of Song,	264
Pure Affection,	265
Wounded Sympathy,	266
Sympathy Crossed,	267
Friends Meeting Above,	268
Departed Friend,	269
Memory of the Past,	270
The Departed,	272
Scattered Friends,	273
North and South,	275
Union Anticipated,	276
Conjugal Kindness,	276
Thoughts of Home,	278
The Heart's Home,	279

	Page.
Lonely Fireside,	281
My Mother,	284
Missionary Consecration,	286
Home Desired,	287
Coral Grave,	288
Prayer for Students,	289
Praying for Students,	290
Prayer for Youth,	291
Native Land,	292
National Hymn, July 4th,	293
My Country,	294
Seven Years Away,	296
Pilgrim Anniversary, 22d Dec., 1842,	297
Approaching New England,	298
Land ho! Old Massachusetts,	299

CHAPTER VII.

VANITY, TEMPTATION, TRIAL, COMPLAINT.

Gay Pleasures,	300
Vanity Repulsive,	301
Admonition,	302
Vanity of Earth,	302
Wherefore in Vain,	303
Lead not in Temptation,	304
Battle with Sin,	305
Temptation Deprecated,	306
Repenting,	307
Moral Winter,	308
Spiritual Sorrow,	309
The World's Tyranny,	310
Victory over the World,	311
Thoughts of Past Danger,	312
Missionary Pilgrim,	313
Sin Makes Heaven Desirable,	314
Earthly and Celestial Love,	315
The Flood Undried,	316
Grieving in Trial,	317

	Page.
Sorrow for the Unevangelized,	318
Retributive Justice,	319
How Long Wilt Thou Mourn,	320
The Lord is Holy,	321
Falls of the Instructed,	321
Relief at the Cross,	322
The Night of Life,	323
Divine Guidance Implored,	324
To Thy Rest,	325
Solitary Musings,	326
Elijah in Solitude,	327
Absence of God Lamented,	328
Sin's Doings,	329
Mortal Trials,	330
Longing to Fly Away,	331
Sorrowing,	332
Rejoicing,	333
God our Refuge in Trouble,	334
Appeals to God,	335
The Lord our Refuge,	336
Who will Pity Zion,	337
Concert Entreaties,	338
Submission and Perseverance in Prayer,	339
Salvation Longed For,	340
Hope of Israel,	340
Poor Magdalen,	341
The Fallen Pitied,	342
Guilt Bemoaned,	343
Turning to Heaven,	344

CHAPTER VIII.

REPENTANCE, SUPPLICATION, TRUST.

Moses' Lament,	345
Sorrowful,	346
Zion Weeping,	347
Crying to the Lord,	348
Sin Lamented,	349

	Page.
Forgiveness Implored,	349
Lonely Prayer,	350
Solitary Christian,	351
The Bitter Cup,	352
Importunate Entreaty,	353
Mortal Span,	354
Resignation,	355
How Long?	356
Pardon Implored,	357
The Lord was Angry,	358
Prayer in Trouble,	358
Sacred Ode,	359
Petitioning God,	360
Banish Evil,	361
Revival Praying,	362
The Voice of Prayer,	363
In Trouble Looking to God,	364
Cries for Divine Aid,	365
God Entreated,	366
Erring Sympathies,	367
Public Prayer for the Young,	368
Supplication for the Young,	369
Saturday Night Petitions,	370
Guidance and Aid Implored,	371
Increase our Faith,	371
Child's Hymn,	372
Zion Praying,	373
Wean Me,	374
'Teach Me to Do Thy Will,'	375
'This is the Way,'	376
Perfect Way,	376
Help Implored,	377
Divine Refuge,	378
Power of Faith,	379
Trusting in God,	380
Divine Protection,	380
It is Well,	381
Looking to Heaven,	382
Direction Implored,	384
My Lord,	384

	Page.
I Flee unto Thee to Hide Me,	385
Persecuted,	386
Response from Heaven,	387

CHAPTER IX.

WORSHIP, SABBATH, REVIVAL.

Saturday Night Preparation,	388
Celestial Praise,	389
'They Shall be Mine,'	390
Prayer Meeting,	391
Social Worship,	392
Flight of the Week,	393
Love Divine,	394
Delight in Worship,	394
Fall of Man,	395
Wrath and Mercy,	396
Sacred Songs Inviting,	397
Saints' Tribulation,	398
Awake O Wind,	399
Chariots of Amminadib,	400
What have I to do with Idols,	401
Prayer-meeting Remembered,	402
Soaring Above,	403
Future Joy,	404
Night Songs,	406
Baptism at a Mission,	406
Sabbath at Sea,	407
Sabbath on the Deep,	408
Devotion on the Deep,	409
Prayer for Seamen,	410
No More Sea,	411
Island of Mortality,	412
Sabbath Welcomed,	413
A Karavan Sabbath,	414
Sabbath Prized,	415
Sabbath Twilight,	415
Public Worship,	416

	Page-
Sabbath Desired,	417
Dawn of the Sabbath,	418
Precious Sabbath,	419
Sabbath Summons,	420
Third Service,	420
Our Intercessor,	421
Worship Above,	422
Sabbath Hymn,	423
Sabbath Night,	424
Praise for Sabbath Mercies,	425
Sacred Music,	426
Last Sabbath Night of the Year,	427
Hope in Trouble,	428
Patiently Waiting,	429
For a Moment Forsaken,	429
Address to Converts,	430
Conference Evening,	431
Prayer for Revival,	432
Call to Sinners,	433
Stubborn Sinner,	434
Contrite Sinner,	435
Convert's Joy in Christ,	435
Prayer for Sinners,	436
Convert's Peace,	437
Convert's Trial,	438
Assaults of Sin,	439
Convert's Song,	439
Reviving Implored,	440
Reviving Sought,	441

CHAPTER X.

DEVOTEDNESS, MISSIONARY, THANKSGIVING.

Guard thy Crown,	443
Imitation of Christ,	444
Looking to Jesus,	445
Watching unto Prayer,	445
Human and Divine Love,	446

	Page.
Christian Conflict,	447
Sighs of Sadness,	448
It is Enough,	449
Thanks for Guidance,	449
Yielding to the Divine Will,	451
Submissive Inquiry,	451
Watching,	452
Cross and Crown,	453
'Thy Kingdom Come,'	454
Coast of Barbary,	455
Concert of Prayer,	456
Missionary Thoughts,	457
Concert Cries,	458
Prayer for the World,	459
Prayer on Missionary Ground,	460
Turkish Wilds,	461
Concert by Euphrates,	462
Prayer for Missionaries,	462
Monthly Concert,	463
Sabbath Prayer,	464
The Dying Missionary,	465
Concert Petitions,	466
'Thy Will be Done,'	467
Grateful Believer,	467
Power of Evil,	468
Heavenly Joy,	469
How much should we Grieve,	470
Concert Supplications,	471
'The Field is the World,'	472
Ebenezer—Rock of Help,	473
Alleluia,	473
Exhortation to Praise,	474
Sin's Death,	475
Thanksgiving Hymn,	476
Natal Song,	477
Natal Review,	478
Praise for Yearly Mercies,	480
The Lord my Strength and Song,	481
Praise Ye the Lord,	482
Unwearied Praise,	482

	Page.
Lonely Praise,	483
Trust in the Lord,	484
First of Autumn,	485

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH, IMMORTALITY, HEAVEN.

Death Welcome,	486
Abraham's Lament over Sarah,	487
Reflections on Life,	488
Longing to Depart,	489
Let me go Home,	490
Converse with Death,	491
Saint at his Funeral,	492
Ministering Spirits,	493
Dying Sailor,	494
When Weak then Strong,	495
Departed Child,	496
The Foreign Grave,	497
Longing for Immortality,	498
The Resurrection,	499
Grace Abounding over Sin,	499
The Judgment,	500
The Spiritual Body,	502
The Glorified Body,	502
Trial and Joy,	503
Sighing for Rest,	504
Thoughts of Heaven,	505
Holy and Happy,	506
Going Home,	507
River and Trees of Life,	508
Views of Faith,	508
Blessed are the Dead,	509
Shall I be in Heaven,	510
Heaven the Refuge,	511
Heaven Remembered,	512
Thinking of Heaven,	513
Reserved Glory,	514

	Page.
Vision of Bliss,	515
Brightness of Heaven,	517
Shouts in Glory,	518
Heaven Anticipated,	519
Unknown Bliss Above,	520
Christian's Last Sacrament,	521
Love to God,	522
The Lord is There,	523
Tears Wiped Away,	524
Come Away,	524
Forever Blessed,	525

CHAPTER XII.

THEMES RELATING TO GOD AND THE PERSONS OF THE DIVINE TRINITY.

Prayer to the Spirit,	527
The Spirit Implored,	528
Salvation Implored,	529
Christmas Hymn,	530
Meeting Jesus,	531
Christ's Love,	532
The Love of Christ,	533
Song at Bethlehem,	534
Jesus,	535
The Shulamite's Search,	536
Rejoicing in Christ,	537
Glory to Christ,	537
Lord, Come Quickly,	538
Christmas Anthem,	539
Christ Commissioning His Disciples,	540
Love to Christ,	541
Sacramental Hymn,	542
Christ's Resurrection,	543
Sacramental Thoughts,	544
Christmas Praise,	545
Palm Sunday,	546

xviii

	Page.
Sailing from Smyrna Homeward,	547
The Trinity,	548
Mystery of Providence,	549
Election,	550
Finite Spans not Infinity,	551
Divine Providence Right,	552
The Wrath of Man shall Praise Thee,	553
'Go Thy Way,'	553
Praise for Divine Mercy,	554
Mercy's Visit,	555
Cry for Mercy,	556
Mercy of God,	557
God is Love,	558
Lost in Sin,	559
The Judgment Desired,	560
The Divine Will,	561
Divine Sovereignty,	562
Never Alone,	564
Pleading with God,	565
The Lord Reigneth,	567
Appeal to God,	568
First Concert of the Year,	569
Teach us to Pray,	570
Sovereign Grace,	571
God Loved the World,	572
Jehovah Implored,	573
O the Depth,	574

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mission Prophet,	575
--------------------------------	-----

ERRATA.

- Page 25, 6th line, for will, read wilt.
" 63, 19th line, for there, read these.
" 145, 22d line, for sympathies love, read sympathies of love.
" 230, 9th line, for moment's, read moment.
" 231, 14th line, for fleeting, read fleeter.
" 234, 20th line, for he, read be.
" 369, 11th line, for ascriptions, read ascription.
" 473, 3d line, for Thither, read Hither.
" 457, 15th line, for cords, read chords.
" " 22d line, for E'n, read E'en.
" 512, 7th line, for soothe writhing, read soothe the writhing.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY POEMS.

THE PILGRIM'S HARP.

My Harp ! thou oft hast cheered my hours
In my lone pilgrim way,
In deserts drear, in charming bowers,
I've listened to thy lay ;
Simple, yet endeared thy tone,
Modest, heard not save alone,
Like nightingale mid vernal flowers
That shuns the blaze of day,
But darkling tasks alone her powers
Melodious praise to pay ;
Notes together blended thrown,
Cheerful ? pensive ? which unknown,
 Yet so charming,
 Care disarming,
Fall her rich lays upon the list'ning ear,—
Harp, would thy notes had been as sweet and clear.

My Harp, at length we need must part,
What shall I do with thee ?

Shall burn thee ere death's fatal dart
 Points me eternity ?
 Leave no trace that friend or foe
 Thy existence e'er may know ?
 And save thee from the critic's art
 Which doubtless harsh would be ?
 Such fate to give would grieve my heart,
 So long thou cheeredst me ;
 In my joy, or in my woe,
 Far or near thy numbers flow,
 To each feeling
 Scenes revealing,
 Now chasing gloomy solitude away,
 Then turning earthly night to heavenly day.

Harp, in my youth I touched thy strings
 And wondered at the sound ;
 (O Time, thou wear'st the lightning's wings
 To whirl the seasons round !
 Where ? ye youthful days, O where ?
 Vanished like some fragrant air !)—
 But fainter were thy murmurings
 Upon my native ground,
 As distant grew my wanderings,
 More dear thy solace found,
 Yet with skillless hand so rare
 Thou the idle hour didst share,
 Fancy dreaming,
 Thee ne'er deeming
 The kind companion of my pilgrim way,
 Where disappointment clouds hope's dawning day,

 What varied scenes thou dost recall,
 What friends beloved so dear !

Sweet home—the academic hall
 In all their charms appear ;—
 Led where southern breezes blow,
 Strangers did such kindness show,
 Till louder grew the secret call
 Long murm'ring in my ear ;—
 My friends, my home, my country, all
 Forsook without a tear,—
 Scenes the world may never know,
 Fond affection's overflow !

Hope yet stilling

Nature thrilling

When ocean bore me from my native soil,
 And weary wand'rings led through trying toil.

My Harp, I almost thought it wrong
 To listen to thy lays,
 When time so swift bore me along,
 And labor filled my days,
 But in solitary shade,
 Or upon a sick-bed laid,
 Then thou wert wont to tune thy song
 Some cheerful hope to raise,
 Now telling o'er my trials strong,
 Then turn the theme to praise,—
 Kindness dear could I upbraid ?
 Soothing, heaven-sent, gentle aid !

Few that render

Love so tender,

Yet thou unstrung, neglected might'st have lain,
 Had not my pilgrim course been hedged with pain.

My Harp, thou know'st I love my friends
 More dear than tongue can tell,

The thrills that fond affection blends
 Oft, oft this bosom swell ;
 Soon of me they'll hear no more
 Till they reach the spirit-shore ;—
 The charm some dear memento lends
 Of one that's bid farewell,
 For whom the fond desire ascends
 With him at length to dwell—
 Wilt thou give ? tell o'er and o'er
 Joys gone by and those in store ?
 Now wilt sadden,
 Oft'ner gladden,
 While in the token dear ones fondly see
 Scenes of my life,—such, Harp, say wilt thou be ?

And if some strong and hostile hand
 At thee a blow should aim,
 Fear not the stroke, but boldly stand,
 Thou dost not seek for fame ;
 Friends, if true, thy lays will prize,
 Scorn foes' frowns and flatteries :
 Go, tell the loved in native land
 What on their brother came,
 Some things they may not understand
 Tell them they must not blame ;
 Let them think what trouble tries
 Pilgrim lone 'neath orient skies,
 Let affection
 Give direction
 To judgment which on thee they may bestow,
 The pledge of love, fear not, my Harp, to go.

Kind Heaven with thee a blessing send
 To all who look on thee,

From causing ill through grace defend,
 Grant to His praise may be—
 Humble gift His hand bestowed
 To relieve my thorny road,
 Grant, whether stranger now or friend,
 We may the Saviour see,
 His praise in one sweet anthem blend
 Throughout eternity :
 Harp, though rough thy numbers flowed,
 In that bright and blest abode
 Notes of glory—
 Thrill thy story,
 Heaven speed thy way till then, and grace pursue,
 My Harp, my kind Companion, now adieu.

~~~~~

PRAYER FOR PERSIA.

JESUS, my Lord, if e'er to me,  
 Thou lend'st a listening ear,  
 The prayer I now address to thee,  
 Hear, O my Saviour, hear.

On Persia pour the Gospel light,  
 In full meridian day ;  
 Let every vale and mountain height,  
 Shine in the blissful ray.

Send the blest Spirit from above,  
 Enforce thy sacred word ;  
 Forgive their sin, impart thy love,  
 O save the Persians, Lord.

Shall one unworthy, weak as I,  
 Coöperate with thee ?  
 I wait thy will, on thee rely,  
 Lord, here am I, send me.

---

### MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

AWAY, away our little band,  
 With hearts so firm and true ;  
 Dear friends, let go our parting hand,  
 Nor sigh at our adieu !

Kind parents, brothers, sisters, all,  
 Though far away we roam,  
 Yet, oft with pleasure we'll recall,  
 The joys of our sweet home.

We'll think of you, in truth, we will,  
 And pour our fervent prayer,  
 That God may our desire fulfil,  
 And make you all His care.

What though beyond the wide, wide sea,  
 Returnless we are borne ;  
 What though our evening shade shall be,  
 To you the hour of morn :

Still in devotion we'll repair  
 Unto the self-same throne,  
 Our evening praise, your morning prayer,  
 Like clouds shall blend in one.

'Twill be as if a grain of sand  
 Alone did intervene ;  
 You kneeling in our own dear land,  
 We mid some Persian scene.

To us the day will wake as bright,  
 As beauteous sink to rest,  
 As when we hailed the glorious night,  
 In our dear native west.

In all the duties of the day,  
 We'll wear the brow of joy ;  
 Our work to preach, to praise and pray,  
 Delightful such employ !

Yes, should the waves of trouble roll,  
 And mountains round us nod,  
 Firm and serene our joyful soul,  
 Shall glory in our God.

The moon on Persian vale and hill,  
 Shines fair as on our land,  
 And oft with joy her light will thrill  
 Our missionary band.

Yes, when she in her loveliest mein,  
 Comes riding up the sky,  
 We'll think of each delightful scene,  
 When joyful hope beat high :

When in our youth and riper days,  
 We hailed her filling horn,  
 With balmy air drank in her rays,  
 Nor wished a hasty morn.

Ah, memory then will tell the name  
 Of friends we love so well,  
 With fond affection still the same,  
 Our thrilling hearts will swell.

And yet we shall not drop a tear,  
 Nor sigh at our remove ;  
 Our Jesus is so highly dear,  
 Beyond all earthly love.

The stars too, glow with brilliant light  
 Along the Persian blue,  
 The very stars that cheer the night  
 Of those we bid adieu.

Dear friends, as in the evening air,  
 You hail each rising star,  
 Think that it doth some message bear,  
 From us, away so far.

Think of the starry crowns that wait,  
 For those that victory win ;  
 Look, and behold the golden gate,  
 Which lets the conq'rors in.

Be faithful, and the Saviour love,  
 'Tis the last charge we give ;  
 When next we meet 'twill be above,  
 With God and Christ to live.

The ship is parting from the shore,  
 The white sails proudly swell ;  
 We cannot stay a moment more,  
 Friends, native land, farewell !

## MISSIONARY ADIEUS.

PARENTS, brothers, sisters, dear!  
 Wipe away the falling tear,  
 Let your hearts not yield to fear,  
 Trust God and adore.

Courage—love, our bosom swell,  
 Mighty thrills what tongue can tell,  
 Bidding dearest friends farewell!  
 Ne'er to see them more.

Farewell sweet and happy home!  
 Far beyond the briny foam,  
 Pilgrims there to live and roam,  
 Now we haste away.

Native land! for thee we feel  
 All the patriot's burning zeal,  
 Never, never for thy weal  
 Can we cease to pray.

Hark! the agonising cry  
 Of a world about to die;  
 Lo, we to the rescue fly  
 At our Lord's command.

Never be our hearts dismayed,  
 God Almighty is our aid,  
 And in conqu'ring robes arrayed  
 We at last shall stand.

## ENTERING PERSIA.

HAIL ! my dear adopted Land !  
 Praise to Him whose gracious hand,  
 From my friends and country dear,  
 Brings me now to thy frontier.

Hail ! may peace and plenty come,  
 In thy realm to make their home ;  
 Hail ! may truth and righteousness  
 Soon thy erring people bless.

Many years have rolled away,  
 Since I first began to pray  
 Strange and distant land, for thee,  
 Which I now rejoicing see.

Now my toils for thee begin,  
 To redeem thy realm from sin ;  
 Thou my labors, prayers shalt have,  
 Though thou give me but a grave.

Persia, wake ! the morning light  
 Pierces through the shades of night ;  
 Wake, and rise to Gospel day,  
 Dreams of error drive away.

Let me, Lord, in joy and fear,  
 Raise my Ebenezer here ;  
 In thy name and strength to be  
 Pledge of future victory.

## THANKS TO HARP.

MY Harp! how much I owe to thee,  
 For kindly influence shed  
 On scenes and hours of misery,  
 When all my heart has bled  
 O'er bigotry and human woe,  
 And been by toil and care laid low.

Through many long revolving years—  
 Many a varied scene,  
 In joy's bright smile, in sorrow's tears,  
 Mid prospects drear or green,  
 Thy simple tone has pain beguiled,  
 While pleasure sweeter, longer smiled.

True hearts, though strong as giant oak,  
 If tried too hard and long,  
 Must be at last by pressure broke,  
 When sympathy nor song,  
 Like safety-valve, the force dispels  
 Of care and grief which strongly swells.

And yet a voice came o'er the sea,  
 To say that former friends  
 Were frowning on thy minstrelsy,  
 As if important ends  
 Were lost to view, while in thy lay  
 I lulled my precious time away.

My Harp, how seldom has thy sound  
 Stole on my list'ning ear,



Till all the graver tasks I found  
 By careful labor clear,  
 Left me a moment to renew  
 Strength for the object most in view.

Such zealous censors may suppose  
 The hymns of heaven a loss,  
 While man is struggling with his woes,  
 And, to advance the Cross,  
 Might silence all the harps above,  
 On pretext of redeeming love.

Why should a spirit sing on high  
 While any soul is left ;  
 No ; bid all heaven disordered fly,  
 As if of sense bereft,  
 And providence and man assail,  
 And drag to bliss by tooth and nail.

May such cool neighbors never leave  
 Their comforts far to roam,  
 Nor, lorn and worn, be left to grieve  
 Lost sympathy at home,  
 And learn their name is slighted too,  
 Where glowing friendship sighed adieu.

My Harp, for thee, my Lord I praise,  
 And with thee, laud His name,  
 If He approves thy artless lays,  
 I little care who blame,  
 Critics may sneer, and friends upbraid,—  
 I'll welcome still thy faithful aid.

As thou hast cheered my pilgrimage  
In oriental lands,  
Mayhap in each approaching stage,  
Thou'lt share my ebbing sands,  
On native shores—where'er I rove,  
Will cheer me with thy faithful love.

## CHAPTER II.

### LYRICAL AND OTHER THEMES.

---

#### KINÂTHAYL.

A spirit severe as an angel can be,  
And like lightning in zeal for the Deity,  
Returned from a mission to earth ;  
O where are the thunders of vengeance ! he cried,  
As he swept through the portals of glory wide,—  
The best of the race every blessing deride,  
O give me sway to blast their mirth !

Creation I've ranged but I never before  
Found creatures like those I was sent to explore,  
And who I was told were the saints ;  
They differed, 'tis true, from the rest of the race,  
By outlines of goodness and sketches of grace,  
Which feebly their natures degraded did trace,—  
Goodness like theirs the title taints !

A gentle response sweetly thrilled from the throne,—  
Thy zeal and devotion, Kinâthayl, I own,  
For ages a bright'ning flame ;

But the wayward creature in probation there,  
 Some little compassion from thee might share,  
 If thou knewest what trials, what constant care,  
 Oppress the race, thou less wouldst blame.

Well then let me prove it! said strong Kináthayl,  
 That world is abhorrent, but I cannot fail  
 In any state to act with zeal ;  
 I'll teach them a lesson they never learned yet,  
 And set an example they'll never forget,  
 I'll show them condition's no hindrance or let  
 To spirits true that duty feel.

To prove their condition, said the Voice Divine,  
 Thou must for a period thy state resign,  
 Forget all experience past ;  
 The stages of being they prove there below,  
 From childhood to age, in time's varied flow,  
 Must be thine, with share of their pleasure and woe,  
 And death to conclude all at last.

A sleep shall come o'er thee, and Gabriel convey  
 Thy spirit to earth, and encage it in clay,  
 To run through a mortal's degrees ;  
 The wants and the woes of the race if you bear  
 Without an emotion to pity and spare,  
 When freed from probation you hither repair,  
 Then do with them all as you please.

Said Kináthayl glowing, so let it be done !  
 It is nothing to count off their yearly sun,  
 Their cycles points only appear ;  
 But grant me the favor to choose my own lot,  
 And, be like the babe I observed in a cot,

Where heavenly displeasure I almost forgot,  
As flowed the true penitent tear.

But their babes never choose, replied the mild Voice,  
Nor well would select, were it left to their choice,  
Yet be it as you have desired ;  
Retire to that mount of perennial snow,  
Which glitters afar in the sunbeam below,  
God wills it ! pronounce, then, Kinâthayl, well know,  
Thou wilt be what thou hast admired.

In the transports of zeal the bright seraph flew,  
And dropped like a star on the summit in view,  
Pronouncing the mystical word ;  
When Kinâthayl sublime was instantly changed  
To a gentle zephyr which loftily ranged,  
From thought and sensation till evening estranged,  
When Gabriel was called by his Lord.

Haste now, said the Voice, to that mountain afar,  
Which brilliantly glitters 'neath Hesperus' car,  
And find out there a heavenly breath,  
Then speed to that cottage whose low roof is seen,  
By a soft lunar ray encircled in green,  
There a fair infant lies its parents between,  
Whose soul has just parted by death.

That zephyr celestial unto it impart,  
And life thus restoring, in silence depart,  
All which was immediately done ;  
The zephyr grew warm as pulsation returned,  
And spirit again, it unceasingly burned,  
Till glowing with fever, the babe tossed and turned,  
Woke and wept till the rising sun.

All night strove the parents to obtain for it rest,  
 The fond mother proffered full often the breast,  
 Yet th' infant would nothing but cry,  
 Naught, naught could its heat or impatience allay,  
 It struggled and sorrowed till dawn of the day,  
 The father in trouble fast hastening away,  
 For a doctor in learning held high.

He came, was amazed at the furious heat,  
 Too fast to be counted the pulses did beat,  
 And bleeding and physic proved vain ;  
 It would run its course, and the fever did run,  
 Like a furnace all glowing, long days twenty-one,  
 While doctor and parents thought surely each sun  
 Would free the poor suff'rer from pain.

He lived, but all thought it was far passing strange,  
 He grew, but the parents found marvellous change  
 In spirit and look of their boy ;  
 The mother oft said that she could not have thought,  
 Such great alteration by illness was wrought,  
 She ne'er should have known him ; and how had he caught  
 A fever so fell to destroy.

Her babe was so gentle, but now was all fire,  
 She hardly knew whether to fear or admire ;  
 And childhood and youth proved the same,  
 Like others he never was laughing and gay,  
 Forever impatient, e'en when he did pray,  
 His language and manner seemed always to say,  
 His spirit was no human flame.

He strove against nature, and struggled to bind  
 The very conditions that fetter mankind,—

'Twas weakness to thirst or to sleep ;  
 And when it was dark he declared he *would* see,  
 But the will and its object could never agree,  
 Beyond a fixed limit that heeded no plea,  
 And man in close quarters did keep.

At home or abroad, when at meeting or school,  
 Some thought him a wonder and others a fool,  
 Impossible always he tried ;  
 For many long years seemed to give little heed,  
 To the difference found 'twixt will and the deed,  
 Or that he of aught but volition had need,  
 And yet he was guiltless of pride.

If sickness and anguish o'erwhelmingly came,  
 It prompted his wonder, and filled him with shame,  
 He would not believe it ordained ;  
 The ills and the trials affecting the race,  
 He looked on as folly mixed up with disgrace,  
 Till painful experience altered the case,  
 And showed him how mortals were chained.

He grieved, and he struggled, but found it all vain,  
 The bars of his prison unmoved did remain,  
 And little by little he learned,  
 That mortals were trammelled by weakness and woe,  
 And suffered ten thousand afflictions below,  
 In spite of their wills, which would ne'er have it so,  
 And in proud rebellion oft burned.

Yet nature was in him too active and strong,  
 To heed any lesson, though hard, very long,  
 Still often he judged much amiss,  
 The gauge of his reason was yet fiery zeal,

And onward he urged like a tempest peal, peal,  
 Perfection in all things was ever his seal,  
 Nought prized he but unbounded bliss.

So every thing crossed him or blasted his hope,  
 For who with the order of nature can cope,  
 And alter God's righteous decree ;  
 One day by himself, his first time in despair,  
 To a lone lofty mount he did private repair,  
 To study the mystery of mortal things there,  
 On a summit o'erhanging the sea.

The war of the waters upon the bold shore,  
 The tossing, and surging, and echoing roar,  
 Arrested the flow of his mind ;  
 What means the confusion and battle I see,  
 This fury and firmness has precepts for me,  
 Two elements clashing which well might agree,  
 And peace in true harmony bind.

The breakers that threaten to swallow the land,  
 Are rolled back triumphantly e'en by the sand,  
 When God has appointed the bound ;  
 So throughout creation, whatever I see,  
 Seems bounded and balanced by holy decree,  
 And much I behold now mysterious to me,  
 Hereafter most wise may be found.

With deep silent flow of a full fountained breast,  
 He sunk by long musing serenely to rest,  
 And dreamed he an angel had been,  
 And for the impatience of too hasty zeal,  
 The pains of probation was sentenced to feel,  
 Till he to sweet mercy could cordial appeal  
 For spirits degraded by sin.



He thought that his fellows of old in the sky,  
 With a smile at his trials were hovering nigh,  
 And often had laughed at his course,  
 While bound as a mortal by weakness and pain,  
 He strove as an angel his rank to maintain,  
 And nought but chagrin and repentance did gain,  
 For impotent misguided force.

But yells of confusion now broke on his ear,  
 A gang of fierce pirates surrounds him, and fear  
 For once fluttered fast in his breast ;  
 They seized him like tigers and dragged him a slave,  
 To drudge for the fiends of the wild ruthless wave,  
 They beat and blasphemed till he longed for the grave  
 To soothe his poor spirit to rest.

He soon knew their language, at least frowns and blows,  
 Their curses and revells redoubled his woes,  
 When one day a vessel appeared ;  
 With madness and joy the fell pirates pursue,  
 Soon boarded the merchant and murdered the crew,  
 And onward their way of destruction renew,  
 By store of rich booty much cheered.

In spoil they had saved was a package of sails,  
 Which down in the store-room was tumbled for gales  
 That might rend their canvass away ;  
 Two lovely twin sisters just turned of thirteen,  
 Were wound in that bale when the pirates were seen,  
 Their poor widowed father thus hoping to screen  
 His jewels on that fatal day.

Three days had gone by, when the poor slave was sent  
 To the store-room to bring for the fiends' merriment

Some wine that lay under the sails ;  
 In pulling and turning the package he found,  
 That something not canvass within it was bound,  
 And forthwith the parcel in wonder unwound—  
 But language to paint the scene fails !

Suffice it to say, he their brother became,  
 Attended their wants and concealed them from shame,  
 Till the pirates again reached a shore,  
 And anchored one eve in a beautiful bay,  
 And feasted and drank till all stupified lay,  
 When the slave and his charge in a boat slipt away  
 To a country they ne'er saw before.

What perils, privations, the pilgrims surround,  
 E'er they to their people a way at length found,  
 Were long and full painful to tell ;  
 But sorrow and sympathy softened the heart  
 Of him who for others could now feel the smart,  
 When suddenly, by irresistible dart,  
 The sisters together both fell.

For them, pure and pious, his sympathies flowed,  
 And when he regained the parental abode,  
 He found it a desolate gloom ;  
 His parents, 'twas said, broken-hearted had died,  
 That he had absconded at fortune's ebb-tide,  
 And but the day previous were laid side by side,  
 By charity in the same tomb.

He hasted to weep at the cold cruel grave,  
 Much altered in spirit since he was a slave,  
 But sorrow had only begun,  
 Misfortune had marked him with envious eye,

As oft she marks others to curse till they die,  
 And every calamity turn by turn try,  
 That falls to man's lot 'neath the sun.

What trial, what trouble, what varied distress !  
 With turns of enjoyment to make wretchedness  
 More wretched, was run through for years !  
 No form of affliction his spirit did spare,  
 That poor helpless mortal was e'er called to bear,  
 Till time in his visage deep channels did wear  
 For many a torrent of tears.

Temptations assailed him with wild witching guile,  
 And all that is heinous, and horrid, and vile,  
 Till often he thought he should fall !  
 In short, every woe that a Christian endures,  
 Till grace over evil the triumph secures,  
 While faith future glory with Jesus insures,  
 Poured into his chalice its gall.

Old, withered and weak, with a few hairs of gray,  
 In a poor-house he lingered his last debt to pay,  
 More patient and meek than a child ;  
 For deep he had studied God's counsels divine,  
 In providence saw grace and wisdom combine,  
 Beheld how the ransomed in glory did shine,  
 And sweetly at brief sorrow smiled.

Amid sacred musings he slumbered and dreamed,  
 And now troops of angels intent on him seemed,  
 All glowing with brotherly love ;  
 So tender, so joyful, they cast off his clay,  
 Each longing to bear his freed spirit away,  
 Which touched and restored now by heaven's potent ray,  
 Was Kinâthayl darting above !

What plans or petitions he bore to the throne,  
 What power received over earth is not known,  
 But of this we all may be sure,  
 Probation goes on much as wont to before,  
 The struggle 'twixt evil and grace is not o'er,  
 And could we the future a long way explore,  
 Might see the same system endure.

---

**SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.**

SERAPH, tell me who are those,  
 Ent'ring through that sacred gate ?  
 Saint, those blooming like the rose,  
 On divine instruction wait.  
     Saints and Seraphs, join our song ;  
     Earth and skies, the notes prolong.

Seraph, let us stoop our wing,  
 With them also enter here :  
 Saint, we'll join with them and sing  
 Jesus their Deliverer.  
     Saints and Seraphs, &c.

Seraph, why these children, say,  
 Hymning thus our blessed Lord ?  
 Saint, they meet each Sabbath day  
 To peruse His holy word.  
     Saints and Seraphs, &c.

Seraph, tell me, is it so ?  
 Never thus did I on earth !

Saint, e'en BABES the Saviour know!  
 CHILDREN share the second birth!  
 Saints and Seraphs, &c.

Seraph, has the blissful morn  
 Bright with promised glory come?  
 Saint, its rays the hills adorn,—  
 Cheer the eyes and hearts of some.  
 Saints and Seraphs, &c.

Seraph, help me, help me praise  
 Christ my Saviour and our King:  
 Saint, how sweet, how blest to raise  
 Heavenly notes which children sing.  
 Saints and Seraphs, &c.

Seraph, let us speed our flight—  
 News proclaim in heaven above!  
 Saint, how will the sons of light  
 Joy and sing redeeming love!  
 Saints and Seraphs, join our song,  
 Earth and skies, the notes prolong.

---

**CORRECTION.**

LIKE luxuriant, spreading vines,  
 Many-tendriled, strongly clinging,  
 So, fond affections, hopes, designs,  
 From this earthward heart were springing.

From His glorious throne above,  
 My kind heavenly Father saw me ;  
 He scourged my soul for creature love,  
 Upward to Himself to draw me.

Arise, my soul, why creep on earth,  
 Soiling wings that should be soaring ;  
 Remember thy celestial birth,  
 Heir with Him heaven is adoring.

My Saviour God, let my whole heart,  
 With thy fulness, filled, expanding,  
 E'en here, with seraphs share a part—  
 Round thy throne of glory standing.

---

### THOUGHTS OF SPRING.

[CANT. 2: 10—13.]

RISE, my love, and come away,  
 Wherefore in thy chamber stay ?  
     Spring inviting,  
     Charms delighting,  
 Bliss and beauty crown the day.

Winter storms are passed and gone,  
 Sweet and lovely, like the dawn,  
     Flowers springing,  
     Fragrance flinging,  
 Deck the woodland and the lawn.

Hark, the turtle's plaintive song  
 On the zephyr floats along,  
     Tender, thrilling,  
     O how willing  
 Nature hears the notes prolong.

Fig-trees show their young fruit green,  
 Vines with tender grapes are seen,  
     Sweets exhaling,  
     All regaling  
 That go forth to view the scene.

Rise, my love, and come away,  
 While the dew-drops on the spray,  
     Gem-like shining,  
     Charms combining,  
 My sole fair one, come away.

---

#### EARTHLY TIES.

HE could not seek the skies,  
     Because of friends below,  
 So strong were nature's ties  
     They would not let him go:  
 That bosom friend to leave in pain,—  
 His spirit sooner might be twain.

He knew that heaven was fair,  
     Said 'twas a world of bliss,  
 But doubted if were there  
     Another friend like this,

So mortal-like, just to his heart,  
 So kind, so sweet,—no, could not part.

Could he find sympathy  
 In an archangel's breast?  
 With seraphs well agree,  
 Whose praises never rest?  
 Ah, seemed this mighty worship done,  
 Like planets sweeping round the sun.

With saints of ancient name  
 How little could he share;  
 Should fear the glowing flame  
 These ransomed spirits bear;  
 Like rural child in royal court,  
 How could he bear celestial port.

In heaven should feel alone,  
 And praise with awful fear,  
 At distance from the throne,  
 Without a spirit dear  
 To melt with his, and soft unite  
 In adoration and delight.

O no; he could not go  
 To the exalted skies;  
 'Twas heaven enough below,  
 With jewels of his eyes,  
 With mutual love could here adore,  
 What could he do, what ask for more.—

One morn alone in prayer  
 Extended on the ground,  
 In anguish like despair,



This earth-bound soul was found :  
 Well might the firmest friend turn pale,  
 To hear the weeping suff'rer wail.

The heaven desired below  
 Had left him for the skies,  
 Its place was filled with woe,  
 And rung with tortured cries ;  
 O how he prayed to follow too,  
 And bid his chosen earth adieu !

He fain would have above  
 An idol to adore,  
 And all his joy and love  
 Upon its altar pour,  
 Nor seek nor care to know what bliss  
 In heaven might be excepting this.

What bitter months of grief  
 Came o'er his bleeding heart !  
 Nor earth nor heaven relief  
 To his poor soul impart ;  
 Ah, then in truth he felt alone,  
 Nor place nor friend dared call his own.

One eve in prayer he knelt  
 And looked with faith to heaven,  
 Till, filled with grace, he felt  
 Idolatry forgiven ;  
 Peace, joy and sweet celestial love  
 Poured through his soul from springs above.

It seemed he now could praise  
 With Gabriel, near the throne,

With Enoch trace the ways  
 Of God, on earth unknown ;  
 In perfect fellowship unite  
 With every spirit blest in light.

What praises swell his heart  
 To the all-gracious God,  
 For salutary smart  
 From his correcting rod ;  
 The pain that brings him to the skies,  
 Is changed to pleasure in his eyes.

What rapture, love divine,  
 Through all his spirit pours ;  
 Where glories brightest shine,  
 Extatic he adores ;  
 The Saviour God is now his all,  
 His bliss before the throne to fall.



#### PANDEMONIUM AT CHRISTMAS.

'Twas midnight o'er the earth,  
 That rung with hellish mirth,  
 For age on age had rolled away,  
 Since died the last prophetic lay  
 That pointed to a coming day  
 Glad with a Saviour's birth :  
 Man and fiend grown infidel,  
 With presumptuous rage rebel,  
 'Scaped or now forgetting hell,

4\*

They doubt and dare Jehovah's sway,  
 And league their powers in dark array,  
 And feast round Satan's hearth.

The daring rebel crowned,  
 With pomp and hauteur frowned,  
 And though he felt within his breast,  
 A hell whose vipers never rest,  
 The writhing anguish he suppressed,  
 And on his votaries round,  
 Shadowed an infernal smile,  
 Essence dark of hellish guile,  
 Ah, that look might near defile  
 An angel's pure and radiant vest,  
 And put the light of heaven to test,  
 And pale the senseless ground.

'Twas in the hallowed shade  
 The towers of Zion made,  
 The feast was held with hellish rites,  
 And served by foul infernal sprites,  
 Illumined with terrific sights ;  
 There all the chiefs arrayed,  
 Mingling large and quaffing free,  
 Wine of pride and blasphemy,  
 Drunk—defy the Deity ;  
 Each mortal guest his spirit plights,  
 Mad with witching sin's delights,  
 His God would have betrayed.

The rage was at its height,  
 Had put the stars to flight,  
 When glory over Bethl'em beamed,  
 And full on Satan's orgies gleamed ;

Transfixed with wrath the rebels screamed,  
 And sunk to nether night !  
 Living chains about them grēw,  
 Bolts of torture pierced them through,  
 Storms of lightning on them blew,  
 While mortal wretches that blasphemed,  
 Their souls in hell already deemed,  
 O'erwhelmed with heavenly light.

The startled shepherds fear  
 The form of glory near,  
 That comes with tidings from the skies ;  
 Away with dread and doubt ! he cries,  
 Let heart and voice in rapture rise,  
 A Saviour ! Christ is here !  
 Joy to every tribe below,  
 Comes salvation to bestow !  
 Let your praise triumphant flow !  
 Adoring view with glad surprise  
 The Child that man with God allies,  
 Your own Redeemer dear.

Now o'er the bright'ning plains  
 Resound the blissful strains  
 Of heaven's exulting, choicest band !  
 The waking zephyrs gladly fanned  
 The notes celestial o'er the land,  
 A balm to mortal pains :  
 Mercy, mourning the forlorn,  
 Dries her tears this blessed morn,  
 Raptured cries, My King is born !  
 Let Justice yield his stern demand  
 To an almighty saving hand,  
 For Immanuel reigns.

To heaven in bright array  
 Gabriel leads the way ;  
 Air ravished hears the anthems swell ;  
 The starry host, as by a spell,  
 Stop their career while seraphs tell  
 The wonder of the day :  
 Golden gates unbarred and free  
 Welcome in the harmony,  
 Moving heaven to ecstasy :  
 The choirs on man's redemption dwell,  
 Thy love and praise, Immanuel !  
 Themes never to decay.

---

#### L O N E L Y   C H R I S T I A N .

HE had no friends below,  
     Or if he had, too far  
 His daily grief to know,  
     And in his sighs to share ;  
 Poor wanderer, alone and lost,  
 Mid foes with every prospect crossed.

No being knew the grief  
     That on his vitals preyed,  
 Save Him who still relief  
     Mysteriously delayed :  
 My God, he cried in fervent prayer,  
 Forget not one so long thy care.

At times a cheerful ray  
 Would light his pallid face,  
 But fading soon away,  
 An air usurped its place—  
 Not gloom nor joy,—hope nor despair,  
 All strangely meeting, mingling there.

He felt like one who prays  
 By dying sinner's bed,  
 Turns, horror-struck surveys  
 The anxious spirit fled :  
 Gone ! snatched away ! unknown his fate !  
 Sad cause to fear prayer came too late.

He prayed with fervent cries  
 Through many rolling years,  
 His prayer just Heaven denies,  
 Nor heeds his scalding tears ;  
 A voice in sternness seemed to say,  
 Forbear ! let judgment have its way.

As Judah's prophet wept  
 Amid the ruins wide,  
 When savage war had swept  
 Away his country's pride ;  
 So this afflicted spirit grieved,  
 Of darling hopes and joys bereaved.

Nor this the only woe  
 His soul in anguish bears,  
 Such inbred sin to know  
 A place within him shares,  
 Torments his spirit day by day,  
 And makes him long to flee away.

With face bowed in the dust,  
 Peirced by envenomed dart,  
 He cried, my God, my trust,  
 Give me a holy heart,  
 So seraph like, all flaming pure,  
 No evil can the blaze endure.

He calmly looked above,—  
 There henceforth be my all !  
 To share my Saviour's love,  
 And in His presence fall,  
 Is joy enough for earth or skies,  
 What conflicts or what anthems rise.



### MOONLIGHT AT SHEERÂZ.

'Tis evening in the Persian sky,  
 Most gorgeous is the scene,  
 It well might charm an angel's eye,  
 With soft enchanting sheen :  
 The silver moon, now near her noon,  
 Throws o'er the scattered stars  
 Such radiance bright, their fainter light  
 Scarce shows their diamond cars.

What spirit from a world afar,  
 On wing to pass our plain,  
 With upward glance at moon and star,  
 Would think oppressions reign

'Neath such a sky, or that a sigh  
 Of sorrow should be known,  
 Within the walls where radiance falls,  
 As round an angel's throne.

The snowy heights that wall us round  
 Reflect the silver light,  
 But send no blasts to sweep the ground  
 With savage wintry might :  
 The scene is fair, and mild the air,  
 As if the Deity  
 Made nature's laws to suit Sheerâz,  
 And charm to ecstasy.

O'er mosque and palace far and wide,  
 The glitt'ring moonbeams dance,  
 And silence, night's beloved bride,  
 Seems fallen in a trance :  
 Soft pensive gloom shrouds Hâfiz's tomb,  
 Beneath his cypress shade,  
 And Sâdy's bower, this solemn hour,  
 Both long in slumber laid.

O harps of Eerân ! wake again,  
 But not to witching notes,  
 Burst forth with the celestial strain  
 That over Eden floats ;  
 Redemption sing, and praise the King  
 That conquers earth and hell,  
 How man can rise to paradise,  
 In thrilling accents tell.

O Eerân, in my native land,  
 How did my bosom glow,



With hope amid thy scenes to stand,  
 And heaven's bright pathway show ;  
 To Isfahân, once fair as dawn,  
 On fancy's wing I've flown,  
 Tehrân,—Tebreez,—Sheerâz,—could please,  
 Or Jemsheed's, ruined throne.\*

But Eerân ! Eerân ! what return  
 Requite the generous love,  
 Not me, my Saviour dear, you spurn,  
 And scorn a guide above :  
 In fatal chain must you remain,  
 Denouncing those to hell,  
 Who fain would thee from slavery free,  
 And bring with God to dwell.

Alas, my Eerân, must I go  
 And leave thee madly lost,  
 Where skies are fair, where roses blow,  
 But hope of heaven is crossed :  
 God grant thee grace to seek His face  
 And mansions in the skies ;  
 At last may we, in harmony,  
 Meet in true paradise.

Ye friends, who oft in by-gone days  
 Imparted sweet delight,  
 When robed and crowned with silver rays,  
 We hailed the queen of night ;  
 Think you of me as her you see  
 In lovely splendor drest ?  
 Still do I share your fervent prayer  
 To bounteous Heaven addressed ?

\* Persepolis. Eerân is Persia.

The ocean wide between us rolls,  
 And lofty mountains rise,  
 But love divine unites our souls,  
 Bears upward to the skies ;  
 There at the throne we meet as one,  
 To part nor suffer more,  
 In endless joy our sweet employ,  
 To love, to praise, adore.

~~~~~

SKY-SCENE AT SHEERÂZ.

O who could view the wondrous sight
 That blessed Sheerâz to-day,
 Nor feel a thrill of pure delight,
 And thanks to Allah pay.

The children of the royal Sun,
 By Ocean bounteous bride,
 In recent days a task have done,
 With labor well applied.

Not fair Rebekah with her urn
 More welcome did appear,
 Then those with aspect dark and stern,
 That quenched our thirsting here.

Upon the heights they hoarded snow
 For summer to remain,

While on the wide-spread plain below,
They poured an ample rain.

To-day around their king and sire,
They had a holiday,
He mounted on his throne of fire,
And robed in brightest ray.

Reclining on the pillowed heights,
In oriental style,
They quaffed at ease the fair delights,
Bright in the royal smile.

The dusky dress in which they wrought,
For Firmân* well obeyed,
Was now exchanged to white Khilât,*
That gorgeous them arrayed.

Methought the fabled Par'ees fair
Danced in their native skies,
Sure more of charm and joy was there
Than met a mortal's eyes.

Can audience with this compare
Of monarch proud and vain,
Though toil and cost he may not spare
To garnish off his reign.

Yet half Sheerâz but six days since,
Without the walls were found,
When Fer'ay'doon, a Persian prince,
Came creeping o'er the ground.

* A Firmân is an edict ; a Khilât is a robe of honor.

But doubt remains if they an eye,
 In rapturous survey,
 Have glanced around the lovely sky,
 And wonders of to-day.

SING US A SONG OF ZION.

PSALM 137.

THE world flesh and Satan combined
 Had borne us poor sinners away,
 By the rivers of Babel we pined,
 All silent our rapturous lay.

We wept o'er the murmuring stream
 Till deeper and hoarser its wave ;
 O Zion ! how fair thou didst seem,
 In this gloomy land of the slave.

Our harps on the willows we hung,
 And bowed under sorrows forlorn ;
 Our captors approached us and stung
 Our spirits with bitterest scorn.

Arise, holy saints of the Lord !
 And sing us old Zion's best song,
 Your piety God will reward,
 You've served Him so faithful and long.

Come, dance to the measures of mirth,
 And shout till re-echoes the sky ;

Good souls that have passed the new birth,
Whose works are all treasured on high !

And join to the song how you fought
When we vet'ran warriors assailed,
How vainly your God you besought
When your own little confidence failed.

You surely were with us in heart,
So easy the conquest was won ;
We none of us half played our part,
When lo, the whole matter was done.

We need pious servants like you,
Exemplars for spirits too wild,
So pray, and admonish them too,
Till all are as meek as a child.

Come, string all your harps to their height,
And teach us how Zion once rung ;
Old Lady ! how did she delight,
When children so holy all sung !

Now silence ! blasphemers of Heaven,
And quake at the wrath of our God,
Our sins punished here are forgiven,
But ye shall ne'er 'scape from His rod.

Eternal perdition shall pay
The wrong ye to Zion have done ;
Yes, then we will tune our best lay,
When this speedy conquest is won.

We'll shout our loved Zion redeemed,
 Enough of our songs ye shall hear ;
 Ye who have thus vaunted, blasphemed,
 Shall crushed in the judgment appear.

When down to the deepest dread hell,
 In anguish unuttered ye fall,
 We'll glory and rapturous tell,
 Our God reigns triumphant o'er all !

But captive, and in a strange land,
 How can we pour numbers divine ;
 O Zion ! be withered this hand,
 If I forget joys that were thine.

If I e'er remember not thee,
 Be shriveled and silent my tongue ;
 If thou art not dearest to me,
 This heart then with anguish be wrung.

T E M P E R A N C E .

YE patrons of the still and vine,
 Those implements of slaughter,
 Say, do ye know what joys combine
 In cool and crystal water ?

Of nature's elements, all good,
 This is the fairest daughter,
 In form of river, lake, or flood,
 Or sparkling spring of water.

Those fiery liquids leave the brain
 A mass of steaming mortar,
 While like the sun it beams again
 By drinking only water.

The votaries of pleasure's charms,
 In every shape they've sought her,
 Were never urged through all their harms
 By reason's bev'rage—water.

Should innocence again return,
 The arts that evil taught her,
 She doubtless will again unlearn,
 And mem'ry wash in water.



THE MARRIAGE.

THE noon of lamps was shining bright,
 The thronging guests beamed such delight,
 Which more effulgent hard to say,
 The smiling face or flowing ray ;
 Beauty fair and talent rare
 Adorned the lovely scene,
 Graces sweet, which seldom meet,
 Shed round a brilliant sheen.

Few hearts that were not light and free
 Beat in the joyous company,
 Ah, none if eyes of radiance tell
 Sincerely what emotions swell ;

Flowing joy without alloy,
 In deep and circling tide,
 Fills the hall, till seeming, all
 Like gallant vessels ride.

The voices hushed—the eager eye
 Proclaim the bride and bridegroom nigh,
 Behold them enter, happy pair !
 But thought collected marks their air :
 Tender thrills their bosoms fill,
 Yet care is lurking near,
 Points away to future day,
 Where other scenes appear.

They on the bridal altar now
 Bind the matrimonial vow,
 Sweet unity from twain to be
 Till time blends in eternity :
 Blest the tie ordained on high
 To comfort man below,
 Let it bind where hearts are twined,
 But never link to woe.

Now hail, ye happy pair, that prove
 The strongest bond of earthly love !
 Attraction strengthens, drawing near,
 Affection thus in you appear ;
 Ever bright in sweet delight
 Glide on your lengthened days,
 Till you rise in paradise
 To join in love and praise.

MEDITATION.

HAIL, Meditation, genial power,
That in the calm and pensive hour,
Attracts our minds from worldly noise,
To contemplate on heavenly joys :
Thy kindly influences shed,
Illumining both heart and head ;
Teach us our subtle hearts to know,
And every pleasure to forego,
That would contaminate the mind,
And leave a poisonous sting behind.
Come, and perform the generous part
Of friendship unalloyed by art,
Our errors to our view unfold,
And teach us virtue to behold
With steady and delighted eye
Till every erring passion die.

O may we wisely meditate
On life's brief and changing state ;
How we should its hours improve,
To gain the smile of Him above.
At length, through grace, when life is o'er,
O may we reach the happy shore,
Where sorrow will no more invade,
Nor hostile fears in gloom arrayed
Destroy our peace, and mar our bliss,
In heaven's eternal happiness.
There unmingled pleasures roll,
To refresh the weary soul ;
Pure joys and ever-glowing love,
With endless friendship dwell above.

H O P E .

HAIL, O Hope consolatory,
Pointing out some future glory,
Light'ning all our cares and sorrow,
By promises of good tomorrow !

While looking through thy flattering glass,
We see our future prospects pass
Beneath a fair and lucid sky,
Without a cloud of trouble nigh.

This ideal scene of future bliss,
That seems so fraught with happiness,
Allures us onward and inspires
Our hearts with glowing fond desires

To taste the sweets that strew the plain,
Which we tomorrow hope to gain ;
And bear the ills we find to-day,
So thickly scattered in our way.

But stern experience daily proves,
Tomorrow but the hope removes,
And leaves us still to hope again,
Then taste of disappointment's pain.

Yet there's a HOPE that never fails,
But o'er adversity prevails,
Lights up the path to joys on high,
That never satiate, droop, or die.

INNOCENCE.

HAIL, Innocence, delightful guest,
 Sweet soother of the injured breast,
 Whose sovereign balm has power to heal
 The deepest wounds the slandered feel ;
 Then what delight must those enjoy,
 Who taste thy sweets without alloy,
 Who free from every earthly stain,
 With God and Christ forever reign.

But innocence like this is lost,
 This matchless gem we cannot boast,
 Yet even now, how great the joy,
 When virtuous acts our hours employ.
 Then let us till our moments end,
 Since happiness and duty blend,
 Pursue the paths of innocence,
 Relying on Omnipotence.

God calls, and promises to make
 Our scarlet sins like snow, and take
 Our deep-dyed crimson crimes away,
 Why to be blest will we delay ?
 He will to innocence restore,
 And when life's changing scenes are o'er,
 Take us to realms of holiness,
 To share eternal happiness.

JOURNEYING.

THE sun is up, and clear the day,
 Come, let us mount and speed our way,
 For cheerily we wind along
 And smiling talk or tune a song.

O who would think to meet us here,
 That home and friends, so sweet and dear,
 Were left by us far in the West,
 Where our forefathers' ashes rest.

Dear native land, we love thee yet,
 Thee, thee we will not, can't forget ;
 Yes, oft our hearts return to trace
 Thy streams, and loved ones to embrace.

And when we bow the knee in prayer,
 Where haply ne'er the list'ning air
 Has borne the name of Christ above,
 From hearts that trust they know His love,

We pray for thee, our country dear,
 And, ye loved friends, if ye could hear
 What cries for you we send above,
 Ye never more could doubt our love.

Thus happy, on our way we go
 To distant lands we do not know,
 Like him who left his Chaldee home,
 Through Canaan's length and breadth to roam :

Nor shall we there a foot possess
 Of all the land we hope to bless,
 But to a holy seed 'tis given,—
 Our heritage, we trust, is heaven.

THE BIBLE.

HOLY Word of inspiration,
 Can I ever part with thee ;
 Words of Christ and His salvation,
 O how dear how sweet to me.

Wand'ring through this land so weary,
 Faint beneath the scorching ray,
 Chilled by cold from mountains dreary,
 Sweet to read, reflect and pray.

Should the hand of death arrest me,—
 Lay me by a shepherd's grave ;
 While thy precious pages blessed me,
 While my Lord was near to save,

Hope and joy, my bosom swelling,
 Would attend my latest breath,
 Every foe and fear repelling,—
 I should triumph over death.

ENCAMPING.

WE pitched our tent upon the green,
 The circling hills closed in the scene,
 Their summits and their sides were bare,
 Scarce e'en a blade of grass was there.

And O so sweet we passed the night,
 The pure air breathing with delight ;
 Since we in stables drew the air,
 With cattle herding with us there.

The sacred word with joy we read,
 Ere resting on our grassy bed,
 The voice of praise was lifted high,
 To heaven went up our evening cry.

Then, as we viewed each glittering star,
 We thought of country, friends, afar,
 And how in by-gone happy days,
 Those very stars had cheered our gaze.

What though we stood on Moslim ground,
 And eyed the stars and hills around,
 Those worlds, and here the soil we trod,
 Belong all to our Father, God.

Nor shall we, can we, pass the bound
 That walls His glorious realm around ;
 Infinity is all His own,
 And His an everlasting throne.

GENTLE SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep,
And close my eyes
In slumbers deep,
Till time to rise.

Come, gentle sleep,
And banish care,
If fancies peep,
Let them be fair.

Come, gentle sleep,
And soothe my mind,
With poppy wreath
My temples bind.

Come, gentle sleep,
Lull me to rest,
Head pillowed keep
Upon thy breast.

Come, gentle sleep,
In breath so sweet,
My senses steep,
Till morn shall greet.

Ah, gentle sleep,
Attention's o'er ;
I'm fast asleep,
So sing no more.

LONGING FOR BLISS.

WHILE the shades are softly stealing
 On the gilded western sky,
 Spirit melts in tender feeling,
 Longs on seraph wings to fly.

Lonely here its humble dwelling,
 Cheerless in the darksome night,
 O what thrills this soul are swelling,
 With the day to take its flight.

Where wouldst flee? where sun is shining
 On my fair and native West?
 Soon his radiant orb declining,
 Leaves that sky in darkness dressed.

Round the world pursue him ever?
 Rest and peace doomed ne'er to find;
 Ah, his beams alone can never
 Satisfy immortal mind.

For some kindred spirits panting,
 For a God to love, adore;
 Tell me, soul, are there here wanting?
 Sigh and struggle then no more.

Yes, they're nigh, but flesh is veiling,
 I would see—would blend in love,
 This to gain, ah, nought's availing
 But a flight to heaven above.

SINGLE CARES.

HE had, or fancied, which unknown,
 A cruel restless care,
 Declared he would no more alone
 His irksome burden bear.

Said he, The tactics of the State
 Are to divide and slay ;
 The foe by this, however great,
 Is easy done away.

Division is a useful rule,
 Much practised by the wise,
 And he must be a stupid fool,
 That ne'er division tries.

The philosophic dunce may say
 It can't annihilate ;
 But if the atoms blow away,
 The diff'rence is not great.

So I this persecuting care
 Will conquer and divide,
 By taking home a blooming fair
 To be my darling bride.

With such sweet aid my care will soon
 In smallest atoms fly
 Invisible up to the moon,
 Nor leave behind a sigh.

Ah, yes, they say this lovely plan
 Divides and thus destroys
 What care may grieve the heart of man,
 And doubles all his joys.

My care seems lighter with the thought,
 'Twill soon forever flee,
 And MISS DELIGHT with raptures fraught,
 My loving bride shall be.

With such an ally I could face
 Ten thousand cares like this,
 And all would fly nor leave a trace
 To mar my happiness.

Tomorrow be the happy day,
 Since now 'tis evening shade,
 To wash the record quite away,
 This wicked care has made.

Will Miss Delight so soon be mine ?
 How does my bosom glow !
 Sweet love, 'tis surely thus with thine,
 How will our bliss o'erflow.

The rapid wheels bore me away,
 The rapid seasons flew,
 What gladness graced the wedding-day,
 Alas, I never knew.

But fortune in her circling rounds
 Returned me to the place,
 Where soon I caught familiar sounds,
 Saw a familiar face :

6*

Not all familiar, seemingly
 A horde of savage cares
 Had robbed the voice of harmony,—
 Sad marks each feature wears.

Soliloquy engaged him still,
 Division yet the theme,
 But other thoughts his bosom fill,
 And darker is the dream.

Divide and conquer! fine, he cried,
 When foreign foes assail,
 But on internal troubles tried,
 These tactics often fail.

They failed alas, for simple me,
 And brought me deeper grief,
 Like wars that end in misery,
 That scarce admits relief.

The tempter said, Division kills,
 Once said, Thou shalt not die;
 Reverse his word and fact fulfils
 The smooth deceitful lie.

When Miss Delight became my bride,
 I found she had a care!
 But both we finely did divide,
 Yet not the less was there.

Our cares were like the polipi,
 Vital in every part,
 Division made them multiply,
 And only added smart.

The double joys I thought my own,
 Were soon o'ergrown with care ;
 Oh had I held my way alone,
 This load I should not bear.

Toil and anxiety must be
 The portion of my life,
 To feed a hungry family,
 And clothe a teasing wife.

I love them, this may soften woe,
 And ease the heavy sigh,
 But should not dare with what I know,
 This plan again to try.

Let those who can support their cares,
 Divide and multiply ;
 But oft I see it sadly fares
 With such poor souls as I.

His wife now sent a child to say,
 Come, here is much to do !
 Methought prepared for such a day
 Then I may marry too.

THE BACHELOR.

SIR BACHELOR selfish and stern,
 They say these are faults of them all,
 Such habits may I never learn,
 If with them my fortune must fall :—

Sir Bachelor late in the day,
 Soliloquized thus on his life,
 Thank Heaven ! I have held on my way,
 Untrammelled by children and wife.

One dearer I never have known
 Than self that was ever my care,
 Yet friendship to others I've shown,
 Though little from them do I share.

I'm like to a rock in the sea,
 And heed not the dashing around ;
 Yet care has been neighbor to me,
 And trouble small sympathy found.

A lion I roamed unrestrained,
 But enemies ever were near,
 And if all my rights were maintained,
 Less owing to love than to fear.

I know not what binds me to earth,
 Yet I am unwilling to leave,
 My pleasures have been little worth,
 And often in sadness I grieve.

Ah, who will in sympathy sigh
 When I on my death-bed am laid !
 A tear perhaps dims not an eye,
 When I to the tomb am conveyed.

Well, if no one sorrows for me,
 My own heart breaks not with adieu ;
 A cool parting then it must be,
 Like going the way we would choose.

But sympathy once had a nest,—
 I still can remember the day
 She fluttered and cooed in my breast,—
 Ah, why did she thus fly away !

I half wish I'd caged her when young,
 And gladdened her with a kind mate,
 Old age had another tune sung,
 But now 'tis forever too late.

'Tis not in my temper to grieve,
 And many wild children I see,
 The old folks most shamefully leave,
 Neglected as much as poor me.

I'll fancy then I have done best,
 Nor care what my neighbors may say,
 May Heaven give my spirit true rest,
 When parted from this brittle clay.

MATRIMONY.

MARRY not from selfish ends,
 Nor because it is the fashion,
 Never happiness depends
 On presumptuous hopes or passion.

When thou seekest for a wife,
 Do it with consideration,
 Like beginning new your life,
 In a more important station.

Marry in the fear of Him
 Who first sanctified the union,
 Never let the torch grow dim
 Of love's sweetest pure communion.

Let your love be like the sun,
 Ever constant bright and glowing,
 Each to each till life is done,
 More affection, feeling, showing.

Let no comet with a train
 Make you wish you'd later chosen,
 Burning you with fiery pain,
 Flying then to regions frozen.

Let the love of Christ preside
 O'er your tender strong affection ;
 Be the will of God your guide,
 Happy then is your direction.

AMIABLE TEMPER.

WHEN polished minds and gentle hearts
 Excite the friendly glow,
 We wish the graces Christ imparts
 Might bless such spirits too.

So lovely, why should they be lost
 And sink with wretches vile,
 And fair designs of Heaven be crossed
 By deep infernal guile.

Will not such souls attain the skies,
 Though Christ a Saviour dear
 Is not their guide to paradise ?
 If of His name they hear.

Ah, justice guards the golden gate,
 Though mercy throws it wide,
 Sweet tempers can't avert their fate,
 Who have no gift beside.

When angels down to Eden came
 To our primeval sire,
 Perhaps they thought—no fear of blame
 Where's so much to admire.

But sin, it seemed a little one,
 Destroyed that happy state,
 And spirits now may be undone
 Whose outward worth is great.



SABBATH BELL OF FANCY.

STRUCK on his soul the Sabbath bell
 Its thrilling, cheering sound ;
 Poor wanderer ! his nation's knell
 That might from heaven rebound,
 In faintest echo half so far,
 Would never tremble through the air.

The bell of his own native home !
 Of sweet and solemn tone,

Its imaged sounds now pealing come,
 Nor trembling thrills alone,—
 The thronging crowds with sacred mein,
 The man of God, fill out the scene.

There many bound by nature's ties,
 In their accustomed place,
 He sees through fancy's swimming eyes,—
 How dear each form and face!
 Unchanged they seem, though years have passed
 Since he beheld those dear ones last.

Ah, time is bearing all away,—
 That bell will often moan!
 Though on the pilgrim's fatal day,
 All hushed its mournful tone:
 May all be gathered near the throne,
 However scattered here, alone.

PENSIVE MUSINGS.

YE thoughts of the past,
 That flow in so fast
 On this bosom so aching and void;
 Like breezes that blow,
 From mountains of snow,
 Down on valleys by ardor destroyed:

Ye cannot renew
 The freshness that grew
 In the gardens of hope and of youth;

Yet ye may beguile
 My cares for a while
 By assuring me fancy is truth.

What gilded those scenes
 Whence memory gleans
 E'en a garland for this dreary hour ?
 Ah, hope's rosy hand,
 With touches so bland,
 Showed the future a vista-like bower.

But just in advance
 We see pleasures dance,
 And invite us to join in their throng ;
 We haste to embrace,
 They lead on the chase,
 Still alluring our hearts with their song.

Well, let them allure,
 While time shall endure,
 And cheer on our poor race to the tomb,
 For even a saint
 In mid course might faint,
 Should he see mortal life in its gloom.

Chase hopes earthly born,
 Like evening the morn,
 And o'erwearied then lie down and rest ;
 But ah, who can tell
 The sorrows that swell,
 When religious hope dies in the breast :

The hope and the zeal
 The Christian may feel
 For a world sinking down in despair ;

O God, grant him grace
 Who still seeks thy face
 Though denied be his heart-rending prayer.

Our Father above,
 Remember in love
 Thy poor children and creatures below ;
 O pity our state,
 The world new create,
 And remove far off evil and woe.

MELANCHOLLY.

AH, dark cousin, Melancholly !
 Why so jealous now of me ?
 Fearest thou thy rival, Folly,
 In my love supplanteth thee.

Smooth away that frown so pensive,
 Folly flirts but little here,
 Art thou sorely apprehensive
 Aught may my poor spirits cheer ?

Be less gloomy, and more tender,
 If thou wouldst my love insure ;
 Lest to Folly I surrender,
 My lorn sympathies to cure.

Cousin Mel, and cousin Folly,
 What a pair of sisters these !

Nursed by superstitious Molly,
Dandled on old Sceptic's knees.

This would make us sad, and sadder,
Till despairing we should die ;
That would drive us mad, and madder,
Till to ruin we should fly.

Neither of these wayward sisters,
Shall be mistress of my heart ;
Their embraces are like blisters,
Leave, for love, too keen a smart.

Let them come like any neighbor,
Chat and simper if they will,
Aid, not interrupt my labor,
If they'd find a welcome still.

MAYDAY.

How bright and joyous was the hour
When once I went a Maying,
And found a group in blooming bower,
Like happy Par'ees playing.

The day—'twas one of Eden sure,
So soft, so sweet and glowing,
The night was balm and silver pure,
In fragrance, brilliance flowing.

A ring, where youth and childhood meet,
 A halo fair as morning,
 Sat circling mid the roses sweet,
 With wreaths their brows adorning.

O who could view the lovely sight
 And see them sweetly smiling,
 Nor feel o'erflowing pure delight
 All care and grief beguiling.

Heaven bless the bright and beauteous ring,
 And shield each soul from sorrow,
 And all above in safety bring
 On life's approaching morrow.

And some were there of mind mature,
 Like op'ning summer shining,
 Yes, few of heart more warm and pure,
 Sweet grace and charms combining.

May earthly bliss and heavenly love
 Attend ye, dear ones, ever,
 And joys that bear the soul above
 Pervade your hearts forever.

What seasons Time upon his scroll
 Since then has been inditing ;
 Ah, Heaven forbid it should unroll
 For one brief hour delighting.

But sunny hours have on me shone
 Amid long months of sadness,
 Let gratitude each blessing own,
 With hope of future gladness.

HARP RESUMED.

MY HARP, I had thy chords unstrung,
 And hung thee in the hall,
 Where fancy's fingers o'er thee flung,
 Once woke the thrilling call,
 Responsive echoed from my heart,
 To every note thou didst impart.

I thought to leave thee idle there,
 Thy soothing sounds forget,
 For friends had I the hour to share,
 And duties pressed me yet ;
 How could I then steal off alone,
 To please me with thy simple tone ?

Yes, and I closed the secret door
 That led to fancy's hall,
 Where lone I trod the magic floor,
 And heard thy warblings fall
 In endless echoes round me still,
 Where all was hushed to hear thy thrill.

How oft sad solitude I've left,
 Corroding care forgot,
 Nor thought of joys of which bereft,—
 Deemed light the trying lot ;
 Since I could soothe me with thy sound,
 And in my hall reign king around.

My Harp, though others might not stay
 Thy native notes to hear,

Perhaps would cast thee rude away,
 Yet thou to me art dear ;
 Say what they will—thou cheerest *me*,
 My own, should I not favor thee ?

But I had left thee tuneless there,
 In silent shades to sleep,
 Too plaintive grew at length thine air,
 And pierced my heart too deep ;
 My soul itself too full of pain,
 Was only saddened by thy strain.

Again I find thee in my hand,
 And try thy chords anew,
 Would that thy notes were grown more bland,
 That joy spoke out from you ;
 Alas, my Harp, what aileth thee,
 So pensively to sing to me ?

Come, give the dear and joyous thrill
 That cheerful hope inspires,
 Forget what grieved and grieveth still,
 And trace where faith aspires ;
 There is a sun, go see him shine,
 Of joys there are a chaplet twine.

My Harp, my Harp, for friendship's sake
 Assume a cheerful tone !
 There are delights for hearts that break,
 Showered from th' eternal throne ;
 Let all thy notes of rapture swell,
 It is and ever will be well.

VIEWING THE PAST.

I asked an angel what befel
 In ages long gone by ;
 Ask Him, said he, in whom doth dwell
 Wisdom—eternity.

True I have seen more ages glide
 Than sands are on the shore,
 By ocean's drops if multiplied,
 Yea, countless cycles more :

But what are these ?—a fleeting tale,
 An instant far too small
 To rank on the eternal scale
 Which spans and measures all.

When I had seen unnumbered years
 Pass off like morning dew,
 If angels could, I had shed tears,
 To see I nothing knew.

I gazed on wisdom increate,
 Eternal, infinite ;
 Then sunk into my infant state,
 And veiled my feeble sight.

O'erwhelmed with Deity I fall,—
 A speck of life I seem,
 Just woke by His almighty call,
 To float in Godhead's beam.

What can a creature do? what know?
 Where all is infinite;
 Eternity! we see it flow,—
 Whence?—where?—beyond our sight.

In Godhead lost—no, rather found,
 We are and we adore,
 And endless years will run their round,
 Ere we a part explore.



MISSIONARY CALL.

In visions of the night
 He heard stern duty's call,
 That summoned to the fight,
 And bade him leave his all,
 And like the hope they call '*forlorn*,'
 March to the moral war at morn.

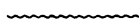
His heart unwonted beat,
 Strange thrills came o'er his soul,
 For he had known defeat,—
 Felt nature backward roll;
 Yet like a hero at his post,
 He would not flee whate'er the host.

But while he felt farewell!
 For all he loved below,
 A voice rolled back the swell
 Of nature's overflow,

Fear not, it said, I'm with thee there,
Will joy impart, thy burdens bear.

