











Your faithfu Hilliamsow.

AUTUMN LEAVES:

Mencutoes of a Floweriess & Fruitless Summer.

WILLIAM DOW, GLASGOW.

"They began an judge a pret's worth
Who of themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth
By labours of their own."—Comper.

GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN TWELD, HOWARD STREET.



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BY

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Bedication.

For these "Autumn Leaves" I can find no fitter dedication than to the dear departed one who enjoyed most of them in their vernal prime, and who, had her own Autumn not come too soon, would have gladly welcomed them as they now appear. I believe she may still do so, even from the Summer Land which knows no fading; and-remembering how to her and me the withering woodland waifs had used to whisper, not only of the Winter fast approaching, but also of another Spring-time sure to follow-I fondly strew these at her feet, hoping for them a similar suggestiveness. Autumn were indeed a sombre season could we not, "like trees in Winter-time," wait with hope and patience-

"till the wreathes
Of Winter fade before the breath
Of Spring, when we shall vanquish Death,
And wake our wondering eyes in light
To which our present day is night!"



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AUTUMN LEAVES.

Bay-Breaming.

THIN the shadow of the trees

The playworn boy has found repose,
While Summer noonday's languid breeze
In soothing softness round him blows.

He sleeps not, but his dreamy eyes In wonder wander far and near: The verdant earth and azure skies To him mild mysteries appear.

But mysteries which yield delight,

Though he may never search them out:—
He lives by faith as well as sight,

And holds no fellowship with doubt.

Behold the envy in his eye
As yon free rovers of the air
On downy wings glide swiftly by,
With power to visit everywhere.

"What bliss!"—he dreams:—"Could I have wings
To soar like these, and roam the sky,
The bird the merriest song that sings
Should not be happier than I.

O'er field and forest, heath and hill,

And through the fragrant flow'ry glen,

Long summer days to roam at will—

Untroubled by the cares of men.

On mountain-tops to set me down,

Without the toil of climbing there;

A king uncumbered with a crown—

My kingdom all the earth and air.

And then, O such delicious play,

When playmates, still to earth confined,
To school should drag their dreary way,

For me to leave them all behind!

Or condescend to join their sports

For but a moment;—then away

To seek my happier resorts,

And laugh at their imprisoned play!"

So dreams the boy, and thus the boy

Is fairly "father to the man,"

For who loves not deep draughts of joy

From fountains far in dreamland drawn?

Joys real and present, great howe'er,
Our souls, insatiate, only prize
As pedestals on which to rear
Our Babel towers of fantasies.

Fain would we scan the future; but In vain our ever-prying gaze: A veil we cannot pierce has shut From us the view of future days;

A veil the present hour which leaves But half-revealed to mortal eyes, While Time within the other weaves Life's wonderous web of mysteries. Above, below, at every nook,

We seek some parting rent or seam

Through which to cast a stealthy look

Adown the still and hidden stream:

But no, we cannot see nor hear

The voiceless world reposing there;

Those mystic realms which hope and fear

Alternately paint foul and fair.

Defeated, but determined not

To own defeat, the height we climb

Where Fancy lends the power to thought,

In realms unknown to soar sublime.

There, in a future of our own

Creating, great in dream-wrought deeds,
We trifle till our lives have grown

To worthless wastes of tangled weeds.

This should not be; our day is brief,
And long the task awaiting toil;
Day-dreaming is the veriest thief
That ever purloined precious spoil.

Time bears us on—on with the throng
Of thousands voyaging its breast,
And ever as we glide along—
If not unwilling—some behest

Of duty calls us to arise,

And nobly lend a helping hand—

Perhaps to soothe the sufferer's sighs:—

Perhaps oppression to withstand.

And blessèd most are they who hear

Most readily affliction's claim:—

Whose hands have oftenest wiped the tear,

Or gently fanned Hope's fading flame.

Then let us wake to truer life;—

Burst these somnambulistic chains,

And, boldly mingling in the strife,

Rest not till Right triumphant reigns!

The Wood.

HAT is it in the sylvan shade
That so enraptures soul and sense
With solemn gladness, too intense
To be by poet's pen portrayed?

A fond communion of the soul

With spirits wooing weary thought

Away from cares the world hath wrought,
To joys beyond the world's control.