The sleeper's heart expands
With sweet and full delight,
He stretches forth his hands
To clasp the form so bright,
Whose voice, like life's celestial stream,
Pours through his soul extatic dream.

If dream, more real felt
Than what awake transpires,
Of power the soul to melt,
Then kindle all its fires ;
A scene just on that spirit shore
Where flesh and sense obscure no more.



IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR.

1 JOHN, 3: 2.

In those who yet see not the light,
How deep each sense is sealed,
And reason's piercing, wondrous sight,
All in due time revealed.

So in the soul, locked up in clay,
Vast faculties may lie,
To waken that momentous day
The mortal powers die.

Death, cruel helper of the hour,
 Makes fatal nature's throes,
 That new existence, mighty power
 Immortal may disclose.

Its faculties in light expand,
 Or plunge in darkness deep ;
 Its course eternal, O how grand !
 What thought like flight can keep.

Is such a being slumbering here
 In this calm breast of mine ?
 Tomorrow, clad will it appear,
 In powers almost divine ?

O'erwhelming thought ! and nurtured too
 On life-blood of my ways ;
 God grant me grace His will to do,
 That I may sing His praise.



DESIRE TO REASON WITH GOD.

JOB, 13 : 3.

O THOU who formed this thrilling soul,
 And lighted up its fires,
 Whose grace and providence control
 Its various, vast desires,
 O let me reason, plead with thee,
 Ask why it thus befalleth me
 When joyous hope aspires ?—

Nay, rather to thy hands the whole
 In faith committed be,
 For well I know what man admires
 In first embrace full oft expires
 Nor hope leaves to condole.

Yet oft I wonder why this heart
 Was filled with sympathies,
 So fitted rapture to impart
 And foster tender ties,
 But still debarred from every sweet,
 Where all the soul's affections meet
 In one dear priceless prize ;
 Why all should prove a rankling dart,
 And in corroding eat
 My spirit, while to mortal eyes
 Care light and rare my bosom tries—
 It knows its griefs apart.

And so it knows its thrilling joys
 No stranger can impair,
 Nor earth cast in its base alloys
 To mar the pleasures there ;
 The sweet, consoling, heavenly bliss,
 A foretaste of that happiness
 Reserved in mansions where
 No ill the spirit e'er annoys,
 When, when a state like this
 Shall I in youth immortal share,
 A robe—a crown of glory wear,
 And with my Lord rejoice.

It may appear each thrilling swell,
 That ruthless o'er me came,

Was sent to prove my spirit well,—
 Fit for seraphic flame,
 And pour, eternal and divine,
 Blest transports through this soul of mine,
 Still upward lift its aim,
 Near Jesus' topless throne to dwell,
 And in His radiance shine,
 To bear His new and glorious name,
 Drink in His love, now, e'er the same,
 With raptures none can tell.

O if such endless sweet delight
 From seeds of suffering
 Sown in life's dreary, changeful night,
 In future worlds can spring,
 Who would not welcome all the pain
 Of casting in such golden grain,
 And sow in tears yet sing,
 While faith the harvest keeps in sight,
 Of endless, happy reign
 With Christ, eternal glorious King,
 Who once endured affliction's sting,
 Then rose above all height.

MUTUAL SYMPATHIES.

If gems lie buried in the sea,
 And flowers breathe on desert air,
 How oft doth mutual sympathy
 Lie hid when none suspect it there.

There is a secret cord that draws
 And binds in one congenial hearts,
 'Tis one of nature's mystic laws,
 A power that nature's God imparts.

Its sweet attractive force is felt
 When nought is seen to show it near,
 In genial glow emotions melt
 Distilling oft the secret tear.

O why should spirits that confess
 What look or language may not tell,
 Be forced to yield their happiness
 In one compulsive, last farewell !

Why should the link of love be broke,
 And changeful earth grow darker still ;
 Why should the cutting, cruel stroke,
 Sweet hopes and joys remorseless kill.

Ah, sin ! destructive bitter thing,
 How dost thou vex and curse mankind,
 And murder with thy poisoned sting
 Each sweet and fair delight we find.

How hast thou spread thy blasting breath
 From Eden o'er the with'ring earth,
 And stamped the imaged seal of death
 On gladness in its joyous birth.

Yet o'er these ruins there will rise
 A temple of eternal bliss ;
 Earth yet will wed her kindred skies,
 And share celestial happiness.

Then like the seraphs we shall love,
 And know that we are loved in turn,
 The rapt'rous flames that blend above
 Will in our blissful spirits burn.

THE NIGHT VISIT.

CANT. 5 : 2—8.

My well Beloved came by night,
 And fondly called me to arise,
 To welcome Him to pure delight,
 And shield Him from inclement skies.

But drowsiness had lulled my love,
 And scarce I raised my heavy head ;
 His kind address, ' my sister—dove,'
 Could not arouse me from my bed.

With vain excuses I replied,
 How can I rise to welcome thee ?
 My garments I have laid aside,
 My washen feet defiled would be.

He then essayed to ope the door,
 But I, alas, had barred it fast ;
 My waking heart could rest no more,
 I rose to let Him in at last.

Upon the lock my hands distilled
 The sweetest myrrh of fragrance rare,
 What selfish thought my heart had filled,
 To please myself my only care.

But wearied with unkind delay,
 My dear Beloved had withdrawn ;
 My rising spirits sank away,
 I called and sought but He was gone.

'Twas then I felt the pangs of love,
 Of love that I had injured so ;
 Impelled to seek Him forth I rove,
 Yet know not whither I should go.

My veil* around me close I drew,
 And hurried with distracted pace,
 While bursting tears in floods bedew
 My pale and agitated face.

My own Beloved's precious name,
 With sobbing voice, I oft repeat,
 My heart seemed all involved in flame,
 When I the cruel watchmen meet.

They bid me 'stand !' like a gazelle
 Away on wings of fear I fly,
 Yet on me, ah, their weapons fell,
 And wounds increased my agony.

I knew not where I fled or flew,
 And terror hushed my frantic call,
 When near the barb'rous bands I drew
 That guard the gates and keep the wall.

* The oriental veil envelops the whole person.

A brutal hand here caught my veil,
 I shrieked and darted from his grasp,
 My strength and reason almost fail,
 And life seems at its parting gasp.

When, thanks to Heaven ! I met a train
 Of Salem's daughters glad and fair,
 I gazed around and asked in vain,
 My own Beloved was not there.

They marveled at my frantic plight,
 And some aspersed my innocence,
 'How dared I ramble thus by night !
 'Gainst virtue 'twas a sad offence.'

But, ah, affection such as mine
 Their fickle bosoms never knew ;
 My dear Beloved is Divine,
 He knows that I am pure and true.

Him will I seek with ardent love,
 Whate'er the world may think or say,
 My soul is chaste as those above,
 Though running this suspected way.

To me consumed with such a flame,
 What though I'm slandered and reviled ;
 My Lord knows I am free from blame,
 He calls me still ' His undefiled.'

My heart, whole heart is all His own,
 And after Him in haste I'll run ;
 Yes, endless ardor shall atone
 The cold neglect this night has done.

Affected virtue ne'er shall quell
 The pure devoted love I feel ;
 My fond affection I will tell,
 My dear one's name to all reveal.

I charge ye, Salem's daughters, say,
 If my Beloved ye shall find,
 Say that my spirit faints away
 For His return to me unkind.

My Lord and Saviour I'll adore,
 And seek in Him my whole delight,
 Till deathless being is no more,
 And quenched be heaven's eternal light.



DESPISED PIOUS ZEAL.

THE world deride the pious zeal
 Which true and faithful Christians feel,
 And charge them oft with wickedness
 When in the way of righteousness.

Their plans and labors all are blamed,
 Their motives and their lives defamed,
 Their patience, faith, and charities,
 A proud and scoffing world despise.

Well, let them scorn, we still will run,
 And follow Christ till life is done ;
 Yes, love divine shall fire our breast,
 Till we in His embraces rest.

LOVE OF CHRIST.

O SAVIOUR! who hast loved me so,
 And for me borne such bitter woe,
 The cup hast drank, endured the throe,
 That I lost soul might share the bliss
 Bought by thy perfect righteousness,—
 Thy glory and salvation know,
 And while eternal ages last
 Rise higher still in happiness ;—
 For me, poor me, reservest this ?
 Then may I not my troubles cast
 Upon the arm that holds me fast,
 Sure thou wilt love me as thou hast ?

O Saviour ! on thy dying love,
 Thy pledge to take my soul above,
 Thy whispers gentler than the dove,
 I pray thee guide and bless my heart,
 Bestow the right the better part,
 O let me thy kind favor prove !
 And in thy smiles pass all my days,
 Protected from each piercing dart,
 Till I shall see thee as thou art,
 And clothed in thy celestial rays,
 Triumph through everlasting days,
 In thine own glory and thy praise.

SACRED LOVE.

CANT. 4 : 10.

How much thy tender love excels
 The fitful joys of choicest wine,
 The raptured heart delighted swells
 With sweet emotions half divine.

The fond excitement how it glows,
 And through the spirit blissful thrills,
 Till melting joy a river flows,
 And all the banks of nature fills.

We wonder at the sweet delight
 Which ev'ry power and sense pervades,
 Transported to extatic height,
 All other pleasure distant fades.

But high as heaven the earth above,
 The bliss the saved and Saviour know,
 When full, divine, redeeming love,
 Bursts forth in rapt'rous overflow.



MISSIONARY BAPTISM.

WHERE orient mornings shine,
 And radiance fills the sky,
 Where earthly charms combine
 To lift the thoughts on high,
 But where, alas, on human minds
 The foe his galling fetters binds :

A pious little band
 The sacred font draw near,
 Far from their native land,
 They wipe a parent's tear,
 A tear of joy and gratitude
 To Him the Giver of all good.

Five darling lambs they bring,
 In faith and fervent prayer,
 To Christ our glorious King,
 His grace and love to share,
 Who to His bosom children pressed,
 And their immortal spirits blessed.

And is not Jesus there
 To fold them in his arms ?
 Will not His guardian care
 Protect from fatal harms
 The offspring of His foll'wers dear ?
 For His own sake sojourning here.

The holy TRI-UNE name
 Is named upon them now !
 Sealed with celestial flame
 The consecrating vow
 Each parent utters to the Lord,
 Relying on His promised word.

Sweet ones ! in birth so near,
 In death how will it be ?
 Who long who short career
 Runs to eternity ?
 And where will flowers deck your grave ?
 On this, or western side the wave ?

What pain, what sickness here
 Will seize your growing frame !
 How oft the anguished tear
 Parental soothing claim
 In this strange land whose noxious breath
 Insures full oft an early death !

If spared, privations press
 To quell your rising powers ;
 The guides the aids that bless
 That happy land of ours
 Are here unknown, you only share
 A burdened parent's partial care.

What tempting smiles may lure !
 What wicked hands assail !
 Your ruin to insure,
 And wake your parent's wail !
 E'en from the thought, great God, I flee,
 And bring—and leave these lambs with thee.

O may ye bless the hearts
 That thrill so deep for you !
 The joys that grace imparts—
 Descend like heavenly dew,
 To cheer you on your pilgrim way,
 To regions of immortal day.

There, at the Saviour's throne,
 With all who hold you dear,
 And multitudes unknown,
 May you, may I appear,
 In holiness forever shine,
 Exult in praise and joy divine.

CHECKED DESIRE.

JER. 16 : 2.

STAY, O prophet, stay thy hand,
 Call thine ardent heart away ;
 Listen to thy Lord's command,
 Yield thy will and meek obey.

Here thou shalt not take a wife,
 Sons nor daughters gladden thee ;
 Lone and drear must be thy life,
 Save communion found with me.

And will not my love suffice ?
 What can equal love divine ?
 Wisdom earthly love denies,
 Mercy grieves that heart of thine.

In the bliss thou wouldst attain
 Lies a hidden snare of woe ;
 Toil and trouble, care and pain,
 In that cup of nectar flow.

Turn, O prophet, turn aside,
 Heaven for mingled joy repays ;
 Love divine denies a bride,
 Love divine will raptures raise.

Thou alone the cross must bear,
 Self-denials hard endure,
 Brighter robes and crown to wear,
 Which my promises insure.

Earth is not the home for thee,
 Formed for other higher sphere ;
 Prophet, no, it must not be
 Earthly ties should bind thee here.

Make the silken cord a wing,
 Wafting upward to the skies,
 Let the pain of sundering
 Speed thee to a heavenly prize.

See celestial hosts so fair
 Smiling in perfected love ;
 Can affection clogged with care
 Vie with that which glows above ?

Turbid is the rill below
 Eager mortals fondly crave ;
 But on high clear rivers flow,
 Peace and joy in every wave.

True, in patience thou must wait,
 Yea, must feel refining fire
 Ere thou share that blissful state,
 Blest beyond thy faint desire.

Soon will end the hour of woe,
 Soon I'll take thee home to me,
 Then, O prophet, thou shalt know
 How thy Lord hath loved thee.



MANHOOD'S REVIEW.

HE paused on the brow of manhood's height,
 Thoughtfully glanced around him,
 Like eagle gazed on celestial light,
 And strained earth's cords that bound him :
 His soul was shaking its chrysalis wings
 And striving to soar away,
 Where the seraph choir in rapture sings
 In the beams of perfect day.

Down through the devious way that brought
 Him up the shelving mountain,
 His eager eye through the windings sought
 Each thorn and nectar fountain :
 The smile that lit up his beaming eye
 Was blending with darker shades,
 His breast oft heaved with the heavy sigh,
 Yet joy the sorrow pervades.

He felt again in his mother's arms
 And saw her smiling o'er him ;
 Her bosom, voice and eye—what charms !
 Her image full before him !
 In his father's fond caress he thrilled,
 Nor dreamed of approaching pain,
 While waves of gladness their bosoms filled
 Where fondest affections reign.

He fancied himself a child once more,
 To parents' fingers clinging,
 Delighting to see each warbler soar,
 And hear the woodnotes ringing :

And O how his spirit bowed with awe,
 Of his Saviour God to hear,
 When parents told of His holy law,
 And of judgment drawing near.

Again he assumed his youthful wings,—
 Flew through the scenes of gladness,
 The thrillings of joy and poisoned stings
 Half wrought his soul to madness !
 Yet a hand divine was on him still,
 And held him in firm control,
 Till brought to adore Heaven's righteous will,
 And glory dawned in his soul.

The wings of youth changed to manhood's arms
 To Gospel work extended,
 Celestial hope with loveliest charms
 In all his labors blended :
 But, ah, what vapors came round the flame
 That glowed in his breast so bright,
 What cold clammy mists of gloomy name
 Enshrouded his day in night !

With straining eyes and groping his way,
 Afar, alone he wandered,
 'Twas midnight save a celestial ray
 Whose upward aim he pondered ;
 And thought of the hills of endless bliss
 Where glories eternal shine,
 Looked round and sighed, What a world is this !
 What a darksome way is mine !

Yet in that chilly and cheerless gloom
 Lessons divine were taught him,

Of saving grace and of sealing doom
 He deep and long bethought him ;
 How the ways of God with glory beamed,
 How holy, how just, how good !
 The sinner doomed, and the saint redeemed,
 And angels confirmed who stood.

At the height of life with look serene
 He glanced down the steeps before him,
 And viewed maturity's fading green,
 And felt cold dews fall o'er him !
 The badges of youth for marks of age
 Calm he bartered one by one,
 And longed for waters of life t' assuage
 Thirst caused in the race he run.

O say if his bosom ever knew
 Love's strong and tender thrilling ?
 If hearts he had found so fond so true,
 But fortune never willing !
 Ah, he would not tell what can't be told,
 Yet he seemed in wonder lost,
 Why spirits cast in affection's mould
 In mutual love are crossed.

And so from this fleeting scene he turned
 To gaze on endless glory,
 Till fire divine should have in him burned
 Whate'er was transitory :
 He longed for a natal day above,
 For life that forever lives,
 For growing joys of celestial love
 Which God to the ransomed gives.

STORMY NATIONS.

LIKE mountain waves that foam and dash
 Where continents divide,
 And mighty, pond'rous oceans clash
 In the conflicting tide,
 The nations rise, and roar, and rage,
 And war in all its horrors wage.

Now mad for conquest, armies urge
 Their billows o'er the plain,
 Then human floods roll back the surge
 And sweep the adverse main,
 While bloody ruin, wet with tears,
 A wilderness of woe appears.

Infernal clouds seal up the sky,
 And frown in black despair,
 And whirlwinds, hatched where thunders lie,
 Rush through the angry air,
 Whose prince upon the tempest rides,
 And in the blast of murder prides.

He thinks to dash the world to hell,
 And mock almighty power ;
 The nations with vain glory swell,
 And boast to heaven they'll tower ;
 All blind to see that red right hand,
 Which makes them do His just command.

Their sin awakes the wrath of God,
 He leaves them to their lust

Which thus becomes His iron rod,
 And proves His judgments just :
 Know earth and hell, your rage is vain,
 Forever will the Godhead reign.

His high decrees will all transpire,
 Each in its mode and time,
 Though earth and hell combined aspire
 To mar His plan sublime ;
 Do what they may, they but fulfil,
 Though sin against His holy will.

THANKS FOR FAVORS.

My God, my Saviour, and my all,
 To thee my heart would soar,
 While humbly at thy feet I fall,
 And thy blest name adore.

I love thee in thy blessings given
 To crown my mortal days,
 O may they lead me on to heaven,
 Augmenting cheerful praise.

I bless thee for that more than friend,
 Thou dost bestow on me,
 O may our union never end,
 But link us both to thee.

Help us to love and serve thee, Lord,
 In our own mutual love ;

Grant us at last thy rich reward,
In union blest above.

While each the other justly claims,
We would be wholly thine ;
Would have affection's glowing flames
Blend in a flame divine.

We would be thine while here below,
As thine we hope to be
In that bright world where joys o'erflow
Through all eternity.

O fold us in thy gracious arms,
With loving kindness bless,—
Still more enraptured with the charms
Of perfect holiness.

While blending souls in union sweet,
We seek our all in thee ;
Thou art the centre where we meet,
Whence we will never flee.

TWO INFANTS.

BROTHER cherub, come away !
'Tis thy sister spirit calls,
Join our blissful bright array,
Where the sweetest glory falls
Around the Saviour's blessed throne,
Who for us infants did atone.

Beauteous angel, let me stay
 In affection's tender arms,
 What should tempt me now to stray ?
 Strangers fill me with alarms :
 O dost thou know a parent's love ?
 And all the filial joys I prove ?

Brother, brother, dost thou know
 Who it is that calleth thee ?
 Thy own sister ! spared all woe
 By going home in infancy :
 Thy parents are my parents too,
 And loves were ours as now with you.

Lovely spirit, can it be,
 Thou, so beautiful and bright,
 Art akin the least to me
 Filled with pleasure and affright !
 Perfection, seeming half divine,
 Beams awful through those smiles of thine.

Darling brother, do not fear,
 Gentler than a mother's care,
 Free from every sigh and tear,
 Is the kindness you shall share :
 And all that in me now you see,
 Soon, soon, dear brother, thou shalt be.

Angel, what will brother say
 When he finds that I am gone !
 Who will cheer him day by day,
 Meet him smiling as the dawn ;
 Ah, why should he be left alone
 And I removed to worlds unknown !

Lovely brother, do not call
 Me an *angel* with awed tone,
 I am thy *SISTER*, loving all
 Thy fond heart proclaims its own ;
 You need not love our dear ones less
 For sharing heavenly happiness.

Lovely sister, is it true !
 In our circle then remain,
 We will share our joys with you—
 You shall lead our blooming train :
 How happy then we all shall be,
 Sweet seraph sister, here with thee.

Well I know the silken ties
 Twining round your little band,
 And the tide of sympathies
 Flowing full on every hand ;
 But know, the golden chains above
 Are infinite eternal love !

Dost thou know how near our birth ?
 Five baptized one blessed hour !
 Let us bloom awhile on earth,
 Twining in affection's bower :
 O why should such a beauteous wreath
 So soon be marred by ruthless death.

Dearest brother, I was there
 With an infant angel band
 Hymning in the hallowed air
 Him who baptism did command :—
 Come, we will oft return to see
 The dear ones now detaining thee.

Dearest sister, much inclined,
 Still I cling to those below,
 Where my heart has fondly twined,—
 Other worlds I little know :
 You must be very happy there,
 Ere long may we your glory share.

Brother, lift thine eyes above,
 Seest thou Him in smiles divine?—
 Image of eternal love !
 O how sweet His glories shine ;
 Behold He comes ! what raptures swell
 At thy approach, Immanuel !

Sister, bear me on thy wing !
 Let us meet Him in the skies !
 Look ! I'm like thee ! how they sing !
 Louder, sweeter as we rise ;
 Hail ! O my Saviour and my Lord !
 By infant hosts untold adored.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

SISTER seraph, whither flying ?
 Said a band of saints above,
 Anthem new we just are trying,
 On our dear Redeemer's love.

Happy songsters, let me go,
 Soon again I'll come ;
 I've some jewels down below
 One I must bring home.

Jewels ! sister, heaven is blazing
 With immortal gems of light ;
 Saints and seraphs, how amazing,
 Seeking them in realms of night !

Yet my jewels will outshine
 Those that sparkle here,
 Worthy of the crown divine
 Of our Saviour dear.

Through the golden gates of glory,
 On seraphic wing she flew,
 Down to earth drear, transitory,
 Where night sable curtains drew :

Gliding through a weeping throng,
 O'er her dying child,
 Hov'ring on love's pinions strong,
 Heavenly sweet she smiled.

Come with me, my tender Mary !
 To our Saviour's courts on high,
 Woes here end not, only vary,
 Come, with thy blest mother fly.

Hosts of infant spirits there,
 Happy and so bright !
 Mary, come, their rapture share,
 Heighten their delight.

O the sweet and joyous thrilling
 Of a fond maternal tone !
 Mary cannot be unwilling,
 Mother's home should be her own.

From the clay a spirit fair,
 Robed in love divine,
 Rises with a seraph's air,
 In their bliss to shine.

In celestial sweet embraces,
 With heaven's pity in their eye,
 Now they gaze on tearful faces,
 Fain would whisper, Tears be dry.

O the look of tenderness
 Shed on the bereft !
 Husband—children in distress,—
 Sisters—brothers left !

With ourselves come let us bear them,
 Sweet the little seraph said ;—
 Heaven a little while must spare them,
 Watching still around their head.

Soon perhaps we'll be their guide
 To the realms above ;
 Short the moments that divide,—
 Pledged in Jesus love.

Wafted to the band just closing
 Their new anthem sweet and clear,
 See ! she cried, with joy disclosing,
 See my lovely jewel here !

Rapture swelled the chorus high,
 Glory to our King !
 Gems of earth can deck the sky,
 Alleluia sing !

INFANT CHOIR.

THRILLING through the ravished air,
 Notes celestial met my ear,
 Glory, triumph, bliss was there,
 It was rapture e'en to hear :
 Notes and song on earth so rare,
 Strange they reached this world of care,
 Where pain and sorrow, weakness, fear,
 Bear off our joys on mournful bier.

My soul was fired, but could not tell
 What words so sweet were blending
 In melody that on me fell
 Like nectar showers descending ;
 'Twas not the loud triumphant swell,
 Shaking the world like final knell,
 Of mighty angels ending
 Their choral strains low bending.

So charming and so gently sweet,
 In varying notes and measure,
 The symphonies seemed all to meet
 To form the extatic pleasure ;
 And while the song my soul did greet,
 My very pulse forgot to beat,
 And nature, now left all at leisure,
 Drank in the tones as life's choice treasure.

The harmony now nearer drew,
 But I had not an eye to view,
 My spirit was all hearing ;

I could not see the beauteous train
 Pouring forth the enchanting strain,
 But ere their disappearing,
 Tried all my powers, alas in vain,
 Their song to catch and well retain,

That memory endearing
 The hour or age—which nought I knew,
 Might oft recal the rapture too ;
 But ravished and still fearing
 To lose the present, if the past
 I stopped to print upon my mind,
 The heavenly glory, fleeting fast,
 Left scarce a single trace behind :

Save an impression broad and deep
 Which mem'ry has no task to keep ;
 Chiseled by celestial hand
 With existence it may stand.
 To imitate that melody
 No mortal may pretend,
 But 'twas so sweet, so dear to me,
 I'll try some notes to blend—
 A mere memento of a day
 That ravished half my soul away.

Glory, praise and every blessing,
 On our precious Saviour be !
 From a world of woe distressing
 He has set our spirits free ;—
 Through His own eternity
 We shall brighten and will sing
 Glory, glory to our King.

How was our redemption won ?
 Born the slaves of sin and woe !
 Christ, the dear beloved Son,
 Paid the ransom bowing low ;
 When the mighty deed was done,
 He called our pardoned souls to share
 The crown which He Himself did wear.

In His robes of glory drest,
 Swell aloud triumphant strains !
 Ever, ever, ever blest,
 While our God and Saviour reigns !
 Let His grace o'er all victorious,
 Let His name forever glorious,
 Echo through creation's plains.

Infants yet, still such as we
 Farther scan eternity
 Than on earth our wisest sires,
 Judging by their starlight fires,—
 Mistake what we so clearly see,
 And providences fain would flee,
 Which heaven in rapturous praise admires.

Swell our song ! and swell our train !
 Let us linger o'er the plain,
 Returning there again again ;
 And though for a night there be sorrow and weeping,
 And eyes see the morn unsoothed by soft sleeping,
 Yet sweet consolation the mourners will bless,—
 And earth's grief be repaid with heaven's happiness.

See ! one ! and another ! how brightly they rise,
 To sing and to soar with our band to the skies !

O pour forth the praise in a chorus of voices,
 All heaven in the song and the rapture rejoices !
 Another ! another ! another ! in rays .
 Of glory surrounded, ecstatic they praise
 That mercy so shortens their dark evil days.

Strike louder the lyre at sweet kindred meetings,
 Our band is the scene of the tenderest greetings !
 Short was the space that on earth we were parted,
 Ere long loving parents, now near broken hearted,
 Will o'er us rejoice with a rapture unknown
 When gladness to life gave its happiest tone,—
 Shout ! shout ! and ascend to the throne !

Rising on seraphic wing,
 Glory, glory to our King,
 To His throne we rapturous bring
 Sweet accessions to our train ;
 Over us let Jesus reign !—
 Heavenly echoes love our strain,
 Angels list to hear us sing.
 And so the echoes passed away,
 As fades the melting twilight ray.

'Twas silent, and evening had drawn
 Her veil o'er the beauteous sky ;
 My thoughts in hope's pathway were gone,
 When tidings of sorrow drew nigh.

I had indeed trembled with fear,
 Lest the circle again should be broke,
 But little expected to hear
 Had fallen so sweeping a stroke.

'All gone!' save a single dear flower,
 I scarce could the message believe,
 Cut down as it were in an hour,—
 Oh how the fond parents must grieve!

I cannot yet think they are gone,
 I see as I saw them last spring,
 As smiling and fair as the dawn,
 As cheerful as birds when they sing.

Yes, one and another they rise
 The image of gladness and life,
 And passing before mental eyes
 With hopes of the future seem rife.

But true they have gone! this I know,
 For I saw as the letters were read,
 Eyes dearer than mine overflow,
 With tears that sweet sympathy shed.

And yet, dearest *Willy* appears
 To gaze and to smile in my face;
 My sorrowing spirit it cheers
 To think of his infant embrace.

And shall I then see him no more?
 Nor press him again to my breast?
 No fortunate moment restore
 The darling I've often caressed?

No! *Willy* is laid in the tomb
 Where *Justin* was sleeping so sweet,—
 Nay, both in perennial bloom
 In the bowers of paradise meet.

Adieu, my dear Willy, adieu,
 If feeling my heart overflow
 With mingled emotions for you,
 What anguish your parents must know.

But let us not grieve at your joy,
 Nor mourn that your circle is blest,—
 That heaven and the Saviour employ
 Your spirits in mansions of rest.

Sweet *Judith*, my darling, for thee
 There is a warm place in my heart ;
 You won an admirer in me,
 But fond earthly loves often part.

I saw thee last summer descend
 To the brink of the dark, chilling grave ;
 And felt more than joy of a friend,
 When God was there present to save.

Farewell, my dear Judith, farewell !
 With Mary in glory unite ;
 Our bosoms with sorrow will swell,—
 Your spirits with endless delight.

And *Catharine* too, of the train
 So active, intelligent, fair,
 Has gone where the graces e'er reign,
 To make the band full again there.

I think how her parents must grieve,
 Though piety softens the pain ;
 I know that the strokes which bereave
 Prepare for a spiritual gain.

Charles too, his fond parents delight,
 So amiable, leaves with the rest ;
 His mates gone before were a sight
 Attracting away to be blest.

My soul melts in sympathy here,
 For these, and for all the bereaved,
 Both parents and children so dear,
 Scarce less than the mourners I'm grieved.

And with them O let me rejoice
 In hopes which the Gospel awakes ;
 These children we trust are the choice
 Of Jesus who died for their sakes ;

The children of covenant care
 Of our blessed Father in heaven,
 The children of faith, fervent prayer,
 To God in His ordinance given.

Hail then, little seraphs, all hail !
 Rejoice in the raptures above ;
 Through grace we o'er death will prevail,—
 Join you in the world of all love.

Poor *Henry* ! left lonely and sad,
 Like a sparrow alone on a spray,
 How canst thou be cheerful and glad
 Now thy sisters and mates are away.

For thee gentle pity still weeps,
 An orphan, and wonders how long
 You'll wander o'er life's rugged steeps
 Ere joining your mates in their song.

Heaven bless and defend thee from ill,
 And make thee thy father's delight ;
 The prayers of thy mother fulfil,—
 Bestow on thee grace, love and light.

My thoughts revert back to the grave,
 'Tis nature to sorrow and sigh ;
 Yet the stones we see here only pave
 And smooth our steep pathway on high.

The lowliest grave lifts our feet
 Far higher than towers of pride ;
 Our souls here mount upward to meet
 The loved, the lamented that died.

O when in a spirit's embrace,
 In the presence of Jesus our King,
 Shall we meet through infinite grace,
 Hosannas of glory to sing.

SENNACHERIB.

ISA. 10 & 37.

LIKE the Genius of ruin in phrenzy of joy,
 The proud monarch of Asshur swept on to destroy,
 Through the breadth of the Land, and wherever he came,
 His tread was an earthquake : his glance volcanic flame.

At the head of his legions all crimsoned with blood,
 In full view of Zion the vain conqueror stood,

And vaunted of nations and of gods overthrown,
Scorned Jews and Jehovah to repel him alone.

With the insult of triumph he shook his clenched hand
At the temple of God, and dared Him to withstand,
All His worshippers taunted with insolence vile,
Half-disdaining the conquest, he seemed by his smile.

This blasphemous challenge the Eternal awoke,
And in thunders of vengeance Jehovah then spoke,
Thou slave of my purpose, of my will the mere tool!
Greedy worm to consume, thou weak arrogant fool!

In all thou dost glory hast thou no sense to see
Thou hast toiled to accomplish my righteous decree?
Which finished, like a brute curbed by bridle and ring,*
Thee, crushed with abasement, back to Asshur I'll bring.

The Virgin of Zion now derides thee with scorn,
But tomorrow may pity a foe so forlorn;
In the height of thy pride, at thy climax of power
Destruction will whelm thee in one short midnight hour.

The Assyrian's camp spread out wide like the sea,
And evening closed o'er it in wild revelry,
They drank deep to Nisroch, and they played for the spoils
Which they doubted not Zion must yield for their toils.

With wine and loud blasphemies o'erwheated at last,
Their music and shoutings died away on the blast,
And fair dreams of the morrow each warrior beguiled,
While the angel of death at their ignorance smiled.

* The ring inserted in the septum of the nose to control animals.

He passed noiseless the camp, and left silence profound !
 His step crushed the vast host like a worm to the ground,
 But Sennacherib spared still to suffer the rod,—
 Feel his glory consumed by one servant of God.

With the morn woke the monarch and haughtily cried—
 Sound the signal to arms ! but no trumpet replied ;
 He raged, but none answered, then by Nisroch he swore
 That Rabshekah and guards should soon welter in gore.

In a fury he rose, left his robe and his crown,
 From his purple pavilion, with death in his frown,
 He rushed forth sword in hand in a phrenzy to slay
 The bold captains that dared e'en in sleep disobey.

His brave guards round the tent lay outstretched on the
 ground,
 Nor his curses nor sword could rouse sleep so profound ;
 In the blindness of passion, he raged o'er the plain,—
 Swooned to find his vast army would ne'er wake again.

He revived in the horrors of terror and fled
 On a donkey that grazed where his heroes lay dead,
 Wished he were the brute, and that his bearer did ride,
 To 'scape thus the anguish of wrecked power and pride.

GLANCE AT THE FUTURE.

I wonder when and where
 This hand will cease to write ?
 This thinking soul prepare

For its eternal flight,
 And leave this body to the dust,
 In hope of rising with the just.

I thought to find a grave
 Beneath these orient skies,—
 With those I fain would save
 At the last trump to rise,
 And, with at least a favored few,
 Hail Christ descending in our view.

Perhaps I may be laid
 Where Moslims careless tread,
 And not a flowret shade
 My low neglected bed ;
 Or here with native Christians sleep,
 Who scarce will o'er the stranger weep.

But wherefore ask I where ?
 Or why inquire I when ?
 While God directs with care
 My every step till then ;
 Earth is the place, and time the hour,
 And death my life through Jesus' power.

ANOTHER'S LAYS.

“Songs of the night,” of plaintive strain,
 That tell of fond hopes faded,
 Like sighs of spring when winter's reign
 Has all her beauties shaded
 With deathlike shadows chill and deep,
 And locked her eyes in frosty sleep.

Is life the 'night' that here is sung
 To pensive notes of sorrow ?
 Then grieve not, heart, with anguish wrung,
 For night will end tomorrow,
 And one eternal, blissful day
 Forever chase thy griefs away.

That earth and youth and hope beguiled
 Our bounding heart so often,
 Deceiving more the more they smiled,
 Need not our spirits soften,
 And melt away our souls in gloom
 And sighing for the faithful tomb.

For He who giveth songs by night
 To hearts with sorrow swelling,
 Unveils such glory and delight
 As hope ne'er whispered, telling
 Of perfect bliss approaching near
 To bear us on in bright career.

Ah, hopes and loves of other days,
 That flit in twilight glory
 In memory's enchanted gaze,
 Well ye were transitory !
 Ye favored by your failures one
 Your faithfulness might have undone.

Why then at disappointment sigh,
 Or wish false hopes repeated ?
 Or why too fondly long to die
 Ere life is well completed ;
 The hymn of morning stars so bright
 Will soon succeed songs of the night.

FLEETING PILGRIMAGE.

WE are only pilgrim's here,
 Ever toiling on our way ;
 At each stage however dear,
 But a fleeting night we stay.

No, nor linger we at night,
 Ceaseless as our moments flow,
 Onward, onward is our flight
 To immortal bliss or woe.

Why then in these flying hours
 Think to build a house of rest ;
 Dreaming of unfading bowers,
 Years with endless favors blest.

Here our home can never be,—
 Where eternal glories shine
 From the throne of Deity,
 Is our city—home divine.

 THE STRAYER.

MY name was sinner vile,
 When I strayed ! when I strayed !
 My name was sinner vile,
 And sin did me beguile
 With many witching wile,
 When I strayed, when I strayed.

I heard of God in youth,
Still I strayed, still I strayed ;
I heard of God in youth,
I read His holy truth,
And hoped to share His ruth,
Still I strayed, still I strayed.

And harder grew my heart
As I strayed, as I strayed ;
And harder grew my heart,
And more did Satan's art
Confirm my wayward part,
As I strayed, as I strayed.

God's blessed Spirit came,
While I strayed, while I strayed ;
God's blessed Spirit came,
And conscience did inflame
My wicked course to blame,
While I strayed, while I strayed.

I strove against His power,
Loved to stray, loved to stray ;
I strove against His power,
Said life is in the flower,
Wait till my dying hour,
Let me stray, let me stray.

He then my soul forsook,
Oh ! I strayed, oh I strayed ;
He then my soul forsook,
And I no check would brook,
But headlong plunges took,
Oh ! I strayed, oh I strayed.

I held my actions free,
 How I strayed, how I strayed ;
 I held my actions free,
 Nor owned the Deity
 Had right or power o'er me,
 How I strayed ! how I strayed !

In thought and word and deed
 Fast I strayed, fast I strayed ;
 In thought and word and deed
 Self was my only creed,—
 To hell made rapid speed,
 Fast I strayed, fast I strayed.

God's judgments brought me low,
 Far I'd strayed, far I'd strayed ;
 God's judgments brought me low,
 Remorse began to glow,—
 Despair did overflow,
 Far I'd strayed, far I'd strayed.

Oh, how my soul did rage,
 Wild I strayed, wild I strayed ;
 Oh, how my soul did rage,
 And war with God did wage,—
 With demons round engage,
 Wild I strayed, wild I strayed.

I fiercely fought, but fell,
 Mad I strayed, mad I strayed ;
 I fiercely fought, but fell
 In horrors none can tell,
 I saw and suffered hell,
 Mad I strayed, mad I strayed.

I felt my soul undone,
 Quaked to stray, quaked to stray ;
 I felt my soul undone,
 Yet turned a look on One
 I erst did hate and shun ;
 Quaked to stray, quaked to stray.

O God, what grace appeared,
 Though I'd strayed, though I'd strayed ;
 O God, what grace appeared,
 That Enemy I feared,
 Seemed to my soul endeared,
 Though I'd strayed, though I'd strayed.

I saw His heart was love,—
 Ceased to stray, ceased to stray ;
 I saw His heart was love,
 And found the heavenly Dove
 Stoop on me from above,—
 Ceased to stray, ceased to stray.

Lost me from woe He bore,
 Can I stray, can I stray ;
 Lost me from woe He bore,
 And I forevermore,
 His mercy will adore,
 Can I stray ! can I stray !

Through grace I ne'er will stray,
 No more stray, no more stray ;
 Through grace I ne'er will stray,
 But to all sinners say,
 Oh do not go that way,
 Do not stray ! do not stray !

SUIT AT PERSIA'S COURT.

DAN. 10 : 13.

To Persia's ancient throne,
 A mighty angel came,
 And lingered long unknown,
 Though fired with heavenly flame,
 Still he withstood the strong array
 That vexed the church and truth that day.

The man beloved prays
 With penitential zeal,
 Till overwhelming rays
 Of glory made him reel,
 And fall before the angel bright,
 Who fain would fill him with delight.

If Gabriel in the friend
 Such with'ring awe inspires,
 What could the foe defend
 From his seraphic fires ;
 Yet heavenly wisdom left that foe
 In pride to plot the Church's woe.

Two thousand years, and more,
 Have over Persia flown,
 And we like Jews of yore,
 Need angels near that throne,
 To stay the pride and wrath of foes
 Who now again the truth oppose.

Our brethren* may be there,
 But Gabriel, where is he ?
 We bow ourselves in prayer,—
 Appeal, Great God, to thee ;
 Let Michael, that Prince of power,
 Sustain our cause in this dark hour.

THE WORLD OF SNOW.

THERE was a world all made of snow,
 From surface to the centre deep ;
 A globe more vast than earth in show,
 Broke by no sea nor mountain steep.

A vast expanse of brilliant white,
 Pure as the virgin flake in air,
 In ether robed of rapt delight,
 Nor cold, nor pain, nor gloom were there.

That world of snow was genial still,
 Though men might shiver at the view,
 For such was the Almighty will,
 And there unfading flowers grew.

There every tint that decks the bow,
 And hues ne'er seen by mortal eye,
 In tree and shrub and flower of snow,
 Blazed like the gems that stud the sky.

* Missionary delegation.

From that pure plain the crystal stems
 Of paradisa! plants arose,
 And crowned with thousand colored gems,
 Sparkled enchanting o'er the snows.

The zephyrs through those wondrous groves
 Murmured like seraph minstrelsy,
 Then silent stood, like one who roves
 Where bliss and awe wake ecstasy.

And life was there, not bestial trains,
 Like those that rage and rot on earth,
 Life not encased in mortal veins,
 Those beings owned a higher birth.

Their outward form was made of snow,
 Tempered in a cherubic mould,
 Through which celestial souls did glow
 With radiance mortals ne'er behold.

Like forms of light they danced along,
 Nor on the surface left a trace,
 Or rose on plummy pinions strong,
 And darted on in rapt'rous race.

Fair as the flowing light they seemed,
 And breathed perfume, their only food,
 Their happy bowers with millions teemed,
 That knew nor fancied aught but good.

One fiat of the Sovereign Will,
 At once that world—those beings made,
 And youthful joy will mark them still,
 When terrene forms are all decayed.

I gazed upon that world so bright,
 Till longing sighs lulled me to sleep,
 I dreamed of earth—it changed to light,
 Through all its rocks and oceans deep.

All, all was light! a glorious world;
 And forms of light in myriads came,
 Jehovah's banner seemed unfurled,
 And heaven resounded with His name.

In wonder lost, I cried how great,
 How wise, how mighty, God must be!
 Matter's in every varied state,
 The handiwork of Deity.



TEMPTED SOUL.

Was he long tempted? O yes, for years
 Demons of evil alarmed his fears,
 Till he viewed with envy passing biers,
 His meat was sorrow, his drink was tears,
 Amid trials strong.

Did danger meet him? Shudder to think,
 How often he verged to ruin's brink,
 Trembled and tottered ready to sink,
 It seemed the weight of a frightened wink
 Would hurl him along.

And what prevented? A hand unseen
 Retrieved his balance and strength I ween,
 But it chilled my blood to view the scene,
 I would not venture where he has been
 For ocean's treasures.

And knew he the risk? O yes, he spied
 The yawning gulf of hell at his side,
 Felt his feet prickle, and shrink, and slide,
 And his brain reel o'er perdition wide,
 Grasping at pleasures.

What lured him so far? A roving thought
 One day came along, with mischief fraught,
 And the good man's fancy artful caught,
 And his soul through bowers enchanted brought
 To the brink of woe.

There twining flowers grew over hell,
 And loaded the air with morphite smell,
 While bewitching gales did sink and swell,
 All binding the soul with serpent spell,
 To plunge it below.

How his brain did reel intoxicate,
 And his syrened soul desire its fate!
 For the charms of sin now seemed so great,
 That he at her witching beck did wait,
 Nor of treason think.

She balanced her light form on a flower,
 That farthest shot from her mad'ning bower,
 And wooed him to win the raptured hour,
 He strained to reach, but his foot with power,
 Clung fast to the brink.

Like a tree on beetling cliff he stood,
 Bending to fall in the deep dark flood,
 'Twould chill to ice all a pirate's blood,
 To see him swing like a branch of wood,
 And strain at a shade.

A thunder broke ! and he looked behind,
 The flowers to vipers turned, and twined,
 And hissed at the heel that did him bind,
 While sin, to a gorgon changed, did grind
 Horrid jaws and brayed

A hellish din in his shud'ring ears !
 And the murky cloud below now clears,
 The bottomless, boiling gulf appears,
 Horrific shriekings, sights, and fears
 Blast, shiver, and shock.

With furious rage the fiendish crew
 On the guilty wretch like vampires flew,
 With talons infernal clutched and drew,
 But his magnet heel more firmly grew
 To the iron rock.

And there they struggled and laughed and screamed,
 And tore and taunted and fierce blasphemed,
 'Twould shatter the mind to have but dreamed
 One half that horror ! when sudden gleamed
 A celestial sword !

The fury was hushed, and all was dark !
 But a gentle zephyr fanned the spark
 Of the sinner's soul, and in a park
 He found himself, a piteous mark
 For Him he adored.

THE VISION.

In her robes of white,
 With pinions of light,
 And her crown so bright,
 All gemmed with stars !
 She hung o'er my bed,
 Her hand near my head,
 With sweet smiles she said,
 What from me bars ?

'Twas the midnight hour,
 When visions have power
 The spirit to cower,—
 I'd woke from dreams ;
 Yet I did not fear
 The angel so near,
 She once had been dear,—
 Ah, long it seems !

I gazed on her charms,
 Extended my arms,
 But felt some alarms
 T' embrace a saint ;
 Impassive as air,—
 She still hovered there,
 More lovely and fair
 Than thought can paint.

Like a noonday beam,
 In cell she did seem,
 That doth glow and gleam
 In darkness round ;

She pointed on high,
 Said, Come, Dearest, fly !
 Why lowly here lie
 In sorrow bound.

But poor brittle clay
 Repeled each essay
 To shatter a way
 To spirit state ;
 I could not arise
 And soar to the skies,
 Though bursting with sighs
 To join my mate.

She gently withdrew
 From my ravished view,
 Nor roof but the blue,
 Blue vault was o'er,
 And rising afar,
 Still shone like a star !—
 Tears vision did bar,
 I saw no more.



EPIGRAMS.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

When the veil that obscures us is taken away,
 And we in the brightness of Jesus shall shine,
 O shall we not wonder that our sojourn in clay,
 Found not in each other more graces divine.

SCATTERED POSSESSIONS.

The garments of Jesus, which charity gave,
 Were parted and torn at the Tree ;
 Exemption from fortune why then should I crave,
 Or grieve it is so done to me.

PERSECUTED CONVERTS.

When in the furnace we behold
 The hopeful sons of grace,
 We feel compassion for the gold,
 And would the fires erase.

ADIEU.

While many frown, and more forget
 The Pilgrim, as times vary,
 In you and yours shall I have yet
 A friend ? my sister Mary !

FOLLY'S CREATION.*

When the misty morn of creation dawned,
 And the heavens according to Folly were spawned,
 The slimy fogs into motion bent,
 And coiling rolled out the firmament.

* See Architecture of the Heavens, Vestiges of Creation, etc.

RESTLESS SEA.

REST, O rest !
 Troubled Sea !
 What a breast
 Thine must be !
 Heaving, tossing, roaring, surging,
 Forward, backward, ever urging ;
 Or if calm,
 'Tis to rally,
 Taking balm,
 For a sally
 On some frowning cliff or coast,
 Which to shatter is thy boast,
 Stirring up in vengeful ire,
 All thy reservoirs of mire,
 Ever with the land at war,
 Sea, say, what is all this for ?

I am weak,
 Prison bound,
 Do not wreak
 All thy sound
 On nerves as bare as is the sand,
 That forms thine own hard-beaten strand ;
 Let me rest,
 Till I gain
 Strength to test
 Thy fierce reign,
 Then renew thy wrathful rage,
 I'll enjoy the war thou'lt wage,
 As I have in former days,
 When thou didst exulting raise
 A thousand arms, and madly try
 To tear the canopy on high.

ANNIVERSARY.

THIS is an anniversary day,
 The tenth that, on my varied way
 O'er flood and land, appears ;
 For since I left my native shore,
 A realm and scenes unknown t' explore,
 Have passed eleven long years.

Eleven successive summers fled,
 Eleven stern winters o'er my head
 Have glided on their way,
 Since on toward the rising sun,
 O'er wave and kingdom I have run,
 Yet lived to see this day.

My God, I thank thee for thy care,
 For grace and mercy that me spare
 To bless thy name again,
 And here upon the briny flood,
 Record thy providence is good,
 In trial, joy and pain.

I sought a people far to bless,
 And plant with them thy righteousness,
 With them to live and die ;
 I hoped at least a chosen few,
 Through grace renewed, would life pursue,
 And rise to reign on high.

In ways and scenes to me unknown,
 Thou led'st me on through trials strown
 Full thick on every side ;
 Yet never didst poor me forsake,
 Nor leave my anguished heart to break,
 Mid those who truth deride.

Though man may call my labor vain,
 And for unfaithfulness arraign,
 Yet thou, my God, dost know,
 However weak, unworthily,
 I still have sought to follow thee,
 Through all the deep'ning woe.

And when thy servants far and near,
 Frowned on the cause I held so dear,
 I still to thee appealed ;
 A distant prospect of thy grace,
 To bless a long neglected race,
 In mercy was revealed.

I to thy providence gave heed,
 And sought to walk as thou didst lead,
 And for thy reign prepare ;
 A weak, not faithless, pioneer,
 I tried the narrow path to clear
 Of some obstructions there.

Like others who in Persia toiled,
 And ah, too oft like me were foiled,
 Yet wrought some lasting good ;
 So I applied to do and bear
 What Providence should make my share,—
 Firm to my calling stood.

But many, moved by ardent zeal,
 For such slow progress nought could feel,—
 They summoned me away ;
 To thee, my guide, my gracious Lord,
 I leave my judgment and reward,
 And strong appeal this day.

Leave not my people to their fate,
 Make pious souls compassionate
 The nation of the sun,*
 Let righteousness arise and shine,
 Salvation poured in streams divine,
 Through all the region run.

Shall I again that land behold ?
 Where I have suffered grief untold,
 Yet there desired my rest ;
 My God, thy counsels are unknown,
 But I do trust thy righteous throne
 To guide me where 'tis best.

Persia, my goal for many a year,
 For her I've poured the prayer, the tear,
 And though I've bid farewell,
 As onward to the west I flee,
 My spirit still goes back to thee,
 For thee will ever swell.

* The Persians, anciently worshippers of the sun, and still retaining it as one of their national emblems.

UTILITARIAN.

A castle called the Citadel of Truth,
 Built as I wote by no mere mortal hands,
 Where all the virtues, in their lovely youth,
 Pored for instruction, like seraphic bands
 On some deep mystery none understands,
 Till cycles in sweet meditation past,
 The truth like waves of life o'er golden sands,
 Pours on their minds in heavenly current fast,
 Till the full bliss of wisdom swells their souls at last.

This castle stood upon a mountain high,
 O'erlooking wide large landscape and the sea,
 Which at the rocky base beat loud and nigh,
 And tossed in all the pride of chivalry,
 Now roared like Mars, then simpered childishly,
 While beauteous prospects opened toward the west,
 Glades, fields and groves, bloom and maturity,
 In green and gold, and varying beauties drest,
 A paradise on earthly shores stood full confest.

Here the bright graces that adorn the skies,
 In all the glory of that world so fair,
 Shed the sweet influence of approving eyes,
 And sacred pleasures, neither few nor rare,
 In clustering bliss of better worlds were there,
 While darker passions, banished and disowned,
 Anger and envy, malice and despair,
 Outcast from thence in lower regions moaned,
 While in the castle joy and love sat high enthroned.

But great and strong as was this citadel,
 It stood, alas, on sublunary ground,
 And once upon a time it so befel,
 A troop of prowling rats sly ingress found,
 And searching stealthily, by night around,
 In admiration of so full a house,
 They gloated o'er the spoil beyond all bound,
 And every lean and silly-hearted mouse,
 Thought only how he should like epicure carouse.

But bliss is bounded with all kinds below,
 And every order in its sev'ral sphere
 Is crossed in joy by varied lines of woe,
 Which checker life in all its stages here,
 While pain, like bloodhound, follows pleasure near,
 And disappointment hov'ring in the train
 Of smiling hope compels too oft a tear,
 While headlong confidence, of prowess vain,
 Finds in itself, or friends, one to dispute its reign.

These rats, at least the leaders of the throng,
 Were born and bred in dark monastic cells,
 Where superstition holds her sceptre strong,
 And smites relentless whomsoe'er rebels,
 And such were there her potency of spells,
 That ne'er a mouse would venture to infringe
 Her code of fasts and forms and lights and bells,
 Lest loss of luxury should straight impinge,
 And all his crafty dreams of cupboards full unhinge.

But hunger-bitten, with long fasting face,
 Forced on foray, and led by flying fame,
 They left the haunts of counterfeited grace,

And to this citadel of plenty came,
 There falling sudden on unbounded game,
 They clutched like misers grasping after gold,
 When certain leaders, rats of weight and name,
 Began to chide their fellows loud and bold,
 For having conscience in lent time for dainties sold.

It chanced the party giving this offence,
 Pitched greedy on plum puddings and mince pies,
 Which proving wondrous pleasant to their sense,
 No thought of lent was likely to arise,
 Till stricter spirits, casting keener eyes
 On such rare morsels, zealously declared
 That lent was broken, and the penalties,
 Ordained for culprits wilily ensnared,
 Were due, wherefore the whole for trial now prepared.

A gray beard rat was summoned to the chair,
 And ordered each to plead his private cause,
 Arraign, defend, and prove by logic fair,
 His truth and justice by the reigning laws,
 Which for offenders knew no saving clause,
 But held the balance with impartial hand,
 And every subject marked by doubtful flaws,
 Smote in stern rigor with uplifted brand,
 Till equity secured her lightest, last demand.

The plaintiffs then upon their honor charged
 Defendants with a breach of rigid lent,
 And on the fault with eloquence enlarged,
 For public virtue prompted their intent,
 Of which the ruin now was imminent,
 Since matter animal had been devoured,

And all the bonds of sanctity been rent,
 At which the heavens in awful horror lowered,
 And direful fate on all the nation fiercely glowered.

Defendants then arose with lofty air,
 Their love of virtue and the laws proclaimed;
 Were grieved they should the least suspicion bear
 Of having done what in the charge was named,
 For never was pure innocence so blamed,
 Or steadfast virtue made the guiltless mark
 Of such erroneous prejudice inflamed,
 Which, judging all things blindly in the dark,
 Mistook devotion's self for sceptic vile and stark.

Plum puddings and mince pies they had enjoyed,
 But these were vegetable as all well knew,
 And none but mice with richer dainties cloyed,
 In plums and citrons aught but good could view,
 In flour, nuts, apples, spice, what was to rue?
 Then say, who dares, that he infringes lent,
 Who does with these his wasted strength renew,
 Or should be summoned loudly to repent,
 When justice calls the charge indignant to resent.

The pie and pudding then produced in court,
 All scanned, then tasted, were well pleased to find,
 So grave a charge was passing off in sport,
 For to the dainties most were well inclined,
 Could demonstrate by arguments refined,
 That where so much of vegetable good
 Appeared, no evil surely lurked behind,
 The mass, in main, free from suspicion stood,
 And every rat might lawful eat much as he would.

Acquital then by acclamation passed,
 And conscience sweetly soothed to welcome rest,
 With no misgivings of a broken fast,
 The sly community with plenty blest,
 Put their capacity to ample test,
 And till the mouser of the citadel
 Their peace and life did wofully molest,
 No question on mixed substances befel,
 But in UTILITY most thought all must be well.

So oft it fares among a nobler race,
 When moral questions to an issue tend,
 The crust and currants with deceitful face,
 To other matters veils and mantles lend,
 Till reason—judgment to delusion bend,
 And what is liked, or politic, is made
 By sophism justifiable in end,
 For when did one in fondest wish gainsayed,
 Lack fair pretexts and store of arguments arrayed.

Most at the mass of any subject glance,
 And nought for principles recondite care,
 UTILITY and POLICY advance
 Their sophistries, and show externals fair,
 But let true virtue of their arts beware ;
 Appeal to fact, and truth's eternal laws
 Which will no mixture of false compounds spare,
 And searching deep, trace matters to their cause,
 Unchecked by cobweb curtains hung on flimsy straws.

THE RETURN.

SPEEDING onward o'er the sea,
 To my own dear native land,
 Who, oh, who, will welcome me ?
 When once more I press the strand
 I little thought again to see,
 Till, spirit winged, I mounted free.

On my labor and my zeal,
 All the prime of manhood's years,
 They have set condemning seal,
 Since no harvest yet appears,
 Where seed-time, bound by winter still,
 Delays the hand of hope to fill.

Yes, they've summoned me away
 From my own adopted land !
 Yet for her I still will pray,
 Help and light from Heaven demand
 In Jesus' name, that realm to bless,
 And rain there richly righteousness.

Who will meet me with a smile ?
 Are there none ?—ah yes, a few,
 Free from dark suspicion's guile,
 Who will feel I come as true
 As I departed, when applause
 Murmured some favor on my cause.

Native land ! ah, wilt thou be
 Frowning stepdame to thy son,

When he now returns to thee ?
If no laurels he has won,
His own dear people shall he find,
Than Turk or Persian, more unkind.

Shall I on my native shore
Feel more dreary and forlorn,
Than when wand'ring Persia o'er,
Meet more scepticism and scorn ?
Oh, let me not there, long to fly
To eastern lands, to live and die !

CHAPTER III.

SICK-BED, ELEGIES, FAREWELLS.

THE SICK-BED.

THE SICK-BED ! ah, a melancholy theme !
Away ! youth, health and beauty fair, I deem
Too lovely far, to taste the tainted breath
Of darkened rooms those fit resorts for death.
The joyous lark that mounts the brilliant sky,
From woe and gloom is not more free than I.
Away, dull shades, the youthful summer smiles,
And spicy zephyrs fan the verdant isles,
The waters gleam beneath the parting oar,
Or break in murmurs on the pebbly shore ;
Their gayest dress the lovely gardens wear,
O let me pass the beauteous morning there.
I'll pluck the flowers nor think they e'er will fade,
And drink their sweetness in the balmy shade :
No, death will haunt me vent'ring there alone,
And every breeze seem burdened with a moan.
My chamber darkens, and forboding fear
Paints all the sadness of a sick-bed here.
Away the thing ! and let me instant fly
To friends as buoyant and as blithe as I ;

We'll laugh away the gloomy tyrant's frown,
 And weave fresh garlands future hopes to crown.
 Sweet life extends indefinitely long,
 We'll cheer its moments with our gayest song.
 Sure gloomy death will never be so rude,
 As on our youth and pleasures to intrude,
 Nor will he send his harbinger, disease,
 To blanch and wither features fair as these.
 Too fair methinks to suit with wonted bloom !
 Ah, paleness gathers and portends the tomb.
 And will this form so graceful ever lie
 Upon a sick-bed ? must this body die ?
 O dreadful thought I cannot drive away
 The painful truth that I am only clay.
 And is it so ? I fear, yet disbelieve :
 Can beauty fade ? and will my spirit leave
 This heaving bosom for some land unknown ?
 And shall I there the conscious spirit own ?
 And drink of joy, or taste the cup of woe,
 While endless years in ceaseless current flow.
 How can it be ! though others may be laid
 Beneath the cypress or the willow's shade,
 I cannot feel, O no, it cannot be,
 The shroud, the grave, the coffin are for me.
 O frightful names ! they deepen my despair,
 How shall I 'scape them, how for them prepare.

Invited now to call and pass an hour
 Where death is must'ring all his dreaded power,
 My trembling heart is filled with dire alarm,
 Which all my efforts fail me to disarm.
 Could I the sick-bed anxiously attend ?
 Though lingered there my dearest earthly friend ;

My sick'ning heart more aid would soon demand,
 Than e'er was rendered by this lilly hand.
 But peace, 'tis said, around this sick-bed smiles,
 And hope and joy the ling'ring pain beguiles,
 While Heaven imparts a rapture sweet, divine,—
 O that such peace and pleasure now were mine.
 I'll scan the sick-bed, and if Christian faith
 Can arm the soul to triumph over death,
 Be that my trust, and heaven my future aim,
 Whoe'er opposes or reviles my name.
 If pass I must in melancholy gloom,
 In pensive sadness to the doleful tomb,
 If never more a solitary ray
 Of pleasure must around these features play,
 If dull religion, that I still despise,
 The only pathway opens to the skies,
 I still will seek it, or now think I will,
 Ere death shall come his message to fulfil.

But see I'm there, the gloomy shutters close
 And shade the sick-bed burdened long with woes.
 So sad without, within what must it be !
 My soul is sick and urges me to flee,
 To pass the sick-bed and its anguish by,
 And now resolve that I will never die ;
 Or if I must from life be snatched away,
 Resolve no thought shall antedate the day,
 No mournful pageant shall disturb my joy,
 No fall of others e'er my hopes destroy,—
 That pleasure still shall my companion be,
 Forever shunning aught like misery.
 Alas, I cannot ; dearest ones may die,
 Then where for pleasure could my spirit fly..

What torture now my frightened soul invades !
 Despair impels me to these doleful shades ;
 But let me not by word or look betray
 What fear and anguish on my bosom prey.

O welcome here, kind sympathizing friend,
 May health and joy long years on you attend,
 And when you must upon a sick-bed lie,
 May you be happy and prepared to die,
 As this dear one whom you will now behold
 Just this side heaven whose golden gates unfold,
 And on the sick-bed light and rapture pour,
 In which the soul rejoicing longs to soar,
 And struggles hard to break from earth away,
 And dwell forever in celestial day ;
 A robe, a crown, a kingdom to assume,
 And reign with Jesus in immortal bloom.
 But hush the voice, and softly follow me,
 Be calm and gentle as with infancy,
 For so attenuate is the thread that holds
 The panting spirit in its loos'ning folds,
 A breath might burst it, and the soul so dear,
 No longer cheer us by its presence here.
 While yet this treasure to retain 'tis given,
 We seem to hold free intercourse with heaven,
 And learn the songs the ransomed sing above,
 And share the raptures of immortal love.
 Here the blest Lord, the glorious King appears,
 To wipe away His loved disciple's tears,
 And pour the balm of sympathy divine,
 In that dear bosom happy to resign
 Its wounds and cares to His soft healing hand,
 And wait obedient His supreme command.

Silent and slow half way the door unfolds,
 Light passing in, the visitant beholds
 The curtained sick-bed with a throbbing heart,
 And fain would turn and instantly depart.
 A softened shade sleeps sweetly in the room,
 Which seems at first a melancholy gloom,
 But soon familiar as th' embowering grove,
 Where youth and beauty oft delight to rove.
 Approach the sick-bed, and in silence view
 That faded form though blooming once like you ;
 No frightful scene the parted curtains show,
 If death is near, yet distant far is woe,
 She sleeps : how wan her features, O how pale !
 Soon all her vital energies must fail.
 Disease and pain have long been busy here,
 And see they force the silent trickling tear,
 That strays along her pallid cheek and calls
 For some kind hand to dry it ere it falls ;
 That mournful sign the only proof appears,
 That still she lingers in this vale of tears ;
 So hushed and fixed is all the magic play
 That healthful features e'en in sleep display.
 The grace that once sat smiling on her brow,
 The blooming cheek—alas, where are they now !
 Where fled the crimson that so brightly shone
 On lips whose smile 'twas happiness to own.
 The weary lids that seem too weak to close,
 So sunk and sallow, just their orbs disclose ;
 Where gone the light and beauty of the eye
 That sparkled once like diamonds of the sky.
 The glossy ringlets that in simple braid
 Gave charm to beauty by their magic shade,
 Are now concealed, or straying just appear,
 A mournful proof what weakness triumphs here.

No friendly hand may now from day to day
 Attend those locks and smooth in order lay,
 Such care were rashness, when with anxious dread
 We rare and gently raise the drooping head.
 So sunk and wasted the poor body lies,
 A human form scarce seems before our eyes.

But see she wakes, and slowly turns her eye,
 Her parting lips breathe forth a gentle sigh,
 Approach, kind friend, and silent bending near,
 The soft, submissive, sick-bed accents hear :
 The Saviour's name ! she scarce can whisper more,
 Nor needs but this in triumph to adore ;
 This brings her peace, and wakens hope and joy
 Which nought below imparts or can destroy ;
 The love of Christ that in her bosom glows,
 A bright'ning ray across her features throws,
 Relights her eye and seems to chase away
 The pain and weakness that from day to day
 Have held her captive, on the sick-bed bound,
 With pensive shades and silence spread around.

How sweet in such a soft'ning scene to prove
 The strong and tender sympathies love ;
 To warm her bev'rage to a nice degree,
 And bear the spoon as if 'twere infancy
 We nursed, and wet those lips, so parched and pale,
 While looks of peace and tenderness prevail,
 That chastened sweetness soothing to the mind,
 Of love and sorrow hope and fear combined.
 With gentle hand we wipe her lips and brow,
 Where perspiration thickly gathers now ;
 When close her eyes we watch with anxious care,
 Short gentle slumbers only can she bear,

And while she sleeps, recal some precious word
 Of soothing promise from our gracious Lord.
 These bring her peace, and help her to sustain
 The heavy load of strong disease and pain.
 Full well He knew who all our sickness bore,
 Of words like these we need an ample store,
 To cheer the heart when fainting in distress,
 And link our faith firm to His righteousness.
 Let us, as slumbers grow too heavy, deep,
 Now touch her hand to waken her from sleep,
 And whisper with a chastened smile the word,
 Which troubled Zion once with rapture heard :
 " O fear thou not, for I am with thee here,
 Be not dismayed, for I thy God am near,
 Thee will I strengthen, to thee help impart
 To soothe and cheer thy long afflicted heart,
 Thou canst not fall since my almighty hand
 With strength divine enables thee to stand."

A look of patience, hope, and trust replies,
 How sweet that word ; then close again her eyes,
 And while she sleeps, the youthful lady, fair,
 Rises to leave, with disconcerted air ;
 Silent she bows, and hastens from the room,
 To free her spirit of increasing gloom,
 Now breathes at ease, for in her mind had lain
 Such heavy thoughts her bosom heaved with pain,
 And shorter breath she near the sick-bed drew,
 Than her just bidding mortal life adieu.
 The day still shines majestic and serene,
 And fragrant zephyrs through the foliage green
 Sport and seem pleased the joyous notes to swell,
 Where happy warblers all their pleasures tell.

She heeds them not, but to her chamber hies,
 Uncheered by songsters or the brilliant skies ;
 In mournful silence long does she remain
 While broken thoughts crowd restless through her brain ;
 At length more calm, in half reproving tone,
 Words flow to ease her spirits there alone.

Why all this sadness ? wherefore so dismayed ?
 With frightful woe the sick-bed's not arrayed,
 A calmer scene ne'er met a mortal eye,
 So peaceful all, then wherefore should I fly ?
 And why in sorrow linger out the day,
 As if to night would snatch my life away ?
 Though were I called to yield to nature's law,
 If calm and happy as the friend I saw
 Upon the sick-bed, glad would I resign
 This false and fleeting, irksome life of mine.
 I wonder now that vanity so vain
 Could o'er my heart for years imperious reign,
 Nor I suspect the shadowy sceptre swayed
 So proudly o'er me, and so meek obeyed,
 Or dream the pleasures, leaving each a sting,
 Could aught of true and lasting comfort bring.
 Yet if I dreamed my visions oft were bright,
 And hope delusive promised fresh delight
 For future days that should unnumbered roll,
 And bear their raptures to my joyous soul.
 I sure was gay, methought was happy too,
 Nor seemed it tiresome pleasure to pursue,
 With fragrant garlands wreathed upon my brow,
 Ah, would I were as blithe and happy now.
 Why did I break fair pleasure's magic spell,
 And that sweet dream of happiness dispel,
 That cheered at least, and kept me from despair,
 Which now, alas, my hapless soul must bear.

Would that the sick-bed I had never seen,
 And ne'er beheld that countenance serene
 That haunts my mind, my folly seems to chide,
 And paints the ruin of my darling pride.
 I cannot smile, though nature smiles around,
 Nor sing as wont, though music in each sound
 Floats joyously upon the zephyr's breath,
 So sunk my heart with thoughts of gloomy death.
 What art can now my opened vision close
 Against those dread inevitable woes,
 That troubled conscience forces on my view,
 Full in the path where pleasure I pursue.
 Unhappy me ! bereft of joy and peace,
 Where will these deep and gloomy troubles cease ;
 No more the world with flatt'ring hopes can cheer
 This aching heart, or dry the burning tear ;
 Then whither, whither shall I flee for aid,
 With sorrows compassed and by fears dismayed.
 A sad resort ! the sick-bed yet again
 I'll seek, to ease or aggravate my pain,
 And through the watches of the coming night,
 Learn if I can, to die, or live aright,
 Learn how sweet peace o'er every ill can rise,
 And learn the pathway to the blissful skies.

Meanwhile and through a summer's lengthened day,
 Upon the sick-bed friends attend, and pray,
 With fervent zeal and sympathising heart,
 That to His child the Lord would health impart ;
 Nor strong they hope, nor yet despair to see
 Their prayers prevail, and death and sickness flee.
 If hours more joyous e'er to them were known,
 Yet pity, peace and rapture so were thrown

Around the sick-bed, that 'twas sweet to stay,
 And there think o'er the promises and pray,
 How oft would joy steal through the trembling breast,
 At some glad word to fainting souls addressed,
 So fresh it seemed beside the sick-bed used,
 Though years on years unnumbered times perused ;
 And every page a promise now could yield,
 By health unnoticed, lying thus concealed.
 What Moses wrote, and what the prophets spoke,
 What David sung, when Zion's harp awoke
 So sweet, yet plaintive oft, beneath his hand,
 And what the Saviour to His chosen band
 Addressed in love, what His Apostles drew,
 All seemed to have the sick-bed still in view ;
 Peace, comfort, light upon it still they shed,
 Grim death disarming of his sting and dread,
 And opening up a vista to the skies,
 With prospect fair of blooming paradise.
 Sweet blessed home ! long, long will memory dwell
 Upon those scenes, and long this bosom swell
 To see them full in vivid colors rise,
 And slowly pass before my eager eyes.
 There's nought repulsive, nought that wakes alarm,
 Deep sorrow e'en those scenes might well disarm,
 And through the breast a cheerful spirit breathe,
 And hope's fresh chaplets round the temples wreath.
 Beside the grave oft fairer flowers grow,
 Than health's high hills or blooming vallies know,
 Yet mortals fear to tread the hallowed ground,
 Though peace and fragrance spread their charms around ;
 Far off survey with transient glance the scene,
 And fancy death in most terrific mein
 His ruthless dart is shaking o'er the dust,
 He faithful caskets as a precious trust.

The Christian's grave is free from all despair,
 Death's fiercest terrors have no power there,
 But so serene an angel pleased might stay,
 And there attune some sweet and heavenly lay,
 Or echo still in his celestial tongue,
 The victor notes the dying Christian sung,
 And hymn the grace that opened from the tomb,
 Triumphal passage to immortal bloom.
 Yes, would I pass an hour of tranquil joy,
 Where disappointment never could annoy,
 Nor gloom e'er come, nor sorrow's troubled wave,
 The spot should be a holy Christian's grave.
 The hearth of peace and hall of gayest mirth,
 The sacred temple, every place on earth
 Is yet exposed to many a bitter woe,
 Save this alone, here e'en the tears that flow
 For good ones gone, sweet pleasures now become,
 And fall o'er smiles upon the hallowed tomb.
 This heart was ne'er dark melancholy's home,
 Nor oft for comfort was compelled to roam,
 Yet were it forth for peace and pleasure driven,
 Where should it seek them?—where but nearest heaven.

The day declines and round the sick-bed spreads,
 As oft before, its pensive deep'ning shades ;
 Silence attends, so hushed one seems to hear
 His own thoughts murm'ring in his list'ning ear,
 And almost fears lest fancy's visions rouse
 The quiet sleeper from her short repose.
 Come, view the sick-bed at this solemn hour,
 And estimate religion's worth and power :
 Think of that long, long dreamless night,
 That soon will close upon your mortal sight,
 The night that lasts till time himself expires,
 Then to be lighted by the judgment fires.

The watchlamp comes to shed its feeble ray,
 And drive deep darkness from the scene away,
 Yet from the sick-bed screened with anxious care,
 Too weak her eyes the flick'ring light to bear.
 With solemn stillness each arrangement's made,
 And fixed attention on the sick-bed paid ;
 What love may prompt, what practiced skill direct,
 Is faithful done, affection can't neglect
 The darling object of its fond desire,
 So faint and helpless, ready to expire.