We catch the cadence from above
Of intercourse they cherish there,
Distilling through the leafy air
In sacred symphonies of love.

Above, around, the mystic maze
Of arch and pillar forms a fane
Where seraphs sing in praiseful strain,
And Nature's fragrant censer sways.

Beneath, the perfect stillness seems

The slumber of a soothing lay,

As eloquent as is the play

Of infant features fondling dreams.

While on the ground the shadows wreathe
And mingle with the scattered rays,
As if transcribing songs of praise—
The music that the zephyrs breathe.

And every flower that nestles there
On grassy knoll and moss-wove sward,
Seems rapt, in worshipful regard,
At Nature's shrine to whisper prayer.

O, it is good to seek and prize
Such scenes of love, and peace, and truth—
To let the soul renew its youth
In those near portals of the skies.

Yet even there we must not plod, Content with only Nature's charms; Faith must apply her graceful arms And wings to bear us up to God. For though in Nature God has shewn His radiant glory everywhere, His presence is but shadowed there Who dwells apart,—sublime, alone!

Co the Clyde.

NCE more with thee, my mountain maid,
My fair, my queenly Clyde,
I wander through the leafy shade,
O'er verdant lea and flow'ry glade,
A lover by thy side:

A lover! Yes; for long ago
Thy beauty won my heart;
And though I breathed no ardent vow,
Methinks thou may'st remember now
When we were doomed to part:

How, on a sunny summer eve
I sought you lonely dell,
In calm seclusion there to grieve
The fate that forced my feet to leave
The scenes I loved so well.

And how, when sunset's golden glow Forsook thy placid breast, I lingered still to list thy flow, Half-fancying thou did'st murmur so To soothe my soul to rest.

The night, with me to sympathise,
Assumed her sable pall,
And gazing down with pensive eyes,
Let tears of starlight from the skies
Upon thy bosom fall.

Unprized by thee, they glistened there, But tears from me that fell Were treasured up with miser care, And hid within thy bosom fair, My heart's deep love to tell. Since then, beyond yon mighty sea

To which thy waters glide,
I've rivers seen more grand than thee,
Yet met with none so dear to me

As thou, my lovely Clyde! °

Niagara's terriffic din
And rainbowed turbulence,
Though grander than thy Corra-Linn,
Yet ne'er like it my heart could win
To love's own reverence.

The Amazon, in giant pride,
Spurns off affection's chains,
Even as it braves the ocean tide
And pours its torrents far and wide
Into the sea's domains.

^{*} This is rather a stretch of poetic license, the author never having crossed the Atlantic, except in imagination. He trusts the extravagance may be excused on account of the comparisons it affords so favourable to the river of his song.

Missouri's wild and turbid waves—
A channel-fettered sea—
Irate at all obstruction, raves
And dashes on, nor gives, nor craves
One look of sympathy.

Not so with thee, calm, homely Clyde.

Where'er thy current rolls

It seems thy aim, thy joy, thy pride,
A feast of beauty to provide

For beauty-loving souls.

That feast of thine with calm delight
I'll share, nor seek to roam
In quest of joys more fair, more bright,
Than those that charm my soul, my sight,
Round this my Clydesdale home

To Bothwell Castle.

UBLIME old monument of glory faded—

Of powers and passions of the ancient days!

With pensive thoughts I feel my soul pervaded,

As on thy slowly-crumbling walls I gaze.

Yet heave I not a single sigh for thee;

Thee in thy pride I wish not to have known;

Far better as thou art! for here I see,

In Grandeur's ruin, Ruin's grandeur shown.

As once in thee proud lords in feudal glory
Received their guests from far-dissevered lands,
So now, as Fancy reads thy silent story,
She views far-severed ages shaking hands.

As granite mountain peaks their tale unfold
Of wild commotions, once the earth upheaving,
So speak thy towers of men and ages old,
When feuds and wars our country filled with grieving.

But now, how changed! As hills in turmoil bom
Become the emblems of what changes not,
So thou, in ruin, desolate, forlorn,
Proclaimest present peace, and wars forgot.

Grim, hoary preacher! "Peace on earth" proclaining— One-half the Gospel—not in promise given, But realised; strife-loving man reclaiming, And softly tinging earth with hues of heaven.