The watch is set, to guard the sick with care,
 And she, the morning visitant, is there,
 With anxious thought imprinted on her brow,
 Unwilling yet conviction to allow.
 Death she would face ; but ah, prevailing fears,
 Betrayed by paleness and reluctant tears,
 Disclose the secret of a burdened heart,
 More burdened still by ill concealing art.
 They watch, but why ?—expecting dire alarms
 From midnight robbers, or a host in arms ?
 No ; ill prepared to meet a mortal foe,
 Yet calmly waiting for the fatal blow.
 Needs there no courage guarding such a post ?
 Bring now the hero whose exulting boast
 Proclaims his deeds on many a hard fought field,
 Who scoffs at danger and disdains to yield
 To any foe, or aught that bears the name,
 Whose bold achievements fill the trump of fame,
 Who has grim death a thousand times defied,—
 Bid him stand sentry by the sick-bed's side.
 Why does his pride and wonted courage fail ?
 Alas, his panoply is here of no avail :

But can he not with bold unflinching heart
 Meet death's invisible and fatal dart,
 And in a chamber face the gloomy king,
 Where lonely silence spreads her sable wing ?
 Or only brave where martial notes inspire,
 And shouting hosts his prowess may admire ;
 Where gory garlands shall the conq'ror crown,
 Where pealing thunders all reflection drown :
 Here coward spirits may be mad not brave,
 While smoke and dust conceal the threat'ning grave,
 But calm to sit beside the open tomb,
 And wait the issue of approaching doom,
 Requires a soul not merely nerved to wield,
 A dripping falchion on a doubtful field.

In peacefull stillness now the evening glides,
 While o'er the sick-bed tender care presides,
 Oft wets the lip, and strives the soul to cheer,
 By soothing words dropped in the list'ning ear,
 Sweet consolations from the sacred page,
 Which health and sickness, youth and tott'ring age
 Still find abundant, ever fresh and free,
 Stamped with the seal of holy Deity.
 How dire their want who on a sick-bed laid,
 And life declining in the pensive shade,
 No revelation soothing present pain,
 And glancing far beyond death's gloomy reign
 Can call their own ; alas, for them revealed
 A fearful doom with seven-fold vengeance sealed.
 A God despised in awful justice leaves
 To black despair, or baseless hope deceives
 Their guilty souls, till endless ruin rise,
 And horrors flash on their late opened eyes.

O holy faith, that links us to the throne
 Of God eternal, who delights to own
 And bless the souls that on His word rely,
 And to His grace in every trial fly.
 What faith has done the great Apostle knew,
 What time his hand those shining portraits drew,
 The wav'ring Hebrew to confirm and cheer,
 Nor less important to ourselves appear.
 Faith leads death captive, makes his dart the key
 That opes the gates of blest eternity ;
 And though herself may never pass the line
 That severs mortals from a world divine,
 She leads the soul up to the verge of light,
 Points on, and says,—Here faith is changed to sight.

But cares more anxious round the sick-bed rise,
 As night approaches her meridian skies ;
 And in this still, most solemn, awful hour,
 Stern death prepares to exercise his power,
 Not as a foe, but as an urgent friend
 Resolved his neighbor far away to send
 To some famed better country, happier shore,
 Where rising troubles would assail no more.
 The patient suff'rer sunk in slumber lies,
 The leaden hand too long has pressed her eyes ;
 Like some fair flower plucked at the opening day,
 Left in the sun to wilt and fade away,
 Whose fragrance sickens, of whose form and grace,
 The glowing beams have scarcely left a trace,
 Whose wilted stem a flexile line appears,
 Ere yet the sun to rigid dryness sears,
 Whose drooping head lies dusty on the ground,
 No more to be with dewy brilliants crowned,
 Thus mortal nature here exhausted lies,
 Ye fair and strong, mark well, and now be wise.

She wakes : but ah, in agonizing pain,
 From sharp prescriptions which were used in vain ;
 With hasty hand we strive relief to bring,
 Unbind, remove the cause of suffering,
 But ere the task our careful love fulfils,
 Her rising voice our startled bosom thrills ;
 ' O do not stay me ! O let me go home !'
 We soothe, nor yet believe her hour is come,
 We will not, no, we must not let her go,
 And strive to ward the long impending blow.
 The wasted form, pale cheek, and helpless hand,
 Familiar grown, we hope may yet withstand
 The arm of death, and rise to strength and bloom,
 Defering long th' inevitable doom.
 But new sensations which within her rise,
 Of life assembling its last energies,
 Monition give of change approaching near,
 And clammy death-dews o'er her now appear.

Beside the sick-bed one had still been found,
 While night's pale queen had run her monthly round,
 With tireless love and christian grace combined,
 To nurse the body and refresh the mind ;
 Now late retired, some short repose to gain,
 That wearied nature may the cares sustain
 Of anxious love, and duties multiplied,
 Since his kind helpmeet sickened at his side.
 And who was he, so dear to her who lay
 Just on the verge of everlasting day ?
 Companion, friend, and husband was his name,
 Their hearts united, glowed with mutual flame,
 For rolling seasons fraught with sympathies,
 Had bound their souls in strong and tender ties,

Which nought but death could sever here below,
And love immortal from the fatal blow
Would blissful spring, in growing raptures rise,
At their reunion in the happy skies.
Now palsyng chills invade her wasted frame,
In tenderness she breathes her husband's name,
Desires him called to bid the last adieu
Of mutual love in life and death so true.
They calmly meet, yet what emotion thrills
Each softened spirit and each bosom fills,
We yet may know, though none can ever tell
The mingled currents of the last farewell.
Still o'er the sick-bed hope, with feeble ray,
Essays to drive the gath'ring shades away,
That faithful star that never quits our skies,
Till death forever seals the sightless eyes.
Cold are her hands, and o'er her more profuse
Appear death's chilly, clammy, dreaded dews ;
' Sure now I'm going ! ' faltered from her tongue,
And every heart with parting anguish wrung.
The husband's heart the deepest sorrow feels,
And all its thrilling tenderness reveals,
When for her sake with dying emphasis
She bade him train their infant son for bliss,
Remember every wish, and vow, and prayer,
That consecrated this their only heir,
Whose very name should on their minds record,
Those tender hours they asked him of the Lord.
The melting scene till now he had withstood,
This bows his head to rain the briny flood
Of rising griefs that swell his heart with woe,
Which burst their bounds and like a torrent flow ;
While desolation makes his soul a prey,
Ere his loved partner is quite borne away.

My dearest wife, who then will comfort me,
 Reft of your counsel, love, society ?
 Where shall I rest this weary, aching head,
 When you are numbered with the silent dead ?
 Who then will soothe and cheer my bleeding heart,
 And in each duty share a helpmeet's part,
 O who with me will bend the suppliant knee,
 Where none but God the sacrifice can see ?
 My own dear love, O wait till I may go,
 Nor leave me now o'erwhelmed with lasting woe !
 Thus he in anguish and affection sighed,
 And weeping hung o'er his dear, dying bride.
 Nor less her love, yet peace and joy maintain
 Within her breast a calm and happy reign,
 Unwavering faith unbars the gates of light,
 And heavenly glories beam upon her sight ;
 Though husband, child, her tend'rest feelings share,
 She fain would rise and dwell forever there.
 Their hands are joined as at the nuptial shrine,
 As if the stroke should rivet bonds divine ;
 He on her pillow hides his weeping eyes,
 While every heart o'erflows with sympathies.
 Her strength is rallied for the parting scene,
 And reason's lamp shines steady and serene ;
 And while her soul in rapt'rous triumph soars,
 In softest tones she consolation pours
 Into the bosom of her partner dear,
 And sweetly strives his bursting heart to cheer.

Kind, dearest husband, though I'm called away,
 Yet with you Jesus will forever stay,
 To cheer the remnant of your days below,
 And grant you joys no mortal can bestow.

Still love and trust Him, on His bosom rest
 Your drooping head, and He will make you blest,
 Blest in each duty, even blest in pain,
 And, dearest husband, we shall meet again,
 O yes, we shall ! there, there we meet on high,
 No more to part, no more to grieve or die !
 I've truly loved, yet never loved you more
 Than at this moment, while I wait to soar
 To my blest Saviour whom beyond compare,
 I love, adore, and now His favor share.
 O He is with me, near me long has stood,
 His loving kindness O how great, how good !
 Though so unworthy, still His grace upholds,
 And to His bosom my poor spirit folds,
 And now assures me of a crown above,
 Of His ineffable, eternal love :
 O give Him glory, triumph, and adore,
 Yes, Christ is mine, I'm His forevermore !

While praises flowed in rapture from her tongue,
 It seemed as if some heavenly spirit sung,
 And light celestial in her features shone,
 With graces sweet that health had never known.
 O there are charms about a dying bed,
 Where faith and hope their influences shed,
 Where peace and joy, twin sisters from above,
 Descend to prove their offices of love,
 And chase the gloom of parting scenes away,
 By bright'ning visions of immortal day.
 But not alone within her bosom rise,
 The tender yearnings of connubial ties,
 Maternal care dwells on her darling boy,
 Pledge of their love, their earthly pride and joy.
 Long weary days and painful nights had passed,
 Since she beheld her tender infant last,

And must she now a dying blessing leave,
 Nor fondly more into her arms receive
 The precious object of her chief concern,
 For whom her feelings strongly plead and yearn ?
 It is her choice ; perhaps the peace she feels
 Might be disturbed by nature's strong appeals ;
 But O the charge, the dying charge she gave,
 While yet she lingered by the open grave,
 To train her son to love and serve the Lord,
 And keep, and trust His gracious, holy word.

And now at length her rallied strength declines,
 Yet still her face with heavenly radiance shines,
 And sweet the words that in affection fell
 To comfort him she dying loved so well.
 ' For you this parting sorrowful must be,
 But O how blest, how glorious for me !
 Press closer, dear, and kiss me now once more !'
 And—' one for my dear babe !'—these pledges o'er,
 The simple, full, affectionate ' Good bye !'
 She sweetly breathes, prepared to mount on high.
 Then to the sick-bed all in order move,
 Exchange farewells, with pledged and heartfelt love.
 The partings end ; her charges all are given ;
 Yet still she lingers on the verge of heaven,
 Recounts the love and praises of the Lord,
 And glories in His never-failing word ;
 That gracious promise which in death can cheer,
 Impart fresh joy and banish every fear.
 " When through deep waters thou art called to go,
 The roaring torrents ne'er shall overflow,
 For I am with thee, and though flames oppose,
 Unhurt I'll bear thee through thy varied woes."

These precious words, how full of love they seem,
 To her just entering cold Jordan's stream,
 Who long had felt the fiery rage of pain,
 Yet would not of the chastening complain ;
 Her trust was God, through His supporting grace,
 She still could acquiesce, adore and praise.

Now stronger pangs her feeble frame assail,
 And fast her strength and panting spirit fail ;
 We raise the curtains and ourselves more free
 Inhale the air, for deep anxiety
 Oppressed our bosoms with such pond'rous weight,
 We seemed to share our dying sister's fate ;
 But dread suspense with hope at length is o'er,
 We bow submissive and our God adore.
 Soft be the whisper, calm and still the room,
 Where faithful Christians meet th' appointed doom ;
 No phrenzied look, no act of madness there,
 No loud lament, no shade of black despair ;
 Serene and peaceful as the orbs of light
 That glitter round the passing queen of night.

Still death delays to strike th' uplifted blow,
 She fain would join once more in prayer below,
 The last, last prayer ere praise eternal springs,
 And alleluias her blest spirit sings.
 How solemn, grand, and awful is the scene,
 Where heaven and earth blend in one view serene,
 Where all the tides of joy and sorrow meet,
 And mingling flow beneath the mercy-seat.
 What mixed emotions every bosom feels,
 As round the sick-bed each in order kneels,
 While one beloved, the senior of our band,
 To Heaven lifts up the suppliant voice and hand.

Affecting, humble, fervent was the prayer,
 That God would make His dying child His care,
 In kindest love inclose her in His arms,
 Console, and shield her from death's rude alarms,
 Grant sweet release from every mortal pain,
 Or, if His will, restore to health again.
 From nature's outworks all sensation flies,
 Life round the heart collects its energies,
 Expects, awaits the near impending blow,
 To burst its cords and free forever go.
 A hand unseen restrains the fatal dart,
 It cannot reach the feebly beating heart ;
 Attempts increase to drive grim death away,
 And disappoint him of expected prey ;
 Stern he resists, his iron grasp is laid
 On mortal clay, shall skill or force evade
 His high commission, and defer the day,
 When wasted nature must her tribute pay :
 Nor he retreats, nor we the contest yield,
 Since hope now glimmers on the doubtful field ;
 The strife redoubles, long and desp'rate waged,
 While round the sick-bed powers unseen engaged.
 She, patient suff'rer, strongly urged away,
 Yet held by force and thus compelled to stay,
 Feels all the fury of contending powers,
 But grace sustains her in those trying hours ;
 Christ is her strength, with whom she longs to dwell,
 And yet would stay for those she loves so well.

Ye, who tend death-beds, see that ye beware
 To treat the dying with the tend'rest care ;
 The piercing volatiles that sting the brain,
 When health and vigor through the system reign,
 Be banished far, and every rude essay,
 Which speed the moment but can ne'er delay.

No throug too near, to quench the vital air,
 No breath exhaled for lab'ring lungs to share ;
 Officious friends occasion oft more pain,
 Than ruthless death and all his gloomy train.

Our efforts now a gracious God succeeds,
 And baffled death reluctantly recedes,
 The inspiration deeper now descends,
 And bright'ning hope our anxious care attends.
 ' O you have brought me back to scenes below,
 When almost there ! you will not let me go !
 The glorious visions that began to rise
 Before my spirit mounting up the skies,
 Are veiled again, here still I must remain,
 Oppressed with weakness and beset with pain ;
 O had I gone, what glory had been mine,
 To see my Jesus—sing His praise divine !'
 Her disappointment sighed with falt'ring voice,
 Each heart inspires to worship and rejoice,
 But chief the husband with o'erflowing bliss
 Receives again his earthly happiness.
 On earth contented, stay, my dearest love !
 Till both are summoned to the courts above,
 Why part we now, and I be left forlorn,
 Long years perhaps to wander here and mourn ;
 Remain, my love, your husband, child, to bless,
 And spread abroad our Saviour's righteousness.

Not unconcerned beside the sick-bed stood
 A christian friend in calm and thoughtful mood,
 His swelling heart, throughout the thrilling scene,
 Had still maintained a countenance serene,
 And while he followed, up the shining way,
 The parting spirit led to endless day,

And waiting leaned against the gates of light,
 Till she should pass and vanish from his sight,
 Mid feelings mingled, he could scarce suppress
 Religious envy at her happiness.

A lonely pilgrim in a weary land,
 With toils and trials girt on every hand,
 Far better now to enter heaven his home,
 Than long sad years mid sin and sorrow roam.
 The tend'rest partings, varied, multiplied,
 His thrilling spirit oft had strongly tried,
 But not a tear at any keen farewell,
 Did ever yet his deep emotions tell ;
 But when the saint returns to dwell below,
 Some silent drops their channels overflow,
 While joy and sympathy his heart divide,
 And strangely mingle in a swelling tide.

But where is she who sick-beds held in dread,
 Whose careless mirth and flatt'ring hopes had fled
 E'en at the mention of the gloomy name,
 And conscience driven to attend one came ?
 Now with the flow of sympathising tears,
 For youthful follies penitence appears ;
 She humbly seeks for happiness on high,
 To die at length, the death the righteous die,
 And wonders much in grief like this to find
 More true delight and solid peace of mind,
 Than mid the scenes of pleasure's luring train,
 Which only tantalize and end in pain :
 Resolved to seek her injured Maker's face,
 And sue for pardon through redeeming grace,
 To live for Christ that with expiring breath,
 She too may triumph o'er the grave and death.

The shades of night are hastening now away
 Before the brilliant harbinger of day,
 While o'er the sick-bed hope with bright'ning smiles
 Worn anxious care still cheerfully beguiles ;
 Once more at least the gladsome morn will rise,
 Ere death forever seals her languid eyes,
 And who can tell that mercy will not spare
 Long rolling years in answer to our prayer.

SYMPATHIES OF SICKNESS.

How mild the chastened spirit feels
 When weakness through the system steals,
 Attendant on disease ;
 When racking pain and sickness flee,
 And leave the soul to sympathy,
 Whose soothing whispers please.

The mind is like the deep blue sky,
 Like zephyr seems the gentle sigh,
 And sweet the chastened smile ;
 What new sensations fill the soul,
 And in a happy current roll,
 And every ill beguile.

So soft and sweet the joys that swell,
 One hardly wishes to be well,
 And lose such mellow bliss,
 And seems prepared to melt away,
 And mingle with celestial day,
 And float in happiness.

O sympathy, how sweet thy charms,
 Come, fold me in thy gentle arms,
 For on the line I lie,
 Where pain and pleasure's empires meet,
 And where thou hast a fav'rite seat,
 To answer sigh for sigh.

O may my temper ever be
 Like pure angelic sympathy,
 And e'en in glowing zeal,
 May I be calm as noonday sun,
 And melt my foes by goodness down,
 Though cased in obd'rate steel.

When every mortal ill is o'er,
 And safe we reach the happy shore
 Where sickness is unknown,
 Still sympathy will bear a part,
 Amid the raptures of our heart,
 Around th' eternal throne.

THE LITTLE BROTHERS' GRAVE.

THE grave-digger leaned on his spade,
 On the little fresh mound bent his eye,
 Though callous and careless his trade,
 His heart heaved an unbidden sigh.

'Twas not all in sympathy breathed,
 And caught him as 'twere by surprise,
 He thought less how others were grieved,
 Than how death his work multiplies.

He struck his spade deep in the mound,
 And said, 'Twill be easier now !
 Then threw up the unsettled ground,
 And brushed the thick dew from his brow.

In murmurings broken by toil,
 He of the grim tyrant complained,
 Who never yet satiate with spoil,
 The same cruel warfare maintained.

He said, 'Twas but two days ago,
 I filled up this grave, but in vain,
 For now by another sad blow,
 Death tasks me to open again.

The short little coffin he bared,
 And heaved then a serious sigh,
 As close by its side he prepared,
 For a coffin still shorter to lie.

A feeling came over his heart,
 And filled e'en his obdurate eye,
 He prayed when he too should depart,
 To follow these children on high.

THE herald of day had appeared,
 Yet silent the multitude slept,
 All hushed was the chamber endeared,
 Where tenderness vigil now kept.

A poor little sufferer lay
 Like lilly cast down on its bed,
 The spirit was stealing away,
 Scarce telling the watcher it fled.

How piercing the tenderest call,
 Where slumber is pillowed on fear ;
 Light footsteps ! how hasty they fall,
 When urged by an object so dear.

Ah, who but a parent can tell,
 What these broken-hearted then felt ;
 How burning the torrents that fell,
 As by their loved first-born they knelt.

Yet Jesus, kind Saviour, was near,
 To give them a spirit resigned,
 When yielding a treasure so dear,
 Round which their fond loves were entwined.

They gave up their dearest in prayer,
 He softly was wafted away ;
 Sweet cherub ! how happy, how fair,
 He smiles in the mansions of day.

His second bright summer had come,
 And sweet was the opening bloom,
 But Jesus in love called him home,—
 His body was laid in that tomb.

And why have they opened it now,
 And widened the deep little cell ?
 Must parents again o'er it bow,
 With yearnings no language can tell.

Bereaved and afflicted in heart,
 Cast down by the sundering stroke,
 Poor mourners ! how bitter the smart,
 That wave after wave on them broke.

'Twas only two mornings ago,
 Their William whom love could not stay,
 Had left them to weep o'er their woe,
 And James now is summoned away.

Sweet infant, his brother has come
 To guide his young spirit above,
 He tells of a happier home,
 Though theirs was a dwelling of love.

Fond mother! she clasps to her breast
 The dear one but recently given,
 Kind father! his prayers are addressed
 To our gracious Parent in heaven.

And softly the soul left its clay,
 Ere fervency ended the prayer,
 Was borne by the seraphs away,
 Embraces of Jesus to share.

Yet who in this manner bereaved,
 With heart in which tenderness reigns,
 Would not in deep sorrow have grieved,
 Though no rebel feeling complains.

The coffin has casketed now,
 Its treasure so precious of clay,
 But o'er it the fond parents bow,
 And linger to bear it away.

O love! love maternal, how strong!
 She gazes and weeps on the face,
 Left childless, she fears 'twill be long
 Ere heaven shall renew the embrace.

The coffins are laid side by side,
 The dark little chamber they close ;
 But long ere the streams will be dried,
 That flow from such deep gushing woes.

Mid strangers the lovely ones sleep,
 Their parents may never more come
 To call up their image and weep,
 O'er the dust of their mouldering tomb.

Sweet babes! they have 'scaped the alarms,
 The cares and the trials below,
 Embraced in Immanuel's arms,
 With glory their spirits o'erflow.

THE harps of the blessed were strung,
 And rapturous praise with the song,
 In heaven's sweetest harmony rung,
 Redemption pervaded the throng.

Two spirits half twining were there,
 Who seemed yet unable to hold
 The harp that their anthem should bear,
 Resplendent with jewels and gold.

They leaned it against the bright throne,
 Where Jesus in loveliness reigns,
 So sweet, so extatic its tone,
 So full of salvation their strains ;

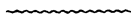
Fresh rapture in glory arose,
 The Saviour beholds them in love ;—
 Blest babes, they left earth and its woes,
 For bliss in perfection above.

CORRECTION OF SICKNESS.

I would not always soar
 On health's elastic wing,
 Free till my life be o'er
 From sickness—suffering ;
 Lest self-presumption should ensue,
 And half the work of grace undo.

I love to feel the pride,
 Of this too haughty soul,
 Sink like the ebbing tide,
 And lose usurped control ;
 Would that its flood might never flow,
 To drown again my heart with woe.

In such a gentle frame
 How sweet to soar above !
 To catch seraphic flame
 And sing redeeming love !
 Come sickness, pain—with grace—prepare
 My soul to rise and triumph there.



BENEFITS OF SICKNESS.

WELL, let them boast the joys of health,
 And tell how strong they be,
 Or dashing ride the courser wealth,
 Still pain and poverty
 Have solaces they little know
 Who pale to think of distant woe.

How oft has sickness been my friend,
 And chid my passions still,
 Then did like faithful nurse attend
 To soothe me to His will,
 Who sought to draw my feet aside
 From fatal precipice of pride.

I look with pleasure on the bed
 Where I a pris'ner lay,
 While ling'ring nights their courses sped,
 And weary rolled the day ;
 Yes, thence my spirit oft would soar,
 The world of spirits to explore.

Kind sickness loosens all the ties
 That bind my soul to clay,
 And while it struggles hard to rise,—
 Like angels soar away,
 I almost see that better land
 Which spreads so fair from God's right-hand.

DEPARTED MISSIONARY.

SHE'S gone to the land where the weary find rest,
 Where God wipes away every tear,
 Where the troubled but pious forever are blest
 In the bosom of Jesus so dear.

Ah yes, she has gone ! and we see her no more
 While this side the curtain of clay,
 But death our sweet union again will restore
 When we too are summoned away.

We'll meet her again in the regions above,
 No more to be parted or sigh,
 In transports of joy, in the bosom of love,
 Where rapture and praise never die.

Her path down the valley was rugged and steep,
 But she leaned on a Helper divine,
 Who smoothed death's dark river, cold, ruffled and deep,
 Till heaven mirrored in it did shine.

And there with affection so ardent and true,
 She bade her loved husband farewell,
 And gave her dear babes a fond mother's adieu
 With yearnings no language can tell.

If heart-prayers ascend like swift angels the skies,
 And bring down sweet mercies like rain,
 The prayers of a mother poured forth as she dies,
 Will never wing upward in vain.

Through faith in her Lord she walked firm o'er the stream,
 And vanished from mortals away ;
 Yet still on her course we see radiance gleam
 From the portals of infinite day.

PARTING.

FORGET me not, my sincere friend,
 While sailing o'er life's ocean,
 A prayer to heaven will you not send,
 For me in your devotion?

Perhaps no more on earth we meet,
 Each other's spirit cheering,
 By interchange of converse sweet,
 With youthful friends appearing.

But should we not—O may we meet,
 Where life's pure stream is flowing,
 And walk its holy, happy street,
 Where trees of life are growing.



LEAVING SAVANNAH, GA.

My face at length is homeward set,
 The steamer speeds her way ;
 But scenes I leave, I can't forget,
 Nor would I if I may.

Savannah ! I have prayed for thee
 With full a fervent heart,
 Not that thou hast been kind to me,
 Not that we now must part :

But for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
 O may He hear my prayer,
 And every soul in thee awake
 His saving grace to share.

Farewell, ye Georgia shores, farewell !
 I ne'er may see you more ;
 May peace and pure religion dwell
 With you till time is o'er.

APPROACHING CHARLESTON, S. C.

HAIL, Charleston ! there you stand as when
 I saw you first from ocean ;
 I view your spires and domes again,
 With thrilling deep emotion.

An invalid, from northern climes,
 How kindly you received me ;
 My grateful heart recalls the times
 Your friendly hand relieved me.

A cloud upon my prospects then
 With angry brow was low'ring,
 That very cloud, like vernal rain,
 Rich blessings on me show'ring,

Has overpassed, and now the bow,
 On its dark bosom glowing,
 Betokens good the way I go,
 Eternal life-seed sowing.

LEAVING CHARLESTON.

FAREWELL, dear Charleston friends, farewell !
 I may no more return,
 Yet e'er for you this heart will swell,
 This grateful bosom burn.

When orient suns shall light my way
 Through distant Moslim lands,
 For you I still will fervent pray
 Mid flowers or barren sands.

We'll meet each other at the throne
 Where grace and joy are given ;
 And when our pilgrim course is done,
 We'll meet to dwell in heaven.

 TENDER PARTING.

MY brother and my sister dear,
 Farewell ! the morn is shining,
 O wipe that sad, that bitter tear,
 Fond friendship's arms untwining.

Come, bless me in the Saviour's name,
 Shall floods of grief be flowing—
 To quench the bright and ardent flame
 That should be in me glowing ?

Shall friendship's sweet and gentle breath
 Break my full heart by kindness ?
 When I should arm for chains and death,
 For Christ mid Moslim blindness.

No ; joy like me, and praise the Lord,
 Dispel all care and sorrow ;
 Let us rely on Jesus' word,
 And meet in heaven tomorrow.

GREETING FROM THE SEA.

We've parted now from our native shore,
 We are far on the rolling sea ;
 And we send to the friends we shall see no more,
 The earnest charge, Weep not for me.

Why should ye, loved ones, mourn and sigh,
 That we so dear shall ne'er return ?
 That our worn and wasted frame may lie
 Where passers tread with unconcern.

The Saviour calls, and we haste with joy
 To preach His love where darkness reigns ;
 Let toils or foes our life destroy,
 Through grace we'll burst the captives' chains.

We'll meet you, friends, when our work is done,
 With joy in realms of light above,
 Adorned with crowns we shall have won
 Through faith in God, through Jesus' love.

MISSIONARIES PARTING.

How many farewells we exchanged on the shore,
 While the tears of our loved friends were starting,
 And here far away, now the voyage is o'er,
 Comes another affectionate parting.

Dear brethren, dear sisters, I gaze upon you,
 With a heart full of tenderness swelling,
 What pain it will cause me to bid you adieu,
 Strong emotion prevents me from telling.

More dear to my heart than ye ever have known,
 Yes, far dearer than I was suspecting ;
 How soon have the hours of our intercourse flown,
 But I'll often renew them reflecting.

So deep on my heart, in fair letters of love,
 Your names, you yourselves have been writing,
 They will stand like the friendship a saint long above
 To a soul just arrived there is plighting.

When lonely and far I have wandered away
 To the tribes I might die to deliver,
 With fond recollection I for you will pray,
 To our God of all blessings the Giver.

And will you sometimes, when you kneel at the throne
 At which Christ ever lives interceding,
 Remember your brother—mid Moslems alone ?—
 He may die for the faith he is pleading.

Farewell, dearest friends, you will see me no more
 Till released from these scenes transitory ;
 Then labors and trials and dangers all o'er,
 We will meet mid the ransomed in glory.

KARAVAN JOURNEY.

THE Kâravân is at the door,
 And we must say farewell
 To dear ones we shall see no more,
 While pilgrims here we dwell.

Away, away o'er hill and plain,
 For many a weary day,
 Through heat and cold, and drought and rain,
 We must pursue our way.

The fixed and quiet happy home,
 And loved ones we forsake,
 To pitch our tent, as on we roam,
 Where night may overtake.

No well known voice, no smiling face,
 Will greet us on our way ;
 The stranger's rude and careless gaze
 Will meet us day by day.

But never shall our bosoms yield
 To sadness, sloth, or fear,
 For God almighty is our shield,
 His aid is ever near.

LEAVING SHEERÂZ.

PILGRIM, bid thy friends adieu,
 Here, alas, they are but few,
 And the weary way pursue,
 Heaven is pointing thee.

Lonely in a hostile land,
 Trust the guiding, guardian hand,
 That the Tribes to Canaan's land,
 Led through wilds and sea.

While through weary lands you move,
 Let your heart sojourn above,
 And in all the bliss of love,
 Glory and adore.

When exhausted, on the ground
 Thou art cast, with deserts round,
 Where no grateful streams are found,
 To the skies then soar.

Rest and joy and rapture there
 Thou may'st still, if faithful, share,
 Though oppressed with toil and care,
 And beset with foes.

Gracious God, I look to thee,
 Thou my Friend and Father be,
 In thine arms O carry me
 To my journey's close.

FAREWELL SHEERÂZ.

FAREWELL, Sheerâz, a long farewell!
 With cheerful heart I go,
 Yet why this bosom thus should swell,
 I only know 'tis so.

Thank Heaven, I am not friendless here,
 Mid strangers cast alone,
 But oh, what shafts my soul did sear,
 On earth can ne'er be known.

My hopes, a darling family,
 Died ling'ring one by one,
 The sole survivor left to me,
 Despair has here undone.

Sweet child! not dead, but in her tomb,
 Where elder ones were laid,
 Her best was but a sickly bloom,
 She swooned and was arrayed,

As those are decked who virgin die,
 Perhaps of broken heart,
 Despair, her ruthless enemy,
 Discharged the fatal dart.

As pure as Jephtha's daughter fair,
 Her pallid form was borne,
 Embalmed in all the sweets of prayer,
 Laid in sepulchral urn.

Despair, my foe, retains the key
 Of that low vaulted cell,
 Where those were laid so dear to me,
 That bid a long farewell.

But still as in a vision seems
 My youngest did not die,
 She sleeps, and charming be her dreams,
 Till raised by Him Most High.

But ah, Sheerâz, heart-stricken love
 Forgets to say farewell ;
 And wanders like a mourning dove,
 Where hope once wove her spell.

But now adieu, a kind adieu,
 May happy days arise,
 And shower the choicest good on you,
 Till earth is like the skies.

SIGHS AT PERSEPOLIS.

AH, Jem'sheed, thy labor how vain,
 Though near superhuman it seemed ;
 What multitudes toiled here in pain,
 To rear what thy rich fancy dreamed.

It now is a ruin so sad
 My heart is weighed down in the waste,
 Desolation, in gloominess clad,
 Sits here amid splendors effaced.

My eye wanders over the plain
That spreads out in verdure so wide,
How rich when thy monarchs did reign,
And made this the seat of their pride.

A stranger,—yet patriots feel
Not more for the land of their sires,
Than, Eerân, I've felt for thy weal,
Though hope of thee almost expires.

These ruins, recalling the past,
Afresh wake the sigh of regret,
And prospects with darkness o'ercast,
All make the scene gloomier yet.

Ah, sorrow is swelling so high,
That silence the remnant must tell;
Takht-e-Jemsheed,* exciting the sigh,
In sadness I bid thee farewell.

MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

DEAR Brethren, dear Sisters, farewell for a while,
May Jesus be with you to cheer and to bless,
The Father of spirits look down with a smile
On labor of love to advance righteousness.

* Throne of Jemsheed—Persian name of Persepolis. *Eerân*, is the name by which Persians call their country. Jemsheed, the fourth sovereign of the Peesh'dâd'ian dynasty, is said to have founded Persepolis about 800, B. C., and to have instituted the festival of *Noo Rooz*, or *New Day*, i. e. *New Year*, at the vernal equinox, which is still the civil *New Year* of the Persians.

The Cloud and the Pillar of favor divine,
 Direct and refresh you as onward you move,
 The Rock and the Manna their blessings combine,
 To prosper your journey to Canaan above.

If there I should join you through mercy untold,
 And near you bow lowly to Him on the throne,
 Perhaps you may in me a brother behold,
 Who loved you more truly on earth than was known.

Oh, shall we in rapture and glory all meet,
 The song of redemption to echo and swell !
 And mingle embraces so holy and sweet,—
 Dear Brethren, kind Sisters, till then fare ye well.

LEAVING PERSIA.

ALMIGHTY GOD, on Persia smile,
 And send salvation down,
 O cleanse this land from sin and guile,
 Let grace succeed thy frown.

May righteousness and peace descend
 Within this realm to dwell,
 And pure hosannas soon ascend
 From hearts that now rebel.

My early hopes, my efforts past,
 I now commend to thee,
 Myself and Persia on thee cast,
 For time—eternity.

These years of trial, toil, and prayer,
 I on thy altar lay,
 Let not their fruit be but despair,
 A night without a day.

Attentive to thy call I came,
 Submissive now I go,
 Let me, O Lord, exalt thy name,
 Thee trust in weal and woe.

Teach me thy statutes every hour,
 Nor let me toil in vain,
 Bestow thy grace, thy light, thy power,
 T' enlarge thy blessed reign.

FAREWELL TO PERSIA.

FAREWELL to the land of the Lion and Sun,
 The kingdom where Magi of old,
 Marked courses which bodies celestial do run,
 And sought nature's laws to unfold.

Where Zerdūst on altars of earth lit his fire,
 To honor the monarch of day,
 And taught that the spirit of man should aspire
 To blend in Divinity's ray.

Where Kaykhosroo conquered and glorious reigned,
 By Providence girded and crowned,
 The captives of Zion from Babel unchained,
 And bowed that proud queen to the ground.

Where Dâ'n'yâl the seer, so beloved of his Lord,
 The future in vision beheld,
 Rejoiced in the reign of Messiah the Word,
 Triumphant o'er all that rebelled.

Where Esther, the Star of the proud Persian crown,
 Like luna enlightened the gloom,
 And Mordecai gathered such might and renown,—
 They rest side by side in the tomb.

The land where apostles and martyrs have prayed,
 And many blest Him who can save,
 Where powers of darkness their engines arrayed
 To batter the truth to the grave.

Farewell to the land, my adopted for years,
 Ere Providence led from the West,
 Endeared to my heart by prayer, labor and tears,
 Where I had expected to rest.

Afar in the distance salvation appeared,
 Like seraph that looks from the sky,
 In toil and in sorrow the sweet vision cheered,
 And promised a blessing from high.

Thou God of the Gospel, I plead but thy name,
 Remember the land of my choice,
 Let truth like the sun in meridian flame,
 Cause Persia and heaven to rejoice.

My Eerân! adieu to thy mountains and plains,
 For thee oft my bosom will swell,
 To Him I commit thee who over all reigns,
 And parting once more say farewell!

NOTE.—The sun rising over a couching lion is the national emblem of Persia. *Zardûst* is Persic for Zoroaster; *Kaykôseroo* for Cyrus the Great; *Dân'yâl* for the prophet Daniel; Esther is from *sithrak*, a star—her tomb and Mordecai's is shown at Hamadan. *Es'rân* is Persia.

CHAPTER IV.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF NATURE.

THE METEORS OF 13TH NOV. 1833.

So sudden roused from soundest sleep,
The couch forsaken with a leap,
I at the window took a peep,
And in the darkness, still and deep,
Beheld sublimity!

The thrilling cry, 'Tis raining fire!
Had pierced my ear, in loose attire
Forth rushing to behold, admire
The wondrous scene with rapt desire,
I gazed in ecstasy!

There, in night's deep and pensive gloom,
Still as the silence of the tomb,
It seemed as if the day of doom
For all our race had surely come,—
Like autumn leaves stars fall!

With heart alive and beating high,
 My eager, raptured, ravished eye
 Drank in the wonders of the sky,
 My soul was almost winged to fly
 From earth's benighted ball.

The countless host of heaven appear
 Rushing incessant from their sphere ;
 From zenith to horizon steer
 The darting fires, no sound is near,
 All silent as the grave.

On the sable robe of night,
 In short or lengthened trails of light,
 They blaze, exciting pale affright
 In some poor souls that view the sight,
 Nor know a God to save.

From midnight to the dawning day,
 Innumerable, in sublime display,
 The meteors flash and fade away,—
 The solemn, wondrous, grand array
 Has charms and awe combined.

And now the glimmering rays of light
 Begin to fringe the robe of night,
 The scene of splendor, grandeur, might,
 Majestic ends ; the thrilling sight
 Is sculptured on my mind !

SUNSET.

Look! look to the west, where the sun is declining,
 And nature seems blushing her beauties to own;
 What halos of glory round every thing shining!
 This, this is the season to ramble alone.

How the zephyrs of eve, in their fragrant embraces,
 Encircle the senses, enrapture the soul;
 How joyous they trip by my side like the graces,
 Not gentler the notes of the nightingale roll.

Stop, listen, the wood-choir⁴their last lays are singing,
 Instinctive they praise for the blessings of day;
 And a Hand, though unseen, kindly dew-drops is flinging,
 To refresh nature drooping in summer's fierce ray.

Light gently recedes: from their high azure towers,
 The sentinels stationed by God in the sky,
 Look down on earth's mountains, her vallies and bowers,
 And beckon the soul to its mansion on high.

Look upward, my soul, when, when shall the fetter
 That binds thee to earth be broken away?
 And thy flight, to free grace forever a debtor,
 Be taken on high from this dwelling of clay.

O when shalt thou range through those worlds so re-
 splendant,
 And study the wonderful workings of God?
 On repose to refresh thee, no longer dependent,
 Thou wilt soar where e'en fancy has never yet trod.

Bearing some mandate of goodness eternal,
 Perhaps with some friend thou hast loved here below,
 What raptures will wake in the bright realms supernal,
 Which glory, and wisdom, and goodness all show.

Save from deception, heart-searching Protector,
 Enlighten and sanctify me by thy grace,
 In affliction support me, in doubt my Director,
 Impart strength to win in life's arduous race.

Soon, soon, O my soul, the strife will be ended,
 The Jordan of death is almost in view ;
 What is done ere thou pass, must to-day be attended,
 Tomorrow may not be probation to you.

Well, when the last sun of this life transitory,
 Shall silently settle away in the west,
 May it set as this eve, in unclouded glory,
 And my soul wing its flight to the mansions of rest.

But if the wild tempest of fierce persecution,
 Is destined to hurry my spirit away ;
 I surrender myself to the dread execution,
 Relying on Jesus for strength in that day.

EVENING ZEPHYR.

FAN me, fan me, modest gales,
 Tripping through the verdant vales,
 Come so sweet and cheer me now,
 Cool my aching, feverish brow.

O what rapturous pleasure this,
 To receive your virgin kiss !
 Twine around my neck again—
 How it melts away my pain.

Like an artless little child,
 Sometimes sober, sometimes wild,
 Near me linger, round me play,
 Sporting in the evening ray.

Praise to Him is surely due,
 Giving fragrant wings to you,
 To refresh me when I droop,
 And keep my fainting spirits up.

Tell me, did you ever ride
 With the whirlwind side by side,
 While destruction marked the path,
 Which the tempest trod in wrath.

Did you swell with rage to fling
 Ruin from that silken wing,
 Flitting round me soft and sweet,
 In this classical retreat.

EVENING STARS.

COME, watch the fading beams of day,
 And see the stars commence their way,
 And wisdom learn from nature's book,
 Whose pages meet our every look.

How soft the tints of evening lie,
 Along the cloudless western sky !
 How oft I've watched the changing hues,
 Where nature's pencil sketched the views,
 And longed to blend with soul serene,
 In glorious beauties of the scene.
 The guardian bands of heaven that keep
 The virtuous in their nightly sleep,
 Tune their golden harps to praise,
 Descending on such evening rays.

Look up with steady gaze and view
 The deep and clear cerulean hue,
 That like a mirror overhead,
 Or silken canopy outspread,
 Hangs over us a dome sublime,
 Shadowing forth to sons of time,
 The glories of the Power on high,
 Who hung the curtains of the sky.

Behold the stars, like gems of light,
 Come glittering on the robe of night :
 Silent and soft as day retires,
 They seem to light their watching fires,
 And take their stations in the sky,
 To point the weary pilgrim's eye
 To that eternal world of light,
 Where wavering faith is lost in sight ;
 For who that rightly reads the spheres,
 But the eternal God reveres,
 And strives to please that Power divine,
 Who bid their endless myriads shine.

Think'st thou those wondrous worlds contain,
 Sickness and sorrow, care and pain ?

Ah no, there dwell the sons of God,
 Who paths of error never trod,

There, never swept the icy blast,
 There, heated whirlwinds never passed,
 There, battle never stained the plain,
 There, death ne'er entered with his train,
 There, earthquakes never whelmed the ground,
 Volcanoes never poured around
 Rivers of liquid, awful fire ;
 No spirit-foe, no passion dire,
 Has ever, or will ever gain
 Admission there—there ever reign
 Seraphic pleasures, holy joys,
 And rapturous praise each tongue employs.

So may it be : yet sad to tell,
 What woes this wretched world befel !
 But faith anticipates the day,
 When all these ills shall pass away.
 Fairer than when the sons of morn
 Sung earth from empty nothing born,
 Will be this world regenerate,
 Nor fear a second ruined state.
 No gloomy, stormy atmosphere
 Will circle round the happy sphere,
 No equatorial whirlwinds rage,
 No polar tempests fierce engage,
 No frozen land of chilling breath,
 No burning desert, realms of death,
 Shall mar the beauteous blest abode,
 Created for the sons of God.
 There, New Jerusalem will shine,
 Illumined by the light divine,
 And perfect happiness and love
 Descend celestial from above.

SOLITUDE.

OH ! sooner far let fall my lot,
 In some wild, lonely, mountain grot,
 Where human voice has never spoke,
 Nor echo from her silence woke,
 Save when the deep-fraught thunder cloud
 Rolled peal on peal, terrific, loud :
 Or when the spirit of the storm
 Swept roaring by in viewless form,
 Crushing the lofty giant oak,
 Beneath the vengeance of his stroke :
 O here let me with nature dwell,
 Her majesty shall please me well,—
 Rather than live mid strife and jar,
 That every social blessing mar.

Here I at least might hope to find
 The pleasures springing from a mind
 Contemplative, and fond to trace
 The mighty God in nature's face
 That beams upon us every where,
 Nor least in wilds and desert air.
 The radiant hosts that nightly march
 Along the blue ethereal arch,
 Would then to me almost appear
 As neighboring friends, designed to cheer
 My lonely lot, and point my eye
 To mansions of the blest on high.

As with fond sisters, I might talk
 To zephyrs in my evening walk,
 And tell the musings of my mind,
 To the whispering, listening wind.

And when the sultry summer glowed,
 I, from my mountainous abode,
 Might see advance the thunder storm,
 Robed in sublime and awful form ;
 And view the vivid lightnings play,
 Dancing afar in air away,
 Or with a dread tremendous crash,
 Down on the mountain top to dash,
 Or rive the strong and towering pride
 Of mighty pine upon its side,
 Exhibiting unto the sense,
 An emblem of Omnipotence.
 Mid scenes like this, grand, wild and free,
 The soul must catch sublimity,
 And tower aloft with mighty force,
 View systems wheeling round their course,
 Or contemplate the eternal God
 Who shakes creation with a nod.

Again, what soft emotions rise,
 While gazing on the unequalled dies
 That gild the regions of the west,
 As day retires as if to rest.
 How often has my raptured eye,
 Drank in the blushing, evening sky !
 How oft I've wished this mortal life,
 Its duties done, its graces rife,
 Bright and serene, as setting day,
 In immortality away
 Might melt, and I forever dwell,
 Where anthems of the blessed swell,
 And roll in strains divine along,
 The burden of the mystic song,
 Which none but the redeemed can learn,
 Whose souls with love and rapture burn.

O solitude, thy chastened charms,
 Have oft won sages to thy arms ;
 Yes, in thy peaceful, thoughtful shade,
 By Whom the universe was made,
 Him—holy men have sought, have found,
 Bear witness Sinai's sacred ground :
 Go, trace Elijah's exile flight
 To Horeb's wild and frowning height.
 An angel wakes him worn and weary,
 Sleeping mid wilds lone, desert, dreary,
 Supplies his wants, then vigil keeps,
 While the exhausted prophet sleeps.
 He wakes—he hastes—his eager eye
 Now rests on Horeb towering high :
 Stand, mortal, stand, thy soul prepare
 To meet the Lord Jehovah there !
 The sun is down : the evening air
 Is sporting with his hoary hair ;
 O mercy, soothe his aching breast ;
 A cave he enters,—sinks to rest.
 Deem him forsaken, lost, alone ?
 Mid rocks as if in mockery thrown
 Of human skill,—no ; stay the tear,
 God, the eternal God, is near.

HEAVENLY RETREATS.

O if there are, as poets sing, in heaven
 Wide solitudes, and I through Jesus gain
 Admission there, sometimes, methinks I shall,
 In the vast cycles of eternity,

Retire where none but God beholds, and there
 Meditate a day on my Redeemer's
 Boundless, endless love. O heaven! say does thy
 Crystal wall embrace the innumerable worlds
 That nightly beckon me on high, and tell,
 Silently, of starry crowns laid up for
 Conquerors through the Lamb? Perhaps on you
 Faint glimmerer I might muse, and lenely
 Tell the blest story of redemption o'er:
 And should I not remember earth? Look down
 With spirit's ken on its regenerate
 Loveliness, or trace the devious ways
 That probation knew? O soul, how poor thy
 Greatest effort to proclaim the grateful,
 The triumphant joy that must thrill through thy
 Raptured powers, in view of grace, all-conquering
 Grace, that snatched thee from destruction's brink!

~~~~~

SEASTORM.

GLORY, ocean, in thy might,  
 And toss thy hands on high;  
 Roll on, ye waves, in mountain height,  
 Winds, sweep the darkened sky.

With giant arms dash on our bark,  
 But wreck us if ye dare!  
 He who protected Noah's ark,  
 Makes us His gracious care.



Ocean sublime, and stormy wind,  
 Welcome! ye can't destroy;  
 Sweep to the shores we've left behind,  
 And thunder out your joy.

I fear ye not, mad wind and wave,  
 Friend of your Lord and King,  
 Yes, though ye give this clay a grave,  
 My soul shall vict'ry sing.

God of the winds and mighty deep,  
 Thee only would I fear;  
 Help me thy laws to love and keep,  
 In duty firm, in faith sincere.



#### NIGHT AT SEA.

'Twas evening on the rolling sea,  
 And we were gliding fast,  
 The moon shone out enchantingly,—  
 Waked visions of the past.

And glitt'ring like a diamond rock,  
 Bright Hesper gemmed the west,  
 A master's hand those views would mock  
 To paint how heaven was dressed.

It was a scene to wing the soul  
 To its loved home away,  
 Where sounding billows never roll,  
 Nor dash their angry spray.

O come, dear friends, O hear my voice,  
 And sweetly answer me ;  
 The eve, so perfect to our choice,  
 Is passing rapidly.

Come, let us live our brightest hours,  
 So joyful, o'er again,  
 And gather fresh the fairest flowers  
 That deck the hill and plain.

My heart is longing now to tell  
 Its cherished loves so sweet ;  
 O come, my fond emotions swell  
 Such darling friends to meet.

Do you remember when we met,—  
 'Twas many moons ago,  
 And talked of partings which as yet  
 Our bosoms did not know.

We since have known, but sorrows fly,  
 At meetings such as this,  
 When love beams full from eye to eye,  
 And swells each heart with bliss.

How sweet to drink the silver air,  
 Fit to prolong the notes  
 Of angels passing slowly where  
 That fleecy vapor floats.

What murmurs those that fill the ear ?  
 That stream rolls joyously ;  
 Ah no ; the billows ! lone I'm here  
 Seven hundred leagues at sea.

## THUNDERCLOUD AT SEA.

'Twas night, nor blacker to the view,  
 The stream that rolls death's valley through,  
 Than was the water sounding loud  
 Beneath the gloomy thunder-cloud.  
 The lightning waved so fierce his torch,  
 It seemed the very eyes to scorch,  
 And with its fearful, darting rays  
 Lit in intolerable blaze  
 The cloudy canopy of night,  
 And passing instant from the sight,  
 The blackness, then, of darkness deep,  
 Sealed vision up, like soundest sleep,  
 While grumbling thunder, mid the gloom,  
 Bellowed as from some giant tomb,  
 And seemed to threaten with his wrath  
 The wind that stood athwart his path,  
 And drove him back at home to rest,  
 The shower gathering northwest.

## SATURDAY EVENING.

IN the sweets of reflection on scenes that are past,  
 Or cheered by the hopes with which future are blest,  
 The fatigues of the week from my spirit I cast,  
 When Saturday's sun sinks away in the west.

My sweet quiet study, and the volumes I prize,  
 I leave for the pages of nature around ;  
 Her charms cheer my spirit, and they glad my worn eyes,  
 While melody echoes in each rural sound.

How oft in past seasons I have wandered away  
 To the shades of a lone and wood-covered hill,  
 Ranged the fields and the groves, or prolonged my delay  
 By the banks of some limpid and murmuring rill.

The scenery, Columbia, that circles thee round,  
 The forests, the hills, and the river that flows  
 At the foot of thy heights with an echoing sound,—  
 Familiar as garden walks graced with the rose.

There with blithesome young friends in the morn of their  
 days,  
 Through fields and pine groves to *the Gray Rock* I've  
 gone ;  
 Traced *Broad* and the *Congaree* until the sun's rays  
 O'er hills in the west were all slowly withdrawn.

I have traced too those scenes with the pious and fair,  
 Drank in social joy in the lonely retreat ;  
 Dear companions, young friends, shall we meet ? ah when ?  
 where ?  
 Those scenes to renew, so refreshing, so sweet.

Far away in the east, still much farther to roam,  
 Your voice and your smile can delight me no more ;  
 But at last may we meet with our Saviour at home,  
 Where partings and wand'rings and trials are o'er.

## THE TINY FLOWER.

WHAT made ye grow here, little flower ?  
 In sand upon this dreary mount ;  
 Why chose ye not some verdant bower,  
 Some sweet and clear perennial fount.

Pure and white as mountain snow,  
 Leafless, thou art all a flower ;  
 For what ? for whom ? say, dost thou grow,  
 To eye the sun—scarce feel his power.

Does not the chilling wind, that seems  
 The breath of snow-clad summits near,  
 Blast all thy fond expectant dreams  
 Of life and of enjoyment here.

Trembling, shrinking, lonely flower,  
 How melancholy is thy lot,  
 To shiver here a hapless hour,  
 Then die unnoticed—be forgot.

Forbear, thy gloomy murmuring strain,  
 The tiny flower, with warmth replied ;  
 Though briefly, still 'tis not in vain,  
 I bloom upon this mountain side.

The Hand that formed and led you here,  
 Made me His grace and power to show,  
 Nor will it sure so mean appear,  
 That for my Maker here I grow.

For Him I live, for Him I bloom,  
 Nor is my span a hapless hour,  
 Thou too must soon descend the tomb,—  
 Like me display His grace and power.

~~~~~

A R A R A T .

HAIL, monarch Ararat, so proud !
 Thus diademed with fleecy cloud,
 And mantled in eternal snow,—
 Reign on nor revolution know ;
 Not time himself disputes thy throne,
 Sway then thy sceptre here alone.
 You heed the beams of burning noon
 As little as the chilling moon,
 Nor care when equinoctial rains
 Drown all the circumjacent plains ;
 As if with age you colder grew,
 To ancient robes you add the new,
 But are not warmer, as appears,
 For all piled on three thousand years ;
 Your ice and snow unmoved have stood,
 Since Noah landed from the flood.

Ah, what a thrilling moment that,
 When first the Ark touched Ararat,
 And all the family within,
 Long voyaged from a world of sin,
 Started at the sudden shock,
 Of grounding on this lofty rock.
 What dread event ! the timid cry,
 Land ! land ! is Noah's glad reply,

The stormy wrath of Heaven is o'er,
 Grace brings us to a happy shore ;
 Rise, ye sons of Noah, sing,
 Ye daughters bring your offering
 Of grateful praise, join in acclaim
 To our Redeemer's mighty name.
 Saved, when ruin wide unfurled
 Her gloomy banner o'er the world,
 When all that drew the vital air
 Died in deepest wild despair,
 Let our lives henceforth be given
 A holy sacrifice to Heaven.

Anchored here the Ark remained
 Till the hills and vales were drained,
 And when the faithful message dove
 Brought in the pledge of peace and love,
 Then God unbarred the door, and free,
 Led out th' imprisoned family.
 Bright the morn, how joyous they
 The hills and plains around survey ;
 Their eyes with longing wonder roam
 For traces of their former home,
 But every scene that meets the view
 Seems strange as if created new :
 They leave the Ark, descend the plain,
 To till and people earth again.

Immortal Ararat, thy name
 Is blazoned on the page of fame ;
 Till final fires burn sea and land,
 Thou here a monument wilt stand,
 Proclaiming to the world abroad,
 The justice and the grace of God.

WIND AND GROVE.

CHEERILY the laughing breeze
 Dances through the waving trees,
 While its rustling, roaring sound
 Echoes through the space around.
 Never sweeter on my ear
 Fell the murm'ring notes than here ;
 Ne'er I gazed with more delight
 On the cheering pleasant sight
 Of a shady sylvan scene,
 With its wreath of fading green ;
 E'en the sear and falling leaf
 Seems to smile like harvest sheaf,
 And the branches nearly bare,
 Still a lovely aspect wear.

O'er a region bare, so long,
 We have come, the forest song
 Almost passed from memory,
 For the winds have not a tree
 Echoing their magic strains,
 Through the waste of hills and plains.

With these well known sylvan notes,
 Home, sweet home, before me floats,
 Where the woodlands cast their shade
 O'er the happy verdant glade,
 Where the farmer plies so blithe,
 Plough and sickle, hoe and sythe,—
 Knows no king that claims the soil
 With the fruits of half his toil.
 Happy land, may freedom reign
 Ever through thy wide domain ;
 Justice, mercy, peace and grace
 Make thy realm their dwelling place,

WINTER BOUND.

COME, ye vernal breezes, blow,
 Melt away the winter's snow,
 Bid the purling streamlets flow,—
 Nature all look gay.

Set my prisoned footsteps free,
 Lead me smiling friends to see,
 Genial breathe and favor me
 On my pilgrim way.

Time indeed is on the wing,
 Nor to speed his flight I sing,
 But, ye balmy zephyrs, bring,
 Bring me friendship's boon.

Winter true has its delight,
 Mantling earth in robes so white,
 Sweet with friends to view the sight
 Of his stars and moon.

Nature to enjoy alone
 Is a sort of pleasant groan,
 I enough such bliss have known,
 Yet I love it still :

Love both shade and fireside,
 Where the social joys allied,
 Ever flow in ebbless tide,
 And each bosom fill.

Vernal breezes of the skies,
 Ye too, when will ye arise,
 Melting from our longing eyes
 Frozen scenes of time ?

When amid immortal flowers
 Shall we meet and pass the hours,
 Love and joy task all our powers,
 In a world sublime ?

C O L D .

PSALM 147 : 17.

Who can stand before His cold !
 When the air to ice is froze,
 Where the hero found so bold
 To defy the drifting snows,
 When o'er trackless wastes they drive,
 Shriek and fiendlike seem to strive.

When the oak and granite rock
 Shrink before the mighty frost,
 Can proud man endure the shock ?
 In the freezing tempest lost,
 Far from friends and blazing hearth,
 And the glee of social mirth.

Who can face the winter blast,
 Snatching e'en the breath away !
 Mighty armies stand aghast,
 Sinking down an easy prey ;

Froze to stone, the snow and sleet
Round them whirl a winding-sheet.

Or when all is calm and clear,
Glitt'ring in the distant sun,
And man thinks he need not fear,
Silently the work is done!
Life's warm currents are congealed,
Ere aware his doom is sealed.

Who can stand before His cold!
Who dare mock almighty power?
Laid in magazines untold,
For the dire and vengeful hour,
All the elements await,—
Feeble man what then thy state!



SPARROW SONGS IN GLOOM.

LITTLE warblers, how ye sing
Mid the cold autumnal rain!
Think ye 'tis a shower of spring
Calling flowers to bloom again?
That ye make the garden ring
With your highest cheerful strain.

Know ye not the frowning sky
And the chilling northern blast
Show that winter wild is nigh?
O'er the earth his chains to cast,—
Send his shrieking winds to sigh,—
Whirling freezing fleeces fast.

Through the bowers your happy song
 Loud has filled with life and joy,
 On the balmy breeze along,
 Nor a trouble to annoy—
 Ruthless storms, like giants strong,
 Hasten on to rage—destroy.

Do ye sing the happy days
 Glided o'er ye here and flown?
 Memory's echo to the lays
 Of extatic raptures gone?
 Grateful the Creator praise
 For each pleasure ye have known?

Does the hope of seasons fair
 Your sweet carols now inspire?
 When sun, shower and genial air
 Harmoniously conspire—
 Paradise as blest prepare
 As your little hearts desire?

Sing, it is philosophy
 To bear a happy mind,
 Rather it is piety,
 Sweet happiness to find
 What the cross or change may be,
 Nor e'er think the heavens unkind,
 For seeming ill with good is twined,
 Though mortals to improve it, blind.

FALLING FOLIAGE.

How fast the faded foliage falls
 From those thick mantled trees ;
 Each leaf on careless mortal calls,
 As loosened by the breeze.

Bright Summer's robe is now a bed
 Where fainting Autumn lies,
 While wintry winds whirl round her head,
 Forlorn she droops and dies.

A snowy, sad, untimely storm
 Last evening fiercely fell,
 And fading charms of fleeting form,
 Were swept as by a spell.

This morn as clouds were shaken down
 From their once lofty trust,
 I thought of that almighty frown
 Which nations turns to dust.

Like leaves we flutter high and gay,—
 Seem children of the sky ;
 The storm of death, some early day,
 Sweeps past—and low we lie.

Eternal, Infinite, and Blest,
 Hast thou made man in vain !
 Oh, when shall groaning Earth find rest
 From sin, and death, and pain !

TWENTIETH OF SEPTEMBER.

So bright and joyous rode the moon,
 Though verging near her highest noon,
 We thought it wrong to sleep so soon,
 And nature slight, and friendship's boon,
 The twentieth of September.

So where the silver radiance fell,
 We drew a seat and sat to tell
 What had our pilgrimage befel,
 And thought was fixed, as by a spell,
 On scenes we did remember.

One cloak inwrapped us both with care,
 To shield us from the chilly air,
 And thus we viewed the night so fair,
 And talked of various matters there,
 As fancy gave direction.

Though passing strange it must appear,
 The Stoic talks, and lists to hear
 From one experienced and sincere,
 Of heartfelt joys and tokens dear
 Of mutual affection.

That Stoic knows :—did he e'er feel ?
 Or is his bosom formed of steel ;
 'Tis strange ! his words to hail congeal,
 And yet methinks his eyes reveal
 Internal conflagration.

Still he maintains it is not so,
 But how amid eternal snow
 The fruits of friendship e'er should grow,
 And he their matchless sweetness know,
 Exceeds all calculation.

Then, let it pass : when far away,
 My faithful friend, we both shall stray,
 As thoughtful in the lunar ray
 You sit and scan each by-gone day,
 With dear ones round you smiling :

And while your path with sweets is strown,
 Think of the Stoic—far—alone !
 Should Stoics in those days be known,
 And gratefully the blessings own—
 Your ills of life beguiling.

FAREWELL SEPTEMBER.

FAREWELL, ye sweet autumnal days
 Of fruitful, fair September,
 Dear images these moments raise
 Of those I oft remember.

How sweet, September, didst thou glide,
 When in my native bowers ;
 How happy those who there abide
 To count thy golden hours.

And this, thy last and brightest day,
 O does it sweetly shine
 On home and country far away,—
 On those loved friends of mine ?

Do all the garner's overflow ?
 Ere latter harvest ends ;
 Do love and concord ceaseless grow
 And bless ye dearest friends ?

O are ye happy, happy now,
 As happy as am I ;
 So blest as mortal things allow,
 Confirmed by hopes on high.

SEPTEMBER RECOLLECTIONS.

O can it be five rolling years,
 Full fraught with changes, hopes and fears,
 Have passed with smiles and some few tears,
 Since that bright hour which love endears,—
The twentieth of September !

I feel thy arm around me twine,
 And gaze on that dear face of thine,
 Again I see the moonbeams shine,
 And hear thy voice—what thrills are mine !
 That season to remember.

Dear brother, glad I meet thee now,
 My wearied spirit wilt not thou

With love refresh ? come tell me how
 Since friendship's thrilling farewell vow,
 The times with you have glided.

Returned again is that dear night
 Which shone with radiance so bright,
 When swelled our hearts with such delight,
 Amid the scene our love to plight,
 So true though far divided.

Again I feel me with thee there,
 The self-same cloak we jointly share,
 Embracing view the scene so fair,
 But Classmates dear, O brother, where,
 Where have they all departed ?

Name by name we'll summon all ;
 O hear our loud inviting call !
 Come, join us at the sacred Hall,
 Where sweet your voice was wont to fall,
 Where joy you oft imparted.

We list in vain ; there's no reply,
 Our bosoms heave a mournful sigh,
 Emotion gathers in our eye,
 While those so far, imagined nigh,
 Engage our deep reflection.

Ah, yes, they're gone ! and in their place
 We now may find another race ;
 Yet still their form, their smiling face
 Illumined oft with heavenly grace,
 Awakens new affection.

Though gone, they are not quite alone,
 With none to soothe a troubled moan,
 And breathe love's soft and thrilling tone,
 Creating joys where cares are strown,—
 Sweet union nought can sever.

And you, dear brother, know the bliss
 Of sharing mutual happiness,
 The pure, endearing, rapturous kiss!—
 May waves of joy, *that passing this*,
 Roll on ye all forever.

Dear brethren, shall we meet no more,
 While pilgrims on this changeful shore,
 To tell the past experience o'er,
 And in each other's bosom pour
 Our heartfelt joy and sorrow.

O no ; such meeting cannot be,
 Between us rolls the raging sea,
 And duty will not leave us free
 To mingle in one company,
 Yet we shall meet tomorrow :

Meet where we shall forget our pains,
 Amid seraphic joys and strains,
 Where radiance gilds the blissful plains,
 And God our gracious Saviour reigns,—
 To sing redemption's story.

Our dearest friends will all be there,
 And in the boundless blessings share,
 What tongue the rapture can declare,
 In robes and crowns which we shall wear,
 To rise in bliss and glory.

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH.

How glorious are the heavens arrayed !
 What beauty, brilliance, joy displayed !
 One well might think the world was made
 The twentieth of September !

Sure paradise began to bloom,
 And breathe around its choice perfume,
 While fruits perfection did assume,
 The twentieth of September.

Then man was formed of noble mein
 To view, admire, adorn the scene
 Of bliss and beauty, gold and green,
 The twentieth of September.

Perfection through the earth and air
 Was stamped on every object there,
 And all was happy, gay and fair,
 The twentieth of September.

The morning gemmed with diamond dew,
 The sun in glories bright and new,—
 It was a sight for heaven to view !
 The twentieth of September.

And then the night ! with full orb'd moon
 Shedding o'er earth a silver noon,
 O what a sweet celestial boon—
 The twentieth of September.

Though lost and wrecked and left forlorn,
Nature methinks points to the morn
When all her joys were perfect born—
 The twentieth of September.

And through the night she seems to wear
A shadow of her pristine air,
Which makes so bright, so rich and rare,
 The twentieth of September.

When will the seasons once again
Dance through their round to Eden's strain,
And fruits and flowers begin their reign—
 The twentieth of September!

CHAPTER V.

VIEWS ON TIME AND KINDRED THEMES.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

BEHOLD the rapid flight of time,
Which cuts down all in every clime,
Dissolves affections, parteth friends,
While to eternity it tends.

Our childhood and our youthful days
Pass like the meteor's transient blaze,
And leave but little more to trace
The changing scenes of time and place.

The winter's gone, and spring is here,
Birds soon will hill and valley cheer ;
The sun returns with warmer beams,
Unlocking all the frozen streams.

Thus time is bearing us along
Life's rapids, with the busy throng
Who hasten onward to the grave,
From which no earthly power can save.

O let us then improve our days,
 Advancing still in wisdom's ways,
 But shun the paths that lead to vice,
 And climb the road to Paradise.

Farewell, instructor—schoolmates dear,
 That on my mind I hope to bear,
 Nor let the memory e'er be lost,
 While on the waves of life I'm tossed.

With you how many days I've spent,
 On study, pastime, all intent,
 When time appeared with ling'ring flight,
 To pass the space from morn to night.

But now adieu, dear friends, adieu !
 The school is closed, I part from you,
 Perhaps we never more shall meet,
 Till summoned to the judgment seat.

YOUTH.

Youth is like the blooming flower,
 That sips the morning dew,
 And gracing some refreshing bower,
 Is pleasing to the view.

But soon this lovely flower must fade,
 These brilliant tints decay,
 And all the bloom wherein arrayed,
 Must quickly pass away.

So youth will not forever last,
 Nor beauty always bloom ;
 For soon beneath time's with'ring blast,
 Each grace must meet its doom.

Then let us so improve our youth,
 That when its bloom is o'er,
 Our minds may yield the fruits of truth,
 In rich and ample store.

T H O U G H T .

WINGED with light let thought fly o'er the varied
 Scenes of life, back to its earliest date,
 And from the threshold of existence ask
 Who formed the thinking spirit found within,
 And gave to rule this animated clay ?
 Yesterday, and nought to us had being.
 In inconceivable, oblivious
 Nothing, latent lay these young aspiring
 Energies which to-day expand with hopes
 Of immortality. To strike radiant
 Suns from solid darkness is not a work
 More wonderful, or of Omnipotence
 More effort. There must be an eternal
 And infinite, almighty Cause that waked
 The Universe to being, and within
 Some cycle of His own eternity,
 Created us : for what ? ah, think, my soul :
 Was it to chase the airy phantasies
 That flit so temptingly before the warm

Imagination, dancing, seemingly
 One short step in prospect, offering titles,
 Wealth, or fame? Was it to write as conq'rors
 Our name on tornado-fields of battle,
 Cities sacked, and empires won? Was it to
 Sell ourselves to unrestrained indulgence,
 And half blot out the mind immortal? no!
 To glorify the Power beneficent
 That created, still preserves us, to be
 Happy in His favor, life to us was
 Given, life to us continues. Turn then
 The pages of the past, and see if life's
 Great end is answered. Alas, how many
 Blots and blanks on every page! how oft
 In stupid, or in careless thoughtlessness,
 Have we been borne along earth's annual
 Circuit, where scarce a single landmark tells
 That we had being; or if perchance we
 Feel with thrilling energy that this or
 That day we existed, O how many
 Of those days call up the ghastly spectre
 Of remorse. O could annihilation
 Pass her wand oblivious o'er the legend
 Of our lost life, and all our years again
 By us be written down, who would not strive
 To crowd each page with characters, so fair,
 Of virtue, truth, and charity divine.
 Turn back thy chariot, sun, as once to prop
 The weak and wavering faith of Judah's king,
 And give us one at least, of our lost hours.
 It cannot be: all those hours are sealed for
 Judgment. Go bid the headlong cataract
 That deep thunders down an hundred fathoms,
 Flow up the awful steep: roll back the spheres

Their circling course to where they stood when earth
 Began to dance to song of morning stars ;
 Still what our lives have written, in the book
 Of high Heaven's remembrance stands unaltered,
 Nor will have lost one tint of coloring,
 When this wide world shall vanish from the map
 Of universal nature.

T H O U G H T S O N D E A T H .

PERHAPS ere twice the orb of day
 Shall swiftly glide his yearly round,
 My soul will wing to heaven away,
 My flesh sleep sweetly in the ground.

Disease may wear life's silver cord,
 Singly thrilling threads may sever,
 Some casualty,—the Moslim sword,
 Instant sunder it forever.

Be faithful, soul, improve each hour,
 Live years in every passing day,
 Acquire through grace the noble power,
 When gone, to teach the heavenly way.

Though lowly laid in manhood's prime,
 Some hidden spring unsealed by thee
 May deepening flow through future time,
 Whence hosts may drink felicity.

O heaven, blest heaven, so soon shall I
 Thy glories share, thine anthems sing ?
 Haste happy hour to mount on high,
 The hour to meet my God and King.

LAST OF SEPTEMBER.

GLIDING o'er the briny foam,
 Far from friends and native home,
 Farther onward still to roam,
 I have passed September.

Autumn airs have fanned my cheeks,
 But what else around bespeaks
 Scenes my heart so fondly seeks,
 Scenes I e'er remember.

In this month of autumn's pride,
 Summer weds his fruit-crowned bride,
 But upon the barren tide
 Guests are not invited.

Yet the banquet, rich and free,
 Has, methinks, a seat for me,
 O could I fly away and be
 There with friends delighted.

Heretofore each circling year
 I've seen the corn-field growing sear,
 And plucked the full and golden ear
 With heart of cheerfulness.

The forest robes and wreath of green,
 With pleased, instructed eye I've seen
 In varying hues adorn the scene,
 And gazed with pensiveness.

And one by one, so silently,
 The faded leaves forsook the tree
 Where they had waved so carelessly,
 Through summer's glowing hours.

There was a path I loved to tread,
 Along the garden side it led,—
 One morn I found it thickly spread
 With foliage from the bowers.

Upon the hill, beside a wood,
 The orchard there inviting stood,
 Laden with fruit so choice and good,
 Oft I it frequented.

The apples there, with cheek of red,
 Or yellow tint, so thick were spread,
 That passing e'en with cautious tread,
 Many were indented.

There rambling in the cool retreat,
 Or resting on a mossy seat,
 How oft delicious fruit I ate,
 While musing pensively.

The air was balm, and bright the day,
 Mountain and hills stood in array,
 Before my view the landscape lay
 Fair and extensively.

Too fleeting hours! but wherefore sigh,
 Seize present pleasures as they fly,
 Behold e'en now the glorious sky,—
 Still I may remember,

And here recount them gratefully,
 The happy days I used to see,
 The scenes that were so sweet to me
 In the month of September.

FLEETING SEASONS.

I saw the frowning, wintry cloud
 Like a dark ceiling veil the sky ;
 The leafless trees, loud moaning, bowed
 Before the blast that thundered by :
 But Winter melts and flees away,
 And smiling comes the vernal day.

I saw the promise buds of Spring,
 And heard the streamlets' murm'ring flow ;
 In blooming groves the wood-choir sing,
 The fragrant breezes gently blow ;
 But Spring, like Winter, speeds her flight,
 She's gone like dreams before the light.

I saw the Summer in his might
 Swaying the sceptre of the year,
 Enthroned in verdure, crowned with light,
 He seemed too strong a change to fear ;
 And yet, unheeded, all his pride
 Soon passed like ebbing of the tide.

I saw the Autumn, plenty's horn
 Was in her hand, her healthful smile,
 When first she brought the bracing morn,
 Promised her reign would last awhile ;
 But even then her chaplet gay
 Began to fade—she glides away.

I wondered how the seasons flew
 So swift, so magically along,
 When days in childhood, to my view,
 Spun out their hours so endless long :
 It seemed time's wings were cropped just then,
 Now plumed to sweeping size again.

My hopes were then unschooled and wild,
 Anticipation filled my mind,
 Joy's hour came slow, and oft beguiled,
 But promised soon my bliss to find ;
 And so I longed for future hours,
 And sighed for joy in happy bowers.

Taught by experience, at last,
Now is my hour for happiness,
 As *now* is always gliding past,
 Time's courses all seem growing less ;
 And so will fly my future years,
 Till my last sun on earth appears.

Well, bear me, time, on swiftest wing,
 Through trial and enjoyment here,
 I long to see my God, my King,—
 Eternity my home, how dear !
 The hours of bliss ne'er fade away
 Where God and Christ pour heavenly day.

CLOSING THE YEAR.

THE months, weeks and days were all numbered
By Time in his rapid career,
When mortals that night should have slumbered,
He'd wish them a happy New Year.

We met when the daylight departed,
To pray to the Giver of days ;
To mourn for past sins broken-hearted,
And usher the New Year with praise.

Remembrance past mercies repeated,
And whispered of gratitude due,
While promise of future ones greeted
Our hopes for the year then in view.

Could hearts with a spark of devotion
Be cold at a season like this ;
How sweet and how blest the emotion,
When penitence changes to bliss.

Our life and our cares all commending
To God our dear Father and Friend,
Whose mercy His children attending,
Preserves and supports to the end.

NATAL HOURS.

AWAY, away, cried the joyous hours
 That danced when I was born ;
 Come, hurry him on with all our powers
 From eve to blushing morn.

We'll plume our wings to the swiftest flight,
 And waft him through the world,
 As an arrow drawn with a warrior's might
 To the mark is instant hurled.

Never, O never a moment's rest
 In this our swift career,
 Speed while he sleeps on his mother's breast,
 Speed faster every year.

He little yet—ah, he nothing knows
 Of all that he must bear ;
 How many the joys, how great the woes,
 Alloted him to share.

Nor e'er shall he linger long to taste
 From any cup that flows,
 We have it in charge to be in haste,
 And how our pathway glows !

Ah, look how his parents fondly smile
 To see their darling boy
 Grow up so fast, nor reflect the while,
 He'll leave and mar their joy.

Away though childhood, hurry him on,
 And swifter still through youth,
 Through manhood fly, 't will soon be done,
 The task it will in truth.

For now on our lightning wings we gain
 The number *thirty-two* ;
 A wonder indeed should there remain
 A fourth of that to do.

To bear him blithely and swifter still
 Be all our powers addressed,
 Half breathless when we the task fulfil
 Then we ourselves will rest.

FAREWELL 1835.

FAREWELL to eighteen-thirty-five !
 A fleeting year did never
 Along, my pathway madly drive,—
 Farewell to thee forever !

Nay, stop a moment till I think
 If aught I have been doing ;
 And let your foaming coursers drink,
 So eager time pursuing.

The year's events are simply these,—
 They scarce are worth the telling,
 First at Stamboul then at Tebreez,
 Like thousands I've been dwelling.

Whether the whole is not a dream
 I hardly dare be certain ;
 A year ! past wonderful, I deem,
 So soon to drop the curtain.

Yet if I could by logic prove
 This twelvemonth were a vision,
 I fear some farther doubt would move
 In view of such decision.

Sure then grave doubts would straight arise
 If life were not a phantom,
 The which, whatever they surmise,
 I'm not disposed to grant 'em.

No, 'tis a fact, I will maintain,
 Whate'er appearance savors,
 I've lived a year, though much in vain,
 And shared in many favors.

THE FLEETING YEAR.

AND has it gone ? the fleeting year,
 And left me with the living here ?
 While multitudes that saw it come
 Are sleeping now within the tomb.

Their hopes and health were strong as mine
 When first the year began to shine,
 Now wintry winds with moaning sigh
 Across the valleys where they lie.

Then let me labor with my might,
 While there remaineth life and light,
 For soon will come the evening shade,
 And I aside from toil be laid.

But if an age I yet should live,
 And God should health and vigor give,
 Still never let me waste an hour,
 But toil for Christ with all my power.

IS DUTY DONE.

O is it done ! and may I go
 With this departing year ?
 And leave forever toil and woe
 That so oppress me here.

O is it done ! the bitter strife
 I long have had with sin ;
 Here may I end this mortal life,
 And dying vict'ry win.

O is it done ! the work of grace
 Long labored in my heart ;
 Now may I see my Saviour's face
 Nor more from Him depart.

O is it done ! and shall I be
 With Christ my Lord above,
 Throughout a blest eternity,
 And sing and share His love.

THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL, the new and happy year !
Full of promise, hope and joy,
Welcome in thy swift career,
Which may many hopes destroy.

What for us hast thou in store,
In thy future fleeting days ;
Runs the cup of mercy o'er ?
Or does sorrow flood our ways ?

Will the year glide sweetly by ?
Spare us and our dearest friends ?
Or will some be called to die,
Ere its narrow circle ends.

Must our hearts in anguish break
O'er their cold and lifeless clay ?
Or shall grief in them awake
Shrouding—bearing us away.

What for Christ shall we achieve ?
If we live this fleeting year ;
Who through us on Him believe ?
Where he dried the suff'rer's tear ?

Gracious God, our all to thee
Cheerfully we now commend,
With us let thy presence be
Till our years and labors end.

FANCY'S VISIT.

I've been back to childhood to-day,
 And gathered a chaplet of flowers,
 Where I was accustomed to play
 With schoolmates in happiest hours.

And there too myself I have viewed,
 A flaxen-haired, pale, little boy,
 With temper correctly subdued,
 And little my mind to annoy.

Perhaps 'twas my greatest desire
 That quickly I older might grow,
 For then I was wont to admire
 Maturity's freedom and show.

The cold crystal fountain still flows,
 Where daily we sported and drank ;
 The orchard and forest there grows,
 And violets bloom on the bank.

All balmy and verdant around,
 As happy as birds in the spring,
 We carol and course o'er the ground
 On joyous activity's wing.

My mates, they are children again,
 O see them the butterfly chase,
 He rises, their hopes are all vain,
 But laughing they run back apace.

Come, see us, how happy we are,
 While pleasure we fleetly pursue,
 Yet think not what pleasures we share,
 And mind only that just in view.

From three to ten summers we've seen,
 And wish the fair season would last,
 For why should so lovely a green
 Be marred by the rude winter's blast.

Our books and our teacher we prize,
 And dearly our parents we love,
 And God who made earth and the skies,—
 We pray He may take us above

When these little hands shall lie still,
 And these nimble feet be at rest,
 As often we've heard that they will,
 O then may we truly be blessed.

But hope tells us many long years
 Will gladden our bosoms below,
 And joy to our fancy appears
 On manhood unceasing to flow.

Ah, manhood has broken the spell !
 It whispers I long have been there ;
 Dear schoolmates, I bid you farewell,
 No more to those scenes we repair.

The summer of fancy has fled,
 Alas, 'tis all winter around ;
 The tears o'er the past I might shed,
 Would freeze e'er they fell to the ground.

BREVITY AND VICISSITUDE OF LIFE.

'Tis but a short and changeful night
 Of mingled sorrow and delight,
 We dwell below the skies ;
 The scenes so hurried, varied, seem
 A pleasant or a painful dream,
 Till morn expected rise.

Sometimes we dream the rolling years,
 Adorned with smiles or wet with tears,
 Will never pass away ;
 Anon the fleeting seasons fly
 Like arrows through the trackless sky,
 Till fades the final day.

We dream that joy, like lightning, darts,
 But to illumine and rive our hearts,
 With momentary bliss,
 While all our pains and sorrows seem
 To linger like a stagnant stream,
 And drown our happiness.

Ah, why in folly dream we so !
 And vex our souls with fancied woe,
 That earth is not a heaven ;
 If we that blissful world would share,
 We must this night with patience bear,
 For 'tis the trial given.

And wider far is pleasure's reign,
 Than that usurped by gloomy pain,
 E'en in this dreary state ;

And if we hope at length to break
 These slumbers and to joys awake
 Which all the good await :

Upon the soothing lap of peace,
 Our head may rest till night shall cease,
 And morn celestial rise,
 And we refreshed, renewed, assume
 Immortal vigor, deathless bloom,
 And triumph in the skies.

TRANSIENT YEARS.

LIKE a meteor of the sky,
 Fading in a glance of eye,
 Leaving not a trace on high
 To mark its transient course :

So my fleeting life below,
 Glides with noiseless rapid flow,
 Nor perchance a sign may show
 Of well directed force.

Yet with zeal, my hand, my heart,
 Daily strive to do their part,
 Though oft checked by Satan's art,
 In the dear cause of heaven.

Wherefore should I then complain,
 If my Lord doth thus ordain,
 That my efforts shall be vain,—
 For my own trial given.

The feeble meteor fulfilled
 All the God of nature willed,—
 Moment of existence thrilled,
 Forever then no more :

Where is found respecting me
 Higher claims on Deity,
 Though grace gives eternity—
 To brighten and to soar.

Yes, though life is scarce begun,
 Ere its meteor flash is done,
 Yet the soul outlives the sun,
 And shares a just reward.

What emotions awful rise,
 Far to look beyond the skies,—
 Feel this spirit never dies,
 Eternal like its Lord.

NATAL MUSINGS.

TIME, hast thou stol'n the lightning's wing
 That thus thy seasons flee ?
 What magic power so soon to bring
 My age to *thirty-three* !
 Think not I would have censured thee,
 If farther thou had'st carried me.

But how hast thou contrived to glide
 Through such a checkered scene ;
 As if it were a single stride
 Too rapid to be seen :
 What can this grey capillum mean ?
 Near half a dozen one might glean.

There is a mark about my eye,
 Which was not there erewhile,
 A friend once gave the reason why—
 That I was wont to smile ;
 But long must play this sort of file,
 To cut my face in such a style.

My brow has also got a trace,
 As yet the line is slight,
 To be in keeping with my face,
 Time surely loves to write ;
 Although the marks he doth indite,
 Must not be viewed by critics' light.

I wonder if my back has bent
 Since I was on parade ?
 If somewhat of my force is spent
 Now youth begins to fade ?
 O Time, how strange thy wondrous trade.
 To make, then mar as soon as made !

But manhood yet is in its prime,
 Age far as eye can see,
 Although if thus whirls off my time,
 Tomorrow there I'll be ;
 It matters little, sure, to me,
 Be borne thus far, or soon set free.

I wonder much how I should feel
 Beneath a wig of gray ;
 And have my senses nearly steal
 Insensibly away ?
 Sure I shall see that faded day,
 Or sooner mingle with the clay.

Well, let the changing seasons roll,
 And wreck this mortal frame,
 They cannot reach the ransomed soul
 Enduring still the same :
 Nay, rising with seraphic flame,
 From mortal fate through Jesus' name.

FAREWELL 1836.

FAREWELL '36 ! through a wearisome road
 Like pilgrims we've travelled together,
 I bowed like old age 'neath a ponderous load,
 You tripping as light as a feather.

Stern companion you've been, compelling poor me
 Your own heavy luggage to carry ;
 And morning or night, in a passion to flee,
 You never a moment would tarry.

When wearied and cast on the ground I have lain,
 Exhausted by labor and sorrow,
 You ne'er have forgotten to urge on again,
 With earliest dawn of the morrow.

Ah, what a rough way you have hurried me o'er!
 My heart sickens now to remember;
 And like a wrecked sailor cast on a wild shore,
 You leave me this last of December.

You may be a schoolmaster friend, and if so
 I thank you for all your correction,
 These marks of your kindness to old age will show
 The strength of your frowning affection.

Yet now with best wishes I bid you adieu,
 And little regret we are parting,
 Peace be on your name, though remembrance of you
 Will scarce check a tear that is starting.

ADIEU TO THE YEAR.

THE smile and the tear,
 Of this transient year,
 Have gone like a brief vernal shower,
 Whose cloud and its bow
 Not a vestige can show,
 Nor dew-drop for one fleeting hour.

Yet quick as it passed,
 Its record will last
 When sun, moon and stars shall have faded;
 Each moment will tell
 What in it befel,
 How conscience approved or upbraided.

Kind Saviour, I pray,
 My sins wash away,
 Ere the new year shall dawn on the morrow ;
 O let not a stain
 Of th' old year remain,
 To shade that glad morning with sorrow.

How wondrous thy grace,
 Which I now retrace,
 With praise, through the year that is ending ;
 Yea, through all my years,
 Thy goodness appears
 Each footstep with mercy attending.

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL.

ANOTHER fleeting year
 Is bidding us farewell,
 Shall smile or falling tear
 Of grief or gladness tell ?
 Ah, let them meet and mingling show
 The checkered scenes of life below.

The smiling morn has shone,
 All gemmed with diamond dew,
 The purpling eve has thrown
 Its spangled robes in view ;
 In brilliant contrast either vies,
 And grasps at radiant beauty's prize.

But darkness too has spread
 Its pall upon the sky,
 And hopes aghast have fled,
 And sorrow heaved her sigh ;
 Ah, thus it is forever here,
 Against the smile is set a tear.

'Tis well ; for here below
 We're pilgrims and should haste,
 And every touch of woe
 Impels across the waste
 We all must pass ere we can rise
 To heavenly glories in the skies.

O Time, thou empty shade,
 How didst thou cheat my youth !
 What flatt'ring vows were made !
 But they have taught me truth,
 The truth that earth is but a lie,
 And happiness reserved on high.

But all this truth will spurn,
 Till failure makes them gray,
Each for himself will learn,
 WILL HAVE HIS CHOSEN WAY ;
 Well let them try and find like me,
 Our shades pursued forever flee.

But thou, departing year,
 Why should I chide thy flight ?
 Without a smile or tear
 I'll bid thy hours—Good night !
 'Tis not for thee, old Time, to say
 When I must sigh and when be gay.

Eternity is mine,
 The gift of God, my King,
 Through grace His praise divine,
 In rapture's realms I'll sing,
 Nor ever sigh o'er fleeting years,
 Nor glories view through dimming tears.

~~~~~

CROWNING THE NEW YEAR.

COME, form a wreath to crown the year,  
 And bind it on his brow,  
 Symbolic of his swift career,  
 And face he weareth now :  
 Let truth be twined with every braid,  
 Nor light weave partial o'er the shade.

'Tis winter ; where the blooming flowers  
 To make the garland gay ?  
 Ah, take the frostwork of the hours  
 When surly tempests play ;  
 Twist icicles into a form,  
 Fit diadem for winter storm.

The frozen tears of heaven the gems  
 To glitter on the wreath,  
 And let some few of death's emblems  
 Be peering out beneath,  
 And scatter o'er it driven snow,  
 Time's evanescent hours to show.

Come, to the coronation, come,  
 And crown the op'ning year,  
 That lays perhaps us in the tomb,  
 Or leads to shed the tear  
 O'er fondest hopes or dearest friends,  
 Lost ere his short dominion ends.

But he will bring the vernal flowers,  
 And summer's brilliant pride,  
 And lead to autumn's fruitful bowers,  
 Why then his reign deride ?  
 Why with an icy crown wilt jeer,  
 The welcome, happy, bright New Year ?

Well, on the icy garland twine  
 The budding bloom of spring,  
 Bid radiant summer round it shine,  
 Add autumn's offering ;  
 But know, this very year must wear,  
 At last, the frigid chaplet bare.

I know that many days will smile,  
 And many long will seem ;  
 Yet they will oft our hopes beguile,  
 And all prove but a dream ;  
 I've seen too much on time to trust ;  
 Time's what ?—the way to turn to dust !

No ; in the blissful skies above,  
 There, there alone are found  
 The objects for abiding love,  
 There joys run endless round :  
 Immortal garlands there we'll twine,  
 And crown eternity divine.

## REVIEW OF FOUR YEARS.

FOUR rolling years have passed away,  
 Since that eventful thrilling day,  
     I left my native land,  
 And saw its verdant shores retire,  
 And felt my soul to heaven aspire,  
     Amid a mission band.

The future was a world unknown  
 Heaven called me to explore alone,  
     And trust to grace divine ;  
 How cheerfully I saw the sail  
 Swell out before the prosp'ring gale,  
     To waft me o'er the brine.

My country, home, and friends so dear,  
 In joyful hope without a tear,  
     Were left till time be o'er,  
 I told them, through the Saviour's grace,  
 Heaven be our happy meeting-place,  
     To part nor suffer more.

What scenes, what seasons have transpired,  
 What pangs have passed, what hopes expired,  
     Since that fair summer day ;  
 What wintry blasts have on me blown,  
 What thorns and rocks been thickly strown  
     Throughout my pilgrim way !

Yet I adore the Hand Divine,  
 That led this rugged way of mine,  
     And taught me where to trust ;



The hand that guides and guards me still,  
 And makes me feel God's holy will  
 Is wise and good and just.

What future scenes His wise decree  
 Of joy or grief allots to me,  
 I seek not far to know,  
 Assured that all is ordered best  
 To make me most completely blest,  
 In heaven to which I go.

Friends, home, and country, still my own !  
 I love ye, bear ye to the throne  
 Whence every blessing flows ;  
 I will not—no, I can't forget  
 The grateful and increasing debt  
 Affection ever owes.

For you with whom I passed the wave,  
 Benighted souls to win and save,  
 Recalls this day a sigh ?  
 Heaven grant that as your moments glide,  
 Your blessings may be multiplied,  
 Till we shall meet on high.

---

### HELPED HITHERTO.

1 Sam. 7 : 12.

HITHERTO, through many a year,  
 God hath helped me on my way,  
 Soothed the sigh and wiped the tear,  
 Turning darkness into day :

Let me here set up a sign  
Of this gracious aid divine.

Since my fleeting course began,  
A generation, yea and more,  
As they count the age of man,  
Has died upon this mortal shore ;  
Like summer clouds they've passed away  
No more to see a natal day.

Hitherto the help of God  
Has preserved from flagrant sin ;  
Through the devious way I've trod  
He my guide and guard has been,  
Hid temptation from my sight,  
Or sustained me in the fight.

Oft alas, my erring feet  
Have betrayed me to a fall,  
But His grace, so free, so sweet,  
Has more than recovered all ;  
My falls have been but signs to rise  
And speed me to the blissful skies.

Hitherto thy hand has led  
Thirty-five long rolling years !  
Hitherto hath blessings shed,  
Now when age and death appears,  
And unknown eternity,  
Forever I will trust in thee.

## NEW YEAR.

WHY art thou born mid the winter snows ?  
 And nursed by the rudest blast that blows ?  
 By driving sleet urged on thy career,  
 Happy, yet hapless, welcome New Year !

Thy birth should have been with op'ning flowers,  
 In song and fragrance of vernal bowers,  
 When bloom and light like cherubs appear,—  
 Then be thy birth, O infant New Year !

And so it was in the bowers of bliss,  
 Where Eden's zephyrs breathed happiness,  
 There in smiles so sweet, in beams so clear,  
 Was born the first, sole happy New Year.

A garland of flowers that never fade  
 The brows of the blooming year arrayed,  
 And fragrance and light and love so dear,  
 Winged on his way that blissful New Year.

But ah, the guilty and wretched fall  
 Lost crown and robe for the gloomy pall,  
 And now, alas, with a frozen tear  
 And wailing moan is born the New Year.

In sadness born, in sorrow to die,  
 Through changing scenes of earth to fly,  
 Sometimes in brightness, but often drear,  
 Sighs on his way each fleeting New Year.

Yet faith and hope with prophetic ken  
 See bliss return to the sons of men,  
 And hail with gladness, approaching near,  
 A bright, eternal, happy New Year.

---

### HAIL NEW YEAR.

HAIL, welcome New Year, so still on us stealing,  
 Behind father Time thine entrance concealing,  
 Thy footsteps like snowflakes in silence descending,  
 Disturbed not our sleep when the old year was ending.

Thou doubtless wilt bring us sufficient of sadness,  
 Yet hope lays her claim to abundance of gladness,  
 The brilliance of joy on the future is shining,  
 And even with sorrow sweet comfort is twining.

So, welcome New Year, and lead on delighting,  
 Conferring the bliss expectation is plighting,  
 Each promise for good in its season fulfilling,  
 And blessings like dew on our pathway distilling.

But if in thy course thine aspect should darken,  
 When frowning and stern, O New Year, then hearken,  
 We do not depend for our bliss or our glory,  
 On Time or his offspring, the years transitory.

But let us be friends and kind to each other,  
 Ill winds and ill tempers forbearingly smother,  
 And weep thou o'er us, if nature reposes,  
 Or we over thee when thy brief circuit closes.

That blissful New Year of prophetic story,  
 Which never will end but brighten in glory,  
 We wait now to welcome its splendors so cheering,  
 When heaven hails with rapture its glorious appearing.

---

WINTER NATIVITY.

My birth ! it fell with the winter snows,  
 And life began through a world of woes,  
 To break its path and to thread its way,  
 Mid the shrieking winds of a wintry day,  
 And year after year through wilds so chill,  
 My course has led on in winter still.

But what if I breathed the with'ring blast  
 That nearly snatched my life as it passed,  
 And wore the tatters the winds had wove,  
 When in sportive rage they madly strove  
 To end and tear from their cloudy loom  
 A garment meet for the chilling tomb.

The drearier all around may be,  
 The more I shall pant that clime to see  
 Where zephyrs soft and the sunny skies  
 Waken the loveliest ecstacies,  
 And make the soul like a garden bloom,  
 And bless the winds with its sweet perfume.

O when shall I see that endless spring,  
 Whose beauties the seraphs love to sing,  
 And drinking bliss in those blooming bowers,  
 Feel raptures thrill through my growing powers,  
 And all my soul in devotion's blaze  
 Flame with the incense of love and praise.

## EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY.

HAIL ! eighteen hundred forty, hail !  
 Strange I have lived to see thee ;  
 When others stronger, younger, fail,  
 And sink in darksome Lethe.

Thus I may sink this transient year,  
 And like them be forgotten ;  
 Vast numbers now in health appear  
 Whose thread of life is rotten.

I now begin—but shall I end  
 This year though brief and fleeting ?—  
 In health see its last sun descend,  
 Then rise a New Year greeting ?

What think'st thou of the chilly cleft  
 And noisomeness it harbors ?—  
 Thy dearest ones of thee bereft,  
 Weeping in smiling arbors ?

A crucible, I think the tomb,  
 This mortal dust refining ;  
 And tears will make sweet flowrets bloom  
 Where endless day is shining.

What cause to foster then a fear,  
 Or wear the mask of sorrow ?  
 All will be well this fleeting year,  
 Though I should die tomorrow.

**PRAYER AT THE OPENING YEAR.**

O Lord, to thee this op'ning year  
 I look with filial eyes ;  
 To me in mercy be thou near,  
 Each moment as it flies.

Safe in the hollow of thy hand  
 May I rejoice and praise,  
 Fulfil thy holy wise command,  
 Through all my fleeting days.

If thou shouldst call me hence away  
 Before the year shall close,  
 Be that my brightest, blessed day,  
 When I in thee repose.

At last, O may I sweetly rest  
 In thy divine embrace,  
 Forever, infinitely blest  
 To see thy smiling face.

**THE FORTIETH YEAR.**

WHEN Israel in a desert drear  
 Had wandered sad and long,  
 How glad he hailed the fortieth year,  
 And filled with echoes strong,

Ravines and caves of rock around,  
 As on he marched to Canaan's ground,  
 With shout of joy and rapt'rous song,  
 Earth answered 'Tis the fortieth year.

So I, a pilgrim here on earth,  
 Have wandered, far from home,  
 Till from the epoch of my birth,  
 The fortieth year has come,  
 The fortieth year ! O will it bring  
 My weary feet where pleasures spring,  
 And I no more an exile roam  
 In realms of woe and with'ring dearth.

The fortieth year begins to day,  
 Awake my soul, and rise,  
 Come, speed thee through the desert way,  
 Which still before thee lies,  
 'Tis but a hem of rock and sand  
 That bars thee from that goodly land,  
 Look up and see the op'ning skies  
 A world of blissful scenes display.

How welcome then the fortieth year,  
 If last of toil and pain,  
 But should life double this career,—  
 Run forty o'er again,  
 And lead me on from wild to wild,  
 Till manhood withers to a child,  
 Like Caleb still I shall attain  
 My portion in that kingdom dear.



But I am weak, and he was strong,  
 I'm nearer Jordan's shore,  
 It surely cannot be so long  
 Ere I am summoned o'er,  
 My fortieth year will quickly close,  
 I soon shall enter heaven's repose,  
 In youth and strength immortal soar,  
 And shout in joy redemption's song.

---

COMMENCING THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year begins,  
 And calls us to repent  
 Our careless lives and sins,  
 Our days and months mispent,  
 With holy purpose, godly fear,—  
 Begin with Christ the happy year.

Our breath, a vapor frail,  
 Condensed on wintry air,  
 May freeze and fall like hail,  
 Nor vernal beams repair  
 What death with icy hand doth chill,  
 The grave is ever winter still.

But will there come no spring  
 To melt the frozen tomb?  
 No voice in rapture sing  
 O'er life's returning bloom?  
 O yes, when Christ descends to reign,  
 His saints shall wake, nor sleep again.

What joy will crown the morn  
 Of that unending year !  
 To life immortal born,  
 In heaven so blest, so dear,  
 With all the chosen sons of light  
 In praise and glory we'll unite.

---

#### FORTY YEARS.

WHEN time in his circuit my era began,  
 And joy chasing sorrow through thrilling hearts ran,  
 And light met my soul through weak infancy's tears,  
 How little I dreamed of these forty long years.

When childhood was gazing on nature around,  
 And wond'ring as struck by each prospect and sound,  
 While courage and hope were yet shaded by fears,  
 How vast seemed the sum of a forty full years.

When youth on the wings of adventure did soar,  
 Range his world, yet so narrow, from mountain to shore,  
 And swelling with transport break forth in loud cheers,  
 What plans it could compass in forty slow years.

When manhood was waxing full orb'd like the moon,  
 And proud of the vigor of life's rising noon,  
 Far still seemed the era that childhood reveres,  
 The west sloping summit of forty bright years.

But now they have gone, and I look back to-day,  
Surveying the windings of life's mazy way ;  
How transient and varied the prospect appears,  
That mantles the period of forty past years.

Man's pathway grows steep as it slopes to the west,  
Till lost in dark valley where weary ones rest,  
And every day nearer the limit appears,  
That bounds fleeting life, after forty swift years.

Beyond that low vale a fair region of light,  
In beauties immortal beams full on my sight,  
While faith with affection that blest home endears,  
Where none ever sigh over forty lost years.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FRIENDSHIP, HOME, COUNTRY.

---

#### FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE passing through this world terrene,  
Where hopes and fears compose the scene,  
And tempests often lower,  
With what delight we turn to those,  
Within whose bosom fondly glows,  
True friendship, cheering power.

If troubles fill the anxious mind,  
And sorrows overwhelming bind  
Our spirits down in gloom ;  
The kind encouragement of friends,  
At once corroding grief suspends,  
And hope begins to bloom.

If prosperous scenes attend our way,  
And pleasure gilds the blooming day,  
And all our plans succeed ;

If friends are happy and rejoice  
 With us in heart, as well as voice,  
 We then are blest indeed.

This world without a constant friend,  
 On whom we may in need depend,  
 A wilderness appears ;  
 Within whose sphere a dismal gloom,  
 Broods o'er our journey to the tomb,  
 And hope is quelled by fears.

But ah, how seldom do we find  
 A friend that's faithful, just, and kind,  
 In whom we may confide,  
 Who if we adverse fortune meet,  
 Will follow to our lone retreat,  
 And with us grief divide.

How few of all that on us smile,  
 Are free from fickleness or guile ;  
 But one without disguise,  
 For all the wealth that ever came,  
 From Ophir's mines of ancient fame,  
 Part not with such a prize.



#### FANCY'S INTERVIEW.

AWAY, on fancy's wing, away,  
 With hands and hearts entwining,  
 The full-orbed moon, with silver ray,  
 O'er hill and dale is shining.

Bright Hesper, in the blushing west,  
 Now smiles adieu descending ;  
 Mild breezes fan creation's breast,  
 All so harmonious blending.

Stay, stay O Time, and fold thy wing,  
 Rest in this scene of glory ;  
 Delay the thought, the bitter sting,  
 That all is transitory.

He urges still his ceaseless flight,  
 Our earnest prayer unheeding ;  
 Dear friends, this lovely beauteous night,  
 On lightning's wing is speeding.

On, still on, like mad despair,  
 With ruthless scythe he's sweeping,  
 No hour so blest, no scene so fair,  
 Is stayed by wish or weeping.

Haste we then to seize the bliss,  
 While this short hour is fleeting,  
 Few evenings glide so fast as this,  
 Improve the happy meeting.



#### RIPE GRACES.

YES, she was fair, and dignity  
 With sweet attractive grace,  
 Soft blending with benignity,  
 Shone in her lovely face ;  
 More fair than she, perhaps I've seen,  
 But few of more engaging mein.

Yes, she was like a summer day  
 When early harvest smiles,  
 And all is bright, serene and gay,  
 O'er ocean, earth and isles,  
 With airs so bland, and skies so sheen,  
 It seems a paradisal scene.

Her noble mind was trained with care,  
 From childhood's sunny days,  
 Till learning's gems, with lustre fair  
 Shed round her golden rays ;  
 Yet still that mind, though firm, was mild,  
 And docile as a little child.

Her heart, where native graces grew  
 As amiably fair  
 As fallen nature ever knew,  
 Had grace celestial there ;  
 To bless mankind, her loved employ,  
 To honor Christ, her highest joy.

---

#### FANCY'S VOYAGE.

THOUGHT, quick o'er the Atlantic ferry,  
 Land me at the Seminary,\*  
 Glide o'er the wave and pass the plains,  
 Of Carolina's fair domains.  
 The evening star is in my sky,  
 Though there the sun is riding high,—

\* At Columbia, S. C.

Distance, difference, all forgetting,  
 I'll imagine he is setting,  
 And sweeping o'er the sounding pines,  
 Just catch the latest ray that shines  
 On Columbia, there you see !  
 And hear the sound of Congaree !

My heart so social seems to-night,  
 I'll seek in friendship's smile delight ;  
 My flesh with study hard is weary,  
 Why should I pore till life is dreary ?  
 With blithesome spirits glad I meet  
 A cordial welcome, warmly greet  
 The smiling friends whose talking eyes  
 Meet mine without the least surprise,  
 For change from memory slips away,  
 We think we met but yesterday.  
 Can colors true portray the light ?  
 Then words may tell the sweet delight  
 Which in the bosom warmly glows,  
 While smiling social converse flows  
 Around the circle and we rise  
 To contemplations of the skies,  
 And talk of heaven, of Jesus' love,  
 Till almost winged to soar above.

The evening swiftly glides away,  
 We read the Word, then fervent pray,  
 Ourselves, our friends, the world commend,  
 To God our Father and our Friend,  
 Imploring though we part below,  
 Through life to wander to and fro,  
 That safe we all may reach the shore  
 Where partings, wanderings, toils are o'er.



## MUTUAL PRAYER.

'Tis at the hour of evening shade,  
 My sister prays for me ;  
 Now too, my fervent prayer is made  
 For thee, pure friend, for thee.

No more we meet as we have met  
 In days and seasons flown,  
 But this remains, most precious yet,  
 To meet at Jesus' throne.

'Tis there again we mingle souls,  
 And hold communion pure ;  
 There while eternal ages roll,  
 Our friendship shall endure.



## THOUGHTS OF SONG.

AH, sister, art thou singing yet ?  
 As thou wert wont to do ;  
 Thy voice, thy love, I can't forget,  
 Though far and long from you.

On barren hills, mid scorching rays,  
 I still remember thee,  
 And think upon the happy days  
 You sang so sweet to me.

Thrice happy days, O do they shine  
 So brightly on thee now ;  
 Do love and joy their chaplet twine,  
 To bloom upon thy brow.

Sing on, my fair, and let thy song  
 Breathe sweet of heavenly love,  
 For, dearest, sure it can't be long  
 Ere we shall meet above.



PURE AFFECTION.

O let us love as angels do,  
 So sweet, so happy, pure,  
 For love like theirs is surely true,  
 And ever will endure.

As flames unite and burn in one,  
 So let our friendship glow,  
 For ne'er did hearts beneath the sun,  
 More fond affection know.

'Tis not the love that rankly springs  
 From earthly hopes or joy,  
 Which oft more grief than transport brings,  
 And always brings alloy.

But it was kindled from a light  
 Bright beaming from the skies,  
 With all that blissful world in sight,  
 Where friendship never dies.

## WOUNDED SYMPATHY.

ANGELIC sister, sympathy,  
 O what has now befallen thee,  
   Is friendship cold and chilling?  
 How did thy pure affections burn,  
 Nor aught expected in return,  
   But sweetest love distilling.

Ah, what a changing world is this!  
 How fickle all its happiness!  
   New shapes and shades assuming;  
 Not e'en the air more wont to change,  
 Nor heat and cold a wider range,—  
   Who trusts it—fool presuming.

But how could those who ever knew  
 A mutual friendship pure and true,  
   With thee, sweet sister, trifle?  
 And careless aim a poisoned dart,  
 To pierce thy tender, yearning heart,  
   And their own treasures rifle.

But come, sweet, weeping darling, rest  
 Forever in this soothing breast,  
   And wipe the tear that's flowing;  
 Nor e'er expect among mankind,  
 A soul thy counterpart to find,  
   With constant fervor glowing.

## SYMPATHY CROSSED.

O why were sympathies like these  
Implanted in my breast,  
When every social comfort flees  
The moment 'tis possessed.

Why since my life was doomed to be  
A checkered, troubled scene,  
Were such affections granted me,  
That seek a clime serene.

Why with a bosom formed of steel,  
To breast a world so rude,  
Braced with a heart that could not feel,  
Was I not first endued.

This spirit surely was designed  
For some more peaceful sphere,  
More kindred souls than oft I find  
In my sad wand'rings here.

Haste home to heaven, my throbbing heart,  
There all thy loves bestow,  
There more than thou canst e'er impart,  
Returns to overflow.

**FRIENDS MEETING ABOVE.**

THEY met in the regions above,  
Intently on each other gazed,  
To feel such reciprocal love  
While strangers, their spirits amazed.

True, heaven was a world of delight,  
Where love was both nature and law,  
Yet something peculiar, their sight  
And souls appeared sweetly to draw.

A moment—the wonder was past,  
They loved—O how fondly ! below,  
Now twined in embraces so fast,  
Their raptures celestial o'erflow.

The pleasures and partings of earth,  
Alike are forgot in the joy,  
Here ecstasy blest has its birth,  
And cares never come to alloy.

In union so perfect, so sweet,  
The voice of thanksgiving they raise,  
And bow at Immanuel's feet,  
In rapture and glory and praise.

## DEPARTED FRIEND.

SHE'S gone to the mansions above,  
 And left me twice exile below,  
 To mourn o'er the loss of her love,  
 And bend under heavier woe.

The loss ! no ; affection so pure,  
 Can never, no never be lost ;  
 In heaven 'twill forever endure,  
 Though here it be fatally crossed.

And there I shall meet her again,  
 O yes, yes, she yet will be mine !  
 In union no error can stain,  
 In love so extatic, divine.

How many the times I have prayed  
 That blessings might circle her round,  
 Since low in the tomb she was laid—  
 No, with immortality crowned.

What answer is this to my prayer !  
 An ocean where drops I implored !  
 Her garland away would I tear,  
 To have her to sorrow restored ?

Would strike the bright harp from her hand  
 And give her a symbol of toil ?  
 Again in the flesh bid her stand ?  
 Of robes so resplendant despoil ?

Would bring her where evil prevails ?  
 Where fear and temptation abound ?  
 Where Satan in malice assails ?  
 Leave only the hope to be crowned ?

Ah, love, if affection be true,  
 If thou e'er my heart didst possess,  
 Can I be then so cruel to you ?  
 Can I wish your felicity less ?

No ; stay, my dear love, in the skies,  
 Forget all the troubles below,  
 Nor turn from the Saviour thine eyes,  
 O praise Him with love's highest glow.

Soon sweetly will mingle my song  
 With eloquent notes of your lyre ;  
 Yes, close by your side I'll prolong  
 The anthem the angels admire.

---

#### MEMORY OF THE PAST.

DAYS of beauty,  
 Friends of love,  
 Where ? my swelling soul cries—where ?  
 Now what duty  
 From above ?  
 Bliss or sorrow do ye share ?

Thought enchanting  
 Tells me o'er  
 All the scenes I've shared with you ;  
 Spirit panting  
 Longs for more,—  
 Have we sighed the last adieu ?

Age is stealing  
 On my frame  
 With the flow of rapid years ;  
 Say, revealing  
 Still the same,  
 If it thus with you appears ?

Where the meeting  
 Next decreed  
 For us bound in cords of love ?  
 Mortals greeting ?  
 Or all freed  
 Hail we each in realms above ?

Wings are growing,  
 So I feel,  
 In this thrilling soul of mine ;  
 Love is glowing,  
 And a seal  
 Stamps it with a mark divine.

There uniting  
 In the song  
 Saints and angels raptured raise,  
 God inditing,  
 We'll prolong  
 Union blest and joy and praise.



## THE DEPARTED.

ON earth I shall see her no more !  
 O when shall I meet her above ?  
 Our partings and sorrows all o'er,  
 To dwell in the arms of her love.

Her dear faded form is laid low,  
 That form once my gladness to see,  
 Those features which shone with the glow  
 Of affection so often on me.

She pined and she sunk to the tomb,  
 Nor I to console her was near,  
 O had I but died in her room,  
 And known not so bitter a tear !

She loved me, yes, loved me so true !  
 So sweet and so hallowed the flame,  
 As if she had heaven in near view,  
 Though dwelling so fond on my name.

Kind Heaven is my witness how dear  
 She ever has been to my heart ;  
 Though wandering far from her here,  
 Her love seemed to soften each smart.

I hoped yet to meet her again,  
 That she so beloved would be mine,  
 That hope—O it was not in vain !  
 We meet, but in regions divine.

Though earth's nuptial tie be not there,  
 There nothing but spirit refined,  
 Her love and her bliss I shall share,  
 Heaven cannot than earth be less kind.

O does she not sometimes descend  
 With blessings for me from the skies ?  
 She has not forgotten her friend,  
 Affection like hers never dies.

My love, canst thou whisper to me ?  
 This sorrowing spirit then cheer ;  
 An angel,—yet can it not be  
 That thou to my view shouldst appear ?

Come tell me what raptures you've known  
 Where often in spirit I stray ;  
 What glories beam bright from the throne,  
 Where saints shine in blissful array.



#### SCATTERED FRIENDS.

WHENCE the western zephyrs come,  
 There a part have gone to roam,  
 Where the southern breezes blow,  
 In the north, now wrapped in snow,—  
 Scattered are my loved ones dear,—  
 In the east, alone, I'm here.

O what lovely groups I've seen,  
 Yes, and part of them I've been,  
 But we now are scattered wide  
 O'er the land, across the tide ;  
 Yes, we've scattered far and near,  
 Say the sigh and falling tear.

Time is masking every face,  
 And disguising youthful grace,  
 And if we should meet again,  
 Pleasure would give place to pain,  
 For we each should hardly know,  
 Time and care have changed us so.

O mournful thought! hush—there—see!  
 A door opes on eternity!  
 Each has lost his sad disguise,  
 Crowned and robed as fits the skies,—  
 Lo, we meet—we know each other  
 Better than the child his mother.

From our distant thorny ways  
 Ever joined to love and praise,—  
 Wonder grief should dim our eyes,  
 While we hastened to the skies  
 With such speed as marred our clay,—  
 Left it at last upon the way.

## NORTH AND SOUTH.

WHERE heaven extends its blest domain,  
 And peace and joy forever reign,  
 What if by diff'rent int'rests moved,  
 The hosts to each so well beloved,  
 Should, north and south, opposed display  
 Their proud and threatening array.

Clouds soon would gather round the throne,  
 Heaven's pavement would such hosts disown,  
 And shake them off in mighty throes  
 Down headlong to the realm of woes,  
 Where hate and war, their element,  
 Might be their awful punishment.

If north and south were thus in heaven  
 Alike to one destruction driven,  
 Shall north and south, though here below,  
 Escape the just avenging woe  
 Ordained for brothers when they fight,  
 And nature, God, their Saviour slight?

Hush the cry and calm the soul,  
 Hear ye not the thunders roll,  
 To your kneès, down on your face,  
 Beg till justice grants you grace,  
 Rising then, with all the brother,  
 North and South, embrace each other.

## UNION ANTICIPATED.

I cannot tell the reason why,  
 But so it seems to me,  
 We meet again before we die,  
 And happy days shall see.

The guiding, gracious hand divine,  
 That hitherto hath led,  
 Will on our pathway ever shine,  
 And on us blessings shed.

'Our pathway!' yes, it will be *one*,  
 If so ordained above,  
 And we in union sweet will run  
 The flow'ry path of love.

Nor shall our bright'ning course of bliss  
 Be lost beneath the tomb,  
 For ours is endless happiness,  
 In heaven's immortal bloom.



## CONJUGAL KINDNESS.

O who can soothe the ills of life  
 So constantly recurring,  
 Like a beloved and tender wife,  
 Whose love is ne'er demurring

How much she ought to do to cheer  
Her sick—fatigued—desponding dear,  
But feeling nature stirring,  
And with affection's spirit rife,  
Has for herself no earthly fear,  
Though for her husband melts the tear.

In act and word and look so kind,  
You must be convalescing,  
While she is near and strives to find  
On every hand a blessing,—  
To chase away the ling'ring pain,  
And bring refreshing ease again,  
By kindness—sweet caressing,  
And all the charms of heart and mind  
Where choicest graces meet and reign,  
And harmonies of heavenly strain.

Heaven bless the wives with health and joy,  
And all the host of blisses,  
Whose duty is their loved employ,  
Sealed with the purest kisses ;  
And be their husbands kind and tender,  
Most happy in their turn to render  
The love that care and pain dismisses,  
With all that doth the wife annoy,  
And with affection's zeal attend her,  
Still praying heaven long life to send her.

## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

My heart is not at home !  
 Ah, yes, there far away ;  
 For here where called to roam,  
 My spirit will not stay.

My heart is at my home,  
 Yet I am distant far ;  
 Though mountains rise, and rivers foam,  
 My heart o'erleaps each bar.

I see my friends so dear,  
 I feel their warm embrace ;  
 Affection's happy tear  
 Bedews the smiling face.

O yes, my heart is there,  
 Sweet voices mine are greeting,  
 Regret has fled and care,  
 O what a happy meeting !

What mutual love and joy,  
 From eye to eye is beaming ;  
 Scenes past our tongues employ—  
 Alas, I'm only dreaming !

Well, in the realms above,  
 Dear loved ones, I will meet you ;  
 With what seraphic love,  
 My spirit there will greet you.

THE HEART'S HOME.

SAY, where do the fond affections rest ?  
 That thrill and swell the generous breast ;  
 Say, where do they build their downy nest ?  
     If not at home.

When the last farewell that friendship sighs,  
 On the passing zephyr sinks and dies ;  
 When the tear of parting dims the eyes,  
     That we must roam :

As the needle turned by a thrust or jar,  
 Vibrates again towards its polar star,  
 Nor rests till attraction binds it there ;  
     So does the heart

Backward revert to its home so dear,  
 Where verdure green, and skies so clear,  
 And friends so loved—O cease, or the tear  
     Again will start.

Yes, and if no tear at parting fell,  
 Nor yet when memory comes to tell  
 Of scenes gone by ; still, the heart will swell,  
     The heart will weep :

Weep for its home, for the loved ones there,  
 With whom it was wont each joy to share,  
 Whose features and form, embalmed with care,  
     The heart will keep.



Far, far away, though required to roam,  
 Through distant lands, and o'er ocean's foam,  
 The heart to its sweet, its dear loved home  
     Will point us still.

And if in our pilgrim course below,  
 The heart more places than one should know,  
 Where, as to home, its affections flow,  
     And bind the will :

All, like the family circle where  
 We rejoiced in our parents love and care,  
 And each wished each might e'er dwell there,  
     Will be held dear.

Yet blest and beloved as home can be,  
 The homes of earth, like waves of the sea,  
 Change after change, must suffer, and we  
     Shed the sad tear.

But faith, with its strong and piercing eye,  
 Discerns a home in the distant sky,  
 Where change comes not, and no parting sigh  
     Is known above.

The pious ones of our home below,  
 We there shall meet, and we there shall know,  
 And every bosom rejoice and glow  
     With heavenly love.

## LONELY FIRESIDE.

My evening fire is burning bright,  
 But I have none to share  
 Its genial warmth, and pour the light  
 Of smiles upon my care.

My heart with fond affection swells,  
 And thought is on my brow,  
 How dear the names that mem'ry tells,—  
 Where are, ye loved ones, now.

The sun has sunk behind the snows  
 That mantle in the west,  
 Yet high and fair he shines on those  
 To whom my song's addressed.

O will ye, when your sun shall set,  
 Assemble round the hearth,  
 Nor him afar, yet loved, forget,  
 Who shared your grief and mirth.

A father's pious look in vain  
 Will seek his first-born there,  
 A mother in affection's pain  
 May drop the sorrowing tear.

A brother on a brother look,  
 And read the meaning well,  
 They're thinking when this hand they took  
 And bade a long farewell.

And is there none beside that feels  
 How absence may alloy ;  
 No heart that under friendship's seals  
 Would welcome me with joy.

No name that might in sweetness float  
 Upon the Persian air,  
 And if upon this bosom wrote,  
 Remains forever there.

Hush, fond heart, be happy too,  
 'Tis sober judgment guides,  
 Whate'er is right and best for you,  
 Eternal love provides.

Heart known to Him who rules above,  
 Though little known below,  
 What streams of friendship—purest love—  
 Through thy deep channels flow.

And if they may not flow on earth,  
 This low and marshy shore,  
 Exhaled to heaven that gave them birth,  
 There let their fulness pour.

As parents with their prattler play,  
 And sporting pass an hour,  
 And though they love, then turn away,—  
 Resume parental power :

So with this heart, a wayward child,  
 I sometimes talk and play,  
 But when it grows too free or wild,  
 Chase its fond dreams away.

But home, sweet home ! I linger yet,  
 And would thy pleasures share,  
 O could I see thy circle met,  
 And I unseen be there ;

Could I but hear my mother's voice,  
 And see my father's smile,  
 And know my brothers dear rejoice,  
 'Twould sweet the eve beguile.

The empty seat that stands for me,  
 I'd glide into unseen,  
 And look and list with extacy,  
 On that domestic scene.

But if my name became the theme,  
 And fond affection feared,  
 That nought beneath the orient beam  
 My lonely wanderings cheered :

That I perhaps was lying low,  
 With none to soothe my pain ;  
 If tears for me began to flow,  
 Though causeless, and so vain ;

O could my heart and tongue forbear  
 The cheering truth to tell,  
 And show my smiles to ease the care  
 Of those I love so well.

Could I refrain the fond embrace,  
 And pass away unknown,  
 And here again resume my place,  
 Perhaps—nor yet be stone.

If spirits, from the body free,  
 Revisit friends below,  
 What scenes of trial oft they see,  
 Yet none their presence know.

---

**MY MOTHER.**

My Mother ! couldst thou see me now,  
 So weak and very pale,  
 And bathe with thine own hand my brow,  
 What sorrows would assail  
 Thy fond maternal heart,  
 With bitter, bitter smart,  
 As kindly o'er me thou wouldst bow.

Thy lips perhaps might soothe my pain,  
 And make me near forget  
 The piercing thrills that sting my brain,  
 And wring the dewy sweat  
 From this poor wasting frame,  
 Which, now almost o'ercame,  
 Seems falling to death's gloomy reign.

But wouldst thou deprecate the day  
 That tore me from your side ?  
 And sent me lone and far away  
 Across the foaming tide,  
 Charged with our Lord's command,  
 Go, preach in every land,  
 That all the nations may obey.

My own dear mother, dry your tears,  
 And weep no more for me ;  
 If here afar long rolling years  
 Your firstborn may not see,  
 'Tis easy still to die,  
 If Christ our Friend be nigh,  
 And heaven our happy home appears.

Where wouldst thou that we next should meet,  
 And share each other's joy,  
 Where saints and seraphs sing so sweet?  
 Or mortal cares annoy ?  
 Still hasting to the tomb,  
 Or crowned with deathless bloom,  
 Thy mission-son, say, wouldst thou greet ?

Dear mother, deep I sympathize  
 In all your bosom feels,  
 I know love's strong and tender ties,  
 Its eloquent appeals ;  
 Love binds us down below,  
 But, dearest mother, know,  
 Love is perfected in the skies.

Below thou wilt not linger long,  
 Nay, we shall sooner meet  
 If God my life does not prolong ;  
 And O how charming, sweet,  
 To mingle praises there,  
 And crowns of glory wear,  
 And sing the new,—heaven's choicest song.

Eternity with brightening blaze  
 Will lead from joy to joy,

Jehovah's wondrous, glorious ways  
 Our hearts and tongues employ ;  
 Dear mother, think of this,  
 What boundless, endless bliss  
 Will swell our song with rapt'rous praise.



### MISSIONARY CONSECRATION.

'Tis not for home I sigh or pray  
 Far in a foreign land,  
 Nor have I since the thrilling day  
 I left my country's strand ;  
 Hope silent stood nor breathed a strain  
 That I should see that shore again.

I came entire, soul, body, all,  
 To live, to preach, to die,  
 Where'er afar the Lord might call,  
 Nor cast a longing eye  
 Back on the scenes of home so dear,  
 All cheerful left without a tear.

Here in my distant wished-for field,  
 I've hoped, and watched, and prayed,  
 And fired with zeal refused to yield  
 To all the hosts arrayed  
 To drive the Gospel far away,  
 And all its faithful preachers slay.

But God with steady, chast'ning hand,  
 Through thorny ways urged on,  
 Till all the pious schemes I planned  
 Were one by one undone ;  
 With breaking heart left here to sigh,  
 Where I had hoped in joy to die.

The Lord is just, nor I complain  
 For all the bitter trials past,  
 Though mortal hopes and plans be vain,  
 His purpose stands forever fast ;  
 And on the coming judgment day,  
 All worlds will see His righteous way.

---

#### HOME DESIRED.

O when shall I go home !  
 The distant exile cries,  
 Still longer must I roam  
 'Neath these unfriendly skies ?  
 My native land ! so dear to me,  
 My kindred ! friends ! when shall I see !

So pants the exile soul,  
 And we applaud the zeal,  
 Are ready to condole  
 For all that he may feel,  
 And fain would speed his safe return  
 To those for whom his feelings burn.



But where's the exile found  
 Who longs a home to gain,  
 Where endless joys abound,—  
 Unfading glories reign ?  
 Where God his Father—Christ his Friend—  
 Saints—angels wait with him to blend ?

Who longs for such a home ?  
 Who pants such friends to see ?  
 Who o'er life's surgy foam  
 Would cross with them to be ?  
 And lose in those eternal bowers  
 The sorrows of his exile hours.

---

#### CORAL GRAVE.

How thrilling the sound to the stranger is home !  
 What joy through his bosom it pours,  
 To dream of its pleasures and think he shall roam  
 No more from his dear native shores.

How lovely the prospect in vision appears,  
 As homeward he hastens his flight ;  
 After sad separation of long rolling years—  
 Home ! home is the word of delight.

So parted our sister from Asia's dark realm,  
 Where many a year she had passed ;  
 Joy swelled the full sails and hope sat at the helm,  
 To speed her wished coming at last.

Yes, home she was bound nor yet dreamed it so near,  
 As the bark glided smooth on its way,  
 With husband and children so tenderly dear—  
 Home! home was the word every day.

But midway o'ertook by a message from home,  
 To haste to her Father above,—  
 Earth vanished away like the waves' transient foam,  
 And she entered the home of all love.

Yes, home she has gone, nor will wander again  
 From the bosom of friendship and bliss ;  
 Why grieve then? except for ourselves who remain  
 Far from home in this strange wilderness.

Though her form is laid low in the depths of the sea  
 Where corals may cluster around,  
 In the bloom of an angel, immortal and free,  
 'Twill rise at the last trumpet's sound.

O grieve not for one that's gone home to be blest,  
 And dwell with her kindred on high ;  
 But hasten like pilgrims to mansions of rest—  
 The home of the good in the sky.

---

#### PRAYER FOR STUDENTS.

FOR our country's hope and joy,  
 Who their youth and prime employ  
 In learning's favored halls,  
 We yearly consecrate this day,  
 Devoutly fast, and fervent pray,—  
 For grace our spirit calls.

Look propitious from thy throne,  
 God of wisdom, bless and own  
 Our hopeful darling sons ;  
 Let them all thy favor share,  
 Guard them with paternal care,—  
 Sealed with thy chosen ones.

Let their minds like seraphs shine,  
 Let their hearts with grace divine  
 Be cleansed and overflow ;  
 May they prove a matchless band,  
 Bless their dear and native land,  
 And every realm below.

May their bright and conq'ring sun  
 Be like that on Gibeon,  
 Long, long in going down ;  
 And future ages emulate  
 Their service in the Church and State,  
 And well deserved renown.



#### PRAYING FOR STUDENTS.

O God, our prayer is still to thee,  
 In humble earnest cries ;  
 O let the sons of science be  
 Accepted in thine eyes.

Remove their pride and every sin,  
 And form them to thy will ;  
 In wisdom's ways the prize to win  
 Grant heavenly strength and skill.

O may they prove a chosen race,  
 Devoted to thy cause,  
 With knowledge crowned, endowed with grace,  
 The champions of thy laws.

May Zion at their deeds rejoice,  
 And lift her head on high ;  
 The truth and power of their voice,  
 Be echoed from the sky.

---

PRAYER FOR YOUTH.

O thou God who hearest prayer,  
 Listen while we humbly cry ;  
 Help us, Lord, our suit prepare,  
 Send salvation from on high.

Let the youth who knowledge seek,  
 Learn the wisdom pure divine,  
 Make the proud and haughty meek,  
 Cause the vain in grace to shine.

All who love the Saviour's name,  
 Aid His doctrine to adorn,  
 Steadfast through thy grace, the same,  
 Praises met or open scorn.

Gird the chosen bands with might,  
 Arming for the Gospel field ;  
 Aid them through the arduous fight,  
 Be their banner, sword and shield.

Let the favored hour appear  
 Zion to redeem and bless ;  
 Signalize the passing year  
 With thy grace and righteousness.



### NATIVE LAND.

NATIVE LAND, to hear of thee  
 Makes the patriot bosom swell,  
 Far away beyond the sea,  
 Wakes a feeling none can tell  
 But the exile called to roam  
 Far from all the sweets of home.

Native land, amid the sighs,  
 That remembrance of thee brings,  
 Sorrows for thy sins arise,  
 Planting in the heart their stings,  
 Till patriot zeal can scarce implore,  
 To see again thy guilty shore.

Still I love thee, native land !  
 Still for thee my prayers arise,  
 Still with patriot heart and hand  
 Fain would aid thy destinies,—  
 Wipe off thy stains by help divine,  
 Exult to see thy glories shine.

Native land, attend the call  
 God of judgment sends to thee !  
 Lest a deep and fatal fall  
 Punish thy impiety :  
 Almighty power will be thy guard,  
 Or on thee hurl a dread award.

---

NATIONAL HYMN, JULY 4TH.

O God of nations, hear our prayer,  
 Our people save, our country spare,  
 Forgive our sins, and bless our land  
 With peace and grace on every hand.

Thy holy providence we praise,  
 That in our fathers' trying days,  
 The strong oppressor's power broke,  
 And freed us from a foreign yoke.

We bless thy sovereign, glorious name,  
 We have a nation's place and fame,  
 While numbers that foretold our doom,  
 Sleep with their omens in the tomb.

Great God of judgment, we confess  
 Our awful, growing wickedness,  
 Two tribes of men what wrongs we've done !  
 What varied guilt sees every sun !

Yet, holy God, thy grace display,  
 Our sins and judgments wash away,  
 Save us with thine almighty hand,  
 Lord, bless our nation, bless our land.

Here let thy praise and glory reign,  
 Here all our rights—our joys maintain,  
 Here dwell with us our God our King,  
 Till heaven's last trump through earth shall ring.

---

#### MY COUNTRY.

My country ! my spirit oft lights on thy shore,  
 Thy hills, vales and rivers, and weal to explore,—  
 I feel like the shades of thy patriot dead  
 Returned to the scenes where they labored and bled.

And like them I mourn thy just laws to behold  
 Perverted or trampled, more precious than gold ;  
 And thrill with their triumph thy virtues to see,  
 Fair land of my fathers, dear home of the free.

So bright are thy stripes and so brilliant thy stars,  
 I grieve at each speck that thy comeliness mars ;  
 In view of thy prospects joy beams through a tear,  
 That spots on the sun of thy glories appear.

Dear land of my birth, hear the voice of thy son,  
 Though nameless, unknown, of thy children I'm one,  
 The rights and the duties I claim and I pay  
 Long years and wide distance can ne'er do away.

Fear God, dread Avenger of national crime,  
 Whose judgments more sure than rotation of time,  
 Though long they delay, come at length like a storm,  
 The pride of the rebel to blast and deform.

Can patriots mock at the mandates of God ?  
 Bring down on their country the wrath of His rod ;  
 No ; pride and ambition, which Lucifer fire,  
 Blaspheming pretenders to country inspire.

He best serves his country who best serves the Lord,  
 And Heaven will confer the true patriot's reward  
 On all who their duty to God and to man  
 Perform as revealed in the scriptural plan.

My country ! may ne'er the hot blushes of shame  
 Brand my cheek at thy deeds, nor ever thy name  
 Be treated with scorn in those lands far away,  
 Where thy sons may sojourn and monarchs bear sway.

How bright are thy hopes and what prospects are thine !  
 As ages roll on, blest with favor divine,  
 Thy numbers and power will swell like the sea,  
 Nor earth bear a nation so mighty and free.

O God, when vast millions of freemen shall stand,  
 Like stars in the milkyway on that dear land,  
 Till summons to judgment in thunders shall ring,  
 Be thou their salvation, their glory and King.



## SEVEN YEARS AWAY.

DEAR native land, seven years have passed  
 Since I beheld thy mountains last,  
     And pressed the happy shore,  
 Where fond affection bade farewell  
 To those I ever loved so well,  
     Whom I may see no more.

These years seem transient to my view  
 As those which o'er the patriarch flew,  
     When love winged every hour ;  
 Yet sultry days and frosty nights,  
 Like those which checkered his delights  
     Have spent on me their power.

But after seven such toilsome years,  
 My darling object still appears  
     Far, ah, too far away !  
 I still must serve another seven,  
 Yes, till the time ordained by Heaven  
     Grace sovereign to display.

My God, I yield me to thy will,  
 Thy holy, just decrees fulfil,  
     Yet hear my humble prayer ;  
 Hast thou not, Lord, decreed for me  
 Thy great salvation here to see,  
     And in the blessing share ?

My native land, and friends so dear,  
 I love ye well, but have no tear

O'er parting scenes to shed ;  
 Weep not for me ! though far away,  
 Nor when from this frail house of clay  
 My thrilling soul has fled.

---

PILGRIM ANNIVERSARY, 22ND DEC. 1842.

Two hundred and twenty-two years  
 Have flown over Fore-fathers' rock,  
 Since th' era our home-love endears,—  
 There landed the brave little flock.

The ocean, the air and the land  
 Bent on them a stern winter frown,  
 But in faith and devotion that band,  
 Bold founders of empire, sat down.

The Pilgrims ! a patriarch race,  
 Left country and kindred to find  
 For religion and freedom a place,  
 A home for th' oppressed of mankind.

The frail little Mayflower bore  
 The germ of a nation to rise  
 From East to Far West's distant shore,  
 And brave every clime 'neath the skies.

Ye fathers of millions, I gaze  
 With thrilling emotions on you,  
 My spirit goes back to your days,  
 Pure virtue, firm valor to view.

Your children now sip every stream  
 That waters our wide-spread domain,  
 Who of them so base as to dream  
 Descent from the pilgrims a stain.



### APPROACHING NEW ENGLAND.

NATIVE land! again I come,  
 Seek awhile in thee a home,  
 Will my bleeding spirit find  
 Soothing solace true and kind.

When shall this poor soul be blest  
 In the everlasting rest,  
 Feel no more its tendrils torn,—  
 Grief that scarcely can be borne.

East and West my heart divide,  
 Must I, can I, long abide,  
 Silent, sund'ring agonies,  
 Of such blighted sympathies?

Home! oh where is home for me?  
 Let me find it, Lord, in thee,  
 In sweet mercy, light my eye,  
 To behold my home on high.

Here my troubled spirit swells  
 With adieus and parting knells,  
 Gracious God, will there not be  
 Solace in eternity!

## LAND HO! OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

OLD Massachusetts forever !  
 Shame and calamity never !  
     Invade thee by sea or by land !  
 Firm as thine own granite mountains,  
 Pure as thy sweet crystal fountains,  
     In peace and prosperity stand !

Puritan principle flourish !  
 Knowledge and piety nourish  
     True freedom within thy domain !  
 Great generations be born thee !  
 T' improve, defend, and adorn thee,  
     Till time in his circuit shall wane !

Jesus defend thee from error !  
 From evil, folly, and terror,  
     And brighten forever thy light !  
 Star of millennial nations !  
 Guide to celestial creations,  
     Unfolding all truth in thy might !

Old Massachusetts ! I love thee !  
 Oft soared my spirit above thee,  
     While wand'ring in orient lands !  
 To thy Bay and bosom returning,  
 Affection and piety yearning,  
     To Heaven for thee lift up their hands !

## CHAPTER VII.

### VANITY, TEMPTATION, TRIAL, COMPLAINT.

---

#### GAY PLEASURES.

AND that is what they pleasure call,  
But 'tis no joy to me ;  
The gaily filled and lighted hall,  
The careless smiles and glee.

O no ; 'tis but a meteor flash  
Of reckless gaiety,  
A rattling, noisy, empty crash,  
No joy, but pain to me.

Be mine the joys that still abide,  
Dark trouble's might'est wave,  
That longest storms of woe outride,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

Such joys as swell a seraph's breast  
When hymning love divine ;  
The bliss in Jesus' arms to rest,  
Joys such as these be mine.

## VANITY REPULSIVE.

'Tis not the world for me,  
 My spirit will not stay  
 Where formal vanity,  
 Bears imperious sway.

Where oft affected joy  
 Conceals deep misery,  
 And trials so annoy,—  
 'Tis not the world for me.

Where sin, my deadly foe,  
 At every turn I see,  
 And meet its horrid woe,—  
 'Tis not the world for me.

Where I must onward roam,  
 With little company,  
 Toward heaven my happy home,—  
 'Tis not the world for me.

Where with my blessed Lord  
 So few I meet agree,  
 And trust His sacred word,—  
 'Tis not the world for me.

But where the saints above  
 In perfect purity,  
 Rejoice and praise and love,  
 That is the world for me.

**ADMONITION.**

COME away, my wand'ring soul,  
Whither and for what dost stray?  
Is not heaven thy only goal?  
Come away, soul, come away!

Come away, there's danger near,  
Wilt thou fall or meek obey?  
Lov'st the wound, the bitter tear?  
Come, I charge thee, come away!

Come away! ah, see the snare!  
Why this lingering delay?  
On thy life I bid beware!  
Careless soul, O come away!

Come away, to glory come!  
Hear the blessed Saviour say,  
Come to heaven, thy happy home,  
Ransomed spirit, come away!



**VANITY OF EARTH.**

I thought it well to know how vain  
This world of fleeting show;  
Yet knowledge added keener pain,  
Embittered more the woe.

Such knowledge drives the ruthless dart  
 Through hope's expectant breast,  
 Casts millstones on the throbbing heart,—  
 Leaves by despair oppressed.

It dries the sap and crisps the leaf  
 Of souls in healthiest bloom,  
 Bears off our joys like prowling thief,  
 And hides them in the tomb.

What has he left who knows the truth  
 Of this deceitful world ?  
 His manly strength and buoyant youth  
 In chains are headlong hurled.

'Tis well that shadows veil the eye,  
 Until the eye grows dim ;  
 Too soon to know earth's vanity,  
 Till near the tyrant grim.

Men in despair would turn to stone,  
 And childless all would die,  
 If half the horrid truth were known  
 Of life's dread vanity.



### WHEREFORE IN VAIN.

PSALM 89 : 47.

O God, why hast thou made in vain,  
 Our feeble fleeting race ?  
 Why should thy creatures pass in pain,  
 Their brief allotted space.



In sorrow, tears, and bitter cries,  
 They hail the vital air,  
 And till they feel death's agonies,  
 They toil and eat despair.

O God ! O God ! why should mankind  
 Age after age thus pass !  
 Why should they come in grief, to find  
 Their end is but—alas !

Where are thy tender mercies ? Lord !  
 Where thine almighty grace ?  
 O come, and be our blest reward,  
 O save our hapless race !

Why in the empire of a God,  
 Almighty, good, and wise,  
 Should evil rule with iron rod,  
 And man ne'er cease his cries.

My Maker, Judge, and sovereign King,  
 O pity and forgive !  
 Redeem from guilt and suffering,  
 Bid thy poor creature live.

---

‘LEAD NOT IN TEMPTATION.’

LEAD me, Lord, through deserts drear,  
 Pressed by hunger, thirst and fear,  
 Lead me o'er the snow-clad peak,  
 Pierced by winds so fiercely bleak :

Lead me through dark sorrow's tide,  
 Consolation, hope denied,  
 Through afflictions thorny path  
 Let foes drag me in their wrath :

Lead to shed the burning tear  
 Over all on earth held dear,  
 Lead to dungeons, galling chains,  
 Hopeless exile, bitter pains :

Lead me to life's utter loss,  
 Faggot, dagger, or the cross,  
 But, O God, I humbly pray,  
 Lead not in temptation's way.

Grant me grace each ill to bear,  
 Let my soul thy favor share,  
 But forbid that foes within,  
 Or without, should make me sin.

---

**BATTLE WITH SIN.**

Ah, who the guilt and woe can tell,  
 When fiercest passions madly swell,  
 And turn the bosom to a hell,  
 Where heavenly peace was wont to dwell.

Though calm without, what rage within!  
 More dreadful than the battle's din,  
 All the artillery of sin  
 Flames, smokes and roars in wrath to win

The last retreat where grace retires ;  
 Hemmed in and stunned by hellish fires,  
 The soul scarce e'en to hope aspires,  
 And sends to heaven but faint desires.

When with most infuriate rage  
 Volcanoes, earthquakes, storms engage,  
 With plagues of every sort to wage  
 Infernal war, calm as a sage,

The scene appears, compared with this,  
 Where hellish darts envenomed hiss,  
 Fiends yell as drunk with malice's bliss,—  
 All hell explodes, nor seems to miss

Its horrid diabolic aim,  
 The poor soul whelmed in ruin, flame,  
 Mid awful woes almost o'ercome,  
 Can scarcely utter Jesus' name.

Great God almighty, hear my cry,  
 My Shield, my Rock, to thee I fly,  
 And all the powers of hell defy ;—  
 Hail, victory, hail, heaven on high.

•



#### TEMPTATION DEPRECATED.

WHEN, O when will sin, temptation,  
 Me assail and vex no more ;  
 Lord, I long for thy salvation,  
 Parting hence on high to soar.

'Tis not toil and sorrow grieves me,  
 Sickness, treachery or pain,  
 But this wayward heart deceives me,  
 Leads astray again, again.

Shame, I know, and deep confusion,  
 Well may veil my blushing face,  
 That I yield to sin's delusion,  
 And abuse thy granted grace.

Heavenly Father, gracious Saviour,  
 Holy Spirit, hear my cry ;  
 Grant, O grant this single favor,—  
 Holiness until I die.

---

REPENTING.

THIS guilty, this polluted heart,  
 O it torments me so !  
 My God, my God, thy grace impart,  
 And wash it white as snow.

My soul self-loathing, filled with shame,  
 Fain from itself would flee ;  
 I grieve, I sigh out Jesus' name,  
 O'erwhelmed with agony.

Upon my knees, upon my face,  
 In anguish crushed I fall ;  
 O save me, God of truth and grace,  
 Regard my bitter call.

And shall I sin and suffer so,  
 While mortal life endures ?  
 Thy promise, Lord, is great I know,  
 And faith thy aid secures.

I do repent, I do believe,  
 I will hereafter live  
 Holy, through grace I shall receive,  
 Grace, God will freely give.

~~~~~

MORAL WINTER.

WHEN winter o'er the landscape throws
 His palsy'ng robe of driving snows,
 And from the north the piercing blast
 Still freezes as it hurries past,
 Whoever braves the wrathful air,
 Must shield him with the strictest care,
 Lest storm and frost assail him so,
 Life's current should forget to flow.

But ah, the Christian that retires
 From altars warm with sacred fires,
 Who leaves the cheerful closet where
 He talked with God in fervent prayer,
 And ventures out into the world,
 Where moral winter's storms are hurled,
 Will soon be froze to moral ice,
 His virtues fall a sacrifice,
 Unless with care he gird the dress
 Of vital warmth, Christ's righteousness.

Nor will this robe, though heavenly wrought,
 Defend complete the Christian caught
 In wintry tempest, sleet and hail ;
 He must be armed with Gospel mail,
 The helmet of salvation wear,
 The shield of faith before him bear,
 And skilful wield the Spirit's sword,
 Endowed with valor by the Lord.

For foes of more than mortal power
 Assail the soul at such an hour,
 Their teeth upon the Christian gnash,
 And on his armor madly clash
 Their weapons tempered deep in hell,
 But heavenly arms the strokes repel,—
 The storm outbraved, then routed flee
 The foes and leave him victory.

SPIRITUAL SORROW.

GUILTY, sin-sick, self-upbraiding,
 Where, poor sinner, shall I go ?
 God, my soul so often aiding,
 Will He grace again bestow.

Favors rich so long abusing,
 Sins so heinous multiplied,
 Conscience bitterly accusing,—
 Sure my prayer would be denied.

Must I then in sin's pollution
 Thus self-loathing ever lie ?
 No ; be this my resolution,
 If I must, in prayer to die.

While I see a Saviour bleeding
 On the cross of Calvary ;
 While on high He's interceding,
 I will trust there's grace for me.

O my soul, so deeply wounded,
 Shun the sins by thee abhorred ;
 Never shalt thou be confounded
 While relying on the Lord.

THE WORLD'S TYRANNY.

THE world its iron sceptre swayed,
 Long o'er my heart, and was obeyed
 With servile love and servile dread,
 And me a willing captive led.

But when I felt its power supreme,
 Of freedom dared nor wished to dream,
 Then Christ in mercy came that way,
 The world's proud sceptre took away.

From slavery now was I set free,
 Yet still must fight for liberty ;
 And long and desperate was the strife,
 Not fought for victory but life.

Sometimes the world so fierce assailed,
 That o'er me it almost prevailed,
 But grace divine, my sword and shield,
 Retrieved the fortune of the field.

Though oft I thought the tyrant slain,
 He soon recovered strength again,
 Till blasted by a stroke from heaven,
 To black despair at length was driven.

In all the woe of vanquished pride,
 The world then pined, and sickened, died ;
 Daily died, long, lingering death,
 And groaned away a tortured breath.

VICTORY OVER THE WORLD.

LET the bells in triumph ring,
 While the corse of earth we bring,
 And cast it in the grave ;
 Round each brow let garlands bloom,
 Let joy echo from the tomb,—
 Palms of victory wave.

Shout the dirge exultingly,
 From the world's fell tyranny,
 We're now forever freed ;
 Wake the glad triumphant song,
 Let the skies the notes prolong,—
 Grace wrought the glorious deed.