While in the Eden-beauties round thee glowing,

"Good-will-to-men," the listening spirit hears;—

The sermon and the song in concert flowing—

A harmony unheard by common ears.

Co Robin Redbreast,

WEET warbler of the shady grove,
Could I but make my home with thee,
No more should I desire to rove
In quest of joy, by land or sea:
O could this weary heart of mine

But rest in tranquil bliss like thine!

In dancing Summer's brightest morn,

When nature sings in merriest glee,

But when, with cares and toils outworn,

The scene seems all too glad for me,
I love to linger through the shade

Where thou, with peace, thy home hast made.

But now, alas, it comes to mind
That summer dwells not always there;
Rude wintry storms must also find
Thy calm retreat, and make it wear
A cold, forlorn, and cheerless guise,
Which neither you nor I can prize.

And then, as I have sought you here,
And lingered 'heath this sylvan dome,
Shalt thou as lovingly appear
Within the shadow of my home,
To ask, with calm confiding eye,
The food which then the woods deny.

And even then, I know full well,
For I have seen thee oft before,
Thy still, reposeful look shall tell
That surly storms, which rudely tore
Thee from thy home, could ne'er molest
The peace that nestles in thy breast!

So let me learn to rest no more
My hopes of bliss on outward things,
But in my heart that peace to store
Which never-failing gladness brings;
For hearts where such a peace resides
Alone can bear life's changing tides.

The Forget-Me-Rot.

Y Dee's sylvan margin, when day was declining,

I lovingly lingered alone with my muse,

Inspired by the beauties of Nature, reclining

In glory which gloaming alone can diffuse.

As twilight descended, I rose to depart,

But, rising, beheld what 'twas pleasure to see:—
A pensive Forget-me-not smiled to my heart,

As if 'twere imploring remembrance from me.

I gazed, as when Love gazes into blue eyes,

And finds itself mirrored and magnified there,
Till, even as Love longs to cherish its prize,

I felt I must needs have the flower in my care.

But, ere I could pluck it, my hand was delayed—
My being all bathed in betwitching prostration,
As Feeling, or Fancy, or Fairies conveyed
A song of which this is a faint iteration:—

Stay, stay, we have come on the Zephyr's soft wing, The twilight to spend in this sylvan retreat:

A chalice of nectarine dewdrops we bring

To banquet our children, those flow'rets so sweet.

And that starry blossom to memory dearest,

Is dearest to us—sweetest child of our love;

Its hue and its fashion resemble the nearest

Those beauties that bloom in our gardens above.

Delighted, we witnessed the fond admiration

That glistened thine eyes as thy head was bowed down

To view the dear emblem in calm meditation;—

Where now has thy love of the beautiful flown?

Place thou the bright gem in thy breast, it will fade
In less than an hour, and its beauty depart:
Nay—leave it to bloom in its own native shade,
And treasure its image imprest on thy heart.

Would'st send it to Mary, commissioned to bear
Thy pleading for love and remembrance enduring?
Then spare it, and swift on the wings of the air
We'll whisper thy message by means more alluring.

To-night, having soothed her to softest repose,
We'll waft her to dreamland to lean on thy breast,
Then show her the love in thy bosom that glows—
A plea more persuasive than flower e'er exprest.

Primrosina.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Jane K., the author of the sentiment.

"They also serve who stand and wait."—MILTON.

THERE wood and water wooed the sun,
A Primrose found its life begun,
Nor knew nor cared how long 'twould run.

One day, or two—perhaps for three, It simply knew the luxury Of feeling what it is "to be."

But as it looked and listened round It found the world alive with sound, From sunny air to sunlit ground:— The hum of insects busy nigh,
The river's ripple rolling by,
The lark's song thrilling through the sky.

Each sound and motion seemed to say "All, all are busy, night and day,
In blissful work or buoyant play."

Then why, it mused, where work is rife, Should I slip sleepily through life And gain no glory in the strife?

I drink the sunbeam's light and heat, Enjoy the skylark's music sweet, And envy bees their burdened feet.

But I, I really cannot see
What I can do, why I should be,
I am but painted vanity.

Last night I blushed, then paler grew,
As Zephyrs christened me with dew,
And whispered, Primrose,—what do you?

'Twas, How do ye do? the Zephyrs said, Well-pleased to greet the graceful maid That so adorned the woodland shade.