Bury now the dead so deep
 Earthquakes cannot rock its sleep,—
 Volcanoes reach its ear ;
 Fill the grave and level well,
 But let stone nor cypress tell
 That ought lies buried here.

Shout again ! the work is done !
 Triumph in the victory won,
 And bless the gracious Hand,
 That for us the fatal blow
 Gave and laid the tyrant low,
 Shout ! shout, triumphant band !

THOUGHTS OF PAST DANGER.

A dreamy thought of danger past,
 Some mighty foe no more,
 Upon my mind is sometimes cast,
 Which, pausing, I explore.

But mem'ry fails the thing to show,
 The thought and feeling dies,
 Whate'er it was, I only know
 It in oblivion lies.

My heart and hands are now employed
 For Christ my gracious King,
 'Tis He who has my foes destroyed,
 And His the grace I sing.

And oft my soul with rapture swells
 To view my home above,
 Or hears with joy while mem'ry tells
 The proofs of Jesus' love.

All, all forgot but Him my Lord,
 Whom ceaseless I adore,
 And heaven my near and full reward,
 To which I long to soar.

MISSIONARY PILGRIM.

Lost and wand'ring in distress,
 Through a barren wilderness,
 Constant as the pilgrim flies,
 To the sun he turns his eyes.

So, O Sun of righteousness,
 To enlighten, guide, and bless,
 Anxiously I look to thee,—
 Omnipresent, favor me.

Toils and trials thickly lie
 Ev'ry side I turn my eye,
 Dark uncertainty appears
 O'er the hopes of future years.

Saviour, to advance thy name,
 Lonely pilgrim here I came,
 O do not my heart forsake,
 Mid these cares to pine and break.

Strength and wisdom from above,
 And the raptures of thy love,
 Richly on my soul bestow,
 Wheresoe'er I stay or go.

~~~~~

SIN MAKES HEAVEN DESIRABLE.

WHEN sin with scorching, pois'nous blast,  
 Comes sweeping o'er my soul,  
 O how I wish the bound were past,  
 Where sin has no control.

The dread sirocco soon may pass,  
 And leave a cloudless sky ;  
 Yet still I mourn and cry alas !  
 O let me—let me die !

Let me escape the tainted breath,  
 Temptation spreads around ;  
 And pass the iron gate of death,  
 To safe and holy ground.

O sin, beyond expression vile,  
 My deadly hated foe !  
 Abhorred be thou, and every wile,  
 And shunned like endless woe.

My fierce revenge would cut away  
 Thy traces from my heart,  
 And every thought and feeling slay,  
 That acts a treach'rous part.

I hate, and I defy thee too,  
 Thou monster foul of hell ;  
 Through grace I'll crush thee and subdue,  
 Then rise in heaven to dwell.

---

EARTHLY AND CELESTIAL LOVE.

O why should earthly love  
 Attract and charm us so,  
 And make our hearts inconstant rove  
 Through troubled joys and woe.

'Tis well to love the saints,  
 For so our Lord requires,  
 But who can tell what bitter plaints  
 Spring from unhallowed fires.

The Saviour shows His charms  
 To win our fickle hearts,  
 What folly to forsake His arms,  
 And tempt envenomed darts.

O God of truth and grace,  
 Wash from our inmost soul  
 Temptation's hidden, faintest trace,  
 And sanctify the whole.

O bind our hearts to thee  
 In golden chains of love ;  
 Thine through these varied scenes to be,  
 As thine we hope above.

THE FLOOD UNDRIED.

I feel like Noah's dove  
 When first she left the ark,  
 Called on exploring wing to rove,  
 Alone o'er waters dark.

The hope at length to find  
 Some region well prepared,  
 Gave such assurance to my mind,  
 It every danger dared.

Through adverse winds it flew,  
 Long time and far away ;  
 But deeper still the waters grew,  
 And fainter shone the day.

Yet faith and hope upheld  
 My tired and feeble wing,  
 Till wide surveys my spirit quelled,  
 And whelmed in suffering.

The ocean waves I hear,  
 Thick darkness veils the sky,  
 Ere hopeful ground shall here appear,  
 This mortal frame will die.

Dear Lord, my help and guide,  
 O whither shall I flee ?  
 When earthly hopes are all denied,  
 O take me home to thee.

## GRIEVING IN TRIAL.

GRIEVE, grieve, my soul, 'tis sweet to mourn  
 When sorrows are so deep ;  
 Like poor, lost, fainting child forlorn,  
 Come, grieve thyself asleep.

The joyous notes of former days  
 Are painful to my ear,  
 When e'en the hours of sacred praise  
 Are sweetened by a tear.

I knew thee, earth, that thou wert vain,  
 Nor built my hopes on thee ;  
 For Jesus' kingdom is this pain,  
 Hence swells this agony.

My hope, my life, my earthly all  
 Were centred in this cause ;  
 Ah, who can tell what woes befall  
 When God His aid withdraws.

What have I more beneath the sun  
 To bind my spirit here ;  
 Ere yet commenced my work is done,  
 What fruit then will it bear.

'Tis not with a repining heart  
 I heave these heavy sighs,  
 Most good, most holy, Lord, thou art,—  
 O do not me despise.

## SORROW FOR THE UNEVANGELIZED.

O let me weep o'er nations lost  
 Amid the shades of death ;  
 Weep o'er my plans to save them crossed,  
 Yea, weep away my breath.

If they go blindly to the grave,  
 Let me go weeping there ;  
 O God, thine arm is strong to save,  
 O rescue from despair.

Thy holy justice, Lord, I own,  
 How do they wrath provoke !  
 But look on Him upon thy throne,  
 And stay th' uplifted stroke.

Back on my heart returns my prayer,  
 Oh, heavy, burning load !  
 Ah, must I now of help despair  
 From an almighty God.

Must I these sinners bid farewell,  
 As at the judgment day ?  
 Assured they will descend to hell ?—  
 . Christ intercede I pray !

## RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Ezek. 14 : 12—20.

THUS saith the just and holy God,  
 When sins provoke my dreadful rod,  
 And judgments on a guilty land  
 Are hurled by my almighty hand,  
 Though Noah, Daniel, Job, were there,  
 Them, them alone, should mercy spare.

My wrath should have its righteous sway,  
 Nor e'en these saints the vengeance stay,  
 Yea, not their sons nor daughters spare,  
 For all their piety or prayer ;  
 The righteous few alone should prove  
 The objects of my saving love.

When nations all my grace despise,  
 And pile their crimes up to the skies,  
 When my long suff'ring is returned  
 With blasphemies, my power spurned,  
 Shall some few souls my mercy chose,  
 My sovereign, holy will oppose ?

Great God, I own thy judgment just,  
 And bow before thee in the dust,  
 With trembling heart thy thunder hear,  
 Adore and praise with awful fear,  
 And wonder while such numbers die,  
 That one is spared so vile as I.



## HOW LONG WILT THOU MOURN?

1 SAM. 16 : 1.

O'ER a rejected, hardened race,  
 How long wilt thou in anguish mourn ?  
 Have not they slighted all my grace ?  
 Their blasphemies how long I've borne !

Stern justice now shall have its due,  
 My judgments shall avenge my name ;  
 Yes, as I live, so sure, so true,  
 No prayer shall quench the penal flame.

These sinners who my word despise,  
 A vip'rous brood of serpents born,  
 Whose being is but rage and lies,  
 Are doomed to vengeance, left forlorn.

No pious, though misguided soul,  
 Shall drive my judgments from their land,  
 On, on o'erwhelming wrath shall roll  
 From my outstretched, almighty hand.

Ye servants of the Lord, beware,  
 Tempt not too far the Spirit's grace,  
 Lest in the earthly plagues ye share,  
 That sure shall whelm this wicked race.

**THE LORD IS HOLY.**

REV. 15 : 3.

HOLY! holy! holy Lord!  
 Just and true are all thy ways;  
 Be thy glorious name adored,  
 Let thy chosen sound thy praise.

Love and trust and awful fear  
 Mingle in my humbled soul,  
 While in wrath thou dost appear,  
 While thy vengeful thunders roll.

O the grace that chose, that saves  
 One so vile so lost as I;  
 Let me write it on their graves,  
 Who by righteous judgment die.

Holy God, my spirit faints,  
 How can I thy ways explore?  
 Let me praise with all thy saints,  
 Nought is left but to adore.

---

**FALLS OF THE INSTRUCTED.**

DAN. 11 : 35.

WHEN those of understanding fall,  
 Who know and love the Lord,  
 Their wayward steps He will recal,  
 To share His blest reward.

Left for a time to trial sore,  
 They fall as in the flame,  
 To purify the drossy ore,  
 And fit to bear His name.

Pride and self-confidence consumed,  
 And folly cleansed away,  
 In robes of righteousness perfumed,  
 Their souls He will array.

Yes, brighter from the fall they rise,  
 Through grace and strength divine.  
 Transported to the blissful skies,  
 Like stars shall ever shine.

O wondrous mercy, boundless love,  
 That saves the lost, the vile,  
 That sanctifies and bears above,  
 To share Jehovah's smile.

---

#### RELIEF AT THE CROSS.

TEMPTED soul, pour out thy sorrow  
 Where the blood of Jesus fell ;  
 Soon, yea, as it were tomorrow,  
 Thou wilt 'scape the hosts of hell.

Then the fierce and foul temptation  
 Thou hast borne through grace divine,  
 Will exalt thy full salvation,  
 Cause thy crown more bright to shine.

Thou with joy may'st welcome trial,  
 Since it brings such great reward,  
 Danger, darkness, self-denial,  
 Bear thee nearer to thy Lord.

---

### THE NIGHT OF LIFE.

WHEN will this night of life be gone,  
 These dreams of sin be o'er ;  
 When shall I hail immortal dawn  
 On a celestial shore.

My spirit sinks and sickens here,  
 Its vile estate deploras ;  
 When will my kind release appear  
 Whence heavenly being soars.

And yet I would not now repine,  
 Nor eager seek the grave ;  
 My God, I know that I am thine,  
 Thine own from trouble save.

O cheer me with thy gracious smile,  
 And bear me upward still,  
 Let thy blest love my cares beguile,  
 My pleasure be thy will.

**DIVINE GUIDANCE IMPLORED.**

O God, thy guiding grace I seek,  
 Thy favor I implore ;  
 In providential accents speak,  
 And on my pathway pour,  
 In bright'ning beams celestial light,  
 To guide my halting footsteps right,  
 Till life and toils are o'er.

I am thy child, but know not, Lord,  
 What thou wouldst have me do ;  
 To thee, thy providence, and word,  
 I turn my anxious view ;  
 O lead me in thy chosen way,  
 I wait thy guidance to obey,  
 Thy counsel to pursue.

My plans and hopes to aid thy cause  
 To thee are fully known ;  
 The dark'ning cloud that o'er them draws,  
 Can be dispersed alone  
 By thine almighty Spirit's aid,  
 Annihilating every shade  
 By glories from thy throne.

My Father, Abba, Father, hear  
 My supplicating voice ;  
 In loving-kindness, O draw near,  
 And make my heart rejoice,  
 Like seraph help me to fulfil  
 And glory in thy holy will  
 Forever my own choice.

## TO THY REST.

WEARY soul, to thy rest !  
 With labor oppressed,  
 O hasten thy flight,  
 To mansions of light,—  
 To thy rest, to thy rest.

Sighing soul, to thy rest,  
 O leave this sad breast,  
 Go home to the sky,  
 Where joys never die,—  
 To thy rest, to thy rest.

Tempted soul, to thy rest,  
 By sin so distressed,  
 Ah, when wilt thou be  
 From all evil free !  
 To thy rest, to thy rest.

Longing soul, to thy rest !  
 Where seraphs are blest  
 With visions divine,  
 Go sing there and shine,—  
 To thy rest, to thy rest.

## SOLITARY MUSINGS.

I wonder if some angel now  
 Is left alone like me ;  
 Blest seraph, come and tell me how  
 The moments pass with thee.

I love the shade, but would not choose  
 To dwell forever there ;  
 'Tis sweet awhile to sit and muse,—  
 To pour the secret prayer :

But ne'er to hear another pray  
 And my Redeemer bless  
 Is trying, lonely seraph, say  
 If this to you is less.

No sin nor pain can trouble thee,  
 For thou art holy still,  
 But say, where kindred spirits be,  
 What joys thy bosom fill.

The great Eternal would not reign  
 In boundless solitude,  
 A universe He did ordain,  
 Well pleased, pronounced it good.

And wisdom gave a mate to man  
 In Eden's happy bowers ;  
 The Christian, on this perfect plan,  
 Needs some to cheer his hours.

## ELIJAH IN SOLITUDE.

HE sat him down by Chereth's brook,  
 That murmured mournful by,  
 So sadly stern his steadfast look,  
 So deep the frequent sigh :  
 Such features, attitude and mein,  
 In mortal else, were never seen.

A soul sublime as ever woke  
 From nature's forming hand,  
 Seemed struggling with the awful stroke  
 Dashed on his native land ;  
 Himself had struck the dreadful blow,  
 Yet never he a traitor foe.

His face and form a battle field,  
 Where warrior passions fight,  
 But nought can make his judgment yield,  
 Where Heaven approves him right ;  
 The deed is just which he has done,  
 Turn him ? nay, sooner turn the sun.

The fearful judgment Heaven reveals,  
 In answer to his prayer,  
 His oath irrevocably seals,  
 Nor mercy's self can spare  
 The doomed and foul polluted race  
 That sinned away the day of grace.



And there he sat in thought profound,  
 On this and future state,  
 Till dies the lull of Chereth's sound,  
 Lost in the country's fate :  
 That man of God, of mighty prayer,  
 Behold his desolation there !



ABSENCE OF GOD LAMENTED.

JOB 35 : 10.

WHERE, alas, is God my Maker ?  
 Where His songs that cheer the night ?  
 O return, make me partaker  
 Of the joys of life and light.

Gloom and sadness long have shrouded,  
 And oppressed my troubled mind,  
 Oh, I long for morn unclouded,  
 Long my God again to find.

Heavenly songs, the night dispelling,  
 Burst anew upon my ear !  
 From this heart with anguish swelling,  
 Chase away the grief and fear.

Blest Creator, kindly hear me,  
 Come and soothe my anxious breast,  
 Let thy voice of mercy cheer me,  
 Let me with thyself be blest.

## SIN'S DOINGS.

O sin, what hast thou done on earth !  
 What hast thou done to me !  
 Deceived my race, defiled my birth,  
 Whelmed all in misery.

Nor satiate yet, with malice deep  
 Tormenting day by day,  
 Thy fiendish joy to make me weep,  
 Where bliss holds widest sway.

Whene'er my heart with rapture swells,  
 Mid prospects bright and fair,  
 A pang ere long with sadness tells  
 Thou enemy art there.

If in deep sorrow's lowly vale,  
 Affliction leads my soul,  
 From ambushes thou dost assail,  
 And on me curses roll.

And can I treat thee as a friend,  
 Thou parent of despair ;  
 Thou traitor, tyrant, foulest fiend,  
 Abhorred beyond compare !

More open, but not less a foe,  
 Than thou hast been to me,  
 Till thou art sunk in endless woe,  
 Yea, ever will I be.

## MORTAL TRIALS.

THIS mortal body, oh, how vile,  
 How loathsome to my soul !  
 Filled with pollution foul, and guile,  
 Inclined to hell's control.

It tempts and tortures day by day,  
 And with a fiend's delight  
 Exults my spirit to betray,  
 And heavenly hopes to blight.

And will almighty power and grace  
 Perform a work so strange,  
 This sinful dust, so vile, so base,  
 To Jesus' image change.

There pure and bright like Christ my King,  
 O shall I soon appear,  
 Clothed in His righteousness, and sing  
 Redemption bought so dear.

These sinful passions of my heart,  
 My inbred mortal foes,  
 Will pierce no more with pois'neous dart  
 This bosom of repose.

## LONGING TO FLY AWAY.

PSALM 55 : 6.

OH that I had wings like a dove,  
 How swiftly I'd hasten away !  
 The strength of invincible love  
 Should bear me to mansions of day.

The foes that beset me around,  
 To mutual strife I would leave,  
 Their victim no longer be found,  
 His spirit no more should they grieve.

My prayers with injustice are paid,  
 My kindness rewarded with scorn,  
 Like lions against me arrayed,  
 They rage to devour me forlorn.

O Saviour, and shall thy dear name  
 Through me be reproached by the throng  
 That plot now to put me to shame,  
 Since I to thy number belong.

Oh do not forsake me, I pray,  
 Remember thy mercies of old ;  
 My troubles now put far away,  
 And be my sad spirit consoled.

## SORROWING.

My soul with sorrow  
Is deeply pained,  
Could joy tomorrow  
But be obtained :

This night of trouble  
I should not heed,  
For morn would double  
The grace I need.

But day may brighten,  
And pleasure flow,  
Yet nothing lighten  
This load of woe.

Ah, how 'tis crushing  
This anguished heart ;  
Red streams are gushing  
From every part.

Yet secret sighing  
Alone may tell  
The cares so trying—  
This soul befel.

No mortal knowing—  
Breathes sympathy ;  
To heaven I'm going,  
There's rest for me.

The hand that chastens,  
 At length will bless ;  
 It only hastens  
 To happiness.

---

REJOICING.

SOUL, wake the lay  
 Of praise and gladness ;  
 Thy Lord to-day  
 Relieves thy sadness.

Thy humble prayer  
 Receives His favor,  
 Henceforth in care,  
 Ne'er doubt or waver.

I little thought  
 In last night's sorrow,  
 Joy would be brought  
 Upon the morrow.

With God to leave  
 The care distressing,  
 Is to receive  
 His aid and blessing.

Can fondest love  
 Forget? ah, never!  
 Here as above,—  
 His care forever.

The child of grace  
 His love incloses,  
 Where'er the place,  
 In peace reposes.

Dread foes may try  
 With rage assailing,  
 But God is nigh,  
 Help never failing.

---

**GOD OUR REFUGE IN TROUBLE.**

WHEN the waves o' trouble roll,  
 Whither flees the anxious soul,  
 Who its sorrows can console?  
 None, my God, but thee.

Human help, though firm it seem,  
 Fails us like a fleeting dream,  
 Kindling up a transient gleam,  
 In the light to flee.

O how vain a mortal's aid,  
 Hapless he upon it stayed,  
 Ah, the thought makes me afraid,  
 Gracious God, defend.

Never leave me to mankind,  
 Never to myself consigned,  
 To thine arm, my Saviour, bind,  
 Keep me to the end.

Let me feel thy love and power,  
 Dearer, stronger every hour,  
 Then though tempests fiercely lower,  
 Peace and joy will reign.

Thee, my God, I look to thee,  
 By thy grace remember me,  
 Now nor in eternity  
 Let my trust be vain.

---

APPEALS TO GOD.

O God, who formed the thrilling heart,  
 With all its tender ties,  
 Well known to thee the piercing smart  
 Of sundered sympathies,  
 When partings tear its tendrils down,  
 And earthly prospects darkly frown.

And canst thou on th' eternal throne,  
 With boundless glory crowned,  
 Despise the silent rending groan  
 Of one in sadness drowned ?  
 O no ; a mortal worm may dare  
 To hope its case thy sovereign care.

The Saviour who our nature proved,  
 Its trials all has felt,  
 Still deeply by our suff'rings moved,  
 His kindly feelings melt  
 For every soul that bears His cross,  
 And counts its worldly gain but loss.



I know my Lord doth hear the cry  
 Pressed from the contrite heart  
 By meek though bitter agony,  
 And wipes the tears that start ;  
 He knows our soul—remembers well  
 The secret pangs we cannot tell.

---

**THE LORD OUR REFUGE.**

O Lord, to whom the troubled flee,  
 And sinners must repair,  
 I trust and joy alone in thee,  
 For thou hast heard my prayer :

My heart hast lightened of its load,  
 Adoring thanks be thine ;  
 And cheered my lonely weary road  
 With grace and joy divine.

Yet still a suppliant at thy throne,  
 Petition let me press,  
 My suit to thee, O God, is known—  
 Grant perfect holiness.

O may I feel as Jesus felt  
 When pilgrim here below,  
 My prayer like His, when oft He knelt,  
 For His and human woe.

Like His—my eye, my soul above,  
 There soon with God to reign,  
 Filled with His own eternal love—  
 Bliss higher after pain.

## WHO WILL PITY ZION?

JER. 15 : 5.

O Zion, who will pity thee,  
 Or who bemoan thy fate ?  
 Who turn aside thy wastes to see,  
 And mourn thy fallen state.

Who o'er thy total ruin shed  
 The patriotic tear ?  
 And where thy people's blood was shed  
 The sacred dust revere.

O who will sigh when jackalls come  
 Amid thy heaps to dwell ?  
 And, where thou hadst a lovely home,  
 Shriek out their horrid yell !

O Zion, Zion, must it be  
 That thou wilt fall so low !  
 My soul flows out in tears for thee,  
 And shares thy bitter woe.

Alas, what awful sins are thine,  
 Provoking such a fate ;  
 How hast thou slighted grace divine !  
 Crime makes thee desolate.

O God, our fathers' hope and trust,  
 Return, our sins forgive ;  
 Revive us from death's gloomy dust,  
 And bid thy chosen live.

## CONCERT ENTREATIES.

How long, O Lord, shall Zion pray,  
 And supplicate with tears,  
 That sin and woe may pass away,  
 And all her boding fears.

How long shall truth to mortal eyes  
 Seem near o'ermatched and foiled ?  
 By errors which like whirlwinds rise  
 Or serpents guileful coiled.

How long shall we the promise plead,  
 And thou how long forbear  
 To execute what is decreed,  
 And answer all our prayer.

When will the world be consecrate  
 To thine almighty will ;  
 Mankind when wilt thou new create  
 Thy precepts to fulfil.

O hear the warm united prayer  
 The churches monthly raise,  
 Let earth through all her regions share  
 Thy grace and sing thy praise.

## SUBMISSION AND PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

O Lord, we know thy ways are right,  
 All holy, good, and wise,  
 Yet prayer is pleasing in thy sight,  
 And hearts that upward rise.

We bring a prayer which Jesus taught,  
 And trust He intercedes  
 For those His priceless blood has bought,  
 When any Christian pleads.

'Thy kingdom come—thy will be done  
 Below as 'tis above ;'  
 Let every place beneath the sun  
 Be filled with heavenly love.

Let sin and sorrow flee away,  
 And grace to farthest shores  
 Flow like the blest eternal day  
 From heaven's expanded doors.

Our power is vain, on thee alone  
 We wait and hope and trust,  
 And pour our prayers before thy throne,  
 Thou Merciful and Just.

## SALVATION LONGED FOR.

O will the realm around me smile  
 With beams of glory ever ?  
 Will all this dark infernal guile  
 Pass like a cloud forever ?

Will hearts as hard and dead as stone  
 Melt with divine emotion ?  
 And minds to godliness unknown  
 Kindle with true devotion ?

O will some happy Christian hear  
 This people Christ confessing ?  
 With deep repentance' hallowed tear,  
 And love's true heartfelt blessing ?

Will e'er the holy Tri-une Name,  
 In these *mesjids*\* resounding,  
 Show, over error, sin and shame,  
 Free grace is here abounding ?

## HOPE OF ISRAEL.

JER. 14 : 8.

O thou hope of Israel,—  
 Saviour when his troubles come,  
 All our sins and sorrows quell,  
 Stay and make with us thy home.

\* Mohammedan name of mosques.

Why shouldst thou a stranger be  
 In the land where we sojourn ?  
 Pardon our iniquity,  
 Gracious Lord, in love return.

As a traveller speeds his way,  
 Resting but a fleeting night,  
 Why shouldst thou at dawn of day,  
 Vanish from our longing sight.

Left of thee, our souls despair,  
 Hope and Saviour, thou alone,  
 Listen to our fervent prayer,  
 O make our abode thine own.

---

**P O O R M A G D A L E N .**

Poor Magdalen ! shrinking in shame,  
 Exposed to cold pity and scorn,  
 The heiress of sorrow and blame,  
 Mid wretches turned friendless, forlorn.

O see her ! but turn from the sight,  
 And weep with the sobbings of grief,  
 How fearful the poisonous blight,—  
 Oh, hear her sad cries for relief.

A sinner ! yet turn not away  
 And leave her in anguish to die ;  
 Sweet mercy thy plea in that day,  
 Wilt thou that sweet mercy deny ?

The Saviour all holy and pure,  
 Not thus drove the wretch to despair,  
 The pardon thou needest secure,  
 And make the poor outcast thy care.

She yet through His blood may be saved,  
 And shine in the regions above,  
 In the waters of life may be laved,  
 And robed in Immanuel's love.

---

THE FALLEN PITIED.

SHE is a poor sinner, too true,  
 And early and fearful her shame ;  
 Yet who in fell treachery drew  
 Her soul to the brink of hell-flame.

My manhood is put to the blush,  
 In view of what others have done,  
 The wretches now ready to crush  
 The victim their infamy won.

O Jesus ! remember this soul,  
 Have mercy though man may have none,  
 With pardon her bosom console,  
 Though all she may meet are but stone.

My God, for the wretched I plead,  
 O turn not away from my prayer,  
 When Jesus thou gavest to bleed  
 For daughters and sons of despair.

This poor forlorn being behold,  
 And save her from sin and from hell,  
 O guide to the good Shepherd's fold,  
 Then lead her in glory to dwell.



**GUILT BEMOANED.**

AH! what a world of woe and shame,  
 What passions burn with hellish flame;  
 What dire distress, what guilt abounds,  
 And circling run their frightful rounds.

Here, virgin innocence is stained,  
 There, manly virtue captive chained,  
 Oppression with an iron heart  
 Wars on its brother, guileful art.

When wrathful rose the mighty flood,  
 To cleanse a world defiled with blood,  
 Scarce greater rage and tumult reigned,  
 Than this by which my soul is pained.

O God, long-suffering and true,  
 This strife infernal quick subdue,  
 For Jesus' sake, thy chosen spare,  
 Drive from the earth sin and despair.



## TURNING TO HEAVEN.

O turn to the dwellings on high,  
 Sad spirit, with wickedness grieved,  
 And pour forth the song for the sigh,  
 Till sorrows so sore are relieved.

How sweet and how holy the joy  
 That reigns in the regions above,  
 What praises extatic employ  
 Their spirits o'erflowing with love.

Blest peace, like an unruffled sea,  
 Reflects the bright image of all ;  
 O is there a place left for me,  
 Where saints the dear Saviour extol.

What hinders me now to be there,  
 And happy as spirit can be,  
 Adorned with salvation so fair,  
 My God and my Saviour to see.

O how shall I 'scape from this clay,  
 And wing like a seraph my flight  
 To mansions of glory away,  
 And drink in eternal delight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### REPENTANCE, SUPPLICATION, TRUST.

---

#### MOSES' LAMENT.

DEUT. 4 : 22.

HERE on Jordan's brink I stand,  
Enraptured view the promised land,  
And long to tread the farther shore,  
The plains beyond and hills explore.

The lovely prospect charms my sight,  
The spicy zephyrs breathe delight,  
But just decrees forbid, alas,  
That I this flowing stream should pass.

With bitter tears I mourn the day,  
When passion fierce usurped the sway,  
And I with rash and sinful hand  
Transgressed against the Lord's command.

O had I in that trying hour  
Through faith o'ercome the tempter's power,

And meek obeyed the voice divine,  
Then Canaan and its joys were mine.

But only now vouchsafed to me,  
That I the goodly land should see,  
Then die, for over Jordan's flow,  
Alas, I must not, must not go.

---

**SORROWFUL.**

My heart is sad and sick to-day,  
Nor rises when I kneel to pray,  
Its folly mourns, and grieves to see  
How distant, Lord, it is from thee.

The charms of earth to me are dead,  
And heavenly joy, alas, has fled,  
What more remains my soul to cheer,  
A stranger and a captive here.

I'm like a chastened child that grieves,  
Yet still his father's love believes,  
And weeps that ere it should offend  
Its kindest and its dearest friend.

My gracious Saviour, think on me,  
And pardon my iniquity,  
O come, my Jesus, from above,  
And bless me with thy sacred love.

## ZION WEeping.

LAM. 1 : 2.

LONELY Zion weeps at night,  
 When concealed from mortal sight,  
 Bitter woe her tears bespeak,  
 That all night bedew her cheek.

None of all she held most dear  
 Now to comfort her appear ;  
 All her friends have her betrayed,  
 And against her are arrayed.

Wonder not her broken heart  
 Pours its sorrows thus apart ;  
 None with her will sympathise,  
 Scorn repays her heavy sighs.

But when darkness her conceals,  
 O what anguish then she feels,  
 Thinking o'er the happy days,  
 When her name was light and praise.

Zion, let me weep with thee,  
 Trouble wakens sympathy,  
 I too grieve beneath the rod  
 Of our just offended God.

Come, and let us now return,  
 At His feet our follies mourn,  
 Supplicate His grace and love,  
 Never from His presence rove.

## CRYING TO THE LORD.

MOURN, mourn, my soul, in sorrow deep,  
Like some lost child lament and weep,  
Thy bitter anguish ne'er restrain,  
Till eased of this heart-rending pain.

Cry till the heavens return the sound,  
Till one to hear and save is found,  
Or till thy sobbing, stifled breath  
Is hushed in the repose of death.

Drop by drop of bitter woe,  
Has caused thee, heart, to overflow,  
Pour out its sorrows, set it free,  
Or soon it bursts with agony.

Here, where the cross of Jesus stood,  
On that same ground which drank His blood,  
Thy grief unutterable pour,  
Till satiate earth imbibes no more.

O God, my Maker and my Guide,  
When will these scalding tears be dried,  
Hear me, O hear my bitter cry,  
Nor let thy child in anguish die.

## SIN LAMENTED.

How could I madly sin in heart,  
 As I, alas, have done,  
 And grieve the Spirit to depart,  
 And wound God's blessed Son.

My soul seems melting in my breast  
 Its follies to behold ;  
 O Saviour, cleanse and give me rest  
 From foes and sins untold.

Dear Jesus, soothe me with thy love,  
 And shield me by thy grace ;  
 Soon take me to thy courts above,  
 To rest in thine embrace.



## FORGIVENESS IMPLORED.

O God of grace, forgive my sin,  
 Wash all my guilt away,  
 And make me holy, pure within,  
 Illumed with heavenly day.

My crimes are great and multiplied,  
 Committed too in light,  
 But has not Christ for vilest died ?  
 And grace is thy delight.

My grievous sins with loathing fill  
 My bitter, anguished soul ;  
 Dear Saviour, speak thy gracious will,  
 To cleanse and make me whole.

Lord, send the Holy Spirit down,  
 To dwell within my breast,  
 And mercies past now richly crown  
 With holiness and rest.

O nail me to thy cross of pain,  
 If else I e'er should stray ;  
 Thine image, Lord, I would attain,  
 However rough the way.

---

#### LONELY PRAYER.

WHILE the friends of Zion throng  
 Thickly round thy gracious throne,  
 Fervent pray and tune their song,  
 Saviour, leave me not alone.

Happy they in union blest,  
 Thou their prayers and praise wilt own,  
 And shall one with toils oppressed,  
 Here afar be left alone.

For my sins and failings, Lord,  
 Freely, fully now atone,  
 With the promise of thy word,  
 Strengthen, cheer me here alone.

Let thy truth and grace abound,  
 Be thy great salvation known,  
 Till no more on earth is found  
 One who loves thee left alone.



### SOLITARY CHRISTIAN.

O grant me patience, gracious Lord,  
 This trying scene to bear ;  
 No soul with me to read thy word,  
 With me to bow in prayer.

The hours and seasons once so sweet,  
 A chilling aspect wear,  
 No kindred souls with whom to meet,  
 And blend in fervent prayer.

How charming was the voice of praise  
 When I was with them there ;  
 But empty now the notes I raise,  
 Poor help to lonely prayer.

My God, I pray thee comfort me,  
 Am I not still thy care ?  
 O let me trust, rejoice in thee,—  
 Inspire my lonely prayer.



## THE BITTER CUP.

MARK 14 : 36.

ABBA, Father, if it may,  
 Be each cup of anguish passed  
 From my shrinking lips away,  
 Though like Christ I bow at last,  
 And meekly add,—‘be done not mine,  
 But done thy blessed will divine.’

Pain and sickness in the bowl  
 May a nauseous draught appear,  
 And deep sorrow of the soul,  
 Drying e’en the briny tear ;  
 But, Father, if thy gracious will  
 Doth give it me, I’ll drink it still.

Friendship changed to hate and scorn  
 May a bitter portion prove,  
 Foul misjudged, and left forlorn  
 By all those I chiefly love ;  
 If, righteous God, thou dost decree  
 A cup like this, ’tis good for me.

Yes, if thou shouldst hide thy face,  
 And shouldst leave me to despair  
 For a season of thy grace,—  
 Captive held in Satan’s snare,  
 Then be thy holy purpose done,  
 Though terrors through my spirit run.

Sorrow is the seed of joy,  
 Sown by thine all-gracious hand,  
 Rich the fruits, without alloy,  
 Gathered in the promised land ;  
 With full delight I there shall see  
 Thy holy will was best for me.

---

**IMPORTUNATE ENTREATY.**

My Maker, Keeper, Judge, and God,  
 In whom I live and move,  
 Whose gracious smile, whose chast'ning rod,  
 I daily, deeply prove,  
 Remember me, O hear my cry,  
 Wilt thou thy creature's prayer deny ?

I pray to have no will but thine,  
 Like thee be holy, pure,  
 And share through grace in joys divine,  
 While being shall endure ;  
 Still upward borne from bliss to bliss  
 On wings of rapt'rous happiness.

I ask, if seemeth good to thee,  
 To fill this soul's desires ;  
 Yet pray that it may never be  
 Scorched by unhallowed fires,  
 Think what thou plantedst in my breast  
 And make thy suff'ring creature blest.

My God, and do I now offend,  
 That thus I pray to thee ?  
 Art thou not, Lord, my Saviour—Friend ?  
 And gracious e'en to me ?  
 Amid thy searchings of my heart  
 Dost thou not heed the hidden smart ?

Again I yield me to thy will,  
 I know thy ways are right,  
 Yet may I not petition still,  
 Nor thou my pleadings' slight ?  
 God infinite, yet thou dost know  
 Thy fleeting creature's joy and woe.

My God, let not thy wrath arise,  
 Because I thus implore,  
 O look upon these sympathies,  
 Thou God whom I adore !  
 I cast my anxious soul on thee,  
 For time and for eternity.



### MORTAL SPAN.

PSALM 102 : 24—27.

CUT me not off in the midst of my days,  
 Prolong still my life to show forth thy praise,  
 Endless, O God, are thine infinite years,  
 But transient our space in this valley of tears.

Ancient creation, the work of thy hand,  
 Time shall dissolve by thy sovereign command.  
 Yet thou wilt endure when nature decays,  
 Eternal—infinite—God of all praise.

Ah, what is poor man, weak worm of an hour,  
 Though vaunting in pride of consummate power.  
 If touched by disease, his clay-strength is gone,  
 He passes away like dew of the dawn.

O God, to thy care this frail system I trust,  
 Keep it in life, or dissolve it to dust,  
 Whatever thou dost for those who believe,  
 Always is better than they can conceive.

---

### RESIGNATION.

LORD JESUS, fit me to resign,  
 This fleeting life with joy ;  
 Receive me to those arms of thine,—  
 Thy praise my sweet employ.

Lord Jesus, fit me to remain  
 And do thy perfect will,  
 Nor e'er of length of days complain,  
 But all with duty fill.

## HOW LONG.

REV. 6 : 10.

THROUGH sin and woe and mortal strife ;  
 O God of grace, how long ?  
 Wilt thou this wondrous fearful life  
 In trials fierce prolong.

Look down from thy celestial throne  
 On human anguish strong,  
 Wilt thou not Lord, thy creature own ?  
 How long ! O God, how long ?

I humbly own and mourn to thee  
 How much we've done thee wrong,  
 But what is man to Deity ?—  
 And shall sin reign so long ?

When shall redemption earth surround,  
 And heaven burst forth in song,  
 That grace and glory now abound,—  
 Thou righteous Judge, how long ?

My soul is agonized to see  
 Unnumbered millions throng  
 The fearful steeps of misery !  
 I cry to thee how long ?

Let not thy wrath against me burn,  
 On Him thou madest strong,  
 Did not thy hand of vengeance turn ?—  
 Thou God of truth, how long ?

O be not angry, and I'll pray,  
 Nor weary thee too long,  
 Cut short, my God, this evil day!  
 Come, linger not so long!

---

PARDON IMploRED.

BE not angry with me, Lord,  
 Still my soul relies on thee,—  
 Claims the promise of thy word,  
 Do not then abandon me.

Be not angry, though I've sinned,  
 Ah, so oft and heinously!  
 Urged by every changing wind  
 In career of vanity.

Be not angry, for my heart,  
 Mourning, strives each sin to flee,  
 Welcomes every chastening smart,—  
 Gladly turns to Calvary.

Be not angry, O my God,  
 Since the Saviour died for me,  
 For my guilt He bore the rod,  
 Rest me then in peace with thee.

THE LORD WAS ANGRY.

DEUT. 9 : 20.

THY righteous vengeance, Lord, I fear,  
Although I trust my faith's sincere,  
For oft my wayward soul has sinned,  
And deep inhaled each tempting wind.

Thy chosen saint, the first high priest,  
That stood among the tribes released,  
For yielding to a rebel crowd,  
Had well nigh in their ruin bowed.

O God, look on the Saviour's face,  
Nor angry dash my narrow space,  
Grant strength and grace to do thy will,  
And my just time on earth fulfil.

I trust thy glorious throne to see,  
Enraptured through eternity,  
But let me not thy wrath provoke,  
And enter heaven by judgment stroke.

---

PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

O God of salvation, I pray thee appear,  
Be not thou far distant when trouble is near,  
So prostrate and fainting, I languish away,  
And lay down exhausted this poor pallid clay.

The murmurs of Jordan now louder I hear,  
 Its cold clammy vapors I pray thee to clear,  
 And open a vista to Canaan's blest shore,  
 O bear me in mercy triumphantly o'er.

Each friend and each object my spirit holds dear,  
 As often before, so again I do here,  
 To thy gracious keeping devoutly commend,  
 With blessings them prosper, in mercy defend.

I'm vile and unworthy, yet do not forsake  
 A soul that in Jesus its refuge would make,  
 O strengthen and bless with thy presence divine,  
 Receive me, O Lord, with thy chosen to shine.

---

S A C R E D   O D E .

MY God, when nature in me faints,  
 And death the tide of living taints,  
 When fevered fancies through the brain  
 Sport with my feebleness and pain,  
 O leave me not to bear alone  
 The sorrows on my spirit thrown,  
 Chase off my enemies and fears,  
 And wipe away my lonely tears,  
 Soothe me with grace and love divine,  
 And on my mind in mercy shine,  
 Unfolding future bliss above,  
 And triumphs through redeeming love,  
 When every scene of sorrow o'er,  
 I shall in thy blest form adore.



## PETITIONING GOD.

WHEN my heart with sadness melting,  
 Sinks with pain and sorrow low,  
 Lord, let grace my spirit belting,  
 Strengthen me thy way to go ;  
 Gird me with celestial might,  
 Guide my erring footsteps right.

When I feel as nought before thee,  
 Fainting midway in the race,  
 Scarce with spirit to adore thee,  
 Or turn looks unto thy face,  
 When helpless thy spent servant lies,  
 Do not his piteous want despise.

In divine affection chasten,  
 But let mercy hold the rod,  
 Lest stern justice sudden hasten  
 Me to ruin near my God ;  
 Thou know'st how little I can bear,  
 Thy feeble worm O pity, spare.

By thy love for Him anointed,  
 By thy promises so sweet,  
 By the joys on high appointed,  
 All thy chosen ones to greet,  
 Pass not my fainting spirit by,  
 Nor leave me when I gasping lie.

By thine own eternal glory,  
 By thy righteousness I plead,

Pity one so transitory,  
 Succor in his time of need,  
 While affliction cuts the ties  
 That bind him here, and prompts to rise.

---

BANISH EVIL.

ALMIGHTY God, thou sovereign Lord,  
 Of universal sway,  
 Who dost in justice all reward,  
 To thee I fervent pray.

O banish evil from the world,  
 And cause all sin to cease,  
 Let love's bright banner be unfurled,  
 And bless our race with peace.

O Lord, when shall these mortal woes  
 Be like a dream that's past?  
 And man enjoy a sweet repose  
 In thy blest love at last.

My spirit longs, my heartstrings break  
 In sighing for that day;  
 O God of grace, for Jesus' sake,  
 Almighty power display.

Renew the world to righteousness,  
 Descend with us to dwell,  
 Let grace and glory measureless,  
 Earth's alleluia swell.

## REVIVAL PRAYING.

How blest was the night of our meeting,  
 To pray for the work of the Lord ;  
 His Spirit within us completing  
 Our love and our faith in His word.

The dews of His grace were descending  
 On saints and on sinners around,  
 Hearts careless and stubborn were bending,  
 And songs of free grace did resound.

The heart of the Christian was glowing  
 With love and compassion divine,  
 His tears with his prayers oft were flowing,  
 While joys made his countenance shine.

One eve from sweet worship returning  
 Through all the night watches to pray,  
 Our spirits like seraphs were burning,  
 That God would His glory display.

Our sweet songs of Zion seem ringing  
 E'en now with delight in my ear,  
 The heart-prayer spontaneous springing,  
 And word of sure promise I hear.

Heaven heard, and its portals unfolding,  
 Our God to our Bethel came down,  
 In love His dear children beholding,  
 Their prayers with His blessing to crown.

O there at the mercy-seat kneeling,  
 What wrestlings, what raptures were ours!  
 Till dawn on the darkness was stealing,  
 Till grace was descending in showers.

---

THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

WHEN in the sacred courts we meet,  
 The word of God to share,  
 And sing His praise, divinely sweet,  
 Blest is the voice of prayer.

When to the social altar we  
 Our grateful off'ring bear,  
 With hearts of love and unity,  
 Sweet is the voice of prayer.

And from the closet of a saint,  
 By chance approaching there,  
 We catch with awe, low, solemn, faint,  
 The hallowed voice of prayer.

And how we hear with throbbing breast  
 When struggling with despair,  
 The humble sinner plead for rest,  
 And sob the voice of prayer.

But when the Christian, bathed in tears,  
 Cries, God of mercy spare,  
 O save lost souls! when Christ appears,—  
 Sublime the voice of prayer.

## IN TROUBLE LOOKING TO GOD.

MY Father, my Guide, and my God,  
 Remember thy suppliant child,  
 By sinners' devices or rod,  
 Ne'er leave him oppressed or beguiled.

Whenever the wicked combine  
 To put him to trouble or shame ;  
 The arms of thy grace round him twine,  
 And be his strong tower thy name.

The lion and dove so unite  
 To temper and strengthen his heart,  
 His foes shall be scattered by flight,  
 Or won to make cause on his part.

If trials and sorrows must be,  
 To fit me for dwelling above,  
 From thee, gracious Father, from thee,  
 Let them come in thy chast'ning love.

But ne'er Abba, Father, I pray,  
 Deliver me over to man,  
 Correct me and guide in thy way,  
 Grace ending what mercy began.

## CRIES FOR DIVINE AID.

PSALM 74 : 19.

O God of power and love,  
 Hear, hear my anguished cry !  
 Deliver not thy turtle-dove  
 By fiendish mobs to die.

Make bare thy holy arm,  
 In terror and in might ;  
 To shield thy helpless child from harm,  
 And put my foes to flight.

Why should blasphemers say,  
 He put his trust in God !  
 Yet now he falls an easy prey,  
 Beneath our vengeful rod.

Let not the Saviour's name  
 Through me be thus profaned,  
 Appear in a consuming flame,  
 Be right and truth maintained.

Or rather let thy grace  
 Convert each rebel heart,  
 And humbly bring before thy face,  
 With saints to share a part.

31 \*

## GOD ENTREATED.

O God of light and truth and grace,  
Thy creature weak and vile,  
Cast not forever from thy face,  
Nor leave to Satan's guile.

O God of glory and of bliss,  
Mid ceaseless praise enthroned,  
See what a state of sorrow this!  
Life through its seasons groaned.

O God of mercy and of love,  
Hear, hear a suppliant's cry!  
Such woes a mortal's heart can move,  
Bedew a hardened eye.

O God of justice, holiness,  
A creature's sin forgive;  
Impart thy perfect righteousness,  
And bid the dying live.

O God of wisdom and of might,  
Thy counsels dark appear,  
Shine on this gloomy troubled night,  
And man, poor wand'rer, cheer.

O God of great forgivenesses,  
Thy pardon I implore,  
From bursting heart th' entreaty is,  
Thee, thee I love, adore.

## ERRING SYMPATHIES.

CHILD of mortality ! wouldst know  
 The counsels of the Lord ?  
 See, sin is linked to bitter woe,  
 And merit to reward.

Infant ! canst thou understand  
 Why sin was first allowed ?  
 Or why long 'scapes my vengeful hand,  
 The vile oppressor proud ?

Weak child of folly and of guilt !  
 For others dost complain ?  
 For whom a Saviour's blood was spilt,  
 And mercy showered in vain.

With mercy thou wouldst fill the earth !  
 Shall mercy foster sin ?  
 The sigh would be infernal mirth,  
 The moan fierce battle's din.

But thou wouldst grace to all impart ?  
 See them all grace despise !  
 By force thou wouldst convert each heart ?  
 Free-will the sacrifice.

Cease, cease poor child ! know all is right,  
 While God thy Maker reigns,  
 His truth be ever thy delight,  
 Praise Him in highest strains.



## PUBLIC PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG.

No blast of battle rung,  
 No war-cloud filled the sky,  
 The idle armor hung  
 Where peace long laid it by ;  
 Yet clust'ring bands throughout the land,  
 Were gath'ring seen on every hand.

No vengeance fiercely gleams  
 From faces full of war,  
 No vaunting banner streams  
 O'er lines extended far ;  
 Yet every look bespeaks an hour  
 Of conflict with some dreadful power.

They seek a glorious prize,  
 Their souls with ardor swell,  
 And armies from the skies  
 Are fronting hosts of hell ;  
 What day of destiny has come ?  
 Fraught with whole generations' doom.

Hark ! 'tis the voice of prayer,  
 Poured with seraphic glow,  
 Entreaty fills the air,  
 Tears of affection flow ;  
 Nor supplication here alone,  
 ONE intercedes before the throne.

For what ? or whom ? the strife  
 In which three worlds engage ;

For earth or mortal life  
 None would such contest wage ;  
 Ah, for the young, that they may be  
 True champions of the Deity.

For those that tread the halls  
 Where learning points to fame,  
 For those the Saviour calls  
 The Gospel to proclaim,—  
 Hope of the world, the nation's joy,  
 These our full souls, heaven, hell, employ.

---

#### SUPPLICATION FOR THE YOUNG.

THOU who hast endued us with mind,  
 And with immortality sealed  
 The gift that thy goodness designed  
 Should ever with glory be filled :

We come our sad state to deplore,  
 With fasting and sorrow we pray,  
 The Spirit of grace on us pour,  
 And send us rejoicing away.

Our sons and our daughters so dear,  
 Now training to stand in our place,  
 Inspire with thy love and thy fear,  
 And shower upon them thy grace.

May learning illumine and adorn,  
 But more thy religion divine,  
 And virtue as fair as the morn,  
 And bright as the noon in them shine.

O may they prove true to thy cause,  
 Co-workers in saving our race,  
 Delight in fulfilling thy laws,  
 In glory at length see thy face.



**SATURDAY NIGHT PETITIONS.**

KIND Saviour, thy favor I seek,  
 To cheer and to strengthen me now,  
 Exhausted with toils of the week,  
 In weakness before thee I bow.

O come, and my spirit inspire,  
 And teach me the praise and the joy  
 That flow from the unwearied choir,  
 Where troubles and toils ne'er annoy.

O Jesus, my Saviour, my King,  
 How long shall I grovel below?  
 So coldly thy praises to sing,  
 But heightens my sorrow and woe.

I would like a seraph adore,  
 I would like a saint give thee praise,  
 The Spirit upon me now pour,  
 My soul in thy worship to raise.

## GUIDANCE AND AID IMplored.

O thou who didst guide and protect  
 The Tribes through the desart so drear,  
 I pray thee in mercy direct,  
 And shield in my wanderings here.

Be thou my Companion to aid,  
 My Friend to advise and console,  
 My heart on thy goodness be stayed,  
 Its passions and sorrows control.

Protect me from danger and fear,  
 Bear onward in favor and love,  
 Till I in thy kingdom appear,  
 Thy kingdom of glory above.

There trials and sorrows no more  
 Will weary and harrass my soul,  
 My journeys mid strangers be o'er,  
 My joys like a river will roll.

---

'INCREASE OUR FAITH.'

INCREASE our faith, O God of grace,  
 Our feeble labors own ;  
 Pour out salvation on our race,  
 Like rivers from thy throne.

Increase our faith by nations born  
 To glory in a day ;  
 Let truth advancing like the morn  
 The world in light array.

Increase our faith, by evil stayed  
 And banished from the earth ;  
 Let peace e'er dwell in every shade,  
 And joy by every hearth.

Increase our faith till lost in sight  
 Like rivers in the sea,  
 Till on the waves of rapt delight  
 We sail eternity.

---

CHILD'S HYMN.

O Lord, I pray thee help a child  
 To love and worship thee,  
 Give me a temper sweet and mild,  
 A heart from error free.

Thy hand hath formed my growing frame,  
 And given life to me ;  
 O may I fear and trust thy name,  
 And like my Saviour be.

He came to take away my guilt,  
 And lead my soul above ;  
 For me His precious blood was spilt,  
 So boundless was His love.

And shall I not love Him who died  
 For such a child as I ?  
 And wish forever to abide  
 With Him in bliss on high ?

And will not Jesus dwell with me  
 While in this world I stay ?  
 And though His face I cannot see  
 Be with me night and day ?

Dear Saviour, like a little lamb  
 Where cruel wolves are nigh,  
 So feeble and exposed I am,  
 And to thy bosom fly.

O fold me in thy tender arms,  
 Keep me from every stain,  
 And show me more and more thy charms,  
 Till I in glory reign.



### ZION PRAYING.

REV. 8 : 3—5.

WHEN Zion prayed an angel came  
 And by heaven's altar stood,  
 Raising a mighty incense flame  
 For cause so just and good.

In mingled clouds before the throne  
 The prayers and incense rise,  
 On Zion God looks gracious down,—  
 Attends her humble cries.

The haughty, scornful sons of pride,  
 That hear her earnest prayer,  
 May all her cries to Heaven deride,  
 And taunt her with despair.

But see! the censer, filled with fire,  
 To earth in judgment cast,  
 Earthquake and lightning all conspire  
 To drive the world aghast.

Say now that prayer is empty breath,  
 Ne'er wafted to the skies!  
 'Tis fraught with endless life or death  
 For those who prayer despise.

Unheard on earth, 'tis heard in heaven,  
 And moves almighty power,  
 Thousands are doomed, or free forgiven,  
 In Zion's praying hour.



### WEAN ME.

PSALM 131 : 2.

WEAN me, Lord, from worldly things,  
 From fond nature's tender ties,  
 When cut down by Sunderings,  
 My poor spirit trembling lies.

Wean me from myself and sin,  
 Wean from all that's false and vain,  
 Sanctified and pure within,  
 Let thy Spirit in me reign.

Weaned from earth and winged to fly,  
 Cut the last detaining cord,  
 Let me then in rapture die,—  
 Rise in glory to my Lord.

TEACH ME TO DO THY WILL.

PSALM 143 : 10.

IN all the varied scenes which here  
 My fleeting moments fill,  
 Elate with joy,—depressed by fear,  
 Teach me to do thy will.

When sin would lure me to her snare,  
 With fiendish guile to kill,  
 Forget not, Lord, my humble prayer,  
 Teach me to do thy will.

When duty or when trial hard  
 My feeble spirit drill,  
 However earthly hope be marred,  
 Teach me to do thy will.

When nature's strongest powers arise,  
 And all my bosom thrill,  
 To thee I lift imploring eyes,—  
 Teach me to do thy will.

O lead me to thy throne above,  
 Where angels praise thee still,  
 And fill my soul with strength and love,  
 Fore'er to do thy will.



## THIS IS THE WAY.

ISA. 30 : 21.

WHENE'ER my roving footsteps veer  
 To right or left, O may I hear  
 A still voice whisp'ring in my ear,  
 This is the way !

When duty difficult I find,  
 Or am to slothfulness inclined,  
 May that same voice say, soft and kind,  
 This is the way.

When former friends my love forsake,  
 And leave my heart to faint and break,  
 Whisper, my Lord, for Jesus' sake,  
 This is the way.

When I am summoned to the tomb,  
 Be with me in the cheerless gloom,  
 And light me to eternal bloom,  
 Thou living way.

---

 PERFECT WAY.

PSALM 101 : 2.

O thou omnipresent One,  
 Wheresoe'er my footsteps run,  
 Help me to behave each day,  
 Wisely in a perfect way.

When suspicious friends I meet,  
 Or base snares beset my feet,  
 My poor soul in mercy stay,  
 Wisely in a perfect way.

When afflictions like a cloud,  
 Overwhelm me in their shroud,  
 Ever let some heavenly ray  
 Guide me in a perfect way.

When my cares and sorrows end,  
 Be my near, my gracious Friend,  
 Bear my parting soul away,  
 Sweetly in a perfect way.

---

### HELP IMPLOR'D.

MAT. 15 : 25.

LORD, HELP ME, when the world allures,  
 To put my trust in thee ;  
 Grant me the faith that firm endures,  
 And gains the victory.

Lord, help me, when the Tempter tries,  
 To rend my soul from thee ;  
 Guard me, my Saviour, from surprise,  
 Help me to make him flee.

Lord, help me, when this sinful heart  
 Fills me with agony ;  
 O help me, lest I should depart,  
 And bring reproach on thee.

Lord, help me, when before thy throne,  
 I bow my suppliant knee ;  
 The Spirit grant, for me atone,  
 My Mediator be.

Lord, help me to perform thy will,  
 In all things perfectly,—  
 To grow in grace, and daily still,  
 Bring sinners home to thee.

Lord, help me, in the final strife,  
 To shout the victory ;  
 Then join the hosts in light and life,  
 Thy smiling face to see.

---

#### D I V I N E   R E F U G E .

MY God, should every human heart  
 Recoil from mine, reject my love,  
 If in thy grace I share a part,  
 If Jesus is my friend above,

Then I can bear reproach and wrong,  
 Though cast by former friends on me,  
 'T will only make my faith more strong,  
 And fix my soul more firm on thee.

This erring heart, so prone to stray,  
 And seek its bliss in friendship's smile,  
 Scourged back into the narrow way,  
 Will shun the sweets that oft beguile.

By ties peculiar I am thine,  
 O help me follow duty's call,  
 And every earthly joy resign—  
 Christ and His cause—my life, my all.

---

POWER OF FAITH.

HAVE faith in God, ye pilgrim saints,  
 And glory in His power divine ;  
 Fear not though flesh and spirit faints,  
 Though earth and hell their hosts combine.

Faith links ye to th' eternal throne,  
 The glorious truth with awe I sing,  
 Then, till Jehovah's overthrown,  
 Let not your faith be wavering.

The broad-based mountains haste away,  
 When faith commands them to the deep ;  
 Yes, worlds are moved, when Christians pray  
 And at the throne of mercy weep.

Through faith the saints in ancient days,  
 Kingdoms subdued, and death o'ercame ;  
 They triumph now, ascribing praise  
 To God on high and Jesus' name.

Thus we, through faith, may wield a power  
 To rouse the world and nations save,  
 Not ending at our dying hour,  
 Nor till the morn we burst our grave.

## TRUSTING IN GOD.

To God will I commit my cause  
 When men of sin oppress,  
 For He will execute His laws,  
 And all my wrongs redress.

Why should I, fired by passion, take  
 Just vengeance from His hand ;  
 When dreadful wrath will sure awake  
 To whelm the guilty band.

On Him who judgeth righteously,  
 Like Christ my blessed Lord,  
 Let me for justice still rely,  
 And trust his faithful word.

Shall hands of violence e'er touch  
 The apple of His eye ?  
 To Him His children all are such,  
 And one I trust am I.

---

 DIVINE PROTECTION.

THE child may sport alone,  
 When all is bright and fair,  
 Nor think where flowers are strown,  
 It need's a parent's care ;  
 But when alarm and dangers rise,  
 Swift to parental arms it flies.

'Tis thus the child of grace  
 Oft wanders carelessly,  
 His heavenly Father's face,  
 He sometimes seems to flee ;  
 But when afflictions drive him home,  
 He wonders he should ever roam.

How wayward are our hearts,  
 How constant is the Lord !  
 He freely grace imparts,  
 And gives the great reward,  
 Though oft His chosen people stray,  
 And chastisement must have its way.

O God, in love restrain,  
 And keep us near to thee,  
 Let grace within us reign,  
 Till we in glory see  
 Thy face and ever sing thy praise,  
 Exposed no more to devious ways.

---

'IT IS WELL.'

WHAT Providence may have in store  
 For me, I cannot tell,  
 Save this—and can I ask for more ?  
 I know it all is well.

Disease and spirit-humbling pain,  
 With ruthless purpose fell,  
 May waste this body, rive my brain,  
 Yet still it will be well.

The tempter may with all his guile  
 Spread round me snares of hell,  
 And if they should torment a while,  
 At last it will be well.

Unhallowed nature may arise,  
 And my own heart rebel ;  
 I have a Helper in the skies,—  
 It cannot but be well.

Where'er I may descend the vale  
 To Jordan's icy swell,  
 This sweet assurance shall prevail,—  
 I know it will be well.

I know and am assured that He  
 In whom my hopes all dwell,  
 Will ne'er forsake poor sinful me,—  
 O yes, it must be well.



#### LOOKING TO HEAVEN.

HAVE I a mansion in the skies,  
 Where endless pleasures dwell ?  
 Let sorrow dim no more my eyes,  
 Since here too all is well.

What if I houseless here abide,  
 From place to place to roam,  
 Ne'er have a dear companion tried,  
 Ne'er know the joys of home :

What if cold caution's chilling dews—  
 The strangers' atmosphere,  
 Environ me, and rugged views  
 Where'er I turn appear :

They cannot bar my house above,  
 Nor stay my entrance there ;  
 This heart will yet expand with love,  
 Nor few its joys will share.

I well may look with calmness on  
 Where sunny scenes are spread,  
 And envy none his smiling dawn,  
 His pleasant evening shade :

Sigh not for any sweet that grows  
 On love's tall branching tree,  
 Far richer bliss than mortal knows  
 Is near, awaiting me.

Yes, in that mansion Christ, my Lord,  
 Has rendered all complete,  
 He keeps for me His great reward,  
 Where peace and transport meet.



## DIRECTION IMPORED.

O Lord, I humbly look to thee  
 To guide my darksome way ;  
 Impart thy grace and light to me  
 And I will quick obey.

I know thy providence is right,  
 How often have I found  
 The chast'ning rod that did me smite  
 Has healed some deeper wound.

O Lord, I pray for strength to fight  
 The war of troubles well ;  
 Gird me, my God, with heavenly might  
 My every foe to quell.

In every secret purpose guide,  
 In every act sustain,  
 Forever with me, Lord, abide,  
 And make my duty plain.



## MY LORD.

O Lord, my Lord, on thee alone  
 My trembling soul relies,  
 I look to thy eternal throne  
 With supplicating eyes.

O Lord, my Lord, attend my cry,  
 And send me peace and rest,  
 Be thou my Saviour, ever nigh,  
 And cheer me when oppressed.

O Lord, my Lord, I sure am thine,  
 Keep for thy mercies sake,  
 And clothe my soul with grace divine,  
 And never me forsake.

On thee, my Lord, my own dear Lord,  
 Do I for succor call,  
 My faith clings to thy precious word,  
 And wilt thou let me fall ?



### I FLEE UNTO THEE TO HIDE ME.

PSALM 143 : 9.

To thy gracious wing I flee,  
 Hide me, God of mercy, hide,  
 From destruction shelter me,  
 Let me in thy name abide.

Evils gather like a cloud  
 To o'erwhelm me in their pride,  
 Blasts of fury roar aloud,  
 From the tempest hide me, hide.

Though unworthy, I am thine,  
 Shall a refuge be denied  
 To this hunted soul of mine ?  
 In thy love thy servant hide.

Hide me in the secret shade,  
 Where no ill can e'er betide,  
 Be thy grace my tower and aid,  
 Let me in my Saviour hide.



**PERSECUTED.**

REV. 2 : 10.

DEAR saint of God, oppressed with toil,  
 Thy goods, thyself, exposed to spoil,  
 Mid persecutions long, severe,  
 Let none of these excite thy fear.

What though a prison, kept by foes,  
 Must be thy home, and grinding woes  
 Crush and corrode thy struggling soul,—  
 Fear not, thy God requites the whole.

The days are numbered thou must be  
 The prey of such adversity ;  
 Fear not, for Christ is with thee still,  
 He aids thee, sanctifies each ill.

Be faithful through this living death,  
 Be faithful with thy latest breath,  
 A crown of life, a realm of bliss,—  
 Heaven will reward thy faithfulness.

**RESPONSE FROM HEAVEN.**

SISTER SPIRIT, cease thy sighing,  
Though thy state is sorely trying,  
Grace, free grace is still descending,  
And in all thy sorrows blending.

While for heaven thou thus art training,  
Banish every thought complaining ;  
Follow where the Lord is leading,  
Every token wisely heeding.

Let thy light be always shining,  
Like a fire thyself refining,  
Like a blazing pillar showing  
All the way that thou art going.

Soon from earth thou wilt be winging,  
Soon with us in rapture singing,  
Loneliness and woes distressing—  
Lost in heavenly throngs caressing.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WORSHIP, SABBATH, REVIVAL.

---

#### SATURDAY NIGHT PREPARATION.

Busy care, in silence stand,  
While I go to meet the Lord,  
With the chosen happy band ;  
Those who love His day and word.

Six long days of anxious toil,  
Peaceful, joyful here I close,  
Let not aught intrude to spoil  
Sabbath's sweet and blest repose.

Be my heart in order set,  
For a visit from the skies,  
May I feel that God has met,—  
And accepts my sacrifice.

May my faith and hope increase,  
Every grace some strength obtain ;  
I be filled with joy and peace,  
Pray nor read nor hear in vain.

## CELESTIAL PRAISE.

Rev. 5 : 12, 13.

RISE, my soul, and join the song  
 Swelling through the courts above,  
 Countless hosts the notes prolong  
 With immortal strength and love.

There mid glory's cloudless blaze,  
 With what rapture they rejoice,  
 By the thunders of their praise,  
 All the air seems now a voice.

Worthy is the Lamb that died !  
 From each tongue triumphant rolls,  
 And ascriptions in a tide  
 Heaven in admiration holds.

Through the boundless universe,  
 Let the rapt'rous thunders fly,  
 Creatures all, the praise rehearse,  
 And re-echo to the sky.

Blessing, honor, glory, might,—  
 Louder praise and low adore !  
 Be to Him enthroned in light,  
 And the Lamb forevermore.

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

MAL. 3 : 17.

COUNTLESS hosts enraptured sung,  
All the heavens with praises rung,  
Till melodious thunders loud,  
Th' everlasting arches bowed.

Mighty seraphs tuned their lyres,  
Tall archangels led the choirs,  
First created, last that came,  
Saints and seraphs glowed like flame.

God the praise is pleased to hear,  
Yet He bends His gracious ear  
Down to this dark world below,  
Sunk in sin and whelmed with woe.

Wonder fills the courts above,  
What new miracle of love ?  
Shall our alleluias claim,  
With hosannas to His name.

Gazing with immortal view,  
Down to earth were seen a few,  
Oft in holy conf'rence joined,  
To inspire each other's mind.

God attentive hears their praise,  
Writes memorials of their ways,  
And declares They shall be mine,  
Mid my choicest jewels shine.

## PRAYER MEETING.

YE pious souls, who Jesus love,  
 How glad I meet you here ;  
 O may the gracious, heavenly Dove,  
 Our hearts united cheer.

In deep retirement it is sweet  
 To meditate and pray ;  
 Who seeks not there the mercy seat,  
 Has missed the narrow way.

But social, like the hosts above,  
 To worship and adore,  
 Awakes new joy and quickens love,  
 And helps us upward soar.

Dear brethren, sisters, soon we meet  
 Where partings are unknown,  
 Where joy and praise divinely sweet  
 Commingle round the throne.

And seasons like this favored hour  
 Prepare the soul to rise  
 In rapture, with immortal power,  
 To its blest home the skies.



## SOCIAL WORSHIP.

How precious the seasons of love,  
When kindred in Jesus unite,  
To praise with the armies above,  
And share their celestial delight.

When on the assembly descends  
The Spirit with graces divine ;  
When joy the sweet worship attends,  
And makes every countenance shine.

What transport has filled all my soul,  
There just on the border of bliss,  
As from earthly sorrows it stole,  
And gazed on reserved happiness.

O brethren and sisters so dear,  
How firm and endearing the tie  
That binds us in sympathy here,  
And links to our Saviour on high.

This heavenly affection shall glow  
While hope has a seat in our breast,  
Forever above overflow,  
And make us ineffably blest.

## FLIGHT OF THE WEEK.

GLIDING like a rapid stream,  
 Fading like a baseless dream,  
     Days and weeks are passed ;  
 Yet they bring the Sabbath day,  
 Season blest to praise and pray,—  
     Soon they'll bring my last.

Let me then with zeal prepare,  
 On the morrow joys to share,  
     As I should desire,  
 If forewarned tomorrow's sun  
 Sees my Sabbaths numbered, done,  
     When he shall retire.

Let my heart awakened be,  
 Holy Spirit, rest on me,  
     Bless the sacred hours ;  
 On the wings of faith and love  
 Bear my joyful soul above,—  
     Praising all my powers.

Welcome be the sacred morn,  
 Last that sees me here forlorn,  
     Last of sin and woe ;  
 Welcome that eternal rest,  
 Where with my Redeemer blest,  
     Raptures overflow.

LOVE DIVINE.

O for the joys of love divine,  
 To cleanse and fill this heart of mine,  
 And with a sweet seraphic glow,  
 Make me forget all love below.

Meet me, dear Saviour, clothed in charms,  
 And fold me in thy gracious arms,  
 O bear me to thy courts above,  
 Lost in the raptures of thy love.

There let me ever, ever dwell,  
 And in my songs of transport tell  
 Thy love, thy grace, so boundless, free,  
 That ransomed vile, unworthy me.

Still let me rise, still love thee more,  
 In heavenly ecstasy adore,  
 While ceaseless ages wing their flight  
 Augmenting my divine delight.



DELIGHT IN WORSHIP.

How sweet thy worship, O my Lord,  
 When grace attends thy precious word,  
 When from this weary world I rise  
 To join my kindred in the skies.

Sweet is the day so kindly given  
 To fit the soul to dwell in heaven,  
 Thy visits sweet, blest heavenly Dove,  
 How sweet, dear Saviour, is thy love.

If here so sweet, afar, alone,  
 What must it be before the throne,  
 Amid the heavenly throng to sing,  
 And see thy face, my God, my King.

To feel me there with all I love,  
 No parting fear, no far remove,  
 Thy favor share without alloy,  
 O how ineffable the joy.

My longing spirit pants to soar,  
 And at thy throne to praise, adore,  
 I long to see my dear ones blest,  
 In thine embrace, O Lord, to rest.

---

#### FALL OF MAN.

A dreadful deed was done,  
 A creature pure and blest,  
 By foul transgression was undone,—  
 Lay deep in woe distressed.

No arm to save was found,  
 No eye with pity saw ;  
 The wretch lay prostrate on the ground,  
 Condemned by righteous law.

Despair a heavy chain  
 Now rivets on his soul,  
 Ah, who can tell the awful pain  
 No creature can console.

The Lord almighty came,  
 A sacrifice prepared,  
 By whose atoning, gracious flame,  
 The sinner might be spared.

On Calvary appeared  
 The sacrificial scene,  
 The holy Lamb to God endeared,  
 Was offered there for men.

Shout for a ransomed world,  
 Extol redeeming grace ;  
 Salvation's banner be unfurled  
 O'er all our ruined race.

---

#### WRATH AND MERCY.

'TWAS dark around the throne,  
 And thunders shook the sky,  
 When Christ His life pledged to atone  
 For rebels doomed to die.

The harps were hushed in awe,  
 In dread and rev'rence bowed  
 The hosts of heaven, that trembling saw  
 That dark and fearful cloud.

But light in softest glow  
 Spread through the awful shade,  
 Sure promise with her brightest bow  
 The passing cloud arrayed.

The wondrous plan revealed,  
 All heaven in ecstasy  
 The glorious theme in thunders pealed  
 Throughout immensity.

To God the Triune praise,  
 Who pardons, still is just ;  
 How deep, unsearchable His ways,—  
 Let all rejoice and trust.

---

SACRED SONGS INVITING.

Sweet music floated round  
 The hallowed place of prayer,  
 My spirit caught the sound  
 As if from heaven afar  
 The notes of angels poured along,  
 Redemption still the blissful song.

With joyful feet I came,  
 The happy band to join,  
 Whose souls with heavenly flame  
 Now offered praise divine ;  
 Each heart a censor, odors rise  
 In clouds of incense to the skies.

Sweet harmony and love  
 Link in a golden chain,  
 Hope smiling points above,  
 Where saints forever reign ;  
 What joys the ardent Christian feels,  
 What bliss his steady faith reveals.

Ye faithful in the Lord,  
 Let me your partner be,  
 And share your great reward  
 In blest eternity ;  
 There sweeter songs and higher joy,  
 Our ransomed spirits shall employ.

---

### SAINTS' TRIBULATION.

ACTS 14 : 22.

THROUGH much tribulation the faithful must go,  
 Ere they can arrive at their kingdom above,  
 Through deserts so drear and where rivers o'erflow,  
 Led on by correcting yet unfailing love.

Temptations abound, and they sometimes prevail,  
 Yet teach the believer a lesson for good,  
 His own strength and vows as security fail,  
 Where trusting the Lord he securely had stood.

The world with allurements, so blighting yet fair,  
 Infests every pathway the Christian may take,  
 The flesh and the Devil combined lay their snare,  
 And flatter and harass his purpose to break.

Ah, yes, tribulation and sorrow pursue  
 To portals of glory the children of grace,  
 Their path and their pillow with tears they bedew,  
 Till brought to behold their Immanuel's face.

But heirs of the kingdom they enter at last,  
 And crowns of salvation forever shall wear,  
 Their great tribulations eternally past,  
 All glory and rapture unending they share.

~~~~~

A WAKE O WIND.

CANT. 4 : 16.

HEAVENLY wind, awake and blow,
 Let the spicy fragrance flow
 From my garden of perfume,
 As from Eden in its bloom.

Wake the sleeping flowers and bear
 All their sweetness through the air,
 Pleasing heaven, refreshing earth,
 Giving joy and gladness birth.

Let my sole Beloved come,
 In my garden make His home,
 All His pleasant fruits enjoy,
 Nor a care our bliss alloy.

Planted by His gracious hand,
 See the lovely fruit-trees stand ;
 Mark, what beds of spicy flowers
 Fill with sweets these sacred bowers.

Let no evil enter here
 To disturb a guest so dear,—
 Purity and bliss unite
 In a stream of full delight.

CHARIOTS OF AMMINADIB.

CANT. 6 : 12.

OR ever my soul was aware,
 It seemed to be carried above ;
 The raptures of seraphs I share,
 And drink in Immanuel's love.