But she, too modest, ne'er had thought

By blooming there her work was wrought,

And so she answered, I do nought.

All night she dreamt of dreary day, And, waking early strove to pray, "O give me work, if work I may."

Two tiny feet came tripping through
The grass that lay love-sick with dew,
While joyance gemmed two eyes of blue.

One little loving hand embraced

And plucked the Primrose, then in haste

The tiny feet their steps retraced.

As loving mother chides her child,
Then fondles it in transport wild,
So Mary plucked the flower, and smiled.

She thought of one at home, who could No more explore that long-loved wood, To whom this flow'ret would bring good.

"Alas, alas, the captive sighed,
My hope is gone, my prayer denied;"
No, no," a soft sweet voice replied.

So, soon on mother's couch it lies Where she reclines, no more to rise, And thus her longing satisfies!

For she for weary months had prayed Her last adieu might be delayed Till Spring once more adorned the glade.

O Primrose, now no more complain, Nor think thy brief still life in vain: It soothed a dying mother's pain.

Thy mission was a work begun, Which angels seeing, sang "Well done," Then wafted her beyond the sun. And there fulfilled thy promise true, Gave her a Spring for ever new, A Spring for ever wed with you.

For thus thy fairy form has found A place in Mem'ry's amber bound, 'Mong flowers that gem celestial ground!

On the Mountain Cop.

HOUGH aching limbs and panting breast Of over-exercise complain,

The pleasure far transcends the pain
Of climbing to the mountain's crest.

For thus 'tis not dull flesh alone

We elevate—our minds expand,

Aspire, and feel they may command

A greatness hitherto unknown.

The breeze that brushes round our brows

Where nature holds us up to heaven,

Baptizes us with vigour given

To vanquish soul's enslaving foes;

And, looking with enraptured eyes
On hill-tops crouching at our feet,
We feel how grand it is to greet
Success where effort gasping lies.

Above that wast expanse of earth,

Here sternly grand—there richly fair,

Beneath you vaster azure air

We guess the grandeur of our birth;

And swelling thoughts and surging sighs
Assert our instinct to ascend
Beyond the mortal, and to blend
Our lives with life that never dies.

O blessed mountains! First in light
As Morning's banner floats unfurled,
And last to lose it when the world
Is wrapt again in robes of night!

So heavenward looks my longing soul,
Inspiring radiance to derive,
And hope and strength, anew to strive
And struggle on to glory's goal.

And so, I trust, when night descends

For me on Time's few fleeting days,

To quit their last receding rays

For cloudless day that never ends.

A Chunder Storm.

HE sun went down in perfect peace,
And twilight swathed the dying day,
While restful night bade Labour cease,
Inviting pious souls to pray;
In prayerful praise all Nature knelt
Within the veil where Godhead dwelt.

'Tis night of night, and peace hath found Her perfect work where Summer sleeps; But deeper darkness glooms around, And terror through the stillness creeps; Tempestuous fires explode the night, And Nature trembles with affiright.

Peal after peal, from far and near, Crash into one continuous roar, Till trembling hearts begin to fear That Nature soon shall be no more; Earth's final fires seem lit from heaven— Its sepulchres by thunder riven.

Yet fear I not those lurid fires,
Nor tremble 'mid the uproar wild;
Sublimer joy my soul inspires
Than when around me Nature smiled;
This Sinai scene, O Lord, is thine,
And Thou art here—and Thou art mine.

Poor craven soul! think shame to show
Thy fear of Him thou wilt not love!
His blessings every hour to know,
Yet lift no grateful eye above!
Too cold His gracious smiles to own,
Yet trembling when He shows a frown.

'Tis well, perhaps, even now to feel
That God is near; but, O how poor
The soul which dreads the thunder-peal,
And shrinks the lightning's flash before,
Yet fails His boundless love to view
In star and sunbeam, rain and dew!

Eternal power and Godhead blaze
In every vivid flash of lightning;
But these as clearly greet our gaze
In every dewdrop, morning brightening;
And He who hung the sun on high
Is great as He who rends the sky.

Each mighty burst of terror rolled

Bespeaks our God the God of might;
Each flashing sheet of vapoured gold

Proclaims the truth, that "God is Light;"
And soon the storm-purged sky shall glow
With "God is Love." to all below.

When 'mid the storm our hearts can say
"Our Father," should we not rejoice
That He his power can thus display
In words of fire and thunder-voice!
The Father who such powers can wield,
Will surely prove His children's shield.

Or, should it be His wise decree,
That through this elemental war
Should come from Him, to set me free,
His message and his fiery car,
A death more glorious I shall claim
Than hero's on the field of fame!

Rain in the Country.

T rains, it rains, it wrathfully rains;
Hear how it pelts on the window panes!
And happy they who but hear it so—
Who thus alone can its fury know;
But sorry there case who unsheltered bear
Its pitless pelt in the howling air;
Yet, while I muse on my couch composed,
Far better than I may be so exposed.

It rains, it rains, in mercy it rains;
For what were the sower's utmost pains,
And when would the field its fruit supply
Reposing beneath a rainless sky?
Earth's beauty then would forget to bloom,
And life evanish in Famine's tomb;
Then let us bless the reviving rain
That Edenizes our earth again!

Ere earth awoke from archaic gloom
To life and light in luxuriant bloom,
Wild waters waved o'er its weltering clay,
Till on the morn of Creation's day
The Spirit moved o'er the liquid shroud,
And wrapped its folds into sea and cloud;
Then Nature, fresh from old ocean's breast,
Burst forth in Spring-time verdure drest!

And so each Spring she grows young again, By drinking life from the nectar rain: The child of ocean, though aged now, Must still for her mother's blessing bow; While she, through all her commotions wild, Remembers aye her dependent child, And charges the cloud's baptismal wing To sprinkle earth with the joys of Spring!

Rain in the City,

Trains, how it rains! Just hear how it splashes
Those crazy old doors and decayed window-sashes!
A deluge discharged from the windows of heaven,
On nearing the earth into tatters is riven;
And, wreaking its rage on the rickety flags,
Makes streets, lanes, and closes like rivers in rags;
While tenements, temples, and turrets unshaken,
Like ghosts of a navy by Neptune forsaken,
Stand dismal—dismantled, deserted, and dripping—
A wreck of the ocean, and ruin to shipping!

It rains, how it rains! O I pity those wretches
Who crouch through the closes like Punch-punished sketches!
In summer, when swells tights and topcoats are loathing,
The tatterdemalion may bless his scant clothing;
But deluges, drenching the dying year's "-embers,"
Must chill ragamuffin's whole body and members;
Soaked through to the skin, yea farther I fear,
What wonder he should try a "nip" or a "beer"?
The provost and parson are both at their "cham,"
Why should they deny the poor dismal his dram!

It rains, how it rains! What a day for the cabs!

Shall we pity poor cabby in waterproof drabs?

Not a bit, for to-day he has got, I declare,

Ten "tips" and ten "tipples," which had it been fair

He never had seen, so he need not complain;—

'Tis his to make hay not in sunshine but rain.

But making of hay is not much in his way,

Though he likes a "fare" well when it whispers him "hae;"

His faith is to fleece for the sake of the wool,

And skin when he finds he is fleecing a fool.

It rains, still it rains! Why, this town of St. Mungo St. Swithin's should be, from Sighthill to Strathbungo. Six weeks without rain would make Clutha and Kelvin Expose their foul channels for navvies to delve in; While dealers in waterproof coats and umbrellas Would find themselves bankrupt and ruined, poor fellows. And who could be sorry? For none should adhere To a trade which, with fairness, no profits can clear; And which, to keep quit of a Court Liquidation, Must ever be courting the sun's Sequestration!

"With the Stars."

"A young child was lost in the bush at Talbragar, near Denison Town, and was not discovered until after about thirty hours' search. When the little fellow was asked where he slept on the night he was out, he answered, 'With the stars.'"—Sidney Herald.

A cry of anguish and dismay

That woke the drowsy sky

And broke bewailing echoes o'er

The twilight-mantled wild,

As through the gloom a mother flew,

Shrieking, "My child, my child."

Her child—a boy of six years old— Brimful of buoyant life, Heroic force and fire, pent up For manhood's coming strifeA model of the manlier man

Whose empire bushward grows,

And must extend until those wilds

Shall blossom as the rose!