The sorrows that burdened me so,
 Have fled like a shadow away ;
 Salvation and glory o'erflow,
 And bear my rapt spirit away.

O Saviour, my God, and my King !
 Forever let ecstasy swell,
 While all thy perfections I sing,
 And while thy rich mercies I tell.

Borne upward and glowing like flame,
 While ages unending endure,
 Ascribing all praise to thy name
 That makes my felicity sure.

WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH IDOLS?

HOSKA 14 : 8.

IDOLS of a worldly heart,
 From my soul forever part,
 Never more with guileful art
 Tempt me from my Lord.

Be ye dashed to atoms all,
 Scattered, nor find place to fall
 On the wide terraqueous ball,—
 This your just reward :

Nought remain to sever me,
 From the glorious Deity,
 Through the vast eternity—
 He allots my soul.

Let me rise and love, adore,
 Praises rapt, unending pour,
 Nearer, nearer evermore,
 My eternal Goal.

While with seraphs I unite
 To extol in pure delight,
 Never let me turn my sight
 From my glorious King.

Shining in His beaming rays,
 Lost in rapture, love and praise,
 Ever, ever let me gaze,
 And in triumph sing.

PRAYER MEETING REMEMBERED.

THE loved ones I was wont to meet
 On favored Thursday night,
 Before the gracious mercy-seat,
 In praises to unite,
 Perhaps this eve assembled there,
 Remember me in fervent prayer.

Afar, amid a stranger train,
 I bend the suppliant knee,
 Then think those seasons o'er again,
 Still dear and sweet to me ;
 Loved friends, do ye remember yet,
 The scenes that I can ne'er forget ?

Come, Holy Spirit, warm our hearts
 With true celestial fire,
 The zeal, the joy thy aid imparts,
 Within our breasts inspire,—
 Bear upward on thy wings of love,
 Till we unite with those above.

When shall we all be gathered home,
 To share our great reward,
 None sent afar, forlorn to roam,
 All ever with the Lord :
 The day of our redemption's near,
 Its dawning rays the darkness cheer.

SOARING ABOVE.

MY soul is on the wing,
 To mount above the skies ;
 To hear the seraphs sing,
 And see the cherubs rise
 In perfect bliss, in glory bright,
 While saints in all their joys unite.

Amid their radiant ranks,
 O when shall I appear !
 And give immortal thanks
 To Him who loved me here !
 Who stooped my wretched soul to save,
 Endured the shame, the cross, the grave.

Who there will gladden me
 With mutual joy and love ?
 Who my companions be
 In happy courts above ?
 Will those I love so fondly here
 In heaven forever be most dear ?

Will kindred ties resume
 Immortal vigor there ?—
 Affections deathless bloom,
 Whose budding joys I share ?
 Or will no trace of earth remain
 Where heavenly beings ever reign ?

Methinks I there shall know,
 And if I know shall love,

The souls that here below
 My best affections prove ;
 With them throughout eternal days
 I shall rejoice, adore and praise.

FUTURE JOY.

THE soul in this body of clay
 Thrills oft with extatic delight,
 And bears the dull matter away
 With short irresistible might.

Nor would it sink under the weight
 And writhe as if crushed in the dust,
 If still in its primitive state,
 If still it were perfect and just.

The body were then like a wing,
 Assisting the soul in its flight ;
 A harp, when the spirit would sing,
 And sound forth celestial delight.

If such be a body of earth,
 With spirit so crippled as ours,
 When both are renewed by a birth
 Imparting ineffable powers,

How will the rapt spirit rejoice
 In spiritual body to rise,
 And shouting with triumphant voice
 Dart up through the brightening skies :

What rapture, what glory pervade
 The being all spirit and pure !
 In robes of salvation arrayed,
 To brighten while heaven shall endure.

A body like that of our Lord,
 Whose glory no mind can conceive,
 Bestowed as the priceless reward
 Of those who in Jesus believe.

No heaviness then will oppress
 The soul or the body refined,
 No sorrow or fear e'er distress
 The blissful, immaculate mind.

To rapture and glory like this
 Do I a poor mortal aspire ?
 Why seek then ephemeral bliss ?
 Why perishing pleasures desire ?

If certain that heaven is my own,
 Why anxious for earth and its care ?
 If mine be a kingdom and throne
 Why eager vain honors to share ?

If sure that eternity's mine,
 To dwell at the right hand of God,
 Approved in His likeness to shine,
 Why heed then the popular nod ?

My spirit scarce dares to explore
 The glory awaiting above,
 In outset she stops to adore,
 In gratitude, wonder, and love.

NIGHT SONGS.

JOB 35 : 10.

IN night's dark and dreary gloom
 Shading like the rayless tomb,
 When dire fancies come in throngs,
 Where is He who giveth songs ?

When as with a thunder-cloud,
 Troubles all the heavens enshroud,—
 Every change the woe prolongs,
 Where is He who giveth songs ?

Mourning o'er a hardened race
 Who requite the Gospel's grace
 With disdain or cruel wrongs,—
 Where is He who giveth songs ?

But though all be dark and cold
 To a soul of heavenly mould,
 And nought on earth to it belongs,
 Still God my Maker giveth songs.

BAPTISM AT A MISSION.

BUDS and blossoms of our race
 In this desert wild appear,
 What but genial dews of grace
 Can their darksome prospect cheer ;
 Beset with evil thorns around,
 And drooping on accursed ground.

As the rills in eastern lands,
 Turned in fertilizing flow,
 Cause e'en sultry barren sands
 Eden's comeliness to show,
 So from heaven's current, full and clear,
 Fain would we pour some life-drops here.

Here we sprinkle on their brows
 Symbol dews of Gospel love,
 Here record parental vows,
 Them to train for climes above ;
 O may sweet grace, like heavenly rain,
 Wash from their spirit every stain.

Precious plants,* in former days,
 Watered by baptismal showers,
 Bloom now in celestial rays,
 Twined with trees of life in bowers ;
 These tender buds of hope and prayer,
 At length we trust will flourish there.

SABBATH AT SEA.

WHILE sailing on the pathless sea,
 O God of grace, remember me ;
 Thy holy Sabbaths help me keep,
 And praise thee on the mighty deep.

* Alluding to the deceased children of the mission.

Thy temples in my native land,
 How fair, invitingly they stand,
 My spirit wings away to hear
 The songs and word which echo there.

Be thou my sanctuary, Lord,
 Pour light divine upon thy word ;
 O let the Holy Spirit prove
 My heirship through the Saviour's love.

Conduct me safe, life's voyage o'er,
 To that delightful happy shore,
 Where thy glorious temple stands,
 The home of saints and angel bands.

SABBATH ON THE DEEP.

How charming is the Sabbath morn,
 Sweet zephyrs gently breathe ;
 Bright beams of gold the sky adorn,
 In smiles the light waves wreath.

Upon the bosom of the sea
 We smoothly glide along,
 And heavenly hosts look down to see,—
 They join our morning song.

Ye sister spirits, blest above,
 Our voyage will be o'er
 Ere long, we'll then unite in love
 On heaven's eternal shore.

That Sabbath of celestial rest
 We seek with strong desire ;
 Immortal joys will fill our breast,
 And love divine inspire.

DEVOTION ON THE DEEP.

UPON the Gallilean wave,
 Once Christ divine instruction gave,
 A fisher's bark His chapel stood,
 Poised lightly on the yielding flood.

Throngs forward bend with listening ear,—
 The winds and waves seem hushed to hear ;
 His voice in majesty serene
 With solemn grandeur crowns the scene.

Hadst thou been there, son of the sea,
 Thou wouldst have heard attentively,
 Attend to-day, here Christ the Lord
 Proclaims salvation through His word.

Obey His voice, secure His love,
 Make for the port of peace above ;
 Avoid where waves of folly roll,
 Beware the shipwreck of the soul.

PRAYER FOR SEAMEN.

O God, have mercy on the race
That rove the restless sea,
Grant them thy blessing and thy grace,
To fear and follow thee.

While every clime and coast they rove,
And often peril all,
Give them a heart to look above,
On one true Friend to call.

May heavenly hope, an anchor sure,
Save them in every gale,
And hold their soul in courses pure,
When trying storms assail.

To that fair haven in the sky,
Where wind and wave no more
Shall howling come with misery,
Guide them when life is o'er.

The joyous home, the quiet rest,
They little share below,
On better shores may they be blest,
While endless ages flow.

NO MORE SEA.

REV. 21 : 1.

I saw the old creation go,
 The heavens and earth all flee,
 The new creation's morning glow,—
 And there was no more sea.

No surging billows smote the shore,
 No shipwrecks lined the lee,
 Hushed was the blast of ocean's roar,
 For there was no more sea.

The howling wind, and hardened heart,
 The seaborne blasphemy,
 The reckless life, its fatal smart,
 The fierce low tyranny,

All vanished with the angry foam,
 And left all creatures free,
 In one unbounded happy home,
 For there was no more sea.

A paradise from east to west,
 From north to south I see,
 Immortal hosts in union blest,
 For there is no more sea.

Nought kindred spirits to divide,
 Or mar their ecstasy,
 While ranging new creation wide,
 Unsevered by a sea.

ISLAND OF MORTALITY.

WHAT oceans of trouble and sorrow surround
 The island of mortals below !
 What tempests of trial sweep o'er the profound
 And plough up the channels of woe.

What spectres and spirits of evil career,
 Like pirates of hell on this sea !
 What monsters in shoals of destruction appear,
 To gorge on poor creatures like me.

Yet through these dark waters of horror and death,
 Poor mortals must swim for a shore ;
 And struggle with furies, while panting for breath,
 Reach land, or sink down evermore.

What millions untold are devoured on the deep !
 How bloody the dark waters roll !
 So awful the ruin, a God e'en might weep
 This anguish and loss of the soul.

And did not sweet mercy, so lovely, divine,
 Come down on an errand of love ?
 To save sinful man from the foes of the brine,
 And bear him to havens above ?

Sure hope's life preserver she bound on his breast,
 And faith as a talisman gave,
 To guide and protect to the shores of the blest,
 And strengthen to combat the wave.

Fear not ! she enjoined, an invisible Friend
 Will walk o'er the wave with thee there,
 Almighty to succor, and quick to defend,—
 Swim boldly, and never despair.

This isle thou must leave, and no option remains,
 But cross or forever sink down,
 Haste then for the far, the bright happy plains,—
 The bliss of the conqueror's crown.

SABBATH WELCOMED.

HOLY Sabbath, glad I hail thee,
 In this dark and weary land ;
 May no worldly cares assail me,
 While before the Lord I stand.

Let me feel the Spirit moving
 Sweet and strongly on my heart,
 All my feelings, acts approving,
 With the proof He'll ne'er depart.

Gates of glory, open o'er me,
 Downward roll immortal songs,
 Till attuned my heart adores thee,
 Thee to whom all praise belongs.

O for wings of seraph fleetness,
 Heaven to scale and there to sing
 Anthems of celestial sweetness,
 Glory to my God and King.

A KARAVAN SABBATH.

O when will the Sabbath come,
Of everlasting rest !
O when wilt thou take me home,
Dear Saviour, to thy breast.

My spirit in sadness sighs
For peace and joy above ;
I gaze on the distant skies,
With longing, ardent love.

The sounds of earth, how they pain
And vex my ear to-day !
And my eyes, they search in vain,
For throngs on Zion's way.

A thousand caravan bells,
With ceaseless jingling sound,
And blending shouts and yells,
This blessed day confound.

Shall another rest of mine,
Labor like this away ?
Ere the happy morn shall shine,
Of heaven's eternal day.

SABBATH PRIZED.

HOLY Sabbath, swiftly gliding,
 Bear me on thy wings along,
 Where the hours, so blest, abiding,
 Swell redemption's endless song.

Sabbath days on earth are fleeting,
 And oft broke by worldly things,
 And the Christian's sweetest meeting
 Speedy separation brings.

But the day of praise and glory,
 That awaits the saint above,
 Knows no moments transitory,
 No decline of holy love.

Soon will rise that blessed morning,
 Beaming brightly in our eyes,
 Soon with robes and crowns adorning,
 Christ will bear us to the skies.

 SABBATH TWILIGHT.

How sweet is the twilight, how soft it is fading
 Away from the mellow and beauteous sky ;
 And east where the evening more darkly is shading,
 Faint glimmer the orbs that bespangle the sky.

As balmy the air as a zephyr of Eden
 When silently breathing o'er flowers asleep,
 And as peaceful the scene as if men were heeding
 The mandate of Heaven, the blest Sabbath to keep.

Alas, the blest Sabbath so often returning
 To favor the pious with prospects of heaven,
 It cannot be hallowed by those that are spurning
 The Gospel of Him who the Sabbath has given.

O when will this day waken fervent devotion
 In all who inhabit this beautiful plain ; *
 And the church-going bell rouse pious emotion,
 And Christ here descend by His Spirit to reign.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HEAR the songs of Zion sounding
 From the temple of the Lord ;
 Grace and joy divine abounding,
 Free to all who seek His word.

Now the notes more lofty swelling
 Echo upward to the sky,
 Peace and blest redemption telling,
 Bought for sinners such as I.

Come, O friends, and join the chorus,
 Shout the Saviour's matchless name,
 Bless the gracious hand that bore us
 Here His glory to proclaim.

* Khoy, Persia.

Come, ye people of His pleasure,
 Seek and serve the Lord to-day,
 Take the Gospel's boundless treasure,
 This the hour, make no delay.

Hark, the choirs of heaven are singing,
 O what rapture pours along !
 Through the blissful mansions ringing,
 Swells the new the glorious song.

SABBATH DESIRED.

MY soul it is weary
 With labor and care,
 In regions so dreary,
 I'm longing to share
 The rest and the joy of the sweet Sabbath day,
 To strengthen my spirit to speed on its way.

Descend, King of glory,
 And bear me above,
 Repeat the blest story
 Of infinite love :
 O grant me the rapture I often have known,
 Communing so free at the foot of thy throne.

Though weak and unworthy
 Thy favor to share,
 Let this not deter thee
 To make me thy care ;
 O sanctify, robe me in mercy divine,
 And let thine own merits imputed be mine.

With hosts that adore thee
 In glory on high,
 Let me bow before thee,
 And find thee as nigh,
 Thou great Omnipresent, thou Lord over all,
 O hear me and bless me, respond to my call.

~~~~~

DAWN OF THE SABBATH.

Lo, the shadows flee away,  
 Hail, the blessed Sabbath day,  
 Haste we joyful on our way  
 To the house of God.

Earth is now a peaceful scene,  
 Heaven in brightness shines serene,  
 While we throng with solemn mein  
 Where our fathers trod.

Praise the Lord with all our powers,  
 Bless Him for these sacred hours,—  
 Friends of Zion, count her towers,  
 Safe we worship here.

Free salvation we proclaim,  
 Glory in our Saviour's name,  
 Who our foes for us o'ercame,—  
 Banished every fear.

O descend celestial Dove,  
 Fire our hearts anew with love,  
 Bear us on thy wings above,  
 Mingling in the throng,

Who with ceaseless joy and praise,  
 Bliss'ul alleluias raise,  
 And mid glory's brightest blaze,  
 Tune their rapt'rous song.

---

PRECIOUS SABBATH.

PRECIOUS Sabbath, kindly given,  
 Antepast of that in heaven,  
 Where eternal praise and joy  
 Saints and angels e'er employ.

O they glory in the day,  
 Which to them ne'er fades away ;  
 Holy they in rapture sing,  
 Hymning the thrice holy King.

Careless mortals, why despise  
 Hours descended from the skies ;—  
 Scatt'ring on the downward road  
 Blessings that should lead to God.

Why, O why neglect the soul,  
 Why reject the Lord's control,  
 Why so madly cast away  
 Each returning Sabbath day.

Sabbaths ne'er are known in hell,  
 Would you there forever dwell ?  
 Heaven keeps endless day of rest,  
 Will you there with saints be blest ?

## SABBATH SUMMONS.

WAKE, ye heralds of salvation,  
 'Tis the Lord's appointed day ;  
 Joyful hasten to your station,  
 Grace proclaiming, praise and pray.

By the foolishness of preaching,  
 God is pleased the soul to save,  
 Warn ye all, with tears beseeching  
 To avoid a sinner's grave.

Tell redemption's matchless story,  
 Charge the careless to give ear,  
 Cheer the Christian on to glory,  
 Showing his redemption's near.

God of grace and consolation,  
 Think on those thou dost employ !  
 Clothe thy servants with salvation,  
 That thy saints may shout for joy.

---

 THIRD SERVICE.

THE blessed Sabbath's evening shade  
 Is stealing on the sky,  
 The record for the day is made,  
 And sealed of God on high.

Yet once again this closing hour,  
 The Gospel is proclaimed,  
 Come, ye who fain would feel its power,  
 Come, all who Christ have named.

The moments misimproved to-day,  
 Now labor to redeem,  
 While Jesus waits to hear you pray,  
 And grace is still the theme.

Your Sabbaths soon will have an end,  
 Yea, this may be the last ;  
 Come, make your final Judge your Friend,  
 Ere this brief hour is past.

O Christian, is thy work complete,  
 If this your last should prove ?  
 Are you prepared the Lord to meet,  
 And reign with Him above.



#### OUR INTERCESSOR.

AWAKE, my ransomed soul,  
 To sing the Saviour's love,  
 On Him thy cares and sorrows roll,  
 And mount with joy above.

Thy trials and thy woe  
 Attract His pit'ing eyes,  
 His tender sympathies o'erflow  
 E'en at thy secret sighs.

Before th' eternal throne  
 He intercedes for thee ;  
 Mid foes thou art not left alone,  
 He gives thee victory.

Yes, triumph in His name  
 Shall crown thy latest hour,  
 When rising with seraphic flame,  
 And with immortal power.

Then let thy anthems rise,  
 And rapturous adore,  
 Join in the worship of the skies,  
 And praise Him evermore.



#### WORSHIP ABOVE.

SAY, what notes of rapture rise  
 Mid the saint and angel throng ?  
 What glad anthem through the skies  
 Pours melodiously along ?

In these hallowed evening hours  
 Of the blessed Sabbath day,  
 What is heard in Eden's bowers ?  
 Ever bright with heavenly ray.

Has redemption lost its charms ?  
 Sing they now another theme ?  
 What the strain their spirit warms,  
 Makes their face with glory beam.

Hark ! the name of Jesus swells  
 From their sounding harps of gold ;  
 List again ! the chorus tells  
 'Tis the song ne'er waxes old.

Mortal voices join the strain,  
 Catch the true seraphic fire,  
 Bought with blood and born again,  
 Soon to sweep a heavenly lyre.

---

SABBATH HYMN.

WAKE, my soul, and tune thy lyre,  
 Shines the blessed Sabbath day,  
 Catch the music and the fire  
 Of a seraph's blissful lay.

This the day salvation brings  
 From the gates of glory wide ;  
 Hark ! the heavenly chorus sings  
 Man is saved through Him who died.

See the churches militant  
 Moving on in long array,  
 How their souls with ardor pant,  
 Victory to win to-day.

Victory through Christ their King,  
 Captain of their glorious host ;  
 Hark ! their shouts triumphant ring,  
 Now he meets them at their post.



See their banners proudly wave,  
 Fair and lovely as the moon,  
 Shedding radiance o'er the brave,  
 Like the cloudless sun at noon.

Shall the field be fought and won,  
 Nor this longing soul be there ?  
 Let me aid in battle done,  
 Ere the priceless spoils I share.

~~~~~

SABBATH NIGHT.

THE Sabbath sun has set,
 Its hours will soon be o'er,
 But noon is shining yet
 Where spirits blest adore.

No evening shade they fear
 To close their Sabbath day,
 The Sun of glory near
 Shines with refulgent ray.

Mid brightness increate,
 Eternal still the same,
 They in the temple wait,
 Themselves a shining flame.

Ah, do they stoop to hear
 Our brief and feeble praise ?
 In places chill and drear
 Compared with heavenly blaze.

Yet God, their sovereign Lord,
Comes down our souls to bless,
When we with sweet accord
Implore His bounteous grace.

The happy choirs on high,
Our envy shall not move,
We'll meet them when we die,
In praise and bliss and love.

~~~~~

PRAISE FOR SABBATH MERCIES.

O Lord of the Sabbath, we praise and adore,  
For all the rich mercies enjoyed to-day ;  
And now when the hour of our worship is o'er,  
We join in an anthem, then part on our way.

Thy temples we love, we would make them our home,  
And praise till our Saviour conveys us on high,  
But duties thou givest compel us to roam,  
Where labor and sorrow oft causes the sigh.

Almighty Jehovah, go with us in love,  
Secure us from evil and comfort our heart,  
Till meeting again, or united above,  
Where blest with thy presence we never shall part.

How long, blessed Saviour, ere we shall appear  
As princes in glory, adorned with thy grace,  
We sinners unworthy yet ransomed so dear,  
When shall we forever behold face to face.

## SACRED MUSIC.

STRIKE the lyre so loud and clear  
 Drowsy souls may wake and hear,  
 Hear with joy and join the song,  
 And its gladsome notes prolong.

Give it all the charming thrill  
 That an angel's heart might fill ;  
 Full, resistless, like the sea,  
 Pour its tuneful waves on me.

Let it echo to the lyres  
 Struck by heaven's extatic choirs,  
 And in sweetest melody  
 Blend with heavenly harmony.

Let redemption task the chords,  
 Tell the infinite rewards  
 That await the spirits pure,  
 Who in faith and love endure.

Soon the drowsy chills below  
 Never more shall damp thy glow,  
 Like the sun's exhaustless rays  
 Joy shall beam and ardor blaze.

## LAST SABBATH NIGHT OF THE YEAR

THE last Sabbath night of the year  
 Is silently gliding away,  
 These fifty-two Sabbaths appear  
 Scarce more than a short winter day.

Ah, have they brought over my heart  
 A winter of deadness and gloom!  
 Intended by Heaven to impart  
 Bright verdure and sweetest perfume.

The softest and pleasantest shower  
 That ever distils from the skies  
 Stern winter transforms, and the flower  
 It touches is frozen and dies.

So mercies upon a cold heart  
 Fall heavy and chilling as hail,  
 O Lord, let not this be my part,  
 Let love o'er my coldness prevail.

Sweet mercies as fresh as they leave  
 The portals of goodness on high,  
 So glowing, O may I receive  
 Each blessing henceforth till I die.

O help me with zeal to improve  
 Each Sabbath with which I am blessed,  
 And soar on the latest above  
 To the Sabbath of infinite rest.

## HOPE IN TROUBLE.

MY hope is firm, an anchor sure,  
 Nor shipwreck do I fear ;  
 But oh how long shall night endure,  
 O when will morn appear !

The storms of sin are howling loud,  
 The waves of trouble rise,  
 And dismal is the midnight cloud  
 That veils the threat'ning skies.

My little bark is sorely tossed  
 Upon the raging sea,  
 And quickly would be whelmed and lost,  
 If only stayed by me.

Such fearful sights and sounds assail,  
 And tempt me to despair,  
 My strength and courage sure would fail,  
 Alone these ills to bear.

But God unseen is guarding me,  
 The Saviour's with me here ;  
 Though now His face I cannot see,  
 At length He will appear.

Then higher joy and purer praise  
 Shall swell my grateful breast,  
 And long unclouded happy days  
 Lead to eternal rest.

## PATIENTLY WAITING.

ON the Lord with patience wait,  
 O my soul, and ne'er despair,  
 Humbly knock at mercy's gate,  
 None e'er perished pleading there.

For thy good He now delays  
 Peace and rapture to bestow ;  
 But at length with joy and praise  
 Shall thy bosom overflow.

When thy vaunting pride is dead,  
 When self-confidence abased,  
 When all unbelief has fled,  
 Then shalt thou His goodness taste.

Chast'ning with paternal care,  
 Fitting thee on high to shine,  
 Now He makes thee trials bear,  
 That a crown may then be thine.

---

 FOR A MOMENT FORSAKEN.

I wondered my comfort had fled,  
 That Jesus no longer appeared,  
 His smiles and His blessings to shed  
 On work His own Spirit had reared.

Since all He has done, will He leave—  
 Reject His own labor of love ?  
 Of hope my poor spirit bereave ?  
 The hope of His presence above.

No ; only a season removed,  
 That time may confirm what is wrought,  
 Which will, by a trial improved,  
 To glorious perfection be brought.

His favor will soon be restored,  
 Grace richer than ever before  
 Upon me in fulness be poured,  
 And He then will leave me no more.

---

#### ADDRESS TO CONVERTS.

YE happy converts of the Lord,  
 Glorifying in His grace and word,  
 O let me join your heavenly song,  
 For to your Saviour I belong.

Long have I been for Zion bound,  
 And many joys and trials found,  
 Journeying on to heaven my home,  
 Where arrived no more I'll roam.

The rapture of your song inspires  
 My heart with new and strong desires  
 To see my Saviour, God above,  
 And share and sing His boundless love.

O trust and triumph in His grace,  
 And sing unceasingly His praise,  
 His goodness and His power proclaim,  
 Till all shall learn and love His name.

And while ye love Him more and more,  
 In growing raptures sing, adore,  
 O let your hearts forever be  
 Joined in the bonds of unity.

---

CONFERENCE EVENING.

THE Conf'ence eve again returns,  
 Come, dearest neighbors, let us join,  
 While holy zeal within us burns,  
 In prayer and praises sweet, divine.

We'll cheer the days of toil and care  
 Now with an hour of heavenly rest,  
 And contemplate the prospect fair,  
 When we with Jesus shall be blest.

O let our hearts united rise  
 To God our Father and our Friend,  
 Who watches o'er us from the skies,  
 Whose blessings free on us descend.

From every heart let hardness flee,  
 And all be linked in bonds of love,  
 Our union and our spirit be  
 Like that inspiring joy above.



Soon we a band who love the Lord  
 Shall meet around our Saviour's throne,  
 To glory in the rich reward  
 He purchased with a dying groan.

---

**PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.**

God of love and free salvation,  
 Hear our fervent supplication,  
     Send the blessed Spirit down ;  
 Pious souls in love awaking,  
 Stubborn hearts with terror shaking,  
     Now thy word with favor crown.

Let each dull, each false professor,  
 To the glorious Intercessor,  
     Now for hope and pardon flee ;  
 On the careless pour conviction,  
 Till in penitent affliction,  
     At thy throne they bend the knee.

May the convert train increasing,  
 Shout thy praise with joy unceasing,  
 While the angels join above,  
 To recount the wondrous story,  
 Sinners made the heirs of glory,  
     And exalt redeeming love.

Blessed Saviour, leave us never,  
 Gracious Spirit, stay forever,

Carry on the work divine ;  
 True repentance, faith bestowing,  
 Till the world with grace o'erflowing,  
 Shall with heavenly radiance shine.

---

**CALL TO SINNERS.**

ATTEND, O sinner, God is near,  
 Repentance to bestow,  
 His Spirit wakes your anxious fear,  
 And warns of endless woe.

Let not a proud rebellious heart  
 Betray you down to hell ;  
 Avoid the tempter's guileful art,  
 And aim with saints to dwell.

A hope of heaven you cherish now,  
 Though conscious it is vain,  
 You know you must to Jesus bow,  
 If you would with Him reign.

Grieve not the Holy Ghost away,  
 While grace is freely given,  
 What multitudes by proud delay  
 Have lost all hope of heaven.

Come humbly at this solemn hour,  
 And pard'ning grace implore,  
 Believe the Saviour's will and power  
 To save you evermore.

**STUBBORN SINNER.**

**STUBBORN, unrelenting soul,  
Fearing neither God nor man,  
While the distant thunders roll,  
Rest in your rebellious plan.**

**But the storm of wrath divine,  
Speedily is coming on,  
And that hardened soul of thine,  
Will forever be undone.**

**Whelmed like Sodom in a flood  
Of undying dreadful flame,  
You may think on Jesus' blood,  
How you scorned His precious name.**

**Sinner, by the woes that wait,  
Ever on your soul to prey,  
And by mercy's open gate,—  
Turn and flee the downward way.**

**Haughty spirit, weak as proud,  
Now the warning voice obey,  
Better to be lowly bowed,  
Than be crushed in terror's day.**

## CONTRITE SINNER.

WEEPING sinner, ne'er despair,  
 Jesus hears your bitter cry ;  
 Humbled souls are still His care,  
 To His cross for safety fly.

Hasten while the Spirit strives,  
 While the woe of sin you feel,  
 While distress your bosom rives,  
 To the sinner's Friend appeal.

Ling'ring yet ! poor sinner, why  
 Sit and weep at mercy's door ?  
 Enter while the Saviour's nigh,  
 Falling at His feet adore.

He will wash your guilt away,  
 Clothe you in His righteousness,  
 And redeeming love display,  
 Filling you with happiness.

---

 CONVERT'S JOY IN CHRIST.

O the Saviour ! bless His name,  
 Praise Him with seraphic flame,  
 O I feel His love divine,  
 Filling this poor heart of mine.

How could I reject Him so,  
 Choose the ways of sin and woe ;  
 Long despised, how could He smile,  
 On a sinful wretch so vile.

Saints proclaim His power and love,  
 Let us join the songs above,  
 O ye sinners, come and bow,  
 Love the blessed Jesus now !

Gracious Saviour, I am thine,  
 And I feel that thou art mine,  
 Let me rest in thy dear arms,  
 And forever view thy charms.

---

#### PRAYER FOR SINNERS.

FRIENDS of Jesus, all who share  
 Int'rest at His gracious throne,  
 Thither now in faith repair,  
 Make these sinners' case your own.

Plead with agonizing heart  
 All the merits of the Cross,  
 Till the Lord doth grace impart,  
 Souls to save from endless loss.

Humbly yet with boldness come,  
 Importune with faith and zeal,  
 Till He take the mourning home,  
 Till He melt the heart of steel.

Int'rests of immortal worth  
 Hang upon this fleeting hour,  
 Sealed may be the second birth,  
 Or destruction's fatal power.

---

**CONVERT'S PEACE.**

My burden of sorrow has fled,  
 And peace in my bosom now reigns,  
 Each foe and each trouble seems dead,  
 I cannot recover my pains.

I try, yet no more can I weep,  
 Nor longer am able to mourn,  
 Like vessels upon the smooth deep,  
 My soul now is tranquilly borne.

Has the Spirit forsaken me quite,  
 To float down the stream of despair?  
 O how can such peaceful delight  
 Be found by lost wanderers there.

The Saviour I love and adore,  
 And though he should bid me depart,  
 Yet still I must love more and more,  
 And pour forth the praise of my heart.

These feelings, delightfully strange,  
 O why in my heart do they rise!  
 Can it be the great merciful change  
 Has made me an heir of the skies.

**CONVERT'S TRIAL.**

AH, wherefore has sorrow returned,  
 And how have my foes all revived !  
 My spirit seraphicly burned,  
 But now e'en of hope is deprived.

I thought every enemy slain,  
 That earth was an Eden to me,  
 That trouble I never again  
 Nor doubt of my safety should see.

But O what a conflict I feel,  
 A battle at midnight is fought,  
 And though to my God I appeal,  
 My soul in captivity's brought.

My enemies vaunt and deride,  
 And conscience reproaches me too,  
 Was spirit like mine ever tried !  
 Ye Christians, say, what must I do ?

I neither can hope nor despair,  
 The heavens are all closed when I pray ;  
 O let me to Jesus repair,  
 Ye servants of His, show the way.

And why from His side did you part,  
 And wander away among foes ;  
 Let penitence melt down your heart,  
 For here is the cause of your woes.

## ASSAULTS OF SIN.

AH, when will sin assail no more,  
 When will my sorrows all be o'er,  
 And perfect purity be given  
 To qualify my soul for heaven.

When will temptation cease to find  
 The least approaches to my mind,  
 And all the guileful arts of hell  
 Forever bid my soul farewell.

O let an infinite remove  
 Divide from all I disapprove,  
 From all my spirit loathes, contemns,  
 From all my blessed Lord condemns.

My gracious God, before thy face  
 I humbly bow and sue for grace,  
 To help me fight the fight of faith,  
 And die a victor's glorious death.

---

 CONVERT'S SONG.

WAKE again the convert's song,  
 Pour the joyful notes along,  
     Hope is shining clear,  
 Let triumphant accents swell,  
 O'er the vanquished host of hell,—  
     Our Redeemer's here.



In His blessed, matchless name,  
 We the haughty foe o'ercame,  
     Praise Him joyful band ;  
 Sing His boundless grace and love,  
 All our sins and woes above,  
     And the law's demand.

Elder brother, Lord divine,  
 Make us all forever thine,  
     Ne'er to leave thee more ;  
 Whatsoe'er the trial be,  
 Help us still to follow thee,  
     Trust thee and adore.

In our last expiring hour,  
 Grant us comfort, joy and power,  
     Death to overcome ;  
 Waft our parting souls away,  
 To the realms of endless day,  
     Our eternal home.

---

**REVIVING IMPLORER.**

LORD, give our faith increase,  
 Grant fervor to our prayer,  
 Let heavenly joy and peace  
 Now banish every care.

Awake the sinners round,  
 And bring them to the cross,  
 Till not a soul is found  
 Exposed to endless loss.

O may the Spirit come  
 And quicken every heart,  
 And make with us His home  
 Hence never to depart.

How long, O God of grace,  
 Shall sin and darkness reign,  
 Reveal thy smiling face,  
 Nor let our hope be vain.

Salvation shed abroad,  
 Till, sharing, all rejoice,  
 And join thy name to laud,  
 With grateful heart and voice.

---

**REVIVING SOUGHT.**

O LORD, revive my drooping heart  
 With graces from above,  
 The Holy Spirit free impart  
 To fire my soul with love.

I mourn my deadness to the joy  
 Of intercourse with thee,  
 And grieve that vanities destroy  
 The peace imparted me.

O send the Comforter to dwell  
Forever in my breast,  
Nor let one wrong emotion swell  
To mar the heavenly rest.

May He direct, sustain, and bless  
Each effort, plan, and aim,  
My duty make my happiness,—  
My soul a heavenly flame.

## CHAPTER X.

DEVOTEDNESS, MISSIONARY, THANKSGIVING.

---

### GUARD THY CROWN.

REV. 3 : 11.

GUARD the graces, O my soul,  
Christ on thee has showered down,  
Lest some sin should gain control,  
Lest a foe should take thy crown.

See it beaming there above,  
Gemmed with stars so brilliantly ;  
Shall that gift of Jesus' love  
Be forever lost to thee ?

Guile and malice plot to win,  
Force would wrest it from thy hand,  
Now allures the fairest sin,  
Then assails the fiercest band.

Wilt thou yield the glorious prize ?  
Faith exulting just attains ;

See it deck the distant skies ?  
 Whelmed, poor soul, in endless pains.

What to thee earth's diadems,  
 What its pleasures, or renown !  
 What fair learning's choicest gems,  
 If thou lose that heavenly crown.



#### IMITATION OF CHRIST.

LIKE thee, blest Saviour, fain would I  
 My God, Creator, glorify ;  
 Like thee, what He appoints pursue,  
 And finish what He gives to do.

My zeal the day should witness bear,  
 The night be hallowed by my prayer,  
 Each act, each thought, each pulse should tell  
 What pure desires, my bosom swell.

I would in holy ardor be  
 A living sacrifice to thee ;  
 Through Christ I should acceptance find,  
 And draw down blessings on mankind.

My duties done, my work complete,  
 I should a welcome plaudit meet,  
 A glorious crown, reserved above,  
 Would then reward my pious love.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

O when, dear Saviour, shall my heart  
O'erflow unceasing with thy love ;  
And sin's last ling'ring stain depart,  
And leave me like a saint above.

When shall I feel and toil for thee  
As would a seraph from the skies ;  
When shall this soul and body be  
To God a constant sacrifice.

O when shall I transformed appear  
In those bright graces thou didst wear,  
While toiling, suffering, dying here,  
That I eternal bliss might share.

Thy life for man a ransom given,  
Th' eternal glories brighter shine,—  
To guide souls in the way to heaven,  
Exalt thy name and praise be mine.



WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

PSALM 130 : 6—8.

As the weary watch at night  
Look and long for morning light,  
While the dang'rous post they keep,  
Or the sick, deprived of sleep :

So, more anxious far than they,  
 Waits my soul, till God display  
 Sovereign grace, my heart to bless,—  
 Sinners turn to righteousness.

I will hope in God my shield,  
 Till salvation be revealed ;  
 With the Lord is mercy found,  
 Grace and love with Him abound.

Thou the sinner wilt redeem,  
 Washed in the atoning stream  
 From his guilt, he will proclaim  
 Free redemption in thy name.



### HUMAN AND DIVINE LOVE.

If all the pure and tender love  
 That mortal bosoms know,  
 And crowned with blessings from above,  
 In full and peaceful flow,

Were poured into my thrilling heart,  
 In one unceasing tide,  
 Till rapture swelled through every part,  
 Nor thought wished aught beside :

Through grace, with joy, I'd leave it all,  
 If duty should require,  
 And follow at the Saviour's call  
 Through hatred's fiercest fire.

The love of Christ, supreme alone,  
 So blissful, so divine,  
 Shall reign unrivalled on the throne  
 Of this poor heart of mine.

---

CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

ROM. 7 : 21—25.

YES, I too suffer like to thee,  
 Beloved brother Paul ;  
 And crushed with death and misery,  
 For some deliverer call.

The law of sin that still retains  
 Such power within my breast,  
 Oft leads me captive, bound in chains,  
 With shame and guilt oppressed.

Yet 'tis my inward chief delight  
 The holy law to keep,  
 'Tis dearer to me than my sight,—  
 Transgression makes me weep.

But when I would with purpose true  
 My heart to it apply,  
 And paths of righteousness pursue,  
 Some evil then is nigh.

Thanks be to God, through Christ my King  
 This war will soon be o'er,  
 And victory with joy I'll sing,  
 Where sin assails no more.



## SIGNS OF SADNESS.

My heart with sorrow swells  
For follies of its own,  
And conscience all my errors tells,  
And I am left to moan.

But deeper is my grief  
A world in sin to see ;  
O shall I never find relief  
From all this misery !

Through waters deep and dark,  
By howling winds I'm driven,  
Will not my trembling feeble bark  
By giant waves be riven ?

No ; One unseen is near  
Who rules the raging sea ;  
I will not yield my heart to fear,  
Since He remembers me.

These troubles soon will end,  
And peace and joy be mine ;  
My voice with saints and seraphs blend  
In melodies divine.

## IT IS ENOUGH!

1 Kings 19 : 4.

It is enough ! the prophet cries,  
 Now take my life away !  
 But God the rash request denies,  
 And sends a brighter day.

It is enough ! my faithless soul  
 Too often doth repeat,  
 When waves of disappointment roll  
 And all my hopes defeat.

But 'tis enough that I have sinned,  
 Enough provoked my Lord,  
 Enough pursued the fleeting wind,  
 And found a vain reward.

O let me strive enough of grace—  
 Of duty to achieve,  
 And haste to see my Saviour's face,  
 And in His bosom live.



## THANKS FOR GUIDANCE.

GLORY to Him who guides my way,  
 And kindly checks me, when I stray,  
 With providential hand ;

Who gives me grace to bear the pain,  
 In love inflicted to restrain  
 To His divine command.

How had my erring soul been lost,  
 When on the waves of passion tossed,  
 Had He not quelled the flood ;  
 And brought me to the peaceful shore,  
 Him, Him alone to love, adore,  
 With heart, tongue, hands, or blood.

To Him I consecrate my all,  
 And only wait to hear His call,  
 That I may quick obey ;  
 Experience has been my test,  
 I know what He ordains is best,  
 Whate'er my wishes say.

He knows my nature and my frame,  
 The influence and future aim  
 Of every act and thought ;  
 And if He doth in me delight,  
 O will He not direct me right,  
 When I His will have sought.

Will He who gives a crown above,  
 Yes, infinite eternal love,  
 Deny a blessing here,  
 Which on the whole is best for me,  
 O no, this cannot, cannot be  
 Of God my Saviour dear.

## YIELDING TO THE DIVINE WILL.

How sweet to yield me to the will  
 Of Him whom I adore ;  
 And feel His gracious presence fill  
 My bosom more and more.

How sweet to feel His sympathy  
 In every cross I bear,  
 Assured He doth remember me,—  
 Doth in the trial share.

How sweet myself to sacrifice  
 For Him who died for me,  
 And in the altar's flame to rise,  
 His smiling face to see.

How sweet to trust with all my heart  
 Him whom my soul doth love ;  
 And know that I shall share a part  
 In His blest reign above.

---

 SUBMISSIVE INQUIRY.

Acts 9 : 6.

WHAT wilt thou that I should do ?  
 Speak, O Lord, and guide me right,  
 Duty place before my view,  
 Gird me with thy grace and might.

Shall I stay and struggle here ?  
 Wilt thou my poor efforts bless ?  
 Shall I leave my hopes held dear,—  
 And this race to wickedness ?

Tell me where to go or stay,  
 Teach me what to do for thee,  
 Give me faith to work and pray,  
 Let me ever faithful be.

Hear me, Lord, I do implore,  
 O reveal thy blessed will ;  
 Shine upon me more and more,  
 Guide and make me useful still.



### WATCHING.

HAB 2 : 1.

WAKEFUL on my watch I'll stand,  
 Set me careful on my tower,  
 Watch and wait for His command,  
 Ready for my judgment hour.

Here my God has stationed me,  
 Bid me watch each movement well,  
 True reporting all I see,  
 Like a faithful sentinel.

Though it may be hard to gaze  
 With a steady watchful eye,  
 Through unnumbered nights and days,  
 Nor a single sign espy ;

Yet till He relieves the post,  
 And commands to march away,  
 Let me watch as if a host  
 Threat'ning came in proud array.

He who stationed me doth know,  
 Why the post should be maintained ;  
 When He bids me leave I'll go,  
 Sure His purpose is attained.

---

CROSS AND CROWN.

MORTAL ! wouldst thou wear a crown ?  
 Here is one with gems divine,  
 Giving empire and renown ;  
 Take it—all forever thine :  
 But see, 'tis hung upon a cross  
 In sign you count all else but loss.

See its radiant glories beam !  
 Such as angels never wore :  
 Mortal seize it ere the dream  
 Of thy fleeting life be o'er !  
 And you shall reign in bright array  
 When earth and time have passed away.

Does a royal soul inspire  
 What thy hand can ne'er attain ?

This confers beyond desire  
 Boundless and eternal reign :  
 But, mortal! who the crown would wear  
 Must first the cross with patience bear.

---

‘**THY KINGDOM COME.**’

OUR Father almighty, enthroned high in glory,  
 The prayer of our Saviour we urge at thy throne,  
 Imploring thee, Lord, to diffuse wide the story  
 Of Christ and His cross, that thy kingdom may come.

We pray for the millions bewildered in error,  
 And groping their way in traditional night ;  
 Deliver them from superstition's false terror,  
 By spreading around them true scriptural light.

We pray for those sects in each Protestant nation,  
 Where light from above is so richly enjoyed,  
 Who mar and corrupt the glad news of salvation,  
 Till spirits immortal are by them destroyed.

Descend, O our God, and the churches deliver,  
 The Jew and the Moslim, the pagan redeem,  
 Let righteousness flow o'er the earth like a river,  
 And light of salvation on every soul beam.

## COAST OF BARBARY.

ONCE on this dread Barbaric shore  
 The Gospel morning brightly shone ;  
 Alas, that dayspring now is o'er,  
 And all its trophies overthrown.

How gloomy now, deserted, bare,  
 Those hills and vales once green and gay,  
 Yet this sad change cannot compare  
 With that which swept the truth away.

Benighted in the pitchy smoke  
 That issued from the deepest pit,  
 And chained as by a palsy stroke,  
 The hapless dwellers, hopeless sit.

How long, O Lord, this wretched night,  
 These galling chains, how long t' endure ;  
 Shed on these shores celestial light,  
 Bestow a faith, redeeming, pure.

Let Afric through her wide domain,  
 O God of love, thy mercy share ;  
 O'er all her tribes, Immanuel, reign,  
 Set up thy throne eternal there.



## CONCERT OF PRAYER.

COME, ye whose supplications  
 With God acceptance find,  
 Unite from various nations,  
 To pray for all mankind :  
 In sin and anguish lying,  
 The ruined world appears,  
 For millions hopeless dying,  
 We pour our burning tears.

Hark, from death's dismal valley  
 Comes their expiring wail ;  
 See hosts infernal rally  
 Our Zion to assail :  
 Her beauteous walls and towers,  
 Shall they in ruin fall ?  
 And now shall adverse powers  
 Complete earth's dreadful thrall.

Are we the generation,  
 To leave the world forlorn ?  
 So blest, yet bar salvation  
 From ages yet unborn ?  
 Shall we this life enjoying,  
 With crowns beyond the grave,  
 No effort be employing  
 The dying world to save.

No ; while the spirit glowing  
 Within our breasts we feel,  
 If blood and treasure flowing  
 With apostolic zeal,

If prayer, if faith victorious,  
 The triumph can obtain,  
 Soon, King Immanuel glorious  
 O'er all the earth shall reign.

---

MISSIONARY THOUGHTS.

PILGRIM saint, what dost thou here,  
 In this dark and cruel land ?  
 I teach the nations God to fear,  
 Obeying Jesus' last command.

Mission child how dar'st thou face  
 Dangers that beset thee round ?  
 I trust the Lord's protecting grace,—  
 High walls of fire his friends surround.

Canst thou hope, so weak, forlorn,  
 Scoffing foes to win, reclaim ?  
 Though I meet reproach and scorn,  
 At length they'll love the Saviour's name.

Dost with zeal and fervor preach ?  
 Making the reluctant hear ;  
 I in the Saviour's manner teach,  
 As different minds the truth can bear.

Say, and dost thou sinners seek,  
 As the Saviour sought the lost ?  
 I temper zeal with wisdom meek,  
 Nor ask what toil what pain 'twill cost.

Wherefore leave thy happy home—  
 Toil and wander here away?  
 Did not the Lord of glory come  
 To ruined earth from heavenly day?

Think of country, parents' tears,  
 When your canvass was unfurled!  
 Remember heaven, lo, God appears  
 Giving His Son to save the world!

Saint, and what is thy reward  
 For privation, toil and pain?  
 My hope, my portion is the Lord,  
 And Christ is my eternal gain.

---

#### CONCERT CRIES.

God of Missions, hear our prayer,  
 Mid benighted nations kneeling,  
 Weak, we to thy throne repair,  
 To thy promise firm appealing.

Grant us more of love divine,  
 Faith and works in us exciting;  
 Let Christ in our conduct shine,  
 God and all the good delighting.

Gird us with thy mighty power,  
 Sin and Satan's wiles defeating;  
 O bring near the joyful hour,  
 All thy gracious work completing.

Pour upon us from on high  
 Grace like rivers overflowing,  
 Jesus' name now glorify,  
 Goodness on each soul bestowing.

Let the nations join their voice,  
 Blissful alleluias singing ;  
 Let earth in thy smile rejoice,  
 Glory, praise to high heaven ringing.

---

. PRAYER FOR THE WORLD.

ALMIGHTY GOD, we seek thy grace  
 To save our lost and guilty race ;  
 With bleeding hearts we see them go  
 Down blindly to eternal woe.

From mighty foes the captive prey  
 We fain would take by force away ;  
 But ah, so feeble is our arm,  
 We cannot shield ourselves from harm.

We plead what Christ our Lord has done,  
 We plead the promise that thy Son  
 The blood-bought world shall all possess,  
 To rule and fill with righteousness.

O Lord, our trust is firm in thee,  
 We look thy mighty power to see ;  
 The world convert, thy grace display,  
 Salvation send while yet we pray.

## PRAYER ON MISSIONARY GROUND.

'Twas sweet when in our native land  
 In social scenes we met,  
 And cordial pressed each other's hand,  
 With love we can't forget.

'Twas sweeter when in prayer and praise,  
 In some blest heavenly place,  
 We felt and witnessed rich displays  
 Of free and saving grace.

And was not that a favored hour  
 We left, no more to meet,  
 Beloved ones in our native bower?  
 Yes, our farewells were sweet.

But sweeter, sweeter to unite  
 On missionary ground,  
 In social joy, in pure delight,  
 Though darkness broods around.

And sweetest is the breath of praise,  
 The voice of grateful prayer,  
 Which meeting missionaries raise,  
 And God meets with them there.

## TURKISH WILDS.

THE wilderness shall hear their voice,  
 The solitary shade  
 At prayer and praise shall loud rejoice,  
 And be with charms arrayed.

The desert shall exult to hear  
 Salvation free proclaimed,  
 And blossoms like the rose shall bear,  
 Where Christ has ne'er been named.

The lofty hills, where shepherds rove  
 Their flocks and herds to tend,  
 With craggy cloud-capt peaks above,  
 A listening ear shall bend.

The swelling joy from torrents loud  
 Shall rise on mountains high,  
 While peaks enveloped in their cloud  
 Roll down the glad reply,—

Hosanna! for the Prince of peace  
 Is come with happy days,  
 The dagger break, from plunder cease,  
 Let heaven respond the praise.

**CONCERT BY RUPHRATES.**

THE Concert hour again has come,  
 Away with gloom and sadness ;  
 For now they pray for us at home,  
 Come, join their voice with gladness.

The snowy head of Ararat  
 Before us is appearing,  
 Our tent is pitched beside the Frât,\*  
 Yet home is more endearing.

For there our friends and kindred dwell,  
 There they are interceding,  
 How fondly now their bosoms swell,  
 While fervent for us pleading.

We'll meet them at the Saviour's throne,  
 And mingle supplication,  
 Our prayers united, He will own,  
 And send us down salvation.

---

**PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES.**

ASLEEP on his pillow the missionary lay,  
 Where the East lies in darkness and sorrow afar,  
 When the lovers of Zion were seen on their way  
 To the Concert of Prayer with the earliest star.

\* Oriental name of Euphrates.

The anthem was chanted, and the promise rehearsed,  
 That throughout the wide world the blest Saviour shall  
     reign,  
 And the fervor of prayer from their spirit that burst,  
 Arose to the mercy-seat, nor pleaded in vain.

But for whom did they pray with strong crying and tears,  
 That Jehovah would crown all his work with success ?  
 Behold, toil-worn and sleeping, afar he appears,  
 Where hard labors and cares oft his spirits oppress.

The true prayer is accepted, and grace from the throne  
 Now descends on the sleeper, and when he awakes,  
 With rich blessings he finds all his pathway is strown,  
 And he wonders, adores, yet unknown for whose sakes.

Now new blossoms unfold and a harvest is near,  
 And his labor of love is now pleasant to bear ;  
 Still he knows not, and haply may never know here,  
 That these blessings were gained at that Concert of Prayer.



### MONTHLY CONCERT.

'Tis the Concert of Prayer,  
 And we hasten to bear  
 Our petitions to Jesus our King ;  
 For the souls we now plead,  
 Which to save He did bleed,  
 And salvation in triumph we sing.



O look down from thy throne  
 And thy heritage own,  
 And reclaim all the world to thy sway ;  
 Heaven's curtains now rend,  
 King of kings, O descend,  
 Let all nations thy sceptre obey.

O what wonders of old,  
 Of thy power are told,  
 Now, we pray, thy omnipotence show ;  
 Let the world be renewed,  
 Let each heart be imbued  
 With thy love, and grace earth overflow.

---

#### SABBATH PRAYER.

REV. 14 : 6.

ALMIGHTY God, enthroned on high,  
 Now bid the Gospel angel fly,  
 And everlasting truth proclaim  
 To all who bear a mortal's name.

Let blinded Jews with rapture see  
 Redemption's glorious mystery ;  
 The Moslim and the pagan hear,—  
 God and His Christ adore and fear.

Let every sect and name below  
 Thy great salvation fully know,  
 And all in harmony combine  
 To celebrate thy praise divine.

Be this the day, and this the hour,  
 To manifest thy glorious power,  
 And quickly let the triumph run  
 To all who dwell below the sun.

Eternal, great and holy King,  
 Ourselves we make thy offering ;  
 On earth we glad hosannas raise,—  
 In heaven with alleluias praise.

---

#### THE DYING MISSIONARY.

FROM parents, brothers, sisters' care,  
 From kindred, friends, a sigh to share,  
 From home and country far away,  
 The dying missionary lay.

Long years of anxious toil had passed,  
 Since he beheld his country last,  
 And gave the thrilling fond farewell !  
 To all on earth he loved so well.

Back to that hour with fervent glow,  
 His swelling thoughts and feelings flow,  
 To kindred loved, to every friend,  
 A dying blessing he would send.

To heaven he lifts his languid eyes,  
 In falt'ring accents meekly cries,  
 My friends afar—this people bless !  
 O God of grace and righteousness !

His soul departed for the skies,  
 A stranger closed his sightless eyes,  
 And bore his poor remains away,  
 To wait the resurrection day.

---

CONCERT PETITIONS.

THOU God of righteousness and grace,  
 We humbly sue to thee,  
 For Jesus' sake, O may our race  
 In love remembered be.

Polluted, proud, rebellious, lost,  
 Blind captives of despair,  
 By every wind of falsehood tost,—  
 With grief we own they are.

And such were we till grace divine  
 Renewed these hearts of ours,  
 Taught us to love this law of thine,  
 And keep with all our powers.

Pour down on every tribe below,  
 Truth in a radiant flood ;  
 Convert from sin and save from woe,  
 Through the Redeemer's blood.

Our efforts urged with flaming zeal,  
 Not one will e'er reclaim ;  
 Our hopes, our hearts to thee appeal,  
 O save for Jesus' name.

## 'THY WILL BE DONE.'

THOU righteous Lord, and Judge of all  
 That dwell below the sun,  
 On thee for help we humbly call,—  
 But let "thy will be done."

For nations sinking in despair,  
 If grace may yet be won,  
 We pour our warm united prayer,  
 But add—thy will be done.

Behold what numbers through the earth  
 With heavenly tidings run,  
 But still we mourn an awful dearth,—  
 Great God, thy will be done.

Has not our sinful race been bought  
 By thine all-worthy Son?  
 Deni'st thou grace when through Him sought?  
 Father, thy will be done.

## GRATEFUL BELIEVER.

WAKE, ye ransomed, chosen band,  
 Strains beyond an angel's lyre,  
 Rescued by Jehovah's hand,  
 From the doom of endless fire.

Why did love and grace divine  
 Choose you from a rebel race,  
 Thus in heavenly robes to shine,  
 Well approved before His face.

Many bound by nature's tie  
 To your once benighted heart,  
 Mercy passed forever by,  
 Justice sternly bids—'depart.'

Humbly bow before the throne,  
 High the grateful anthem swell,  
 Let the praise through heaven be known,  
 Loud, electing goodness tell.

---

#### POWER OF EVIL.

THIS is a dreadful world,  
 It darkens on my sight ;  
 Vast ruin wide is hurled  
 To overwhelm each pure delight :  
 My soul is sick of wand'ring here,  
 And sighs for some more happy sphere.

Where I had hoped for joy,  
 I am beset with woe ;  
 What ceaseless cares annoy,—  
 O whither shall I go !  
 How scape this dreadful world of sin,  
 When will my heavenly rest begin.

To suffer for my Lord,  
 And see His grace abound,  
 Would well itself reward,  
 Be balm for its own wound ;  
 Like saints of old for His dear name,  
 I might rejoice to suffer shame.

But prisoner of state,  
 With Satan for a guard,  
 In calm despair to wait,  
 From action bold debarred—  
 Ah, how it stings !—but peace my soul,  
 'Tis all beneath divine control.

---

#### HEAVENLY JOY.

O let me rejoice in the Lord,  
 Whatever oppresses below ;  
 He is my exceeding reward  
 In trouble and bitterest woe.

If He but endue me with grace,  
 The victory sure will be mine,  
 His hand will remove every trace  
 Of sorrow with goodness divine.

To fall at His feet and adore,  
 Robed in His own righteousness bright,  
 And feel all my troubles are o'er,  
 Will heighten my heavenly delight.

In patience then let me endure,  
 And on my dear Saviour rely,  
 His love and protection are sure,  
 Though ev'ry hope earthly may die.

The sorrows and sighs of to-day  
 Will soon in oblivion lie,  
 Tomorrow conveys me away,  
 In triumph and gladness on high.

---

**- HOW MUCH SHOULD WE GRIEVE?**

How much should a Christian sigh  
 O'er a hardened hopeless race ?  
 How long on the ground should lie,  
 Imploring withholden grace ?

Should he give his soul no rest  
 In joys of a world to come ?  
 Nor lean on the Saviour's breast,  
 And already feel at home.

When glory beams in the skies,  
 And seraphs beckon him there,  
 O may he not turn his eyes  
 From gloomy shades of despair ?

Alas, it is hard to leave  
 What's bound in religious love ;  
 We linger and look and grieve,  
 When we might have joys above.

There will come a welcome day,  
 And all these trials be o'er ;  
 The wicked be far away,—  
 The saint rejoice evermore.

---

**CONCERT SUPPLICATIONS.**

O they are praying! fervently praying!  
 For the conversion of the world ;  
 Gracious Saviour, why art thou delaying?  
 O let thy banners be unfurled.

Ride forth, Immanuel, victorious,  
 Conquer nations bought by thy blood ;  
 Be thy name praised, exalted glorious,  
 And fill all the earth like a flood.

Hasten the day we wait for, desiring,  
 More than gold or earthly renown ;  
 Wealth and ourselves we devote now aspiring  
 To aid in preparing thy crown.

So they are praying! God in His kindness  
 Will hear them and answer their cry ;  
 Though His decrees leave millions in blindness,  
 To wander in error and die.



**'THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.'**

YE who strive a world to save  
 From a dread eternal grave,  
 And in zeal pass land and wave,  
     Distant souls to bless ;

Ne'er forget your neighbors near,  
 Kindred linked in bonds so dear,—  
 Poor and the neglected cheer  
     With Jesus' righteousness.

At the earth's remotest ends  
 Not more freely grace descends  
 Than upon your neighbors, friends  
     Whom you daily meet.

Why should those beneath your eye  
 Unreclaimed in darkness die,  
 And against you loudly cry  
     At the judgment seat.

Spread your blessings far and wide,  
 Cheering realms beyond the tide,  
 But let those just at your side  
     Share as ample grace.

Native land, an infant yet,  
 May thy guardians ne'er forget  
 To discharge the mighty debt  
     Due thy future race.

**EBENEZER—ROCK OF HELP.**

Rock of help with joy we raise,  
 God of mercy, thee we praise,  
 Thither thine almighty hand,  
 Brings us from our native land.

Through the long and toilsome way  
 God has kept us night and day ;  
 He has been our strength and shield,  
 We our grateful praises yield.

Far away on Moslim ground,  
 Hemmed by sin and woe around,  
 All our hope is in the Lord,  
 Trusting in His gracious word.

~~~~~

ALLELUIA.

REV. 19 : 1—6.

ALLELUIA ! loud proclaim
 Glory to Jehovah's name,
 Alleluia, swell the song !
 Power, salvation, honor, might,
 Judgments holy, true and right,
 Ever to our God belong.

40 *

Alleluia ! every foe
 Now is chained in endless woe,
 Alleluia o'er their fall !
 Bow before the Lord our King,
 Amen, Alleluia ! sing,
 God He rules and judges all.

Alleluia ! shout His praise,
 Great and small the chorus raise,
 Alleluia, thunder now !
 God the Lord almighty reigns,
 Louder swell the highest strains,
 Alleluia ! praise and bow.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE.

WAKE thy music, O my soul,
 Let thy joys like rivers roll,
 Onward to the boundless sea
 Of a blest eternity.

Long thy harp unused, unstrung,
 Has upon the willows hung,
 Take it down, and tuning well,
 Bid its notes of rapture swell.

Thou, my soul, must learn to sing
 Strains that please th' eternal King,
 Melodies that fill the skies,
 When all heaven in rapture vies.

Share the full transporting joy,
 Give thy tuneful powers employ,
 Rising with seraphic flame,
 Shout and sing thy Saviour's name.

From thy vileness, from despair,
 Thee He ransoms, makes His care,
 Try the anthems sung above,
 Glory in His matchless love.



SIN'S DEATH.

SHOUT the triumph through the skies,
 Sin the guileful monster dies,
 Dies endless death in woe ;
 From the gates of glory wave
 Banners o'er the pit her grave,—
 The trump of vict'ry blow.

Down to earth salvation sound,
 Let joy ring the world around,
 For holiness now reigns ;
 Every heart is pure and blest,
 God is all in all confest,
 And endless bliss ordains.

Cycles of eternity,
 Bear us from the memory
 Of sin and sorrow here ;—
 Rising on seraphic wing,
 Glory in the eternal King,
 Forever drawing near.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

ADORING thanks and praise,
 In joyful anthems raise,
 To God Most High ;
 His boundless grace display,
 This blest Thanksgiving day,
 Come, all draw nigh.

What numbers have been laid
 Beneath the willow's shade
 The vanished year ;
 Though pleasure rules the day,
 We to their mem'ry pay
 A tender tear.

The Lord our life prolongs,
 Praise Him in grateful songs,
 Ye favored race ;
 Tell all His mercies o'er,
 Come, joyfully adore
 Before His face.

His bounties richly stored,
 Appear on every board,
 With thanks surround ;
 The poor now make your care,
 Let them your fulness share,
 And joys abound.

But let your highest praise
 Record His precious grace,
 So freely given ;
 Come, ye who feel His love,
 Send joyful thanks above,
 For hopes of heaven.

NATAL SONG.

WAKE, my soul, new anthems raise,
 Fraught with joyful thanks and praise,
 Another natal day,
 O'er the awful heights of crime,
 Stretching far through childhood's time,
 Comes with resplendent ray.

Through the past revolving years,
 Mercy, mercy still appears
 A bright and spreading cloud,
 Mantling o'er the hills of shame,
 Echoing thy guilty name
 With call for vengeance loud.

O what grace this cloud distils,
 Melting down the frowning hills
 That locked thee in despair,
 Op'ning wide a door of hope,
 Where in darkness thou didst grope,
 Of death and woe the heir.

Here in rapt amaze I stand,
 Mercies, sins exceed the sand,
 And scarce have power to tell,
 If this grace can save my soul,
 Or my crimes with mountain roll
 Will dash me down to hell.

Lo, a form of glory see,—
 Jesus! He who died for me,
 On mercy's cloud appears;
 Hark! His voice, with love divine,
 Well assures that heaven is mine,
 In some few days or years.

Let the notes of rapture swell,
 Grace in songs of triumph tell,
 This fleeting season o'er,
 Life eternal with my Lord.
 Is my boundless blest reward,
 His goodness to adore.



NATAL REVIEW.

O how unknown the way
 My weary feet have trod,
 That brings to see this day,
 My Guide, my gracious God;
 In childhood at my rural home,
 Who would have thought I thus should roam.

When sickness laid her snare
 To take my life away,
 A guardian hand was there
 From danger to convey :
 Again the balmy zephyrs fed
 The spirit that had well nigh fled.

Mid strangers far and lone
 At length my lot was cast,
 But mercies still were strown,
 Where'er my footsteps passed ;
 Warm friendship soon between us grew,
 My grateful love is still their due.

Far o'er the bill'wy deep
 A pilgrim I was borne,
 Though loved ones left did weep,
 I could not sigh and mourn,
 For hope, a star of promise bright,
 Beamed ever in my ravished sight.

Away through darkened lands
 My ardent spirit flew,
 Nor feared the bigot bands
 That fierce the dagger drew ;
 The Lord was still my shield and guide,
 Although to win I could have died.

But now what midnight gloom
 My future pathway shrouds !
 Dark as the silent tomb
 Are these impending clouds ;
 Yet let me trust and meek obey
 The Hand that brings to see this day.

PRAISE FOR YEARLY MERCIES.

O praise ye the Lord, our Protector and Guide,
 Who through the past year all our wants has supplied,
 Who shielded our spirit when death passed us near,
 And brings us in gladness to hail this New Year.

How many are sleeping beneath the cold ground,
 Who hailed the past year in health blooming and sound,
 While we still remain to rejoice, though with fear,
 O'er prospects presented this happy New Year.

Our hopes for the future may brighten this morn,
 Till we have forgotten past seasons forlorn ;
 But let us remember that earth has a tear
 To course o'er the smiles of this joyful New Year.

Ah, hearts that are beating with rapturous thrill,
 Ere close of the year will be palsied and still ;
 And many the train that must follow the bier,
 In anguish of sorrow this changeful New Year.

This morn, by devotion, then let us prepare
 To pass down the valley, or follow friends there,
 For soon some of us the stern message may hear,—
 Your days are now ended, this fleeting New Year.

O earth, thou art changeful ! Time, rapid thy flight,
 But faith sees beyond ye scenes lasting and bright ;
 O when, gracious Saviour, when wilt thou appear ?
 And we hail in glory a heavenly New Year !

THE LORD MY STRENGTH AND SONG.

PSALM 118 : 14.

THE Lord is my strength and my song,
He is my salvation and joy,
Though nations enraged round me throng,
Their plans He will quickly destroy.

Let them in their malice agree
To drag me in scorn to the grave,
And foam out their wrath like the sea,
My fortress is safe from the wave,

While God my Protector is near,
And circles me round with His shield,
How can I surrender to fear,
Why fly from sure victory's field.

My foes are but chaff in His hand,
Devoted to winds or the fire,
I've nought but in wonder to stand,
And witness His grace and His ire.

Salvation, salvation proclaim,
Triumphant His praises extol,
Dominion ascribe to His name,
A Sovereign, a God over all.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM 150.

PRAISE the Lord, in His temple praise,
 Ye in His heavens your anthems raise,
 Praise for His mighty works declare
 Greatness, glory beyond compare.

Praise with the trump that shakes the ground,
 Psalter and harp of soothing sound,
 Praise with the timbrel deep and clear,
 And lulling lute that charms the ear.

Praise Him each melodious chord,
 With organ breath in sweet accord,
 Praise with the cymbals loud and high,
 Till music echoes from the sky.

Let all endowed with breath or sound
 In chorus loud His throne surround,
 Praise Him, glorious in His ways,
 Praise ye the Lord, forever praise.



UNWEARIED PRAISE.

THEY never grow weary above,
 For there are no bodies of clay
 To damp and to tire out their love,
 In ceaseless devotions they pay.

Our spirit is willing below,
 But flesh is reluctant and weak,
 The strength of a seraph, the glow,
 With longing we constantly seek.

Our Maker remembers our frame,
 He pities when nature is faint,
 The sigh that is breathed in His name
 Is precious though feeble the saint.

Our weakness will leave us ere long
 In vigor immortal to rise,
 And pour forth enraptured the song,
 And join in the praise of the skies.

L O N E L Y P R A I S E .

YE spirits blest, assist my praise,
 For mortal helps are none,
 I hail and pass my Sabbath days,
 Secluded and alone.

No cheering voice of kindred soul,
 Falls thrilling on my ear ;
 No friend in sorrow to condole,
 Or share in joy is near.

How sweet the Saviour's precious name
 Re-echoed from a heart
 That swells with love's seraphic flame,—
 A cure for every smart.

But far away in hostile lands,
 Mid solitude I sigh,
 And nearest seem the radiant bands
 That worship now on high.

Then let me join your rapturous song,
 Nor longer praise alone ;
 Teach me the joy that pours along
 Before th' eternal throne.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

GRATEFUL numbers, wake the song,
 Mercies yet are mine ;
 Love and praise to God belong,
 For His grace divine.

Trials bound my lonely way,
 Favor spreads my path,
 Those forbid my feet to stray,
 This secures from wrath.

Dark as midnight all around,
 Save the circling light,
 That my footsteps e'er surrounds,
 To direct me right.

What the morrow may unfold
 Is a mystery,
 Present duty, plainly told,
 Is enough for me.