That boy had wandered forth at noon
Upon his father's track;
But ne'er his father had he reached,
Nor to his home come back.

And now, the best his friends can hope—
A hope itself but fear,
Is that he wanders still alone,
Where none but God is near.

Amid the dangers of the bush,

Which e'en the savage dreads,
As by the stars, at midnight hour,

His pathless course he threads.

All night they search, but search in vain:—
Each loud, long, anxious cry
Is answered but by echoes drear
Which only live to die;

And all the next long day, till night
Once more is closing round,
When "God be praised," the father cries,
"My precious boy is found!"

O who can sound the seas of love,
Or gauge the gushing joy
That overflow those parents' hearts
When now they clasp their boy

As if from out the very grave:—
Loved, lost, and found again?
Such rapture is the soul of joy
Set free by dying pain!

"Where did you sleep last night?" they ask,
And thus the boy replies:

"Last night my sleep was with the stars
That smiled from yonder skies."

Brave boy! thine was a noble heart,
A strong poetic mind,
And thus was thy companionship
Not to cold earth confined.

To thee the jungle's solitude

But opened ampler space

For thought to throw its thralls away

And liberty embrace!

The darksome night no dreariness
Presented to thy mind,
For through it stars rained radiance
Refulgent and refined!

Thy sleep was with the stars:—Ah me, Such fellowship is rare; But thou wert worthy, else hadst thou Ne'er felt that stars were there.

'Tis only for the mind that soars

Toward its source Divine,

That those bright eyes in tenderness

Through midnight darkness shine.

They smile upon the limpid lake,
And with the river play,
But scorn communion with the dull
Unsympathetic clay.

Thy sleep was with the stars, bright boy!

I see thee there recline,

And feel that stars are lustreless

Beside that mind of thine!

Their light is cold, and groweth not,

While thine must still increase

Until it shines where stars are not—

Where night and darkness cease.

And, lullabied as thou hast been
By the music of the spheres,
Hope bids us list for melody
From thee in future years!

Rowena's Wooing : A Minor Norman Conquest.

HEN England's latest Saxon king
Had vaulted to the throne,
To feel it trembling while he sat,
As if it scorned to own

His right or fitness to succeed

A king whose worth had made

That throne a shrine at which the heart

Of England homage paid;

From Norway's wild and rugged shores
An envious murmur came,
And o'er the sea, from Normandy,
Was heard a bolder claim;

While well he knew that not a few In England's own domain Gave but a sullen semblance of Submission to his reign. To safely guide the barque of state
'Mid breakers such as those,
Was not a task for feeble arm
Nor indolent repose:

It needed more than Harold's might,

Though heart and arm were strong,
With all his kingcraft's subtile wiles,

To guide the vessel long.

Ι

Come, Edwin, spoke the anxious king,

None more than Harold knows

Thy heart's devotion to our cause—

Thy hatred of our foes.

Ere now, thy youthful arm has won
Rich laurels for thy brow,
But ne'er has such occasion called
As claims thy valour now.

Then hie thee northward, swift as horse
Can bear thy burning heart;
Call out thy vassals every one—
To them thy zeal impart—

And with thy band of heroes brave

To Stamford Bridge repair,

For Tostig's pride and Norway's power

I yow to humble there.

And, list thee, Edwin, when our arms
That traitor has laid low,
No niggard largess shall be thine—
Thy sovereign then shall shew

How he esteems such loyal hearts, Such ready arms as thine, Rowena, England's brightest gem, Upon thy breast shall shine!

Our wilful ward too long hath pined
Within thy neighbour's tower;
She now must yield her to our will,
Or bend beneath our power.

Intent on war, intent on love,

His heart both brave and light,

He mounts his steed, he grasps the reins,

And darts into the night.

Ere morning's sun hath tipped its towers,
The courts of Ethelford
Are echoing the clash and clang
Of shield, and spear, and sword;

And willing hearts, from far and near,
Are hurrying to the call
Of Edwin, loved and honoured there
More than the king, by all.

III.

While thus his men are mustering
And marshalling in pride,
One hour their leader steals to seek
His now affianced bride.

With love, no doubt, but love arrayed
In self-sufficient guise,
He met Rowena, not to plead
Acceptance in her eyes;

But, confident in royal right

To gift the maiden's hand,

And waiting not to woo and win—

He speaks the king's command.

As round King Canute's throne, erewhile,
The rebel waves advanced,
Despite his orders to recede,
So fiercer surges danced

Tumultuous in Rowena's breast,
To think a king should try
To barter what was hers alone—
What empires could not buy!

Go, said she—with a look of scorn
Which nowhere else can dwell
Save on a noble woman's face,
Her sense of wrong to tell—

Go, tell the Royal knave who dares: Such message me to send, That sooner shall Rowena's hand Her earthly being end

Than yield itself to aught so vile

As one who would not scorn

To wed a bride from home and friends

By tyrant's mandate torn;

Go tell him, caitiff, that while life Supports Rowena's pride, No king on earth shall make of her A basely bartered bride:

No—my own heart must first be heard,
And then my father's voice;
Whom these command shall have my hand—
I scorn all other choice.

Though sorely wounded, Edwin's pride Refused to shew his pain, So answered he, right haughtily, Proud lady, think again.

Remember that thy exiled sire
O'er thee has no command;
The King alone, by Saxon law,
Can now dispose thy hand.

And, by my sword and spear, I swear, Since so the king hath said, When victors from the field we come The caitiff thou shalt wed!

v.

At Stamford Bridge the Saxon host Their warlike name maintained, And in a hard-fought fight at last A glorious victory gained; But first among the heroes there,

Whose deeds are known in song,
Was Edwin, bravest of the brave,

And strongest of the strong;

His savage sword, of all the swords
That there wrought fame and woe,
Drank deepest of the crimson tide—
Laid most proud foemen low.

King Harold watched with stern delight
The wonders thus performed,
And, 'neath his sword, by blow and word,
The warlike Thane transformed

To Earl of Alderwood, and vowed
That thither he should ride,
So soon as victory was won,
To dower him with his bride.

The fight is o'er, and Alderwood

Is thronged with warriors bold,
Assembled there around the King,
A victor-feast to hold;

The King, elate, from chair of State
Declares his Royal will—
Let each true-hearted guest, he says,
Brimful his wine-cup fill

To toast our ward, Rowena fair, Now the affianced bride Of Edwin, Earl of Alderwood— Of warriors brave the pride!

So speaks the Monarch, but, what now— Why no responsive shout? Why this suspicious lull—those looks Of questioning or doubt? What meaneth this! exclaims the king—
Who dares dispute our power
To wed our ward to one whose deeds
Deserve far richer dower!

By Saxon law I have the right,
And here, by Heaven I swear,
That right I shall not yield while I
The Royal sceptre bear.

VII.

A feeble cheer gave faint response

To Harold's haughty speech;

While through the hall a murmur rolled

Like waves along the beach,

Then broke like sudden thunder-peal
In bold defiant tone—
I, Harold, I deny thy right,
Even while you hold the throne;

I still am Earl of Alderwood

And 'mid my vassals, I

Claim now my lands, my daughter too,
And all thy power defy

To wrest them from me; for, before
Such forfeiture is made,
A legal trial I must stand,
And that must be delayed—

Delayed until more doubtful claims

To higher rank than mine

Have first been settled by the sword—

Whose?—vou may well divine.

VII

A hearty cheer woke echoes then Which many years had slept, Unroused since last within that hall The Earl had wassail kept, As, "Welcome, Earl of Alderwood!"

With many a lusty cheer

Rang through the hall, and smote with pain

Th' estonished Harold's ear

Rowena in her chamber heard

The joyous shouts resound,

And, like a rescued prisoner

From galling chains unbound,

Into her father's arms.

With flashing eyes, and flowing locks,—
All heedless of her charms,—
She bounded through the crowded hall

"Seize him, seize her," cried Harold then,
In rage that would not hide,—

"An exiled traitor shall not keep
Brave Edwin from his bride."

Rushed Edwin then upon the Earl
In fierce and fiery wrath:—
Yea, on the father of his bride,
To clear him from his path,

And, face to face, their swords unsheathed,
Two Earls of Alderwood
Prepared for combat; when, between,
A stranger forward stood—

Nay, hold thy hand, proud Edwin, now—
Nor venture mortal strife
With him whose daughter thou wouldst fain
Compel to be thy wife,

I claim the right to raise my sword In her defence whose hand Her father granted me ere yet He left his native land,

And by the God who reigns above,

I swear to have my bride;

So yield thy claim at once, or draw,

And let our swords decide.