This I know, that I must die,—
 Go to my reward ;
 This my trust, to reign on high
 With my Saviour Lord.

~~~~~

FIRST OF AUTUMN.

LORD of the circling seasons, hear  
 The hymn of thanks we raise  
 For mercies through the rolling year,  
 Renewing still thy praise.

Fair autumn with her fruitful store  
 Comes breathing healthful gales,  
 As if from Eden's happy shore  
 Where fragrance never fails.

Yet pensive oft these pleasant hours,  
 Reminding us how brief  
 Is mortal life, by with'ring flowers—  
 The fading, falling leaf.

O may I heed the seasons' voice,  
 For brighter worlds prepare,  
 That I may in the bliss rejoice  
 Of fadeless glories there.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DEATH, IMMORTALITY, HEAVEN.

---

#### DEATH WELCOME.

How sweet to lay this aching head,  
These weary limbs in their low bed,  
And haste to heaven's eternal rest,  
And soothe me on my Saviour's breast.

This mortal frame, where with me dwell,  
Pains, sorrows, sins, no tongue can tell,  
This toilsome, gravitating clay,  
When shall I leave, and flee away.

My longing, panting spirit tries  
On wings of love and faith to rise,  
I grasp at heaven's inviting door,  
Yet scarce from earth's low surface soar.

Patient and faithful, wait my soul,  
On Jesus' arm thy troubles roll,  
Thy days are few, and fleeting fast,  
Strive, end thy work, ere ends the last.

Ye happy hosts, so blest above,  
 Sing on in strains of Jesus' love,  
 A miracle of grace ere long  
 Will meekly join your blissful song.



### ABRAHAM'S LAMENT OVER SARAH.

SHE'S gone! and how dark is my dwelling,  
 How dreary and sad it appears!  
 The waters of sorrow are swelling  
 Too fast for the channel of tears;  
     My heart seems breaking,  
     Like aspen shaking,  
 I mourn o'er the love of my youthful years.

The harp of delight quickly hushing  
 The notes that were erewhile so sweet,  
 Then tempests of woe fiercely rushing  
 In fury its thrilling cords beat;  
     Ah, they are broken!  
     A mournful token  
 That harp unstrung hangs where we used to meet.

The beauty and grace that were shining  
 So bright in that image of clay,  
 Religion those charms all refining,  
 E'n death cannot take quite away;  
     Sweet, pale, cold features!  
     How few the creatures—  
 In life such expressive goodness display.



She shone like the star of the morning,  
 So bright by her dear mother's side,  
 With hope, light and gladness adorning—  
 She came to my dwelling my bride :  
     Like eve-star setting,  
     Life's day forgetting,  
 She's gone in the realms of bliss to reside.

The low narrow bed is preparing,  
 I sigh there my parting farewell,  
 O'er precious remains I am bearing  
 Where too in few days I must dwell ;  
     Pains transitory,  
     Grave gate to glory,  
 Why chide ? rest here, dear love, farewell, farewell !

My love is not there, she's ascending  
 With music of seraphs the skies,  
 Her voice in their anthems is blending,  
 Heaven—glory enraptures her eyes :  
     There reunited,  
     Divine love plighted,  
 We'll sing, love, fair one, grace that won the prize.

---

#### REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

MY years grow happy as they glide,  
 And blessings multiply,  
 But here I would not e'er abide,—  
 O no, once let me die.

When all my duties well are done,  
 My Lord to glorify ;  
 When I life's victory have won,  
 In triumph let me die.

When I have seen salvation flow  
 To Gentiles far and nigh,  
 And converts rise as willows grow,  
 In joy then let me die.

When I'm prepared to join the song  
 The ransomed sing on high,  
 O do not then my days prolong,  
 In rapture let me die.

---

#### LONGING TO DEPART.

My gracious Saviour, let me go  
 This blessed Sabbath morn !  
 And leave this land of sin and woe,  
 That makes me so forlorn.

Oppressed and faint and crushed I lie,  
 With trembling broken heart,  
 In anguish deep I mourn and sigh,  
 Sore longing to depart.

O let me go, this body leave,  
 Corrupt with sin and death !  
 Why suffer more ? why longer grieve ?  
 With this short tainted breath.

O let me go this holy day,  
 And join the hosts above ;  
 Lord Jesus, come, bear me away,  
 Now in thine arms of love.

---

**LET ME GO HOME.**

TENDER friends, O do not stay me !  
 Let me go to Jesus' breast !  
 Kindly leave me, only lay me  
 Here to die and be at rest.

Do not longer so distress me  
 With attempts my life to save ;  
 Why with all this care oppress me,  
 In my passage to the grave.

Sure the pangs that now assail me  
 Are enough for me to bear ;  
 Very soon my life will fail me,  
 Dearest friends, I pray, forbear.

Come, receive my parting blessing,  
 Let me my last wishes tell ;  
 Then on these pale lips impressing  
 Each a feeling long farewell :—

Let me now in peace departing,  
 Calmly enter heaven my home ;  
 Check the tear in sorrow starting,  
 There I sigh no more nor roam.

## CONVERSE WITH DEATH.

COME, death, and let me talk with thee,  
 Since one day we must meet ;  
 I do not fear thee—shall not flee,  
 Nor favor I entreat.

Thou wilt not harm—nay, thou wilt bring  
 Sweet tidings to my ear ;  
 And laying by thy bitter sting,  
 In peace and smiles appear.

Come, let me look upon thee now,  
 For I am faint and pale ;—  
 There are no terrors on thy brow,  
 O death, I shall prevail !

Come nearer, let me take thy hand,  
 It chills, but not with fear ;  
 Lead on to that delightful land,  
 Whose golden gates appear.

Death, thou may'st watch my sleeping dust  
 Till I come back again,  
 With Him almighty, good and just,  
 Then yield thy charge and reign.

Dost thou not know that God decrees  
 A resurrection day,  
 When all thy countless victories  
 With thee shall pass away.

## SAINT AT HIS FUNERAL.

To his own funeral came  
 One glowing from the skies,  
 And heard them call his name,  
 And saw their streaming eyes ;  
 Their life to weep away,  
 There hanging o'er his clay,  
 Fills him with vast surprise.

They kiss the pallid brow  
 Where grace once sat enthroned,  
 Their heads like willows bow  
 O'er clay his spirit owned :  
 That body wrought him woe  
 And made his grief o'erflow,  
 Why should it be bemoaned.

He would have hushed their sighs,  
 And dried up every tear,  
 But Heaven the wish denies,—  
 They bear away the bier ;  
 The melancholy band  
 Beside the grave now stand,  
 Lamenting one so dear.

O how his spirit burned,  
 To see them mourn the dross,  
 So gladly he had spurned,—  
 Eternal gain that loss ;

That clay his soul had stained,  
 Sin e'er had in it reigned,  
 Had he not found the cross.

He speeds his way above,  
 And they return to weep ;  
 He shouts redeeming love,  
 They mourn in silence deep ;  
 O could they hear him praise,  
 Amid heaven's circling blaze,  
 Their hearts with joy would leap.

But so it is below,  
 Where faith with feeble sight,  
 Discerns through storms of woe,  
 Immortal glories bright ;  
 So dim the scenes appear,  
 We still would linger here,  
 Avoiding heaven's delight.



#### MINISTERING SPIRITS.

THEY came to waft him home  
 On downy wings of love ;—  
 On earth why longer roam,  
 When goodness calls above ?

He sighed, but gave his hand,  
 They ask him why this grief ?

Heaven sends an angel band  
To give your soul relief.

He said, My work I fear  
Is not yet wholly done :  
With this a silent tear  
Soft o'er his cheek did run.

A seraph wiped his eyes  
With white celestial plume,  
When straight the op'ning skies  
Surpassing charms assume.

O haste and bear me there !  
He cries with raptured soul,  
Till I those glories share,  
The seasons useless roll.

A thousand years below  
To toil and trouble given,  
Cannot prepare me so,  
As moment spent in heaven.

---

#### DYING SAILOR.

HE trembled to part with the clay  
That kept him at anchor below,  
All spirit, were this cut away,  
Where should he forever then go.

But tempests came down on the sea,  
 His cable in sunder was riven,  
 A shipwreck for earth it might be,  
 But proved a safe passage to heaven.

Yes, long by the compass of truth,  
 Whatever the wind he had steered,  
 In manhood and gay witching youth,  
 The Lord and His word he revered.

We'll follow then close in his wake,  
 Yet strive to be better prepared,  
 When tempests of death shall o'ertake,  
 And send us a final reward.



### WHEN WEAK THEN STRONG.

2 Cor. 12 : 10.

WHEN sickness melts my strength away,  
 And nature's strongest works decay,  
 Nor can she hold out long ;  
 'Tis then I feel a power divine  
 Shoot through this deathless soul of mine,  
 Yes, then I'm truly strong.

When all the graces of my heart  
 Seem overturned by Satan's art,  
 And every thing goes wrong ;



To cast me helpless on the Lord,  
 Implicit trust His holy word,  
 Makes me a victor strong.

When death I see approaching near,  
 And nature fain would flee in fear,  
 This, this is still my song,  
 The gracious Saviour died for me,  
 He gives a blest eternity,  
 In Him I'm ever strong.



#### DEPARTED CHILD.

SLEEP on, dear child, for fear and pain  
 Can now disturb no more ;  
 Here peace and gentle silence reign,  
 Till time and grief are o'er.

How sweetly calm those features now,  
 Where sorrow nestling lay,  
 While slow disease did break and bow  
 Thy nature day by day.

Sleep on till Jesus from above  
 Comes to awake thy dust,  
 And form and robe in His love,  
 To shine among the just.

O glorious morn ! when from the tomb  
 Our lifeless clay shall rise,  
 And triumph, in immortal bloom,  
 O'er all death's victories.

Hail, immortality divine !  
 In rapture soar above,  
 In our Redeemer's image shine,  
 And glory in His love.

---

#### THE FOREIGN GRAVE.

HOME, country and friends, we can cheerfully leave,  
 Undaunted the trials of distant climes brave,  
 But few are the spirits too hardy to grieve  
 In view of the gloom of a cold foreign grave.

On regions remote youth its tendrils may twine,  
 And fancy with pearls every future step pave,  
 But when did youth whisper, O may it be mine  
 To lie down at last in a lone foreign grave !

The tomb of our fathers, so solemn and dear,  
 Which we and our kindred with sorrow did lave,  
 Ah, there we would rest, oft bedewed with the tear  
 That love comes to shed on the family grave.

Yet why should we mourn though our dearest are laid  
 Where fain we from strangers the narrow cell crave ;  
 None stronger than death can our darlings invade,  
 And he must surrender the far foreign grave.

When Christ in His Glory descends from His throne,  
 The dust of His chosen to gather and save,  
 However forgotten, on earth, and unknown,  
 He still will remember the lost foreign grave.

O may He prepare us in triumph to rise,  
 If laid in strange lands, or beneath the wild wave,  
 And grant us the rapture to meet in the skies,  
 All dear, though some sleep in a lorn foreign grave.

---

**LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.**

O when shall I leave this heavy clay,  
 And away like a seraph soar,  
 To the happy realms of life and day,  
 Where sorrow oppresses no more.

O when shall I fly as angels do,  
 On errands of love divine,  
 Nor tardily thus or weak pursue  
 His glory whose wishes are mine.

O when shall my blest expanding soul  
 The wisdom of Deity trace,  
 And while eternity's ages roll,  
 Sing and extol redeeming grace.

O when shall I stand at Jesus' throne,  
 And know I shall never transgress;  
 No sin e'er inflict the bitter moan,—  
 Temptation no longer distress.

O when shall I view my Saviour's face,  
 With saints and with seraphs above,  
 Encircled in His divine embrace,  
 And drink in His infinite love.

---

**THE RESURRECTION.**

GLORIOUS doctrine! there will come  
 A day to burst the mould'ring tomb,  
 To wake the dead, and death destroy,  
 A day of terrors and of joy.

Perfected bliss will then begin,—  
 Complete the dread reward of sin;  
 Jehovah's ways approved appear,  
 And every soul adore and fear.

Hail, ye whose robes of triumph shine,  
 Hail, immortality divine,  
 Hail, heaven and all ye hosts above,  
 Thrice hail, eternal God of love!

---

**GRACE ABOUNDING OVER SIN.**

WHAT will the saints and seraphs say,  
 When one so vile as I,  
 Through grace shall join their bright array,  
 And heavenly anthems try.

O how amazed to see me there,  
 Whom sin so oft defiled ;  
 And to the brink of black despair,  
 My wand'ring soul beguiled.

The robe in which I shall be drest,  
 To prove no ill remains,  
 They may uncover from my breast,  
 Ere they resume their strains :

Then bursting loud from all the throng,  
 The blood of Christ they sing ;  
 And Jesus' merits swell the song,  
 All glory to our King !

My soul responds, with love divine,  
 To Christ the praise be given,  
 'Tis not by righteousness of mine,  
 That I am here in heaven.

---

### THE JUDGMENT.

WHO shall shout victorious,  
 When our God most glorious,  
 Descends in flaming fire ;  
 When heaven and earth are fleeing,  
 And vanish out of being,  
 Before His dreadful ire.

The trumpet shakes creation,  
 The dead of every nation  
 Start from their bursting tomb!—  
 Are rapt from ruins blazing,  
 Where heavenly hosts are praising,  
 To hear their final doom.

Hell from her gloomy regions,  
 Pours out her countless legions,  
 To be condemned anew ;  
 The arch-apostate quaking,  
 Beholds with terror shaking,  
 The whole infernal crew.

Jehovah's awful glory,  
 Redemption's wondrous story,  
 The universe engage ;  
 The shouts and thunders ending,  
 In dreadful silence bending,  
 All view the op'ning page.

By what is here recorded,  
 Right judgment is awarded,  
 To all before the throne ;  
 To hell the rebel driven,  
 The saint received to heaven,—  
 Shout ! the great work is done !

**THE SPIRITUAL BODY.**

THIS wearisome body of clay,  
How soon all its energies fail,  
It sinks in the arms of decay .  
If labors and sorrows assail.

But when with creation renewed,  
Immortal it wakes from the tomb,  
With power celestial endued,  
No service shall wither its bloom.

Then never again will it tire,  
'Twill clog the glad spirit no more,  
But formed like a seraph all fire,  
Unceasing, enraptured will soar.

And will such a body be mine ?  
A stranger to weakness and pain !  
So holy and bright shall I shine,  
There ever with Jesus to reign !



**THE GLOBIFIED BODY.**

THIS mortal body vile and frail,  
Where carnal appetites prevail,  
O will it be renewed to shine  
Like Christ's ? a glorious form divine !

Will immortality assume  
 Its fatal tendance to the tomb ?  
 And holiness forever dwell  
 Where now corruption works her spell ?

With vast and ever-growing powers  
 Shall I exult in heavenly bowers ?  
 Or through the universe explore  
 The ways of Him whom I adore ?

No more a fainting pilgrim lost  
 Mid wilds and foes, with prospects crossed,  
 But crowned with glory, clad in might,  
 In triumph soar, in full delight ?

My God and Saviour, this for me ?  
 Shall I behold—be like to thee ?  
 Thy glory share, thy praise proclaim,  
 While endless years exalt thy name ?

---

### TRIAL AND JOY.

I know that a world of delight  
 Awaits the believer above ;  
 That glories no evil can blight,  
 There shine in the treasures of love.

Then why should I linger below ?  
 Enchanted with what is so vain ;  
 Why seek in the bosom of woe,  
 A balm for incurable pain ?



When noxious miasma of earth,  
 So loathsome, I'm forced to inhale ;  
 When mocking delusions of mirth  
 Are borne on the poisonous gale ;

When like a poor victim I feel,  
 In hands of tormentors so fierce,  
 When burnings and bitings of steel,  
 Nay, worse, my poor spirit transpierce ;

O may I not long to be free—  
 To rest in the mansions on high ?  
 O is it forbidden to me  
 To long in my spirit to die !

---

#### SIGHING FOR REST.

THE weary who toil in the sun  
 Are glad when the shadows extend,  
 Oft wishing their labor was done,  
 And homeward their footsteps to bend.

They look for their slender reward  
 With eager and covetous eye,  
 Nor fear a kind neighbor or lord  
 The hire they have earned will deny.

O may not my spirit desire,  
 Oppressed by the heat of the day,  
 Like them to the shade to retire,  
 And sleep all my toil-pains away.

The shadows of age and the tomb  
 Look cool and inviting to me,  
 They frown not with terror and gloom,—  
 How quiet, how peaceful they be.

When life's sultry sun shall go down,  
 And I from my labor return,  
 Will God give a kingdom and crown !  
 Such wages I never can earn.

A poor worthless servant am I,  
 Too worthless to look for reward ;  
 I only desire, when I die,  
 To enter the rest of my Lord.

---

#### THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HARK, I hear the Seraphs singing  
 Alleluias round the throne ;  
 Look, a glorious band is winging  
 Swift as light their journey down.

Iron chains of sin and anguish,  
 Cank'ring deeply in my soul,  
 Toils beneath whose load I languish,—  
 Ends forever your control.

Hail, ye sister spirits, glowing  
 With celestial light and love !  
 Earth, farewell ! with joy I'm going  
 To behold my God above.

Writhing pains, and labors crushing,  
 Long endured, how light ye seem,  
 Now I feel heaven's raptures gushing  
 In my soul a mighty stream.

Gates of bliss, and sons of glory,  
 God of grace,—my ransomed soul  
 Here shall sing redemption's story,  
 While eternal ages roll.

---

#### HOLY AND HAPPY.

How happy are the holy ones,  
 Rejoicing round the throne ;  
 Beloved of God, His darling sons,  
 All sin to them unknown.

Their happy home, so blest, so bright,  
 No ill shall e'er invade ;  
 That peace, that rapturous delight,  
 Temptations never shade.

The blissful gates of their abode  
 In distant view I see,  
 But sin and woe along the road  
 Still vex and torture me.

O how I long for holiness,  
 For purity divine !—  
 Nor sight nor sound of sin distress  
 This throbbing heart of mine.

## GOING HOME.

I'm going, going, I'm going home !  
 Farewell ye scenes below ;  
 No more, no more shall I sigh and roam,  
 Nor taste the cup of woe.

O fare ye well, true and dearest friends,  
 I bid you all adieu !  
 This bursting heart in affection sends  
 Its latest love to you.

I'm going, going, when I'm away,  
 O haste the work of love ;  
 For the blood-bought souls unceasing pray,  
 Until we meet above.

I'm going, yes, O I'm going now !  
 O death, where is thy sting !—  
 O see Him throned ! see the seraphs bow !  
 O hear the ransomed sing !

And I am singing and shouting too,  
 My blessed Jesus, hail !  
 All glory, praise to thy name is due,  
 Thy saints will all prevail.

## RIVER AND TREES OF LIFE.

REV. 22 : 1, 2.

WE'VE passed through the desert of woes,  
 And thirsty and hungry we moan ;  
 But see what a river here flows,  
 Unfailing and fresh from the throne.

The trees life-inspiring that rise  
 And shed their rich fruits on the bank,  
 How pleasant they seem to the eyes,  
 Now we the blest waters have drank.

O come, let us rest in the shade,  
 Here close by the life-giving stream ;  
 The burdens that on us were laid,  
 How light, yea, now joyful they seem.

O shall we forever here dwell,  
 In all this enjoyment and bliss ;  
 What tongue the dear transport can tell,  
 O what an inheritance this.

---

 VIEWS OF FAITH.

WHEN faith with strong, unclouded eyes,  
 Surveys the glories of the skies,  
 The soul enraptured longs to soar,  
 And there rejoice forevermore.

The prospect bright unveils the woe  
 That, half concealed, abounds below,  
 And like the stars before the sun,  
 So all the joys of earth are gone.

More glorious still the view appears,  
 And now the happy spirit hears  
 The rapt'rous echoes of the song,  
 That bursts from all the heavenly throng.

The gracious Saviour from above  
 Sheds sweet influence of His love,  
 Yea, more, descends Himself to bless  
 The soul that trusts His righteousness.

The vision blest is soon concealed,  
 A foretaste only is revealed ;  
 'Tis all that mortals here can know,  
 And still submit to dwell below.



### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

REV. 14 : 13.

BLEST, thrice blest, are all the dead,  
 Who have trusted in the Lord,  
 Passing from a dying bed  
 To an infinite reward.

Yea, the Spirit saith they're blest,  
 In the New Jerusalem ;  
 From their labors now they rest,  
 And their works do follow them.

Precious works of faith and love,  
 Wrought through grace for Christ their King,  
 Now they see His face above,  
 And His praise in glory sing.

Sweet they rest, in Jesus' arms,  
 From their painful toils below,  
 And enraptured with His charms,  
 Heed no more their former woe.

When shall I their praises join,  
 When their glowing raptures share ;  
 Quickly come, my Lord divine,  
 To thy courts my spirit bear.

---

SHALL I BE IN HEAVEN.

O shall I be there,  
 The rapture to share,  
 Where multitudes join in the song!  
 Nor more feel alone,  
 Approaching the throne,  
 Where lonely I've worshipped so long.

So soon shall I meet,  
 In transports so sweet,  
 All whom I have best loved below,  
 And in their embrace,  
 Forget every trace,  
 Of solitude, sin, and of woe.

While Jesus our King  
 Enraptured we sing,  
 And triumph, and lowly adore ;  
 O shall one like me,  
 In that circle be,  
 To stay and rejoice evermore !

Shall I have a crown  
 With joy to cast down  
 Before my dear Saviour and Lord !  
 What wonder to see,  
 Grace granted to me,  
 The grace of a boundless reward.

---

#### HEAVEN THE REFUGE.

WHERE should the troubled spirit go,  
 When sorrow in increasing flow  
 Sweeps off and drowns its hopes below ?  
 Where but to heaven !

When earth has cast her autumn leaf,  
 From wintry winds of piercing grief,  
 Can tempest-beaten souls relief  
 Find this side heaven ?

When manhood's hopes, that promised fair,  
 Have vanished into empty air,  
 Escapes the sick'ning soul despair,  
 Except in heaven ?



Ah yes, when glowing love and zeal  
 Are spent on hearts of frozen steel,  
 Nor gains the tearful warm appeal  
 The ear of Heaven ;

What balm on earth can heal the heart  
 Pierced, crushed and broke in every part !  
 Ah, nought can soothe writhing smart—  
 But Christ and heaven.

Eternal praise to God be given,  
 Though here by storms of trouble driven,  
 And every hope and comfort riven,—  
 There is a heaven.

---

HEAVEN REMEMBERED.

WHEN love divine with feeble flame  
 But half illumes the heart,  
 And coldly falls the Saviour's name,  
 Which raptures should impart,—  
 How sweet in this our low estate,  
 To think what joys in heaven await.

O how ineffable the glow  
 Of every spirit there ;  
 When, Lord, shall I that ardor know,  
 That blissful glory share :  
 My fainting soul would flee away  
 From this dull load of mortal clay.

When sin creeps in upon the soul,  
 Polluting with its breath,  
 As Satan into Eden stole,  
 And ruin brought and death ;  
 O how the spirit fighting flies  
 To gain the gate of paradise.

Immortal holiness there reigns,  
 There sin can never come,  
 And glory in eternal strains  
 Swells through my heavenly home :  
 When, O when shall I be there,  
 The humblest note of bliss to bear.

---

### THINKING OF HEAVEN.

I love to think of heaven,  
 It soothes my troubled soul,  
 The waves on which I'm driven  
 Will not forever roll ;  
 O no ; the coast of glory see !  
 There peace and rapture wait for me.

Let winds of dark despair  
 From earth in tempests blow,  
 And legions fill the air  
 From gloomy realms below ;  
 The happier shall I hail the shore,  
 These transient woes forever o'er.

Dear Saviour, O how sweet  
 Immortal love's embrace,  
 When in thy form I meet,  
 And see thee face to face :  
 O rapture, glory, bliss divine !  
 When will the boundless joy be mine.

With rapt and tireless gaze  
 Thy glories to behold,  
 And hymn thy matchless praise  
 To harps of heavenly gold ;  
 Can mortal or angelic powers  
 Conceive what transports will be ours.

---

**RESERVED GLORY.**

My soul is struck with awe to see  
 The glory in reserve,  
 And trembling asks—all this for me ?  
 Who other fate deserve !

Shall one unworthy vile as I  
 Be heaven's eternal heir ?  
 Possess the glories of the sky ?  
 Yet merit black despair !

'Tis not your works of righteousness,  
 A heavenly voice replies,  
 That crown with endless happiness,—  
 For you a Saviour dies.

The purchase of His blood, His love,  
 So dear, is freely given,  
 Believer, lift your eyes above,  
 Christ is your right to heaven.



### VISION OF BLISS.

METHOUGHT it was the ocean's roar,  
 Such thund'ring echoes rung !  
 But notes like these ne'er heard before,  
 A moment rapt I hung,  
 When heavenly harmony o'ercame  
 My soul with sound of Jesus' name.

I longed yet trembled to advance  
 Where light and music poured,  
 And falling in extatic trance,  
 Bereft of sense adored :  
 Unable to cast off this clay,  
 Or bear it back to earth away.

My hand had caught a harp of gold  
 Just on the verge of heaven,  
 While on my feet a magic hold  
 To earthly powers were given ;  
 And there my soul enraptured clung,  
 Bewildered in the joy that rung.

I touched the cords with childlike hand,  
 What transport thrilled my soul !

When anthems from the heavenly band  
 More high, immortal roll ;  
 Borne on a flood of harmony,  
 Blest being only left to me.

My spirit seemed dissolved in praise,  
 Saw nought but Deity,  
 And floating in His blissful rays,  
 Beheld Him smile on me :  
 Too blest, too bright, for one still bound  
 To this low, chilling, darksome ground !

The body held in giant arms  
 My soul that strove to soar,  
 But lovelier grew the heavenly charms,  
 Till I could gaze no more ;  
 Celestial sleep closed up my eyes,  
 And bore me from the blissful skies.

O earth ! thou world of gloom and woe !  
 Accursed realm of sin !  
 Where waves of rank pollution flow !  
 And swells infernal din !  
 Must I still tread thy dust of death !  
 And feed on thy infected breath !

O let me go ! I cannot stay !  
 Take all thou call'st thine own !  
 Content with this thy kindred clay !  
 Let me approach the throne ;  
 O heaven ! O harmony and love !  
 O God, my all, take me above !

## BRIGHTNESS OF HEAVEN.

WHEN from this spot of changing shade,  
 Where cares in varied circles run,  
 The world of glory is surveyed,  
 It dazzles like the noonday sun.

The eye of faith, too weak to bear  
 The glowing beams of heavenly light,  
 A trembling glance can only dare,  
 On so ineffable a sight.

The shades of earth relieve the pain  
 Of mortal powers by glory tired,  
 And thus complacency obtain,  
 Till more than heaven are oft admired.

But let the spirit pass the rays,  
 And reach the orb of glory bright,  
 The dread, intolerable blaze  
 Is changed to mildness and delight.

The soul seems in her native sphere,  
 Nor thinks of other realm than this,  
 Perfected love expels her fear,  
 She glories in immortal bliss.

Point out the downward dark'ning road  
 That leads to earth, to woe and care,  
 And bid her seek her old abode,  
 And she is whelmed in deep despair.

## SHOUTS IN GLORY.

O they are shouting, rapturous shouting,  
 Around our Redeemer's glorious throne !  
 While we Christians are trembling and doubting  
 If He at length our poor spirits will own.

Away our fears our doubts and our sadness,  
 Mount up our souls on the wings of His love,  
 Leaving our sorrow, rising in gladness,  
 Share in the anthems and raptures above.

Why should angels surpass us in praises,  
 Ransomed from ruin by Jesus their Lord,  
 Whom His grace and omnipotence raises  
 To share with them in an equal reward.

Shall blest saints gone before us to glory,  
 Our kindred and friends, so dear to our heart,  
 Transported sing redemption's glad story,  
 Nor we in th' anthem and joy bear a part.

Rise, souls of flame, in purest devotion,  
 Mingle and worship with spirits above,  
 Can ye rest void of heavenly emotion,  
 Bought and pervaded by infinite love.

## HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

THE day of sweet release  
 From ev'ry care and fear,  
 The day of joy and peace,  
 With hasty speed draws near.

The passions I detest,  
 Of diverse power and name,  
 Be banished from my breast,  
 Nor more cause woe or shame.

The tempter ne'er again  
 My spirit shall assail,  
 His art and force be vain,  
 For heaven he cannot scale.

O there how blest to be,  
 With spirits perfect, pure,  
 And praise the Deity,  
 While endless years endure.

What friends I there shall meet!  
 And O what mutual love,  
 In sympathy so sweet,  
 Will gladden us above.

While we as one adore  
 Before our Saviour's face,  
 What transport can be more  
 Than His divine embrace.



## UNKNOWN BLISS ABOVE.

WHEN one reared in some dusky mine,  
 Deep in the hollowed ground,  
 Where glimm'ring lanterns dimly shine  
 Upon the darkness round,  
 Is brought to hail the cloudless skies,  
 What rapt emotions in him rise.

The stars how bright, the moon how fair,  
 What steady course they run!  
 But, oh! what eye the light can bear  
 And glory of the sun!  
 In wonder and delight he stands,  
 Enraptured waving high his hands.

So when a soul escaped on high  
 From this low world of gloom,  
 And scenes celestial fill its eye,  
 All brightness and all bloom,  
 Through all its powers what raptures swell,  
 Nor man nor angel's tongue can tell.

'Tis brightness, bliss and love divine,  
 'Tis glory in the Lord!—  
 Shall all this joy so soon be mine,  
 This infinite reward!  
 My God, I tremble to conceive  
 What joys await those who believe.

## CHRISTIAN'S LAST SACRAMENT.

A Christian at the sacred board  
 Sat with a tearful look,  
 His inmost soul his Lord adored,  
 While one the emblems broke.

His head reclines upon his hand  
 To screen a gath'ring tear,  
 Emotions he can scarce command  
 In every look appear.

His soul has traced to Calvary  
 His Saviour and his King :—  
 And dies the son of God for me,  
 In shame and suffering !

He looks above ; his Lord appears  
 In radiant glories bright,  
 Joy strangely mingles with his tears,  
 And faith seems changed to sight.

When they again with love surround  
 The sacramental board,  
 That pious brother was not found,  
 For He was with his Lord.

## LOVE TO GOD.

PSALM 73 : 25.

WHOM have I in heaven but thee ?  
 Whom or what on earth desire ?  
 Only thee ! my God, to thee  
 Doth my longing heart aspire.

What in heaven can fill the soul  
 With unfading, boundless bliss ?  
 Search the earth from pole to pole,  
 None but God can grant me this.

Seraphs and the saints above  
 May exhaust their sympathy,  
 Earthly weal and fondest love  
 All combined be showered on me ;

But if God, my all in all,  
 Bar me from His loved embrace,  
 Down to darkness, woe, I fall,  
 And despair's my dwelling place.

Whom ? ah, none ! have I but thee,  
 None my spirit fills and charms,  
 Lord and Saviour, smile on me,  
 Rest me ever in thine arms.

THE LORD IS THERE.

EZEK. 48 : 35.

HAPPY city, great and fair,  
 Named of Heaven—The Lord is there !  
 May I in thy walls appear,  
 Though a stranger still held dear.

Let me at thy temple gate,  
 With my thankful off'ring wait ;  
 Let me share the grace that flows,  
 Healing wrongs, removing woes.

Happy they whose home is where  
 Evermore the Lord is there ;  
 Happy thrice who ever see  
 And adore the Deity.

Haste the work, O God of grace,  
 Build this city in its place ;  
 Bid the healing waters rise,  
 Blessing all beneath the skies.

Long in desolation laid,  
 Be the land with hosts arrayed,  
 Who with gladness shall repair  
 To the place—The Lord is there.

**TEARS WIPED AWAY!**

REV. 21 : 4.

In that world of bliss on high,  
 God shall wipe from every eye  
 All the briny dew which here  
 Gathered in the bitter tear.

Death itself shall be no more,  
 Pain and crying all be o'er,  
 For the ills of mortal clay  
 There forever pass away.

Nought shall vex the holy mind,  
 Or its body now refined  
 From the dross of earthly things,—  
 Furnished with seraphic wings.

O what rapture waits the hour  
 When eternal love and power  
 Shall combine to give us rest,—  
 Make us infinitely blest.

**COME AWAY.**

CANT. 2 : 10—13.

Hear the gracious Saviour say,  
 Rise, my love, and come away  
 To the realms of endless day,—  
 In my bosom rest.

Earth's stern winter now is o'er,  
 Life's cold tempests beat no more,  
 Hasten to this happy shore,—  
     Be forever blest.

Lo, immortal flowers bloom,  
 Far beyond the wintry tomb,  
 Here, my love, for thee is room,—  
     Haste, O haste away.

Songs of rapture fill the sky,—  
 Glory, praise to God Most High,  
 Love, thy harp in rapture try  
     To a heavenly lay.

See the blissful landscape shine,  
 Decked with flowers and fruits divine,  
 Come, my love, and make them thine,  
     Why, O why delay.

Will not endless joys above  
 All thy sacred passions move?  
 Full, divine, eternal love?  
     Come, O come away!

---

**FOREVER BLESSED.**

REV. 7 : 16.

THEY shall hunger no more,  
 They shall thirst never more,  
 In that region of perfect delight ;

But immortal in joy  
 Which no want can alloy  
 And no weakness e'er touch with a blight.

Never more writhing pain  
 From these causes again  
 Shall their natures with anguish assail ;  
 No more fainting and death  
 From a parched famished breath  
 Shall e'er seize on their souls with a wail.

No more appetite vile  
 Shall their spirits beguile,  
 And pollute them with brutal excess ;  
 No more lothing and shame,  
 No more grudging and blame  
 From that source mar their pure happiness.

When shall want all be o'er,  
 And I hunger no more,  
 No, not even for heaven's righteousness ;  
 But there filled, satisfied,  
 In bright glory abide,  
 To behold and be like Him I bless.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THEMES RELATING TO GOD AND THE PERSONS OF THE DIVINE TRINITY.

---

#### PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT.

O come, Holy Spirit, and bring  
Salvation to perishing souls ;  
Death pierces them through with his sting,  
Wrath sweeping away o'er them rolls.

O waken the slumbering saints,  
In faith and with fervor to pray ;  
Let weak ones forget their complaints,  
The wayward thy precepts obey.

Convince the impenitent heart  
Of sin and of judgment to come ;  
Thy graces and joys then impart,  
To guide the meek penitent home.

O visit the thoughtless and gay,  
The hardened, the stupid, the vile ;



Thy power almighty display,  
On Zion beloved now smile.

O when shall the young convert's song  
Break sweetly and loud on our ear ;  
O come, Holy Spirit, how long  
Ere thy triumphs of grace shall appear.



### THE SPIRIT IMploRED.

HOLY SPIRIT, come and bless me  
With the comforts of thy grace,  
Let not sin or care distress me,  
Lonely in this tiresome place.

Worldly joys are poor and fleeting,  
Nor abundant with me here,  
In the blest and sacred meeting,  
I, alas, cannot appear.

Wilt thou leave me then in sadness ?  
For the joys of heaven to mourn ;  
Come, O fill my soul with gladness,  
Blessed Comforter, return.

Let me join the adoration  
Of the happy hosts above ;  
Jesus praise, and sing salvation,  
Glory in His boundless love.

## SALVATION IMploRED.

O Spirit almighty, divine,  
 Descend on our perishing race,  
 In beams of salvation now shine,  
 And flow forth in rivers of grace.

Thy breath giveth being to all,  
 Thy presence this being sustains,  
 O hear then, thy poor creature's call,  
 In mercy regarding their pains.

True all are unworthy and vile,  
 Deserving thy heaviest rod,  
 But in kind compassion O smile,  
 Forgive thine own creatures, our God.

Almighty to form and create,  
 Exert the same power to renew ;  
 O pity, and save from the fate  
 We humbly acknowledge our due.

Remember what ages are past  
 Of sorrow, transgression and woe ;  
 Great Spirit, O be this the last !  
 O come and reclaim all below.

Let righteousness, peace, joy and love  
 Encircle our earth like the air,  
 And grace, still our passport above,  
 Bear age after age safely there.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WHILE celestial anthems ring  
O'er the plains of Bethlehem,  
Wake, my soul, with seraphs sing,  
Catch the fire that burns in them.

While the shepherds, filled with joy,  
Shout aloud the Infant's praise ;  
Soul, thy sweetest notes employ,  
Songs of grateful triumph raise.

While the Eastern Sages bring  
Gold and incense and adore ;  
Soul, hast thou no offering ?  
None than thee indebted more.

Deepest sunk in woe profound  
Of thy lost and sinful race ;  
On the verge of ruin found,—  
Saved by free and sovereign grace.

Gold nor incense can I bring,  
Nor the costly works of art,  
To the infant Saviour, King,  
All I have, I give,—my heart.

His my strength, my trust, my love,  
His the labor of my hands ;  
His on earth, and His above,  
While His throne eternal stands.

## MEETING JESUS.

WEARILY the desert passing  
 To our home of rest above,  
 Hunger, thirst and foes harassing,—  
 Sweet, O sweet is Jesus' love!  
 Meeting us in kindest manner,  
 Cheering us beneath His banner.

Strength and hope, when almost failing,  
 By His presence are restored,  
 Foes so fierce, the soul assailing,  
 Flee before our coming Lord;  
 His table in this wilderness  
 Gives foretaste of celestial bliss.

On His bosom blest reclining,  
 Fear and famine fled away,  
 Heaven revealed and round us shining,  
 Here we linger, here would stay;  
 So painful is the desert way  
 Beset with savage beasts of prey.

Christ, our love and strength renewing,  
 Is received to heaven again;  
 While we stand in wonder viewing,  
 Foes assail and urge amain,—  
 The fight, the march, we must resume,  
 Our crown is still beyond the tomb.

Toils and dangers us awaiting,  
 Fields of conquest to be won,

This a time for hesitating ?  
 Christian heroes, nobly—on !  
 The fearful, unbelieving, flee,  
 The faithful win the victory.

See the crown of triumph shining  
 On the turrets of the skies,  
 Immortal flowers round it twining,—  
 This and heaven the victor's prize :  
 Glory, praise, with acclamation,  
 To our Captain of salvation.

---

CHRIST'S LOVE.

THE love of Christ shall be my song  
 While I sojourn below ;  
 To Him my praise and strength belong,  
 From Him my blessings flow.

His love shall cheer my fainting heart  
 Through toils and wand'rings here ;  
 His love triumphant joys impart,  
 When death approaches near.

Yes, through the floods and fires of wrath  
 That may in fury frown  
 Across, along my destined path,  
 His love shall bear me on.

His love shall bless my dying hour,  
 And bear my soul above,  
 To celebrate His grace and power,  
 And endless sing His love.

---

**THE LOVE OF CHRIST.**

THE love of Christ, the love of Christ,  
 Sweet rapture, glory, praise ;  
 Hosannas sing, sweet incense bring,  
 Loud alleluias raise.

Ye seraphs bright, endowed with might,  
 Sweep rapturous your lyres ;  
 Glory proclaim, for Jesus' name,  
 A matchless theme, inspires.

Ye saints above, saved through His love,  
 Heaven's new song joyful sing ;  
 Extol His name who death o'ercame,  
 Praise, praise our God and King.

O when shall I ascend on high,  
 The ocean to possess,  
 Of love so dear, whose few drops here  
 Are glory, happiness.

## SONG AT BETHLEHEM.

HARK, what thund'ring chorus breaks  
On the solemn ear of night !  
Startled nature sudden wakes,  
Half in rapture, half affright.

Glory in celestial strains  
Bursts aloud o'er Bethlehem,  
Swells along her favored plains,  
Onward toward Jerusalem.

Wake, O Zion, lo, the morn  
Prayed and waited for so long,  
Comes at length, thy King is born !  
Wake, and join His natal song.

Shout hosannas, haste to own  
And receive your King and Lord ;  
Seat Him high on David's throne,  
Endless years to be adored,

Wake, ye Gentiles, leave the vale,  
Cast away death's gloomy pall ;  
Come, your great Deliverer hail,  
Help to crown Him Lord of all !

## JESUS.

JESUS ! Jesus ! O the name  
That has chased away my fears ;  
Help me, saints, His love proclaim,  
Love that dried my bitter tears.

On the verge of black despair,  
Trembling and o'erwhelmed I lay,  
Jesus ! O He found me there,  
Bore me in His arms away.

Love and joy my bosom swell,  
O I glory in His grace ;  
Loving kindness, help me tell,  
Dearest brethren, help me praise.

Wondering sinners, come and see,  
Come to Jesus and believe ;  
Mercy he has shown to me,  
Grace ye freely shall receive.

Come, and taste His love divine,  
Falling in His arms adore ;  
Jesus ! Jesus ! O He's mine,—  
I am His forevermore.



**THE SHULAMITE'S SEARCH.**

CANT. 3 : 3.

HAST thou seen Him ? stranger, say,  
Tell me if He passed this way ;  
Shall I soon His steps o'ertake ?  
Tell me, tell me for His sake.

Whom dost thou so anxious seek ?  
Why these tears upon thy cheek ?  
Tell me, and I haste with thee,  
Him to find thou long'st to see.

Dost thou not my Saviour know !  
Fairer than the sons below !  
Sweetest, brightest, best above,  
Him I seek with fervent love.

Why release Him from thy arms,  
Thus enraptured with His charms ?  
Where was wanting constancy,  
That He's gone so long from thee ?

Mine the blame, and mine the pain,  
But if Him I find again,  
Me He never more shall leave,  
Never, never Him I'll grieve.

Let us swift His steps pursue,  
See Him there, He waits for you !  
On yon hill behold Him stand,  
See for us He waves His hand.

## REJOICING IN CHRIST.

JESUS! O I love to hear  
 Praises showered on the name ;  
 Jesus calms the sinner's fear,  
 Lights the saint's most holy flame.

Jesus cheers the weary way .  
 Through this dang'rous wilderness ;  
 Jesus hears and helps us pray,  
 Pleads for us His righteousness.

Jesus leads us down the vale,  
 Bears us safe o'er Jordan's tide ;  
 Yes, when strength and spirit fail,  
 He is nearest to our side.

Jesus bears our souls above,  
 Crowns and seats us on His throne ;  
 Jesus ! O proclaim His love ;  
 This dear Jesus is our own.

---

 GLOBY TO CHRIST.

ETERNAL glory be  
 To Christ my gracious King,  
 Who sorrow bore and died for me,—  
 His matchless name I sing.

Ere yet the heavens were made,  
 Or angel praise ordained ;  
 In everlasting light arrayed,  
 Supremely blest He reigned.

When countless worlds appeared,  
 At His creating word,  
 Their hosts with holy rev'ence feared,  
 And worshipped Him their Lord.

His boundless goodness drew  
 Their highest love and praise,  
 On wings of light with joy they flew  
 To execute His ways.

Yet when our rebel race  
 Provoked a dreadful doom,  
 He came, O what amazing grace,  
 And suffered in our room.

---

**LORD COME QUICKLY.**

COME, Lord Jesus, O come quickly,  
 On celestial pinions haste ;  
 All our efforts, hopes are sickly,  
 All our labored plans are waste.

Come, Lord Jesus, in thy glory,  
 In the power of Godhead speed,  
 Well thou know'st our hapless story,  
 And our day of desp'rate need.

Come, Lord Jesus, hasten, hasten,  
 See the world in ruin lie ;  
 Do not more thy people chasten,—  
 To the rescue, Saviour, fly.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

REJOICE, O ye Christians, salvation proclaim,  
 And spread through the nations Immanuel's name ;  
 O let his high praises resound through the earth,  
 When glad ye remember the day of His birth.

For you he descended from glory above,  
 Assuming your likeness in infinite love,  
 The Babe in the manger O come and behold,  
 Such deep condescension can never be told.

Ye friends of the Saviour, come, bow and adore,  
 Let love warmer kindle than ever before,  
 Pour forth the affection His goodness inspires,  
 Uniting your praises with heaven's glowing choirs.

Ye wandering sinners, return and be blest,  
 The contrite have promise of pardon and rest,  
 O come while He's waiting to answer your cry,  
 Bow down now and worship for why will ye die ?

Our Lord and our Saviour, returned to thy throne,  
 Look down in thy goodness, our anthems to own,  
 Though feeble our voices, yet do not despise,  
 Now thou art receiving the praise of the skies.

## CHRIST COMMISSIONING HIS DISCIPLES.

WITH love, almost o'ercome by awe,  
 I on the Saviour gaze,  
 While He proclaims His final law,—  
 ' Spread through the world my praise.'

Omnipotence He calls His own,  
 Doth omnipresence claim ;  
 Then mounts to His eternal throne,  
 Whence winged with love He came.

A Being clothed in mortal form  
 Draws forth my soul in sight,  
 A voice that stills the ocean's storm,  
 Thrills me with awed delight.

A man ? an angel ? God alone  
 Claims attributes like those ;  
 What majesty around Him thrown !  
 Who this blest Being knows ?

'Tis God, eternal, infinite,  
 In human flesh revealed ;  
 'Tis Godhead strikes my feeble sight,  
 In my own form concealed.

And wherefore thus ? to ransom me  
 From sin's destructive ways ;  
 My Maker, Saviour, here I see,  
 Let me adore and praise.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

WHEN sin's envenomed sting I feel  
 Left rankling in my heart,  
 When conscience scarce will let me kneel  
 To pray the bitter smart  
 By blood of Jesus may be healed,  
 My pardon through His merits sealed,  
 How dear then, Lord, thou art.

When I am dumb, He intercedes  
 That justice may me spare,  
 His death, His righteousness He pleads  
 To save me from despair,  
 Then washes out the guilty stain,  
 And promises that I shall reign  
 With Him in heaven joint-heir.

And should I not my Saviour love ?  
 Who saves me day by day ;  
 Grants antepasts of joy above,  
 Though I so often stray ;  
 I must, I do, I will adore,  
 Till deathless being is no more,—  
 Years endless pass away.

## SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

WHILE kneeling at the wondrous cross,  
 Where my Redeemer dies,  
 The world appears the vilest dross  
 To my o'erflowing eyes.

Not Eden's bowers could tempt me hence,  
 While here He bleeds for me ;  
 The flowing stream is my defence  
 From endless misery.

With sin and death oppressed I come  
 Life, pardon, to receive,  
 While He in love dies in my room,—  
 Can I this Saviour leave ?

Can grudge to watch and pray as long  
 As on the cross He hangs ?  
 Or tears to pour in sorrow strong,  
 While blood falls in His pangs ?

What heart so hard as here to take  
 Salvation from his side,  
 And then the scene with haste forsake  
 For earthly joy and pride.

## CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

HAIL the morn of victory !  
 See Him rise in majesty,  
     From the guarded tomb ;  
 Hov'ring legions, from on high,  
 Through your ranks the tidings fly,  
     Make the Conq'ror room.

Peal heaven's highest minstrelsy,  
 While He leads captivity  
     Captive in his train ;  
 Shout, ye mighty hosts of God,  
 Echoing through space abroad,  
     Glories of His reign.

Through the deepest pits of woe,  
 Where God's curses overflow,  
     Through death's gloomy shade,  
 He has sought the lost and saved  
 Those to sin and hell enslaved,—  
     See Him now arrayed :

Clad in glories increate,  
 He resumes his former state  
     On th' eternal throne ;  
 Hail and crown Him Lord of all,  
 Saviour from the fatal fall,  
     Life and death His own !



Great the mighty mystery,  
 Godhead in the flesh to see,  
 Gaze, ye angels, gaze!  
 Matchless glory in His love,  
 On His earth or throne above,—  
 Let creation praise.



### SACRAMENTAL THOUGHTS.

COME around the table spread  
 With the signs of love divine,  
 View His body in the bread,  
 See His blood flow in the wine;  
 Come, here your faith and strength renew,  
 With Him who loved, who died for you.

Lay each carnal thought aside,  
 Hush each earthly feeling still,  
 Let thy soul, with Christ allied,  
 Full reflect His holy will;  
 Let purity and love divine  
 Through all thy powers in lustre shine.

While thou seest the Saviour's face,  
 Think upon thy sin and woe,  
 Resting in His kind embrace,  
 Let repentant sorrows flow;  
 Yet, still rejoice in His dear love,  
 And antedate thy joys above.

Lift thine eyes, my ransomed soul,  
 See the marriage supper spread,  
 Hear unnumbered voices roll  
 Praises on thy Saviour's head ;  
 O shall I dwell among them there,  
 My Jesus' bliss and glory share !

---

CHRISTMAS PRAISE.

HARP, that erst with praises rung,  
 Wherefore now thy cords unstrung,  
 Why upon the willows hung  
 Through this joyful day ?

'Tis the Saviour's natal morn,  
 When redemption's self was born  
 To a sinful race forlorn  
 Doomed as Satan's prey.

While thy grateful feelings swell,  
 Let thy harp melodious tell  
 How He saved thy soul from hell  
 By His birth and death.

Heavenly choirs their anthems raise,  
 Hymning all His wondrous ways,  
 Wake, my spirit, join the praise,  
 While He gives thee breath.

Where He leads with joy pursue,  
 Though through thorns, with heaven in view,  
 Cheered by smiles and promise true,  
 Till arrived above :

There amid a glorious throng,  
 Swell redemption's blissful song,  
 And through endless years prolong—  
 Story of His love.

---

PALM SUNDAY.

HEAR the shout! hosannas ring,  
 Swelling loud o'er Kedron's vale,  
 See on Olives' brow a King,  
 Who o'er all will soon prevail,  
 By His death gain victory,  
 Captive lead captivity.

Meek and lowly in His mein,  
 Humblest of the brutes He rides,  
 Yet such glory ne'er was seen  
 At coronal where pomp presides,  
 Meekness veiling Majesty,—  
 Mortal dust Divinity.

Lo He comes, 'tis David's Son!  
 David's Lord of wondrous name,  
 His people's heart is fired and won,  
 In echoes roll their loud acclaim,  
 Hosanna! in the highest be,  
 To Him ordained our race to free!

Strew His path with victor palms,  
 Cast your garment in His way,

Sound His praise in heavenly psalms,  
 He'll His faithful ones array  
 In robes and crowns of purity,  
 To reign with Him eternally.

---

**SAILING FROM SMYRNA HOMEWARD.**

SPEED us, Saviour, o'er the sea,  
 To our haven safely speed,  
 O my Lord, remember me,  
 Leave me not in time of need.

Homeward now my course is set,  
 Homeward toward the setting sun,  
 Ne'er my Saviour, me forget,  
 Though my eastern course be run.

Guide me to the distant West,  
 Strengthen and sustain me there,  
 Let my soul in thee be blest,—  
 Grace and peace and favor share.

O my Lord, my swelling soul  
 Runs the past excited o'er,  
 Waves of feeling on me roll,—  
 Let me to thy bosom soar.

In thy presence let me dwell,  
 Whereso'er my footsteps roam,  
 And the Spirit's witness tell,  
 Heaven is my approaching home.

### THE TRINITY.

With deepest awe and holy fear,  
 Th' eternal throne approaching near,  
 My soul would fain the Godhead see,  
 And learn a part of Deity.

Ere yet creative power began  
 To execute its boundless plan,  
 Reigned blest, through void infinity,  
 The awful, glorious One in Three.

Eternal, infinite, and one,  
 The sacred Persons filled the throne,  
 And highest bliss the Godhead knows,  
 From this blest unity arose.

In essence, glory, will, and might,  
 One and equal, robed in light,  
 Eternal converse, boundless joy,  
 The blessed Trinity employ.

My soul with fear and love adore,  
 Here place thy trust, hence rove no more,  
 A triune God, His word reveals,  
 Faith, hope, and love, here fix your seals.

**MYSTERY OF PROVIDENCE.**

Thy way, O God, is in the sea,  
 Thy footsteps who can trace ?  
 Who there can follow Deity,  
 To scan His wrath or grace.

He walks at leisure on the wind  
 When fierce tornadoes sweep,  
 His path, vain mortal, canst thou find ?  
 Career like this canst keep ?

Each moment that prolongs thy days,  
 He's present everywhere ;  
 Canst thou then understand His ways ?  
 Presumptuous worm, forbear !

Why judgment or why grace is given,  
 How little canst thou tell !  
 The reasons reach as high as heaven,  
 Descend as deep as hell :

Yes, stretch through vast eternity  
 Which none but God can span,  
 Why grasp then at infinity ?  
 Vain, feeble insect, man !

To the eternal great first Cause,  
 All holy and all wise,  
 Shall atoms of a world give laws,  
 And teach to rule the skies !

## ELECTION.

WHEN from election's glorious band,  
 That hymned th' Eternal round His throne,  
 Th' apostate angels by His hand  
 Down headlong to the pit were thrown,—  
 Vain infant of a day, canst tell  
 Why those were true, why these rebel?

Here, Gabriel strikes his matchless lyre,  
 And leads the chorus of the skies ;  
 There, Satan writhes in quenchless fire,  
 And teaches hell new blasphemies ;  
 Yet once alike in realms of light,  
 They shone and sung with rapt delight.

Why were the Patriarchs ere the flood  
 Selected from an impious race,  
 While thousands left, of kindred blood,  
 Share Satan's crimes and dreadful place :  
 Jehovah these in mercy chose,  
 To sin and wrath abandoned those.

The father of the faithful heard,  
 And followed at th' Almighty's call ;  
 So all the righteous at His word  
 Obedient at His footstool fall ;  
 His sovereign and electing grace  
 Brings them with joy before His face.

Weak sinful man, wilt thou arraign  
 The infinite almighty God !

Who shall of His decrees complain  
 That suffers justly by His rod ?  
 Forbear ; in deep humility adore,  
 Since thou canst know and do no more.



FINITE SPANS NOT INFINITY.

MY anxious spirit long was tossed  
 Upon a troubled sea,  
 And wandered o'er the waves till lost  
 In vast infinity.

The coast and depth I fain would know,  
 The winds and currents scan,  
 But trial only served to show  
 The folly of my plan.

I fancied 'twas a little sea,  
 By continents embraced,  
 But soon the world appeared to be  
 A rock mid boundless waste.

What line can sound infinity !  
 What eye its coast explore !  
 Great God, forgive my vanity,  
 And I will roam no more.



**DIVINE PROVIDENCE RIGHT**

A holy, wise, almighty God  
 The universe controls,  
 His goodness, His avenging rod  
 Reach to the utmost poles.

Ye chosen people of His love,  
 There's nought for you but praise,  
 Needs He your aid, or hosts above,  
 To vindicate His ways ?

Though His decrees are all unknown,  
 Yet know they all are just ;  
 Bow then submissive at His throne,—  
 Here fix your love and trust.

Who would the ways of God trace out,  
 Not less than God should be ;  
 Man sure must sink in deepest doubt  
 Amid infinity.

Where revelation leads the way  
 Contented there pursue ;  
 Ere long will rise a brighter day,  
 And give you ampler view.

THE WRATH OF MAN SHALL PRAISE THEE.

PSALM 76 : 10.

THE wrath of every sinful soul,  
O God, shall still exalt thy praise,  
Thou wilt the rage of hell control,  
And rapture out of ruin raise.

All evil, in thy vast domains,  
For final good shall ever slave,  
And guilty rebels, in their chains,  
Enhance thy glory while they rave.

No creature, through eternity,  
Can ever 'scape thy Sovereign will,  
All must be subject still to thee,—  
In love or hate thy plan fulfil.

Almighty and eternal Lord,  
In holy fear I thee adore,  
And leaning on thy gracious word,  
Will freely serve thee evermore.

~~~~~

GO THY WAY.

DAN. 12 : 9 & 13.

SEEK not too far the times to know
That God's unfolding plan display ;

His High decrees their shadows show,
But, O beloved, "Go thy way."

The word He gives is under seal,
Let faith receive it and obey ;
The future will the whole reveal,
But, greatly loved, now go thy way.

If nations left in darkness die
Unblest by one celestial ray,
What gain to know the reason why,
In this brief scene ? man, go thy way.

If grace in copious showers descend,
Till nought the heavenly flood can stay,
And chosen hosts adoring bend,—
Pained for the cause ? O go thy way !

Yes, go thy way, belov'd of Heaven,
Thy lot thou shalt possess that day,
And know why such decrees were given,
Till then, beloved, go thy way.



PRAISE FOR DIVINE MERCY.

SWEET, sweet were the songs and delightful the praise,
Ere mercy appeared to the armies above ;
Jehovah thrice holy, all good in His ways,
Awakened their rapture, their fear and their love.

But when the lost sinner, o'erwhelmed in despair,
 Was saved from perdition by mercy divine,
 What tongue can their transport and wonder declare,
 This grace every other seemed then to outshine.

Blest mercy, blest mercy their anthems extol,
 Blest mercy that pities, that ransoms the vile,
 Restoring the guilty from ruinous fall,
 And shielding the contrite from malice and guile.

And shall a poor mortal that mercy redeems,
 Forget the salvation he owes to this grace?
 And turn from the mildness of glory that beams
 So sweetly through mercy in Heaven's smiling face.

O come let us worship, bow down and adore,
 We sinners, vile sinners, deserving of hell,
 We pardoned through mercy, can Godhead do more?
 And kept still by mercy till with Him we dwell.

Blest mercy, the darling of earth and the skies,
 Shall swell our rapt praises while being endures,
 For Christ, Lord of mercy, almighty, all wise,
 Our blessings of mercy forever secures.

MERCY'S VISIT.

WHEN prostrate on the ground I lay,
 To conscience and despair a prey,
 Then mercy came to wipe my tears,
 With Jesus' name to calm my fears.

Yes, e'en a rebel vile as I,
 Sweet mercy passed not frowning by,
 True, at my awful crimes she sighed,
 Then smiling said, But Christ has died.

And when by guileful sin deceived,
 The Holy Spirit I have grieved,
 Has weeping mercy o'er me yearned,
 Until the Comforter returned.

How great, how good, must mercy be,
 To pardon, love, a wretch like me,
 May mercy still my steps attend,
 Forever my companion, friend.

CRY FOR MERCY.

MERCY, the sufferer's cry,
 Mercy, my hope and my plea,
 Never thy favor deny,
 To me, poor sinner, to me.

Mercy, my guilt wash away,
 Make me as pure as the light ;
 Kindly my spirit array
 In robes of unspotted white.

Cheer me, sweet Mercy, with love,
 Tell all the charms of thy Lord,
 Bear my glad spirit above,
 To share His gracious reward.

Mercy I there would extol,
 Mercy that saves me from hell,
 While low adoring I fall,
 Triumphs of mercy would tell.

MERCY OF GOD.

THE Lord rich in mercy beholds
 Our wandering, perishing race ;
 He pities and pardons the souls
 That penitent supplicate grace.

Mercy that prompted to yield
 His Only Begotten to die,
 Salvation by sacrifice sealed,
 Will He that sweet mercy deny.

While Justice o'erwhelms us with awe,
 And drives us away in despair,
 Kind Mercy, fulfilling the law,
 Restores us His favor to share.

His mercy forever endures,
 All glory and praise to His name,
 Shall sinners this mercy secures,
 Deny fellow-sinners the same.

GOD IS LOVE.

JEHOVAH is a God of love,
 Though justice marks His ways,
 Blest mercy still prevails above,
 And wakens higher praise.

The work of vengeance strange appears
 To His all bounteous hand ;
 Mercy smiles through suppliant tears,
 And saves the guilty land.

Late and reluctant wrath awakes,
 E'en o'er a hardened race,
 He pities when a soul forsakes
 The way of heavenly grace.

But mercy early gains her plea,
 And shows the trophy won,
 Had mercy not availed for me,
 My soul were now undone.

Come ye who fain would mercy share,
 Receive the grace of Heaven,
 Of mercy let no soul despair,
 When one like me's forgiven.

LOST IN SIN.

LOST in a dreadful wild,
 How glad the famished child
 His tender mother's accent hears ;
 When toil and fear o'ercame,—
 She calls her darling's name,
 With bursting heart and flowing tears.

He runs to her embrace,
 Joy beams in either face,—
 Twined fondly in each other's arms,
 They seek their happy home,
 Whence he no more will roam,
 To suffer and to cause alarms.

Thus crushed with heavy woes,
 Beset with fearful foes,
 The sinner hears sweet Mercy's call,
 As through this desert drear,
 She seeks the wanderer,
 Mid dreadful ruins of the fall.

Still on the bended knee,
 He cries, Is hope for me ?
 O mercy, haste my soul to save !
 'Tis grace beyond compare,
 A wretch like me to spare,
 And in the fount of life to lave.

THE JUDGMENT DESIRED.

ISA. 64 : 1.

O that thou the heavens wouldst rend,
In glory and in might descend,
That every height may melt like snow,
And at thy presence sinking flow.

Great God, our waiting, longing eyes
Grow dim with gazing in the skies,
To hail thy coming from afar,
To see thine arm of glory bare.

Why lingers thus thy chariot? Lord,
Haste bring thy people their reward,
The bolted heavens in zeal unbar,
Dash from thy pathway every star.

The nations judge, the earth redeem,
And glorify thy glorious name ;
Be evil banished ne'er again
To enter with its dreadful train.

Jehovah, good, almighty, wise,
In mercy hear our bitter cries ;
Come, and thy saving power make known,
Here place thy high majestic throne.

THE DIVINE WILL.

My thoughts dwell on the will of God,
 Why should I draw them thence ?
 The golden scepter, iron rod,
 Swayed by Omnipotence,
 Delight me still, and still they awe,
 With Gospel grace and thund'ring law.

I love to feel me in the hand
 The universe has made,
 Archangels formed,—whose high command
 Through nature is obeyed ;
 O yes, I love to feel me here,
 And know no more or hope or fear.

He will not cast poor me away,
 And what can pluck me hence ?
 Eternal goodness is my stay,
 Almighty my defence ;
 Till death, yes, while His throne endures,
 His grace and power my bliss secures.

Let human monsters round me rise,
 And fiends of darkness rage,
 Let gloomy clouds seal up the skies,
 And fears with foes engage ;
 Am I a child of dying love ?
 I know then I shall reign above.

The will of God, so good, so just,
 May often chasten me ;
 Yet shall it be my joy, my trust,
 Through all eternity :
 I know my God cannot do wrong,
 His praise shall be my endless song.

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

THE angels in glory unite
 To hymn God's omnipotent reign,
 And breathe forth extatic delight,
 With every sweet note of the strain ;
 Where grace in its glory displays
 The beauties of goodness divine,
 Where justice in terror arrays
 Its judgments so holy condign,

A harmony perfect they see,
 Benevolence worthy a God,
 While wisdom and power agree
 In mercy or stroke of His rod.
 His attributes lighten the skies,
 Reflected from darkness of hell,—
 Too bright e'en for angelic eyes,
 Their glories what anthem can tell.

And why do the angels adore ?
Why goodness, why vengeance extol ?
While wonderful ways they explore
Of Him who reigns God over all ?
Such glory and holiness shine,
Such righteousness, wisdom and might,
In least of His acts all combine,
They thrill with seraphic delight.

O were we as holy as they,
And saw in the light of the skies
How perfect on earth is His way
In scenes that pass under our eyes,
Far other our feelings would be,
When mercy or judgment appears,
With His our own will would agree,
And few be our sorrowful tears.

But error and darkness pervert
Our views of divine providence,
Guilt ever its woe would convert
To trouble uncaused by offence ;
Yet still He in holiness reigns,
And glory shines through all His ways,
And while the vile sinner complains,
All heaven rings again with His praise.

NEVER ALONE.

I thought me here alone,
Unconscious heaved a sigh,
As social seasons flown
Passed fancy's eager eye.

But while my soul was thrilled
With visions of the past,
It suddenly was filled
With apprehensions vast :

Alone ? forever no !
The Infinite is here ;
And wheresoe'er I go,
He than my form more near.

A friend might touch my hand,
He clasps my inmost soul,
What I cannot command,
Obeys His just control.

Yes, He is nearer me
Than this poor mortal clay,
And through eternity
From Him I cannot stray.

And who can tell how near
The choirs of glory sing ?
Were all my loved ones here,
They were an outer ring.

PLEADING WITH GOD.

JER. 12 : 1—7.

ALL-RIGHTEOUS art thou, O my God,
 What time I plead with thee ;
 Yet let me talk of thy dread rod,
 And answer graciously.

Why prosper they who spurn thy law ?
 Why happy treacherous ones ?
 Their blessings e'en from thee they draw,
 Like well beloved sons.

Thou plantedst them a tree so fair,
 Yea, deep they cast their roots ;
 Ah, why does holy justice spare—
 To yield such bitter fruits.

Thy name familiar on their tongue,
 But far from thee their heart ;
 Should not such souls with woe be wrung,—
 Transfixed with sorrow's dart ?

Thou knowest me, my blessed Lord,
 My heart thou long hast tried ;
 For truth, I pray thou wouldst award
 Destruction to their pride.

No keen revenge, no private hate,
 Inspires this awful prayer ;
 I would avert the country's fate,—
 My God, the nation spare !

Behold the land a desert wild,
 Both beast and bird have fled,
 Because by horrid crimes defiled,—
 Why has not justice sped !

Thou great Jehovah, condescend
 That I may talk with thee ;
 Why lingers yet the sinner's end ?
 To cause such misery.

Why not as with a flood of fire
 All wickedness consume ?
 Then peace and righteousness inspire,
 Restoring Eden's bloom ?—

Judge not with blind and fiery zeal,
 Servant of God Most High ;
 Leave to my hand the awful seal
 That dooms the wretch to die.

But where thy strength and patience fled ?
 Canst thou not this endure ?
 Think what I've borne from rebels dead,—
 Still bear, though holy, pure.

But see, stern justice smites the land,
 As holy wisdom guides ;
 Not fitful like a mortal hand,—
 'Tis God their lot divides.

The dear beloved of my soul
 For sin incurs the rod,
 No partial feelings e'er control
 The providence of God.

‘THE LORD REIGNETH.’

THROUGHOUT the world Jehovah reigns,
 And o’er the sons of war and pride
 His righteous sovereignty maintains,
 And dashes oft their plans aside.

If they to ravage earth combine,
 To fill the air with widows’ wails,
 He breaks the sword by power divine,
 And all their boasted valor fails.

When sinful nations wish for peace,
 And dread the horrid front of war ;
 Their hopes and pleasures sudden cease,
 The battle comes and sweeps afar.

Then rage the hurricanes of strife,
 And blood and tears in torrents flow,
 Till those still left choose death than life,
 And seek the grave to ’scape from woe.

God will be known and feared on earth,
 Or by His grace or wrath divine,
 Though blinded man in impious mirth
 Declare—The will the work is mine.

APPEAL TO GOD.

ETERNAL, Infinite, Self-blest,
 With attributes divine,
 O canst thou condescend to test
 So low a state as mine ?

Almighty, canst thou truly know
 Such weakness as I feel ?
 All-holy—estimate the woe
 Of sins I don't conceal ?

Self-source of life and endless bliss,
 How canst thou know the pangs
 Of such a mortal frame as this ?—
 Forever on death's fangs.

Exalted o'er temptation far,
 Beyond all doubt or shade,
 O canst thou know what trials are ?
 The sorceries arrayed

To lure, beguile, to vex, torment,
 The hapless, human soul !
 Its passions mad on ruin bent,
 Though conscience's thunders roll.

Yes, blessed God, thou knowest it all,
 And righteous are thy ways ;
 The sinning offspring of the fall
 Should but repent and praise.

Yet look, I pray, in mercy down
 Upon thy creature vile !
 O cleanse this guilt, and change thy frown
 To mercy's saving smile.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE YEAR.

O God, behold thy children kneel
 In every land to-day ;
 United in their warm appeal,
 They fast and weep and pray.

Not for our sakes but for thine own
 We supplicate thy grace,
 Besieging thy almighty throne
 For mercy on our race.

We are but vile, we only plead
 What Christ our Lord has done ;
 O hear us in this time of need,
 For merits of thy Son.

Will not thy name be glorified
 If nations turn to thee ?
 If all the world be sanctified
 And man thy glory see.

TEACH US TO PRAY.

ETERNAL SOVEREIGN, Lord of all,
 Before whom angels humbly fall,
 How shall such worms as we appear
 Before thy throne of holy fear ?

What posture take ? what words prepare
 To offer to our God in prayer ?
 So vile, unworthy, lost are we,
 How shall we speak to Deity !

Almighty God, turn off thine eyes
 From our untold iniquities ;
 Behold us in thy blessed Son,
 'Tis ours by faith all He has done.

Now boldly to the throne of grace
 We come, we plead for all our race,
 But chiefly for the Church below,
 Environed round with sin and woe.

Our Saviour God, our gracious King,
 Thine is the cause in prayer we bring,
 No glory ours, all to thy name
 Let heaven and earth aloud proclaim.

SOVEREIGN GRACE.

THOU sovereign, universal King
 Of atoms and archangels too,
 Whose glories saints and seraphs sing,
 Whose will the proudest rebels do :
 Since e'en by sin thy power divine
 Makes grace and glory brighter shine.

Thy holy will omnipotent
 Through all thy vast creation reigns,
 Controlling every act, event,
 Thy sovereign power permits—ordains :
 Not Gabriel more obeys thy nod,
 Than Satan heeds thy dreadful rod.

Holy and just are thy decrees,
 Thy providence is good and wise,
 Though here descend dread destinies,
 There, pardoned souls to glory rise :
 Jehovah, sovereignty is thine,
 Who questions attributes divine !

If thou in answer to our prayer
 Dost rebel nations bring to praise,
 Or leave them all to sin—despair,
 Still just and holy are thy ways ;
 This we shall see, and then proclaim
 Loud alleluias to thy Name.

GOD LOVED THE WORLD.

JOHN 3 : 16.

WHAT love the Father moved
 To give His only Son,
 What depths Messiah proved
 To save a world undone ;
 Love for the lost, the vile, such love
 As never shone in realms above.

The Father gave to die,
 The Son accepts the shame,
 That man may mount the sky
 Through faith in Jesus' name ;
 What wondrous love, what grace divine,
 Throughout redemption brightly shine.

Whoever felt for foe
 Such love beyond compare !
 Endured such bitter woe
 A rebel worm to spare !
 What wonder filled the stars of morn
 When Christ, Immanuel, was born.

His birth, His life, His cross,
 Such wondrous love display
 For this vile world of dross,
 All heaven in bright array
 Might till the judgment silent gaze,
 Ere bursts the chorus full of praise.

JEHOVAH IMPLORED.

LORD of all space and time,
 Of worlds Creator, King,
 Whose sovereign reign sublime
 Controls each secret spring
 That moves the universe, or sways
 A pensile leaf on tiny sprays.

Thou blest eternal One,
 On thee my spirit calls,
 By sin and woe undone,
 My soul in ruin falls,
 And quaking shrinks, but cannot flee,
 O omnipresent God, from thee.

But Christ our nature bore,
 And suffered to atone,
 That man might thee adore
 In rapture near thy throne,
 O let me come and share the rays
 That light the temple of thy praise.

On me bestow the grace,
 So infinite and free,
 That lifts our fallen race
 So near to Deity,—
 Cast off my nature vile, to shine
 A soul renewed, and half divine.

O THE DEPTH.

Rom. 11 : 33.

O depth of depth ! my dizzy soul
 Reels on the brink of boundless seas,
 Its wonder—self cannot control,
 In view of God's divine decrees.

O depth of depth ! that so decreed
 Mankind—the universe to be ;
 Ordained to woe, or gave the meed
 Of grace in holy sovereignty.

O depth of depth ! that Will divine,
 First cause of all things and their end,
 Which from itself doth fix—define
 What endless acts on it depend.

O depth of depth ! where fixed decree
 With perfect freedom runs its round,
 And darkest shades of mystery
 With brightest beams of light abound.

O depth of depth ! how infinite !
 Wisdom and judgment without shore !
 My feeble powers in sweet affright,
 Sink trembling down and low adore.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MISSION PROPHET.

CLASPED in the arms of fond parental love,
Esteemed a gift descended from above,
Whose future course through flowery paths would lead,
Joy rise on joy, and bliss to bliss succeed,
Down through the vista of this mortal scene,
Till glory opens on a world unseen,
Hushed in sweet slumbers, at the close of day,
Ere birth ordained, the Mission Prophet lay.
With visions charmed his parents o'er him smile,
Son of their prayers! sweet hopes their cares beguile,
And evening hours on golden pinions glide,
While love sits guardian of their darling pride.
To talk of him they never, never tire,
Nor cease his charms infantile to admire,
Each part and feature perfect in their eyes,
A little cherub to adorn the skies,
Of every grace of form and mind possess,
Love glowing paints him on the throbbing breast.

With thrilling fondness in their arms they fold
Their darling son, while tides of joy untold,
Pour through each bosom in unceasing flow,
Fair prospects bearing decked with promise's bow.

Now they recount the visions that transpired,
 Ere they in transport first his form admired,
 And led by love, love's flowery path survey,
 Back to their bright, auspicious, nuptial day,
 And onward still to that delightful hour,
 When plighted vows revealed the sovereign power
 Which fondest love had o'er their bosoms gained,
 Where long before sincerest friendship reigned.
 Sweet recollections ! gemming all the ties
 Of wedded union like the spangled skies,
 And crusting o'er as with a pearly shell,
 What cares and sorrows in their pathway fell.
 Their mutual love the precious pledge endeared,
 From him reflected, each to each appeared
 More dear, more lovely, both more wholly one,
 Now doubly linked by their beloved son.

But earthly love no iron sceptre holds,
 To break the wings of their immortal souls,
 And to their home, however sweet, confine
 Those mighty powers that seek a world divine ;
 That sigh though blest, that struggle to be free,
 And dwell with God in His eternity.
 In sweet communion of the bliss on high,
 How oft their hours would glide unheeded by,
 And while they knelt in humble, thrilling prayer,
 They almost felt they were already there ;
 Heard the rapt anthems of seraphic choirs,
 Saw Him whose presence endless joy inspires,
 And mingling full in life's celestial stream,
 Drank and reflected glory's brightest beam.
 In such blest moments on the verge of heaven,
 What strength to nature's tend'rest ties was given,
 And how in agony of joy and fear,
 They prayed for him, their darling son so dear ;

O would he with them in those glories share ?
 Or severed sink to darkness and despair !
 Raise their blest anthems in celestial bliss ?
 Or swell the wailings of the dread abyss !
 Shine like an angel in eternal light ?
 Or fiend-like blacken through unending night !
 In praises rapt approach still near the throne ?
 Or sink blaspheming endless ages down !
 But hope prevails ; faith lifts her heavenly hand,
 Points out his place amid the chosen band
 Whose blest hosannas to th' eternal King,
 In joy triumphant through His temple ring :
 There faith reveals him crowned with love divine,
 And robed in glories which the sun outshine,
 Ascending high as e'er archangel trod,
 Filled with the fulness of a present God.

How oft they prayed, long ere the light of day
 Beheld the pilgrim on his varied way,
 And in devotion all their spirit poured
 Before the God their inmost souls adored,
 That He would cleanse from every mortal stain
 The young existence, and bid graces reign
 Triumphant in the soul His power creates,
 And guard from all His Holy Spirit hates.
 Not vain the prayer, inspired and heard above,
 Eternal wisdom, in eternal love,
 Ordained that child His holy word to bear,
 Ere sprung to being,—ere his form so fair
 Was yet revealed to view of mortal eyes,
 The infant soul God's Spirit sanctifies.
 What His decree in gracious wisdom seals,
 Revolving time in order due reveals,
 Yet still reserved the story's golden key,
 To show more clearly in eternity,

How kind His purpose, though severe His rod,
 How wise, how holy, like its Author, God.
 Blest young immortal ! who'll not envy thee ?
 Who would not wish thy substitute to be,
 While thee beholding in affection's arms,
 And gazing on thy fast expanding charms,
 While list'ning to the story of thy birth,
 Which seems to guaranty a heaven on earth.

But cease to envy one a fate unknown ;
 Grace, favor, bounty, Heaven has never strown
 Along the pathway of a soul below,
 Not hedged with trial, hatred, toil, and woe.
 The gifts of Heaven on earth are only loans ;
 The usury paid full oft in labors, groans,
 In anguish deep, in secret scalding tears,
 In strife of agony, in awful fears :
 So sunk is earth, so lost is sinful man,
 That mercy's self finds no more gracious plan,
 The chosen soul in future bliss to raise,
 And fit to share immortal joy and praise.
 Yet harsh to chide parental love forbear,
 Hopes though delusive, soften anxious care,
 In changing hues oft fading slow away,
 Like sunset splendors of departing day,
 They fit the mind, as twilight fits the eye,
 For gloom and darkness which before us lie,
 And kindly lengthen, by refracted rays,
 The little measure of our happy days.

Sleep on sweet infant ! doting parents, smile !
 Let hope and joy each weary hour beguile,
 Leave to kind Heaven what may of trouble rise,
 You've proved His goodness, trust that He is wise ;
 While yet 'tis given to your fond hearts to press
 Your darling Son, and seek his happiness,

Be happy too, all will at last be well,
 Though your bright hopes should bid a sad farewell ;
 Yes, not in fancy's most extatic flight,
 Such bliss and glory charmed your ravished sight,
 For him you love, as God in grace ordains,
 Though earth see few like him for woes and pains.

Day follows day, month after month doth glide,
 Each passing hour augments parental pride,
 For growing faculties did ne'er expand
 In lovelier form, nor countenance more bland
 Reflect the smile of parent or of friend,
 Than his, where graces in such sweetness blend.
 His features fair, his mein and aspect mild,
 His manners dignified, while yet a child,
 Sweet in his temper, modest and retired,
 By shunning praise he grew the more admired,
 While in his looks a mingled feeling played,
 Of joy and pensiveness the light and shade,
 Now beaming rapt'rous with celestial glow,
 Then dark'ning deep with gloom of earthly woe,
 As if the scenes, for him by God designed,
 Cast their long shadows o'er his infant mind,
 And with a dreamy sense his soul impressed
 Of coming trials, and a world of rest.

But crowning all, was deep religious awe,
 With which he listened to God's holy law,
 While oft his father read the sacred page,
 With comments suited to his tender age,
 Discoursed of mercy with celestial glow,
 Then warned of judgment and a world of woe,
 Bade him beware of sins so common grown,
 Whose foul pollutions caused the land to moan,
 And cried for vengeance from the outstretched arm
 That thundered justice's fierce and dire alarm,

But taught him still to hold his country dear,
 And shed for her the patriotic tear,
 With her to suffer, all her ills endure,
 Though honor point him to retreat secure ;
 Yea, love her still, and with her faithful die,
 Although repaid by scorn and tyranny.
 Nor less he proved his mother's tender love,
 To form for duty here, for joy above,
 And all his passions rightly to control ;
 For time revealed deep currents in his soul,
 Which oft beneath a countenance serene,
 Rushed through his breast with violence unseen,
 Now broke in thrills on friendship's pearly shore,
 Now whelmed offenders with an angry roar,
 Seemed ready oft from hidden deeps to burst,
 And on him pour the wreck of one accurst.
 Strange contrast ! fell his words like evening dew ;
 Scarce aught but mildness met the common view,
 The sweet expression of a heart at rest,
 With heavenly grace and earthly bounty blest.
 Nor was it feigned, but he was human still,
 And proved vicissitude of good and ill ;
 Yet if strong passions through his bosom flowed,
 Grace still triumphant, on the current rode,
 And checked its course, and backward rolled its tide,
 While penitential sighs its waters dried.

For social bliss and cheerful converse made,
 Yet oft he sought the solitary shade,
 In deep reflection, lost the gliding hours,
 And tasked his own, to measure nature's powers ;
 Or on the verge of spirit-worlds would dwell,
 View heaven's perfections, and the woes of hell,
 By goodness ravished, awed by vengeance' rod,
 O'erwhelmed would realize a present God.

To paint the form his active spirit wore,
 The blended passions of his soul explore,
 The diverse lights and varying shades combine,
 Were task too hard for artless hand like mine.
 Yet modest calmness cast so thick a veil
 O'er mixed extremes, unpractised eyes would fail
 To view the workings of the soul within,
 And mark its struggles with the monster sin,
 Or see it soar on wing of heavenly light,
 Where faith itself is changed to cloudless sight,
 And o'er the glories of Jehovah's reign,
 In still expanding, blissful vision strain.
 On spirit-ground his joys, his trials lay,
 Extatic these, of those a dread array,
 There battles lost, there antepasts of bliss
 Prepared for woe,—for future happiness.

So childhood passed, so youth was gliding by,
 In his sweet home, beneath his native sky,
 Where oft he felt, from social scenes apart,
 As if a hand divine had touched his heart,
 And left impressions of mysterious seal,
 Which time alone was destined to reveal,
 And show him why such strange emotions came,
 Like angel hosts of bright, seraphic flame
 Across his bosom, firing all his soul ;
 Then fiends in legions striving to control
 His will and heart, and hush his cry for aid,
 To bear the burdens Wisdom on him laid.

One lovely morn he early stole away
 To hallowed shades where he was wont to pray,
 And pour his agonies before the throne,
 For that dear people whom he called his own ;
 Their awful sin and stubborn heart deplores,
 Against the God their tongue in vain adores,

Who still professing to receive His law,
 And hopes of glory from His service draw,
 Outrage their nature with the deeds of hell,
 And mad with judgment and with crime rebel.
 His soul was tortured at the awful view
 Of sin, and vengeance which must sin pursue,
 And if his death could turn the dreadful tide,
 For his dear people cheerful had he died.
 His bursting heart for mercy now implores,
 And then afresh the awful scene explores ;
 Earth yields him nought but agonized despair,
 And heaven reveals the arm of vengeance bare.

While thus o'erwhelmed and crushed in soul he lay,
 Eternal glories dimmed the rising day,
 Prophetic impulse through his spirit thrilled,
 And all his powers with awe celestial filled.
 Entranced he saw the high Eternal One,
 Who came to make His holy purpose known,
 And in a voice to human organs framed,
 Thus to the youth His high decree proclaimed :
 Ere yet I formed, by nature's plastic hand,
 Thy mortal frame, before me thou didst stand ;
 Ere first thine eyes beheld the morning shine,
 Thee I had sanctified by grace divine,
 Thee I ordained my righteous word to bear,
 To nations doomed, or those my hand may spare,
 Rise, sound my judgments in the people's ears,
 For whom thou pour'st such interceding tears ;
 My mercy proffer, vengeance too proclaim,
 Go in my strength and vindicate my name.

Deep passion such as seraphs understand,
 When veiled before the Deity they stand,
 With awe profound His high behest attend,
 And pressed with glory reverently bend,

Now fills, surrounds, and every power strains,
 Of him whom God with His own hand ordains.
 Bowed to the earth the youthful prophet lay,
 O'erwhelmed and faint by this divine display,
 With only strength to venture the reply,
 Lord, how can speak a child as weak as I ?
 Jehovah then rejoins in accents mild,
 Say not desponding, I am but a child ;
 To those I send thee resolutely go,
 What I command, in vivid colors show ;
 Fear not the frowns and terrors they assume,
 Nor all the ills to which thy life they doom,
 For I am with thee, will deliverance send,
 Support and guide thee to the appointed end,
 And though thy sorrows like a torrent swell,
 Trust God, and know it surely will be well :
 Then touched his lips with uncreated hand,
 And gave him strength before the Lord to stand.

The words of God to rebel nations sent,
 With wisdom sealed, with power omnipotent,
 Thrill through his soul like heaven's electric fire,
 And glowing passions in a blaze inspire.
 He sees the nations to his judgement given,
 There hell expanding, here the gate of heaven,
 Himself God's legate kingdoms to destroy,
 Or build them up in righteousness and joy.
 New spirit-worlds within his soul he feels,
 The vision bright eternity reveals,
 And all of power the human heart to move,
 Descends upon him from the realms above.
 O'ercome with glories of the opened skies,
 Deep slumbers seal his dimmed and ravished eyes,
 While nature prostrate gladly sinks to rest,
 Nor wakes till day is fading in the west :

Sense slowly then reanimate returns,
 Yet on his soul so bright the vision burns,
 Long he demurs if earth again confines
 His spirit, or mid seraphim he shines.

His careful parents who at morn supposed,
 In lengthened slumbers sweetly he reposed,
 At length by wonder, love, and fear, led on
 To his apartment, find that he is gone.
 Yet 'twas his wont to steal unseen away,
 In silent shades to meditate and pray,
 And let the hours unheeded speed their flight,
 While sacred subjects filled him with delight.
 But how their hearts with tender anguish yearned,
 Morn, noon gone by, their darling not returned,
 Each asking each, where is our loved one? where?
 Then Heaven imploring in pathetic prayer.
 They search each nook, to every quarter run,
 But find no trace nor tidings of their son;
 With bursting heart and weak excited frame,
 Back to their dwelling, gloomy now, they came,
 When near at hand, in a sequestered shade,
 Which they had searched while he in sleep was laid,
 Yet in such haste the lost and loved to find,
 They saw him not,—behold him now reclined,
 In thought profound, while mixed with twilight's ray,
 The silver moonbeams o'er his features play,
 Which like an angel lost in heavenly dream,
 With strong expression of his vision beam.
 But mighty passions stirred each parent's breast,
 With love's strong arms their darling son they pressed
 To bosoms panting with so full a swell,
 That voice nor tear the agony could tell.
 The shock electric all his senses fired,
 His filial feeling earthly hope inspired,

And threw a radiance round his happy home,
 Which none perceive till called afar to roam.
 O must I leave you ! nature for him cried,
 Dear, dear, loved parents ! severed from your side,
 Who will embrace me in the arms of love !
 Who soothe and comfort when through thorns I rove !
 Led out from home, so fair, so sweet to me,
 Another home, on earth, I ne'er shall see !
 But hush, fond nature ! at His word I go,
 The promised grace He faithful will bestow,
 And from my sorrows blessings will arise,
 The harvest gathered in the blissful skies,—
 Maternal tones and tears here found a way,—
 Stay, my loved darling ! stay, I charge you stay !
 Why talk so wildly ? whither wouldst thou flee ?
 To anguish leave thy father kind and me !
 Where hast thou been ? what evil on thee fell
 This bitter day ? that such a dreadful spell
 Has seized thy spirit, and thy features changed,
 And thus the current of thy mind deranged ?
 We thought thee lost, and writhing sorrow rose ;
 To find thee thus, redoubles all our woes.
 O evil day ! may none like it return,
 Till I am senseless in sepulchral urn ;
 No eve like this, such agony renew,
 Edged by the joys each former evening knew ;
 No hour of woe my thrilling heart-strings rend,
 Till Heaven release from earthly care shall send.
 But come, my son, from this enchanted place,
 Haste to our home, forget in our embrace,
 The sad impressions of these awful hours,
 Nor lonely venture to such haunted bowers.
 Parental love, and faith, and fervent prayer,
 Shall ever guard thee from the wily snare,

Which often lurks where peace and safety seem,
And reason charmed, of dangers will not dream.

With words impassioned, hands by passion nerved,
She would have led, but nought his purpose swerved ;
Though mighty feeling all his features traced,
As on her breast his drooping head he placed,
Yet thrilled triumphant through his swelling soul
A power divine, no charms of earth control,
A heavenly passion nature must obey,
Though all her feelings rush in strong array.
With voice and mien firm in its tenderness,
Farewell and filial, he renews address :
My own dear mother ! stay this overflow,
Why dim my hopes with clouds of rising woe ?
We once must part, if this the trying hour,
Let us submit to that Almighty Power
Who orders all things in the kindest love,—
Will reunite us at His throne above.
My child ! my child ! the mother wildly cries,
We ne'er must part till either of us dies !
Me to the grave in sorrow thou must bear,
Or thy dear form in tears I'll follow there ;
No weaker arm than of the tyrant king,
Shall break embraces which I o'er thee fling ;
Thou art my own, and I will hold thee still,
'Gainst all but Heaven's almighty, holy will :
O may He grant thy hand to close my eyes,
And then rejoin me in the happy skies,
Where parting anguish can no more destroy
The growing raptures of our social joy.
What has possessed thee on this fatal day ?
Tell its events ? but hasten now away !
Come, my beloved, from this awful place,
And from your mind its fearful scenes erase.

Was it for this I nursed thy infancy ?
 And rocked thee often on a wearied knee ;
 For this did watch the leaden painful flight
 Of hours unnumbered in the gloomy night,
 When sickness seized thee ? or with deeper care
 Through all thy youth to guard from every snare ?
 For this did pray, and weep in agony,
 Times countless where no eye but God could see ?
 Was it to view this day my pleasures done,
 That I desired, and trained, and loved my son !

The rushing tide a mother only knows
 In parting hour, more strong than nature's throes,
 Now drowns her voice, absorbs the burning tear,
 While rapt in grief she pressed her son so dear.
 The tender father, in a calmer tone,
 With arms of love around his darling thrown,
 The awful silence of that moment broke,
 With bleeding heart and flowing eyes thus spoke :
 My son, what love for thee thy parents feel,
 Thy youthful fancies never can reveal,
 Thou canst not know, till such a state be thine,
 What thrilling cords our hearts around thee twine ;
 Though filial love beats high within thy breast,
 Our love is more, and we are more distressed
 At thoughts of parting which thy spirit fill,
 Though wherefore, to our minds mysterious still.
 Say, has a vision of the blest Supreme,
 Vouchsafed to thee, or some prophetic dream,
 Called thee away, the awful work to prove,
 Of those commissioned from the courts above ?
 Distinction fearful ! in such times as these,
 When Satan glories in his victories.
 Though light from heaven within a prophet dwell,
 His pathway lies through gloomy shades of hell,

Earth roars against him, in her mad alarms,
 Hell bell'wing calls her legions all to arms,
 Temptations foul, and those enchanting fair,
 The treacherous thrust, the fierce and open war,
 What wit and scorn, what force and fraud can do,
 God's chosen prophets to their grave pursue,
 And while they strive to stem sin's whelming flood,
 At last, their winding-sheet is their own blood.

The son rejoins, in fond affection's strain,—
 He who has called, has promised to sustain,
 'Tis His to give His word divine success,
 Or fit His servant for each keen distress.
 This morn as fervent in this bower I prayed,
 In robes of awful majesty arrayed,
 Jehovah God, th' eternal Deity,
 Appeared in glory to a child like me ;
 Almighty power in weakness to display
 By infant accents bid mankind obey,
 And fatal thunders of His slighted name,
 By voice so feeble to the world proclaim.
 Full well I know that toils and perils strown,
 Fill all the way that I must thread alone,
 But in my breast such cheering hopes I feel,
 My spirit urged by strong impulsive zeal,
 I cannot stay, though love ten thousand ties
 Twines round my heart with tend'rest sympathies.
 My own dear parents ! rolling years have proved
 How true, how much, your first-born has you loved ?
 But more than language, looks, or acts can tell,
 Of filial love, has ever, and shall ever swell
 This throbbing bosom, as through life I rove,
 Led out by Heaven from those I fondly love.
 Then say not now, say not when I'm afar,
 A heartless son requites your love and care ;

Oh, do not wrong love's pure and deathless flame,
 By half reproaches cast upon my name,
 Nor, should you hear my labors all are vain,
 And still I come not to your arms again,
 Let censures fall when prayers alone should rise
 For one who proves the keenest miseries.
 Heaven leads me forth, and Heaven may hold me there,
 When my bright hopes are blackened by despair,
 When friends rebuke my struggling grasp to hold
 The impious nation in religious fold,
 And bid me leave them, blindly to pursue
 The blasted path a brand infernal drew,
 And filled with madness, rush unwarned to hell,
 To blend their blasphemy with those that fell.
 The work is God's, His, mercy to bestow,
 Or stamp my labors with the seal of woe.
 Yet even now, methinks the dawn appears,
 O'er those for whom I've poured my prayers, my tears,
 In secret shades, while years have sped their flight,
 And brought, at last, this hour of grief—delight.
 O should I see the Sun of righteousness
 Rise o'er the land, with healing beams to bless
 The erring people that I hold so dear,
 What joys would spring from this sad parting tear.
 How should I triumph o'er long years of pain,
 To see the dawn of my Redeemer's reign,
 Though at my dying hour, and hear the praise,
 A nation's earliest, faithful converts raise.
 God is my guide, my guardian, and my friend,
 In grief to comfort, from the foe defend,
 Sustain through life, and in my dying hour,
 Support my spirit with His love and power ;
 Then let us trust Him, holy, just, and true,
 In cheerful confidence now bid adieu.

They hold him still with swelling passions' might,
 While grief and tenderness their streams unite,
 And all the power to move religious souls,
 In mingled torrents through their bosom rolls.
 But faith prevails, they loosen the embrace,
 And gazing on his calm expressive face,
 Lit up by moonbeams, more by grace illumed,
 The mother thus, with pious words resumed :
 I ever thought, dear child, when nature yearned,
 Thou wert a loan to be again returned
 To Him who lent thee to my folding arms,
 To joy awhile in thy expanding charms,
 And then restore thee, for His service trained,
 To act the part His wisdom has ordained ;
 Since now He calls, I must not bid thee stay,
 Though parting rends my spirit half away ;
 Go ! and when sick, or whelmed in misery,
 A mother's prayers, remember, follow thee !
 The warm embrace, the parting kiss is given,
 With invocations fervent sent to heaven,
 Then where the moonbeams pour their silver light,
 In smiling radiance on the stilly night,
 They part ! and parents left, intently gaze
 As he recedes amid the glimm'ring rays,
 And with strained sight his fading form pursue,
 Till faint and far it vanished from their view !
 Then respiration, which suspended lay,
 With heavy sighs now forced again its way,
 And swelling bosoms upward sent the tear
 Of farewell sorrow for a son so dear.
 And wronged he nature, who obeyed the Lord ?
 Forsaking all to preach His holy word,
 And yielding pleasure for a span below,
 To gain true joy in everlasting flow.

Had his fond parents on him higher claim,
 Than He from whom his deathless spirit came ?
 Should earthly love still bind him to his home,
 When love divine, almighty, bids him roam ?
 Go, cold spectator of a scene like this,
 Nor till you've found and felt a heart like his,
 Call him ingrate, unfeeling, thus to leave
 The kindest friends in agony to grieve,
 Though still submissive to high Heaven's decree,
 And for the sequel waiting patiently.
 Unseen pursue him, hear love's self implore
 Heaven's gifts for those whom he may see no more ;
 Go, if you dare, approach the hallowed place,
 Where wandering, he finds the throne of grace,
 And witness there what strong affection swells
 A heart that duty's sacred voice impels.
 His motives judged, his object loudly blame,
 In scornful pride a visionary's name
 Bestow upon him, and by cavils prove
 He might as well like children try to move
 The sea ashore, by scooping out the sand,
 And bailing ocean with the hollowed hand,
 As hope to turn the nations from their ways,
 By wearing out in trial all his days.

But how can they who never felt a thrill
 Of those emotions which the bosom fill,
 When to the heart in language all divine,
 The Godhead speaks, when through the spirit shine
 Beams increate to lighten duty's path,
 Here heaven disclosing, there the world of wrath,
 How can they know, how judge this matter right,
 Born blind, yet babbling on the things of sight.
 Had fools like these, when Heaven in council sate
 To save lost man from his impending fate,

Been shown the plan eternal wisdom chose,
 What taunts and cavils had not then arose.
 What! hope to change so stubborn, mad a race,
 Repentance preaching, and proclaiming grace,
 Whom Satan binds in adamantine chains,
 And drags at leisure to his dark domains?
 No; by a stroke almighty change them all,
 And seal their fate impossible to fall;
 Or if a part alone heaven's numbers swell,
 Then sweep the rest in justice down to hell,
 Nor with such labor pick and glean a few,
 Through lengthened ages from each hardened crew,
 And wage with Satan such a petty war,
 When at a blow with arm of vengeance bare,
 All blackened spirits sunk in endless night,
 Should never more offend the sons of light.
 Weak human reason! tri'st thou then to be,
 More wise, more good, more just than Deity?
 The day will come to vindicate His plan,
 To show how worthy God, how fit for man,
 How glorious in its scope, more glorious still,
 In the grand issue of His holy will.
 What if he fails whom glowing hope inspires?
 A hand divine has kindled yet the fires
 Of love and zeal which in his bosom glow,
 And urge him on to combat sin and woe.
 In him fulfilled, the world at last will see
 Some high and holy, good and just decree;
 Though earth now scorn, all heaven will then admire
 A course which led through persecution's fire
 At God's high will, and called, and warned our race
 In every clime, their errors to retrace,
 And seek salvation, ere destruction came
 To whelm their spirits in eternal flame.

The prophet went like harp intensely strung,
 O'er which a hand, with power mysterious flung,
 Peals notes that melt in tenderness the soul,
 Then wakes its passions by a thund'ring roll,
 Exciting, thrilling, blending all its powers,
 And bearing upward as an eagle towers,
 So was his heart delighting oft to dwell
 On scenes gone by, and on the last farewell.
 His hopes were buoyant, yet chastised with fear,
 His prayers were fervent, and his faith sincere,
 And oft he thought how cheerful he could die,
 If so his people might from error fly.

The hours glide by and bear him on his way,
 Till dawns at length the wished, eventful day,
 When with prophetic impulse in his breast,
 He meets the people in their course unblest.
 He stands his high commission to proclaim,
 Sealed with Jehovah's dread and holy name,
 While all the thrilling tenderness he feels,
 Pathetic mingles in his first appeals.

Thus saith the Lord, in winning tones he cries,
 With soft emotions melting in his eyes,
 Deluded people! I remember still
 The sweet obedience to my holy will,
 Your race in their primeval state possessed,
 When they with grace were so divinely blest.
 Ah, what unkindness did they find in me,
 Thus to transgress and follow vanity;
 Why in the ways of folly did they run,
 Themselves, their offspring by the act undone.
 Alas, they felt not how divine the hand,
 That filled with blessings all the happy land,
 But, wondrous madness! leaguings with their foe,
 Destroyed their bliss and plunged themselves in woe;

Me their Creator, God and constant Friend,
 Provoking till in justice forced to send
 The bitter judgments which oppress the race,
 Who scorn my goodness and reject my grace.
 But not like man, a vengeful being bent
 To crush his foe by instant punishment,
 No ; boundless goodness moves the Deity,
 Goodness that fills His own eternity,
 Not showered merely on the faithful host,
 But proffered freely to the vile and lost ;
 Goodness with wisdom wondrously combined,
 To work salvation for undone mankind,
 Though at the sight of man's depravity,
 The heavens in horror might prepare to flee,
 Lest wrath divine with an almighty sweep,
 Whelm all creation in the formless deep.
 Hear, O ye people, hear the voice of love,
 That fain would draw you to the courts above ;
 Renounce your sins, and hasten from the woe
 That soon in surges will your path o'erflow,
 Nor let the tempter or rebellious pride
 Bar from heaven's door in mercy open wide.
 Come ! come, dear people, hear His voice to-day,
 Salvation calls and glory lights the way.

Thus he in zeal : the multitude all stare,
 Some frown, some laugh, and some profanely swear,
 By various passions all expressing scorn
 For this poor youth they deem insane forlorn :
 Mid mingled sounds of ridicule and rage,
 His winning gentleness cannot assuage,
 An old transgressor, in a priestly cloak,
 The youthful prophet scornfully bespoke :
 Who art thou, boy ? and whence to us hast come,
 A run-away from thy parental home ?

A child like thee should near his mother stay,
 Nor coxcomb like affect the man to play,
 And with conceited, hypocritic airs,
 Talk of religion, so beyond his years.
 Reform our faith ! take heed, my little boy,
 Lest some smart rod thy roving limbs annoy,
 And make thee hasten with the ting'ling pain,
 As meet thou should'st, back to thy home again.
 Thy mother, doubtles ignorant and low,
 On superstition nursed thee up for woe ;
 Back to her cot, nor venture to obtrude
 Again your nonsense on the multitude.
 What, preach to me ! who scores of years have led
 The faith of thousands, searched the fountain head
 Of all religion, and assured sat down
 In faith and practice of the true, our own ;
 Our books, traditions, reason, all agree,
 That we are right,—but wherefore talk with thee ?
 Too stupid light from darkness to discern,
 And e'en too abject for the wise to spurn.

The crowd applaud ; the haughty man withdraws,
 And leaves the youth to suffer for his cause,
 Who foiled and daunted in the first essay,
 Mid threats and hisses slinks forlorn away,
 In deep retirement seeks to find relief
 From cutting anguish of religious grief,
 Gives vent to tears, and pours the broken prayer,
 Calls God to save from sorrow and despair,
 And cries for help till nature in him fails,
 And grace divine o'er every woe prevails.

Thus reassured and strengthened from above,
 Impelled again by warm celestial love,
 A season passed, the contest he renews,
 And threatened woe his message now imbues.

Thus saith the Lord, turn from your evil ways,
 Lest wrath divine burst in devouring blaze,
 Your false dependencies at once consume,
 And whelm you in irrevocable doom,
 Which even now, like deep volcanic fire,
 Burns, bellows, swells, and heaves itself still higher,
 Till with a force tall mounts cannot withstand,
 It pours a hell upon the blasted land,
 Seals up the sun, makes nature quake and groan,
 And shrink in fear upon her tott'ring throne,
 While all things animate, in earth or air,
 Drop impotent in terror and despair.
 If thus an agent of almighty power
 May bring destruction in an unknown hour,
 Beware, O people, of the awful stroke,
 Your sins long swelling, fearfully provoke.
 See, with what ease, Jehovah wakes a foe,
 In your own form to drench your souls in woe ;
 Hark ! the destroyer's roar is on the air,
 He rises like a lion from his lair,
 To lay your land in desolation's gloom,
 And dash your children to the ruthless tomb ;
 Flee sinful people, to your strong holds flee,
 'Scape if you can the tide of misery ;
 In sackcloth prostrate on the lowly ground,
 Cry, weep, and groan, if grace may yet be found.
 Ah, what amazement shall your princes seize,
 And your false teachers in deceitful ease,
 When like a whirlwind, ruin from afar,
 Comes on the iron wings of savage war,
 And shouts and shrieks in bellowing thunders roar,
 While cities smoke, and torrents run with gore ;
 Haste, wash your hearts from wickedness and sin,
 If so salvation, ye, though late, may win.

Oh, how my spirit deprecates the day,
 When wrath shall come in horrid, wide array,
 To crush a people foolish in their pride,
 And tread them down by foes they now deride.
 Still dare ye sin, and cry that all is well,
 Contemning heaven, and laughing loud at hell,
 With folly mad, Omnipotence defy,
 Blaspheming give His threatened wrath the lie ?
 Hear, senseless earth ! and tremble at the doom,
 Which raging comes these rebels to entomb,
 And cleanse thy bosom with a raging flood,
 Of mingled torrents, hail, and fire, and blood.

The mob enraged now raise a deaf'ning cry,
 Taunts, curses, threats, blend fierce in their reply,
 With impious mockings they deride his word,
 And scoff his warnings as insane, absurd ;
 Still pressing on him with a furious din,
 And pouring out the froth and filth of sin,
 Till shocked and horrified the prophet flies,
 Pursued by missiles, shouts and blasphemies,
 And while the uproar in his flight he hears,
 Hell seems to laugh in his distracted ears,
 And ring a warning of a murd'rous fate,
 To close his prophecy or soon or late.
 He glides within and bolts his humble door,
 And prostrate falls half senseless on the floor,
 Stunned with the shock of such outrageous deeds,
 His quiv'ring heart in palsying anguish bleeds,
 Till gentle sleep, keen sorrow's soothing balm,
 Sheds on his soul a sweet refreshing calm ;
 Bright scenes above now open on his mind,
 And lovely forms, of an immortal kind,
 Seem hov'ring round to banish every care,
 And make each scene the brow of glory wear ;

Celestial peace his energy restores,
 And cheerful hope on buoyant pinion soars,
 Till in the bliss, the visions bright display,
 His happy slumbers melt at length away.

And now the current of his soul flows fast
 In meditations on the troubled past,
 Runs o'er each scene, and scans each action well,
 While his sweet dream, like oil on ocean's swell,
 Smooths down his spirit like a summer sea,
 Reflecting light shed by the Deity.
 The word, he said, I uttered was divine,
 And though the issue is the Lord's, not mine,
 Yet time and manner, He may not inspire
 At all times, though He gives prophetic fire,
 But to himself, His servant partly leave,
 To choose his method, that he may receive
 In his free-agency a just reward,
 Learn by experience, and trust the Lord.
 Perhaps self-confidence too much possessed
 The secret motives of this wayward breast,
 And vain ambition, veiled religious pride,
 Turned the keen edge of sacred truth aside.
 Jehovah ne'er will condescend to gird
 The mighty sword of His subduing word,
 Upon a man that by the gift is vain,
 And proudly boasts his tens of thousands slain,
 And nations laid beneath his prowess low,
 In fancy, ere he strikes a single blow.
 Celestial arms are not for vain display,
 In some proud pageant of a holyday,
 In idle lustre, splendidly to shine,
 And wonder win by polish so divine,
 While he who bears them with a portly air,
 Is proud to see a silly people stare,

And hear them lavish on his name the praise,
 They should to God in humble accents raise ;
 A prophet e'en, should watch, and pray, to find
 Some open passage to the obdurate mind ;
 In patience work, and wait to see the day,
 When sovereign power salvation shall display.
 These musings closed, he bows in fervent prayer,
 Imploring grace each varied ill to bear,
 That wisdom from above his way may guide,
 And love divine o'er every thought preside ;
 That God would give His sacred word success,
 Rain on the realm a flood of righteousness.
 His intercessions glow with fervent zeal,
 While for his people bursts the warm appeal,
 That God would pride and bigotry subdue,
 And hearts polluted by His grace renew.

Again he feels the Spirit of the Lord
 Imparting fresh the message of His word,
 And hastes with zeal God's mandate to fulfil,
 Resigned to issue of His holy will,
 While tears with ardent aspirations blend,
 That grace his warnings may at length attend.
 He comes where crowds their vain devotions pay,
 Proclaims their errors, and the living way,
 Which through repentance' rough and lowly vale,
 Leads up where sin and sorrow ne'er assail,
 Where faithful spirits, washed from every stain,
 In heavenly glory shall forever reign.
 There foul transgressors never shall intrude,
 With hearts and hands by sin and guilt imbued,
 But doomed to blacken in the realms of night,
 Where hope ne'er sheds the faintest ray of light,
 Where madness reigns, and hate and vengeance tear,
 In mutual rage, the sons of black despair ;

Oh hear, ye people, turn from ruin's gate,
 And shun the anguish of impending fate,
 Which like a mountain, tott'ring to its fall,
 Trembles a moment ere it whelms you all.

The maniac's cry ! a score of voices say,
 Here, peace-preserver, lead him safe away,
 We would not harm a wretch whom Heaven has cursed
 With silly madness, of this class the worst
 May move our pity, thus by Satan bound,
 Whose shattered minds infernal woes surround,
 And while they prate, and fain would wrath reveal,
 'Tis but the horror which at heart they feel ;
 Though this mad fool at first our temper moved
 By impudence, it has been fairly proved
 That from his madness there is nought to fear,
 And sober reason scorns at such to jeer.
 Then like a brute, that dares obtrusive stray
 Where men resort, they rudely push away
 The prophet, nor a word of answer deign,
 And e'en the boys as on he goes remain
 In gaping silence, staring as if passed
 Some hideous monster from a desert vast.

Oh, who the bitter agonies can tell,
 That in the prophet's heaving bosom swell,
 With force to burst in fragments all his frame,
 And in the ruin hide his grief and shame,
 As he shrinks by, and wonders God delays
 So long, to whelm in quick, devouring blaze
 Earth and her rebels that despise His grace,
 And worse than fiends, dare scoff Him to His face.
 His mazy steps now reach a broken wall,
 Where over ruins narrow shadows fall,
 And footsteps rarely on the spot intrude
 To interrupt the little solitude.

Here stops the prophet, seats him in the shade,
 Whence he the city silently surveyed,
 And as its hum in murmurs filled the air,
 His heart in anguish, melting in despair,
 Poured forth at length its waves without restraint,
 While words, now loosed, flow fast in the complaint.

The day of grace, sweet mercy's smiling day,
 That harvest season, now has passed away !
 Alas, my people, sunk in sin must die,
 And drink the wrath of Him they dare defy,
 Learn in their woe, too late, that vengeance gains
 From slighted mercy, its severest pains,
 And grace, long trampled in the sinner's path,
 Is turned at last to fiery stream of wrath.
 Heaven's righteous vengeance, on my people sent,
 Seems to involve myself in punishment ;
 In their destruction my fond hopes are lost,
 My ardent prayers by fiery judgment crossed ;
 Oh that my sorrows with my tears might flow,
 And drain the source of this deep, swelling woe !
 Oh that my eyes were fountains to deplore,
 The fate of those whose day of grace is o'er !
 That day and night in torrents I might weep
 My people lost, and all the region steep
 In briny waves, to deprecate the hand
 Of burning wrath stretched o'er the guilty land.
 Oh that the desert might afford a place
 To flee from this polluted, treach'rous race !
 And hide me from their hate, and doom, and lies,
 Their rage and lust, and shocking blasphemies.
 How blest to bid a realm like this farewell,
 With savage beasts in solitudes to dwell,
 And woo sweet peace by fellowship and love
 With holy beings from the courts above ;

To find in God that pure immortal joy,
Which time and circumstance cannot alloy.

O Lord, I know I must submit to thee,
From paths decreed I cannot, cannot flee,
My steps are fettered by a power divine,
I will to move, but the direction thine.

Do not in anger chasten one so weak,
Nor for my follies vengeance on me wreak,
But when I would, and strive to go astray,
With gentle hand still keep me in thy way.

Most righteous God, O may I talk with thee ?

Of thy decrees ? mysterious to me,

And ask thee why the wicked prosper so ?

E'en like tall trees in thy fair sunshine grow,

While all creation groans beneath the load

Of their transgressions, in this dark abode.

Why does not vengeance blast the bud of sin ?

Why breathes the guiltless, where the wretch has been,

Disease and anguish, death and black despair,

Because pollution left its poison there ?

Ah, wearied prophet, God in grace replies,

How canst thou comprehend the mysteries

That blend harmonious in my plans divine,

When such a part transcends these powers of thine.

Mark, how probation fills her varying sphere,

While retribution, pressing on her rear,

Metes out for each augmented, due reward,

And seven-fold vindicates the righteous Lord.

Transgressors spared and prospered only grow,

And ripen fast, for more avenging woe,

That holy wisdom may her work complete,

And grace and wrath in sacred concord meet.

Be not dismayed if messages from me

Are met by scorn, and rage, and blasphemy ;

If they thy warnings, tears and prayers despise,
 And sink in wrath before thy weeping eyes,
 As sure they will, except a chosen few,
 My sovereign grace in mercy shall renew,
 Wash out their spots, and cleanse the darkest die
 Of leprous nature's black iniquity,
 Which none but God, omnipotent to change,
 Or new create, performs a work so strange,
 While yet free will, like dead and obd'rate steel,
 Touched by heaven's magnet, grace, is made to feel,
 Lives, vibrates, turns, as love divine may draw,
 And give true freedom by celestial law,
 And harmonize to my just, sovereign will,
 Which leaves all choice, yet rules almighty still.
 God gives the word, 'tis thine to prophesy,
 Though while you preach you see the people die,
 Still think not thou thy smallest effort vain,
 For 'tis a link in that stupendous chain
 Which heaven and earth in proper sphere confines,
 And hell in adamantine vengeance binds.

The visions vanish, and the prophet hears
 The vesper hymn of warblers,—eve appears
 In lengthened shadows stretching o'er the plain,
 And soon the skies unfold their starry train ;
 He bows in prayer, then seeks his humble door,
 In fervid thought runs his experience o'er,
 Now swells with wonder, shrinks then in despair,
 And rests at last on God his every care.
 His years fly fast, but through the swift-winged hours,
 With zeal he urges his prophetic powers,
 In private warns, in public seeks to win
 His erring people from their awful sin,
 Now threat'ning wrath, then with entreaty's tear,
 Beseeching all, but none his message hear.

Oppressed and grieved, he oft to God complains,
 And pours his sorrows in pathetic strains ;
 Oh, hast thou left this people reprobate ?
 Must they all perish in a common fate ?
 Alas, we're sinners ! but let mercy spare,
 And grant us in thy grace a humble share.
 Dost thou abhor us creatures of thy power ?
 Whose feeble life is but a fleeting hour ;
 O for the honor of thy sacred name,
 Do not thy works and throne of mercy shame.
 Jehovah now returns the stern reply,
 And must no rebel mad with folly die ?
 Shall sovereign mercy to her bosom press,
 Pollution's self, and smile on wickedness ?
 Her robes divine and sacred spirit stain,
 That sin may riot, where the saint should reign ?
 Yon wretches vile, dost know how they provoke
 My righteous vengeance ? and defy the stroke
 Impending long, but when I give it way,
 'Twill crush those rebels like the brittle clay.
 Destruction gathers as a swelling flood,
 Which ancient barriers have long time withstood,
 But see it rise, and press with crushing force,
 And sweep resistless on its blasting course ;
 What saint shall stay it with uplifted hand,
 Shall prayerful breath the tide of wrath withstand ?
 And fitful pity of a mortal's sigh,
 Pervert the judgment of the God most high ?
 No ; wrath must burn where sin infuriate holds
 Infernal empire in the bodies, souls,
 Of wretches called, and warned, in vain to flee
 The dreadful fate of their iniquity.
 Still thou must preach, and faithfully proclaim
 My word divine, in my almighty name,

Fulfil my purpose toward the vile, and save,
 At length, a few from an eternal grave.
 Fear not the rage that round thy steps may roar,
 And dash like surges on a rocky shore,
 For I am with thee, to defend, sustain,
 And make the onset of the mighty vain.

Again the prophet his hard work renews,
 Him and his message, high and low abuse,
 And curse him now with that malicious tone,
 Which tells of fear they scornfully disown,
 For years of faithful and consistent zeal,
 Will make impressions foes can ill conceal,
 And where they only scorned they learn to hate,
 When come misgivings of the threatened fate.
 He thinks of home, that happy scene, and sighs,
 As he beholds through fancy's swimming eyes,
 Its peaceful shade, its beauteous sunny ray,
 Where love and joy held their enchanting sway,
 And rills of pleasure, murm'ring all around,
 The ravished soul in spells of transport bound,
 While smiles parental shed a mellow light
 On home's fair world of endless, sweet delight.
 His soul is there, though flesh cannot retrace
 The gulf to give the filial warm embrace,
 But as a captive from his grated cell,
 Complains that none e'en come to bid farewell,
 So pours his soul into his mother's breast,
 In plaintive moanings murm'ringly addressed.
 Alas, my mother, now existence seems
 A heavy burden of tormenting dreams,
 Why didst thou bring me into such a life,
 To be a man of woe and bitter strife ?
 Why do my ears with wrathful curses ring,
 Envenomed hate my writhing spirit sting,

And all our race with hostile bands unite,
 On guiltless me to wreak their fiendish spite ?
 I seek their welfare, and with feeling heart
 Heaven's calls and warnings faithfully impart,
 And fain would save them from the awful fate
 Which doth in vengeance on their steps await ;
 For this they curse me with blaspheming rage,
 Ah what can sorrows deep as mine assuage.

I cannot, no, I would not flee the field,
 Where God my duty has so plain revealed,
 But may not some sweet influence be found,
 To soothe the pain of this corroding wound,
 The fangs of hate inflict upon my mind ?
 Some gentle balm shed by a soul refined,
 Which like a gale from life's inspiring bowers,
 Revives the play of nature's prostrate powers,
 Half robs the heaviest burden of its load,
 And wings the spirit o'er the roughest road.
 What tide is this now bursting on my soul ?
 Waves of emotion through my bosom roll,
 And mingling currents swell into a sea,
 Whose sources long lay sealed in mystery.
 Again I see her in enchanting dream,
 Her smiles and tears, her form and features seem
 Fresh as the bud of pure and youthful love,
 Gemmed with the dew of graces from above,
 When sunny days and beauteous evenings shone,
 When all the sacred charms of home were thrown,
 In mystic ties, around our youthful minds,
 To form a knot which death alone unbinds.
 Ah, they were severed by a mighty hand,
 Whose holy, just, omnipotent command
 I love, obey, yet sympathetic feel
 The strength of passion, though long caged in steel.

Perhaps that hand may now permit my heart,
 By love's expansion to alloy the smart
 Of thorny duty, while I faithful still,
 Declare the message of His holy will.
 Her gentle temper, soothing tenderness,
 Her pious converse, buoyant cheerfulness,
 May calm and strengthen my afflicted mind,
 And prove the helpmeet God for me designed.

My dear Jedidah ! love of youthful flame !
 What recollections cluster round thy name !
 What joys, what blessings of a happy home !
 Ah, wilt thou leave them here forlorn to roam ?
 Forsake an Eden for this awful spot ?
 Surrender all to share my helpless lot ?
 Renounce the scenes where praises are rehearsed,
 To hear thy husband mocked, and daily cursed ?
 Ah, sweet Jedidah, canst thou dare for me,
 To brave the storms of sin and misery ?
 No ; not for me, but for thy God, to save
 Some ransomed spirits from an endless grave.
 Wilt on His altar all thy blessings lay ?
 Thyself a sacrifice from day to day ?
 And choose that pathway to the courts above,
 Which leads through hatred to eternal love ?—
 A sounding blast these tender musings broke,
 A voice divine the startled seer bespoke,
 And bade forbear, for here thou shalt not see
 The smile, the joy of happy family.
 Too rough thy way for tender feet to tread,
 Too great the cares that strain thy heart and head,
 To be relieved by human love which brings,
 In state like thine, fresh and acuter stings.
 For death stalks round where thou art called to dwell,
 The realm itself a cavern over hell ;

Trust in my name for grace and strength to bear
 The world of trials, I allot thy share,
 And look across life's dark, tempestuous sea,
 Where peace and joy eternal wait for thee.
 Do not despair, thy labors are not lost,
 Though by reverses e'er so often crossed ;
 The plough of judgment rending all amain,
 But fits the soil to yield a golden grain,
 When time revolving brings my just decree,
 To work salvation out of misery.

The prophet bows submissive to the Lord,
 Renews the message of His sacred word,
 And warns with zeal, exhorts with tenderness,
 To deep repentance for their wickedness.
 The people hear as those who at a play,
 Intent on sport, are called to prayer away,
 And full of folly are required to weep,
 For carnal joys that all their senses steep.
 A mad fanatic ! some in anger cry,
 An odious hypocrite ! the rest reply,
 In secret satiate with the grossest vice,
 In public, pleasure he with frowns decries,
 And threatens hell if virtue dare to smile,
 Calls Heaven's good gifts a snare of fiendish guile,
 And summons us his nonsense to revere,
 Or else damnation will our spirits sear.
 What shameless arrogance for him to claim
 To be our sovereign in Jehovah's name,
 And bid us bow if he but chance to nod,
 As if he were vicegerent of a God.
 'Tis time to curb him and chastise his pride,
 A brute may feel though reason be denied,
 May learn by stripes to fear the hand that feeds,
 And humbly follow where its master leads.

While these fierce murmurs ran along the crowd,
 A ruler came, the mob in honor bowed,
 He seized the prophet, bade his servants smite,
 While throngs applaud, and curse with fiendish spite.
 Hard falls the blow when hatred gives the stroke,
 On quiv'ring flesh the rods elastic broke,
 But though severe the outward suffering,
 He feels at heart a more envenomed sting.

The man of God, to malice left a prey,
 Loaded with stripes they drag to stocks away,
 And leave in torture, dark and loathsome gloom,
 Like one revived to anguish in a tomb.
 But faith is firm, he pours his soul in prayer,
 With sweet assurance of God's guardian care,
 And soothed by grace, he lulls his sorrows deep,
 Forgets his anguish in a balmy sleep.
 Not so the tyrant that with lawless might
 Had scourged and bound him in the dungeon's night ;
 He sleeps indeed, if that can sleep be called,
 In which the soul by agonies inthrall'd,
 Starts, shudders, shrinks, fain from itself would flee,
 To 'scape the phantoms of its misery.
 Each hour an age, with horrors overspread,
 That chained the culprit to his reeking bed,
 And endless tortures seemed to creep away,
 Ere from the rack released by dawning day.
 With hasty steps he sought the prison gate,
 Like one that flies, nor yet escapes his fate ;
 In calm repose the man of God he found,
 His tortured limbs with fear and awe unbound,
 And as he woke, the tyrant quaked the more,
 With shaking hand he pointed to the door,
 His voice was froze, in terror swam his eyes,
 The prophet gazed, and sternly then replies,

God names the terror to thyself and friends,
 A living omen of the doom he sends,
 To blast the race His sacred word despise,
 And curse you all for your blaspheming lies.

The prophet then with painful steps and slow,
 Through drizzling showers of mingled rain and snow,
 Benumbed with cold, with heavy pains oppressed,
 Creeps on, and halts his stiffened limbs to rest.
 'Twas early dawn, still dark the muddy streets,
 And growling dogs the only life he meets ;
 A pack assail him with a savage din,
 A stout fierce brute, with an infernal grin,
 Leaps on his arm, and drags him in the mire,
 All seize and rend his humble, soiled attire,
 When with a crash that shivers them with fear,
 Heaven's red-hot bolts their glaring eyeballs sear ;
 With yelps of terror, howling then they fled,
 While every sleeper started from his bed.
 Escaped their fangs, along the dreary way
 He drags his limbs, to man and beast a prey,
 And when just fainting, sinking on the road,
 He gains at last his comfortless abode.
 Here grinding anguish mixed with writhing throes,
 In serpent coil the hapless man inclose,
 While ever ready in the trying hour,
 The tempter comes with all his guileful power,
 To rouse his passions, doubt and rage excite,
 And shade his soul by an infernal night.
 God seems to leave him, when celestial aid
 Is most required to crush the foes arrayed
 To blast his being with the poisoned breath
 That withers life, nor brings relief of death.
 The boiling tumult of his heaving breast,
 At length, in words complainingly addressed

To Heaven, finds vent, and thus he moaning cries,
 Thou hast deceived, yet Lord, do not despise
 The feeble worm o'er whom thou dost prevail,
 Nor leave to all the furies that assail
 In fiendish spite, while for thy sacred name,
 I bear the wrong, endure the pain and shame ;
 For God I suffer, will th' Almighty scorn
 The woe His message brings on me forlorn ?
 I sought it not, His own resistless hand
 Lod to proclaim His sovereign high command,
 And when I felt the misery entailed,
 I shut my lips, yet still His word prevailed,
 Burnt in my soul like a consuming fire,
 Till I declared the whole He did inspire.
 I looked salvation through the realm to see,
 Yet nought behold but sin and misery ;
 Still, judgment gathers in an awful cloud,
 And threat'ning thunders growl more near and loud,
 And when in fury o'er the land they burst,
 As the fell cause, I shall be madly cursed ;
 While God and man on me, a worm so weak,
 Vengeance divine and frantic fury wreak.
 - Ah, hapless day, deep source of living woes,
 That through the anguish of maternal throes,
 Brought me to agonize in living death,
 And but to suffer, draw this loathsome breath.
 Woe to the tidings of paternal joy !
 Proclaiming loud birth of a beauteous boy !
 Ah, what was being to a wretch like me,
 But certain cause of helpless misery.
 Why did I live, when death might be my nurse,
 And lull to sleep away the bitter curse
 Of life, nor feel, nor know what sorrows prey
 On one incaged in agonizing clay,

Which froze with horror, and then scathed with shame,
 Alternate suffers more than tongue can name.

While thus with gloom and loud repinings filled,
 A sudden call his startled spirit thrilled,
 He turned and saw in splendid robes of state,
 A courtier from the king before him wait,
 With train of servants, and with rev'rent mien,
 And anxious air, as if some mighty scene
 Of care and danger, stamped with mystic seal,
 That power prophetic could alone reveal,
 Lay at his heart, or pressed the public mind,
 While thus in terms respectful and refined,
 The courtier spake, and prophet's favor sought,
 To grace the message he reluctant brought.
 Our king, O prophet, Heaven prolong his reign!
 And make the counsels of his foemen vain,
 Has long been conscious of the rank you bear,
 And heavenly power committed to your care,
 On future scenes to pour meridian light,
 And guide the nation through each danger right,
 Draw down the blessings casketed on high,
 Or bid the bolts of burning vengeance fly:
 His salutation graciously he sends,
 For royal favor on your name attends,
 And asks what counsel may avert the fate,
 Which seems to threaten our invaded state,
 That God in mercy may His power display,
 Dispel our fears and drive our foes away.

With deep surprise, hope blending with despair,
 The prophet answers by a dubious stare,
 Half looks reproach upon the garnished train,
 That seem to mock his poverty and pain,
 Attempts to rise, then sinks in weakness down,
 While sighs and groans his stifling spirit drown;

All sense forsakes him, and his tortured clay
 Outstretched and pale before the courtier lay,
 Kind pity yet within his bosom dwelt,
 He straight beside the prostrate prophet knelt,
 Chafes the wan temples, bids the servants bring
 Means to revive the man of suffering,
 Who opes at length his languid wond'ring eye,
 On ample comforts brought for his supply ;
 He hears for once a kindly voice inquire
 If rallied nature will aught else desire,
 And if his strength suffices now to stand,
 And answer what the monarch may demand.

While life remains, the prophet calm replies,
 'Tis mine to combat vanity and lies,
 To warn the lofty and the abject race,
 Of sweeping judgments hasting on apace,
 Turn, if I may, the arm of wrath aside,
 Outstretched to crush a guilty nation's pride.
 For this I left the sweets of peace and love,
 And hatred, woe, and nameless anguish prove ;
 For this, my life, a daily sacrifice,
 In doubtful balance hangs before my eyes,
 And waits the hour of martyr agony
 To rise o'er evil conquering and free.
 Lead then the way, but let some servant aid
 My falt'ring steps, and prop my strength decayed,
 And what Jehovah on my soul indites,
 Will I proclaim to him who truth invites ;
 Though well I know the vain and stubborn mind
 Of kings and princes, seldom is inclined
 To heed advice, unless the council lie
 Full in the smile of pleasure's witching eye.
 Man wants a prophet who will calm his fears,
 And whisper smooth deceits in willing ears,

Whose words are balm to conscience' galling sting,
 Fair honied hopes forever proffering
 To each and all, still crying peace and joy,
 Till ruin comes relentless to destroy,
 And whelms deceivers and deceived amain,
 In one black gulf of deep despair and pain,
 Where gilded lies and flowery flattery,
 To vipers turned, complete their misery.

The courtier listens with attentive heart,
 And silent vows to seek a better part
 Than court or country smiling could supply,
 Though in their service he should faithful die.
 Amid the train a captive exile stood,
 Who oft in childhood drank from Nilus' flood,
 And near the sources of that mystic stream,
 Ranged hill and dale as in a happy dream,
 And thought what joy would crown his manhood free,
 Though soon ordained an exile slave to be.
 Dark were his features, yet a noble air
 Showed that his soul, not least of men, was fair,
 Touched by an impulse, to the prophet's side
 With eager haste Abdalmalik did glide,
 And craved the office to assist the man,
 In whose discourse celestial tidings ran ;
 Then to the court the train in order due,
 Through winding streets at length delighted drew.
 Prophet and courtier through the halls of state
 Pass to a chamber where the monarch sat,
 Gloomy and anxious, fearful and yet vain,
 Who long had sought his sceptre to sustain
 By weak devices, though himself and realm
 Were dyed in sin, and ruin held the helm.
 Low bows the courtier, fixed the prophet stood,
 And on the monarch turned a pensive mood,

Gazed on his soul, and viewed the fickle mind,
 Which now to good and oft to ill inclined,
 As varying tides and currents on him set,
 Borne, tossed, and turned, as counter eddies met ;
 Too weak to stem the torrent in its force,
 Or madly rush upon its downward course,
 Who fain would steer twixt heaven and yawning hell,
 And leagued with both more heinously rebel.
 Long gazed the prophet, turned the monarch pale,
 Till fear and trembling over pride prevail ;
 Tell me, he cries, how can we 'scape the fate,
 That threatens now our venerable state,
 What art or prayer shall drive our foes away,
 Bring back the sun of our departing day,
 And lengthen out our royal line in peace,
 Till time shall end and nature's progress cease.
 Slowly the prophet raised his arm on high,
 Silent and solemn, pointed a reply,
 One word pronounced, that high and holy name,
 Whose righteous sovereignty e'er stands the same
 However mortals may forget or sneer
 The Power that angels rev'rently revere,
 That Power which rules in sovereign majesty,
 O'er good and ill throughout infinity.

The king rejoined : I own Jehovah's sway,
 But, if a seer thou art, then, prophet, say,
 What shall we do ? and how avert His wrath ?
 Point out the means and lead in safety's path ;
 Thy king commands, thy country and thy Lord
 Require of thee the plain prophetic word,
 And on thy soul, I bid thee tell me true,
 What course, what policy we must pursue.
 The prophet then : O king, in me behold
 The bitter fruits of wisdom, plainly told,

Those I would save, like mad'ning beasts of prey,
 Rage, roar, and strive to rend my life away ;
 See to what state your lawless subjects press
 The man who warns them, preaching righteousness ;
 And thou, O prince, too well I know wilt fail
 To heed my warning till the final wail
 Of—all is lost ! shall thunder o'er the land,
 And fire and sword consume on every hand.
 Yet hear the word which grace through justice speaks
 And once again salvation for thee seeks ;
 Turn, turn, O prince, from sin and folly's way,
 Obey thy God, thee I beseech, obey !
 Renounce the counsels and the idols vain,
 That long have been thine own and country's bane,
 And brought thy people to the verge of woe,
 Thy royal line near fatal overthrow.
 If deep repentance shall reform the state,
 And righteous edicts on the throne await,
 If thou, O king, wilt with thy people bend
 To Him alone who can the realm defend,
 And meekly yield to that chastizing hand
 Which smites this guilty sin-polluted land ;
 If to His law with contrite soul you turn,
 And from His word the path of duty learn,
 If every idol leveled in the dust,
 Leaves God, the living God, alone your trust,
 Then, prosp'ring peace, like light diffusing round,
 Shall bless the realm and happiness abound.
 Submit, O prince, to Providence most high,
 Yield free to Him on whom you can rely,
 Nor by rebellion give wrath ampler room,
 Thee and thy realm to crush in hopeless doom.
 O prince, in anguish of my heart I pray,
 Obey and live ! God's holy word obey.

He ceased : we will advise ; the monarch said,
 With whom ? rejoined the prophet, those who've led
 Thy hesitating steps to ruin's brink ?
 Counsel with them, and with them thou wilt sink.
 In helpless woe : O prince, resolve, and do,
 What now your conscience witnesses is true ;
 Once more I charge, obey thy God, and reign,
 Or follow vanity, and then be slain !
 The prophet turned, and passed the palace gate,
 Gazed o'er the town, bewailed its coming fate,
 And for each soul, there destined soon to groan,
 Felt deeper sorrow than for grief his own ;
 Swelled his full heart with supplication's sigh,
 Rose deep entreaty to the King on high.

At length the court were all in conclave found,
 And busy rumor murmured loud around,
 That vagrant oracles had reached the ear,
 And struck the heart of royalty with fear ;
 Then straight they plot to free their prince from awe,
 And on the prophet speedy ruin draw.
 So when the king appears in wonted state,
 They bold assail him with malicious prate,
 Till half resolves of reformation fall,
 And leave him closer bound in ruin's thrall.
 Does royal wisdom, cries the artful train,
 Counsel with treason to confirm the reign ?
 Hast thou forgot, O king, this wretch has sold
 His bleeding country for the foeman's gold ?
 Was not his malice and his treachery
 Of late revealed ? when he essayed to flee,
 And join the adverse host in open arms,
 Whom long he aided by his false alarms ?
 In blackest treason marring our defence,
 By preaching up false views of Providence,

To cause our heroes, and our people true,
 To yield to foes whom we may well subdue.
 What darker crime against the state can lie,
 Than forging counsels on the Court most high?
 And with prophetic air appal the heart,
 Which for its country would with life-blood part.
 God and His providence will never aid
 A power against His chosen cause arrayed,
 And who interprets thus the laws divine,
 Seeks truth and righteousness to undermine;
 And leagued with hell, would gladly whelm the state,
 For private ends, in one redeemless fate.

The prophet's courtier who till now remained
 Mute in the court, at length, by truth constrained,
 Demands if God His chosen ne'er chastised?
 When they His law by word or deed despised?
 If past experience did not clearly show,
 Heaven often armed a base relentless foe,
 To execute His sovereign, just decrees,
 And cloud or close a nation's destinies.
 Loud cries of—treason! treason! fill the hall,
 The noble courtier soon is doomed to fall,
 And share the fate of one he would defend,
 Though still reluctant to appear his friend.

So, oft it fares with men whose juster mind
 Scans what high Heaven for mortals has designed,
 By holy writ, by faith, experience, prayer,
 Gained some just view of subjects as they are,
 Yet falling short of zeal's deluded aim,
 Become the objects of unmeasured blame,
 And bear reproaches of a deeper shade,
 Than those who adverse always stood arrayed.
 When nervous zeal and selfish hope combine,
 And claim the sanction of a power divine,

Then candid judgment, sober piety,
 To heaven alone must look for charity,
 Nor think it strange that long-linked friends disclaim
 A strong attachment to their tainted name,
 Or that suspicion, with a jaundiced eye,
 Glares to behold some mark of infamy.
 O righteous Heaven! when shall thy glory quell
 The scowl of error? and thy light dispel
 The ignorance and prejudice below,
 That make true friends mistake in each a foe,
 Turn holy arms and steadfast faith aside,
 To tilt at phantoms in beguiling pride,
 And make a Jehu fill the sacred place,
 Which Jesus hallowed with celestial grace.

The faithful prophet to their mercy given,
 To loathsome dungeon is remorseless driven,
 To learn in hunger, thirst, and cruel woe,
 The recompense of faithfulness below;
 And have his confidence in God assailed
 By hosts of doubts sophistically mailed,
 And feel alternate, fervor from on high,
 And stupid sorrow on his spirit lie,
 Till grace and nature's waning energy
 Ends in the former's hard-bought victory.
 Ah, hapless prophet! this thy great reward?
 For this, dost serve a just and bounteous Lord?
 In loathsome darkness must the servant lie,
 While He in glory boundless, reigns on high?
 Nay, stay the thought! Heaven's plan is holy, wise,
 Though prophets suffer, and though rage and lies
 Awhile prevail, the end will surely prove
 God's special care for those His precepts love.
 Toil, pain, and scorn for Him on earth endured,
 Have vast reward, through grace, in heaven insured,

And ample treasures many find on high,
 Who drag out life in hopeless misery.
 Long lay the prophet in the murky gloom
 Of noisome pit that might have been his tomb,
 Had not Abdalmalik besought the king,
 To grant some respite of the suffering,
 And spare the life of one who faithful told
 What royalty had bid him true unfold.

What scenes he shared, what years of anguish passed,
 And how he saw his people crushed at last,
 What misery immense, unutterable woe,
 He deeply proved in nation's overthrow,
 When ruin gluttled, like a vulture, stood
 On hideous waste of ashes drenched in blood,
 Were long to tell ; suffice it then, to say,
 His country's guilt was canceled in his day,
 A nation's sin long ages awful grown,
 Piled up for vengeance to th' eternal throne,
 Was fired by justice, when long suff'rance spent,
 No more could stay the dreadful punishment,
 Which sweeping wide, like fiery flood, devours,
 Without distinction, palace, hut, and towers,
 When nought but miracle can save the soul,
 That trusts e'en God, who gives control
 To vengeance due, and leaves his chosen gold,
 With basest ores that mammon ever sold,
 To suffer fire, and be the more refined,
 For glorious purposes by Him designed,
 When earthly dross and mortal scenes consumed,
 The work of grace in glory is resumed.
 Such was the age, and such the fearful fate,
 The prophet saw who lived and prayed too late,
 Yet not too late ; God's grace was magnified,
 Although the nation scorned, rebelled, and died.

This thought hereafter : turn we and inquire,
 If none were guided by prophetic fire ?
 If ne'er a soul, in contrite sorrow bound,
 The way of peace through heavenly tidings found ?
 Hope points out two ; the fruit of forty years
 Prophetic labor, suffering and tears ;
 One, the dark slave whose exile spirit bled
 At woes heaped ruthless on a righteous head ;
 And one, the courtier, who his soul to save,
 Lost all the honors royalty erst gave,
 And though ambition lingered in his breast,
 Till deeply warned that earth was not his rest,
 Yet from the morn he first the prophet met,
 His secret seal to righteousness he set,
 And faithful grew, till nerved by grace divine,
 He strove to rise where lasting glories shine.
 Two souls illumed ; if more, to God alone
 Their names and characters unwrit are known ;
 E'en one had been inestimable prize,
 For which a life of ling'ring agonies,
 In toil and prayer, were price of little cost,
 For what compares with deathless spirit lost ?
 But all the object of a prophet's life,
 Drawn out in anguish and in deadly strife
 With evil, ends not on a mortal's soul,—
 God and His government the final goal
 Of each probationary scene below,
 And all creation, e'en the world of woe,
 Must render glory to the sovereign plan,
 Which proffers pardon to the rebel man.
 Deep and unchangeable God's counsels stand,
 Embracing all with an almighty hand,
 Yet gen'ral laws His providences guide,
 Fitted to each event which can betide ;

And while His servants strive, in various spheres,
 To save mankind, and pour their prayers and tears,
 From Him alone, must come the wished success,
 The duty man's, but His the righteousness.

For since our race are all enslaved by sin,
 Grace needs must war a single soul to win,
 So good and evil, in perpetual strife,
 Antagonize invet'rately through life,
 And varying fields of desp'rate conflict try,
 With ne'er a choice but conquer all or die ;
 And as the ranks, in battle's fierce array,
 Are thinned by time, fresh legions, to display
 Their prowess, rush upon the doubtful ground,
 To fight and fall, and hope of peace confound,
 While ages roll redemption's Gospel free,
 And man retains inbred depravity.
 Sin claims the empire, grace invades her reign,
 Not armed to crush at once pretensions vain,
 But with a power which evil may withstand,
 Till brought to yield to an almighty hand ;
 So war must rage, and force with force compete,
 Till ends this scene, redemption all complete
 Shall shout the triumph over sin and hell,
 And grace triumphant alleluia swell.
 Nor is the scheme unjust, unwise ; nay, worthy God,
 Who sways o'er evil His avenging rod,
 And makes its rage work out some blest design
 To consummate His boundless plan divine.
 Since evil is, what mortal dares to say
 Its term of power must be a fleeting day ?
 Why not an age ? why not a cycle vast ?
 If not the future, why was tried the past ?
 Why prove a soul, and not a countless race ?
 Were there no sin, no need had been of grace ;

If both arise, who shall their range confine,
 But He who fixed a providence divine ?
 Gave this to rise, and that the power contest,
 Evolving still a plan supremely blest,
 Which in the issue makes all evil tend,
 Though bad itself, to high and godlike end,
 Reflect the glory of th' eternal throne,
 Augmenting praise and bliss through worlds unknown.
 No narrow scheme restricts the varying powers
 Which meet and struggle in this world of ours ;
 Broad is the field, long, long th' eventful day
 Assigned to try probationary clay,
 And grander scenes than e'er the past revealed,
 Deep in the future wait to be unsealed,
 While still redemption, urging on its way,
 Strains toward the goal of universal sway,
 And though oft carried on a backward tide,
 At last in glory will triumphant ride.

On scenes like these God's holy prophets cast,
 Are swept in fury by the adverse blast,
 Which if they stem, and faithful hold their post,
 'Gainst raging foes augmenting host on host,
 'Tis more by far than lighter victors dare,
 When God's own hand rolls on the glorious war,
 And leaves His foll'wers little else to do,
 But gather trophies which the battle strew.
 Not every soldier, laden most with spoil,
 Has spent most energy in desp'rate toil ;
 Not every name which popular applause
 Delights to honor, most in virtue's cause
 Does or endures ; yet when a sentinel,
 On some lone height, feels noble valor swell,
 As battle rages in the plain below,
 And burns to charge impet'ous on the foe,

Still safe from danger, faithful he must stand,
 Or forfeit all with him who gave command ;
 E'en so the prophet, so each pious heart,
 Where God decides must bide th' allotted part ;
 'Tis His to station, ours to strive with zeal,
 Both for our own, and for redemption's weal ;
 To meet the foe, to hail the welcome friend,
 To do and suffer, faithful to the end.

What is fidelity, but to obey ?
 And full-souled follow where Heaven leads the way ?
 To do each duty, by the Will Divine,
 Till summoned earth and trial to resign.

Who made success of faithfulness the rule ?
 But one in doctrine, fraudulent or fool.
 Reap as you sow ; but if the seed should fall
 On rocks or brambles, would you reap at all ?
 Who judges thus, might God's own Son condemn,
 Apostles, prophets, one and all condemn,
 Because their labors won not more to prove
 Their faithful zeal and persevering love,
 While masses perished, while the world remains
 So closely linked in sin's infernal chains.
 The First, the Last, who died, but ever lives,
 This great command and gracious promise gives,
 Be true and faithful, till thy mortal strife,
 And thee I'll give a glorious crown of life.
 Faithful to do, and faithful to endure,
 A blest reward, through grace divine, insure ;
 Though toil and anguish no memorial rear,
 To tell the world of trophies gathered here,
 Yet every soul that gains the victory,
 Shall shine a pillar in the courts on high.
 Success is God's ; and faithfulness is man's ;
 Though both blend mystic in foreordered plans,

Which every impulse, tendency embrace,
 That bears upon the being of our race,
 Leave every power t' antagonize at will,
 Control the contest, guide the issue still.

A Paul may plant, Apollos irrigate,
 And zealous faith in expectation wait,
 But till the Lord shall bless the golden grain,
 With wished increase, they labor all in vain.
 For, not to man Jehovah delegates
 The sovereign power, that spirit new creates,
 And changes man from deep depravity,
 To holy nature fitted heaven to see.
 A work so gracious, glorious, and divine,
 Thou King eternal, is forever thine !
 However instruments may work and tend,
 In thy good providence to such an end.
 Were man the cause, he might with conscious pride,
 The meed of glory with his God divide,
 And lead a train to swell the ranks on high,
 His own fair name, not Christ, to glorify.
 Then might we find but few before the throne,
 The mass redeemed, by earthly titles known,
 Of this were Paul, of that were Peter lord,
 The saviours human, human the reward.
 Let others trust their heaven to mortal hands,
 Be God the Rock on which my safety stands ;
 Be His the name, and His the power I trust,
 To renovate the fallen sons of dust.

No purer love, no holier motives swell
 A mortal breast, than thine, Immanuel !
 No happier Gospel, in diviner form,
 No loftier zeal, with fire celestial warm,
 No more benevolence than God reveals,
 This humbled spirit claims, pretends, or feels ;

While with sweet peace, adoring I confide
 The world's redemption to His reign who died,
 And rest assured, not on frail human might,
 But on Jehovah to make all things right ;
 And race by race, mankind to prove and try,
 Exalting this, condemning that to die,
 As holy wisdom guides His just decrees,
 To righteous issue of man's destinies,
 When God's own people, all the chosen race,
 The seed, the Israel, redeemed by grace,
 On promised shores of everlasting rest,
 Their foes destroyed, shall be supremely blest.

In gloomiest age of madness and despair,
 The prophet, summoned Heaven's commands to bear,
 Finds labor lost, like sowing on the sea,
 Which yields a harvest but of treachery.
 On Heaven's behalf, 'twas his the land to warn,
 Not he responsible if men did scorn
 The gracious message which sweet mercy sent,
 And though severe, still wooed them to repent ;
 Still promised peace, and pointed them on high,
 In love demanding why, why will ye die ?
 He faithful preached ; alas, for them in vain ;
 He prayed, he wept, saw hope and nation wane,
 And sink in ruin, while destruction dire,
 Sword, famine, plague, captivity, and fire,
 Whelmed all in woe, yet spared a scanty band,
 As raging flames may leave a mould'ring brand
 Amid the ashes of a common fate,—
 Such was the remnant of that ancient state,
 To which the prophet clings with fervent zeal,
 And now renews emphatic his appeal.
 They heed him not, from hope, from country flee,
 And drag him with them in captivity,

Where scenes of anguish, long drawn out in woe,
 Sweep o'er them all in ruthless overflow ;
 The man of God still urging to repent,
 While they the summons scornfully resent,
 By judgments maddened, which should melt the soul,
 In contrite sorrows, to divine control,
 But like plants noxious, in a glowing sun,
 Warned, watered more, the more to poison run,
 Taint and destroy, wide as their influence reigns,
 The bane of all that range the verdant plains ;
 So, desp'rate sinners ripe for vengeance grow,
 While mercy stays the last, consuming blow,
 And turn the means which should salvation yield,
 To black despair, with sevenfold vengeance sealed.

The prophet warned, and prayed, and wept in vain,
 For naught their growing madness could restrain,
 Till they, o'erwearied with reproof, conspired,
 And filled with sin, with fury madly fired,
 The man of God, their last remaining friend,
 On whom their hope of safety did depend,
 In mobbish rage, the foul and fiendish crew,
 For forty years of faithful service, slew.
 So died the man, whose life, one martyr's pain,
 Twice twenty years drawn out in anguish vain,
 Yet not in vain, God's purpose consummate,
 Grace shone reflected from the rebels' fate,
 And he who suffered much to serve his Lord,
 Received a more exceeding great reward.
 Faithful to God, with none his soul to cheer,
 Mid sin and sorrow, steadfast year by year,
 He persevered, as Heaven still led the way,
 Prayed, longed, and labored, for divine display,
 His chosen people to renew and save,
 And met with wrong, and found an outcast grave.

What though bright hosts, converted by his word,
 Before the throne in witness are not heard,
 God is his witness, who his course decreed,
 Grace, rich in glory, grants a worthy meed :
 None more can do than faithfully fulfil
 God's high and holy, all-directing will,
 This full accomplished, once, the Man Divine
 Returned on high, with God again to shine,
 And all His servants who their work complete,
 He'll raise in triumph to a glorious seat,
 Though earth may frown, and on their humble name,
 Cast doubt and scorn, or envious, taunt with blame.

Untroubled shine the lofty stars of light,
 Though hate and envy in malicious spite,
 May raise a smoke to cloud their happy rays,
 And roar to drown their silent voice of praise.
 Yet all the glory that a soul can bear,
 Though freely given to the faithful there,
 Is due to grace, nor great nor small can claim
 Aught in its own, though all in Jesus' name ;
 To God the glory, His the boundless praise,
 Which heaven will echo through eternal days,
 And ne'er a spirit joins that radiant throng,
 Nor swells the chorus of redemption's song,
 With selfish pride still ranking in its breast,
 To say it was more worthy than the rest.
 O may we meet the faithful hosts above,
 From heights of glory in celestial love,
 The endless wonders of redemption trace,
 Surveying providence, and shouting grace,—
 There mid the train would you the prophet see,
 Seek then for him, on earth called JEREMY.