Thus spake a Norman Knight in tones
Which love and truth made strong,
While Edwin, but by passion ruled,
Cared nought for right or wrong;

He only felt that his strong arm,

Which vanquished Norway's pride,
Could surely never fail him now

When fighting for a bride;

So, quick as thought, or lightning flash,
And scorning further words,
They drew, and fair Rowena's fate
Hung trembling on their swords.

Х

It was a fearful fight, I ween,

As ever heroes fought;

Their hearts were brave, their swords were keen,

The prize unpriced by thought:

The lady, in her father's arms,

Trembled, and hoped, and feared;
While Harold, on his chair of State,
Less anxious scarce appeared;

For well he saw his warrior bold

Had met his equal now,

And dreaded lest a Saxon Earl

To Norman Knight should bow.

Perhaps, too, as he watched the fight
Some phantom thought arose—
A grim foreshadowing of fate—
That as should be its close

Might end another, greater war

Which then began to lower,

With aspect threatening to his throne,

'Twixt his and Norman power.

If so, no wonder that he wept
When at his feet was laid
The valiant Edwin, heedless now
Of monarch or of maid.

He wept—'twas but a passing tear;

He had no time to weep,

For word had come that William's fleet

Had safely crossed the deep,

And landed on the Sussex shore
A mighty warrior band,
Determined England's wealth and power
To wrest from Saxon's hand.

To meet and vanquish these was now King Harold's burning aim, So, turning to the Knight, he said, Brave Norman, now thy claim

To wed Rowena thou hast well
Established by thy sword,
But, were it not that I can prize
Such valour, and afford

To be more generous than thou,

My prisoner thou shouldst be
Until my arms thy Duke's proud host
Had hurled into the sea:

But go in peace,—my message bear
To that presumptuous lord,—
Tell him I have no wish again
So soon to flesh my sword;

Tell him to quit these shores, and cease
O'er such wild schemes to brood;—
'Twere better far that he and I
Should seek each other's good;

Such friendship I desire to show,
And now, should he retire,
I care not though a handsome gift
Should help to soothe his ire;

But if he dare to linger there

Beyond a second day,

He and his band shall understand

The fate of proud Norway.

XII.

Undauntedly the Knight replied,

I claim my bride by right—

Mine by her own—her father's choice—

Mine by my right hand's might:

With her I'll go, and safely bear
Thy message to my King
But think not I, nor one of his,
Acceptance back shall bring.

The Norman is no perjured Dane
To pocket paltry bribes;
The peace he swears is only that
His own good sword inscribes.

XIII.

How Harold's message was received, How Hastings field was fought, 'Tis needless here to sing—the tale Our children know by rote; Enough, when William gained the crown,
And England had become
A larger Normandy, therein
There was no happier home

Than Alderwood, whose acres broad,—
Rowena's own by right,—
Were nought to what her husband gained
By valour in the fight:

Lands still retained by sons of theirs,

Who tell with English pride

How fearless Frank de Beaumont wooed

And won his Saxon bride:

A nobler wooing than befalls

Full many a maiden now,

By fashion to the altar led

To rank or wealth to bow,

In base burlesque of holy rites

Which only should be given

To hearts already knit by love,—

The nuptial tie of heaven.

To My Pen.

PRECIOUS pen! too long my muse
Has failed to feel her obligation
To thee, and must no more refuse
To bring the debt to liquidation:
A debt which cannot yet be paid
Without thine own unselfish aid!

When far apart in distant lands
My friends and I feel isolation,
Then thou art ready at our hands
To put us in communication,
And from thy point our friendship flows
To every point the compass knows.

When love is leaping in my heart
And cannot, will not, bear repression,
O then what rapture to impart
By thee the glowing soul's expression!
When so engaged even thou must feel
Love penetrate thy heart of steel!

When thought with thought, as friend with friend,
Commune in silent meditation,
Evolving other thoughts which tend
To vanish by evaporation,
'Tis thine to seize the fleeting shade

And fix it where it may not fade.

Then when I wed my thoughts with rhyme,
But rhymes are coy and hard to marry,
And I must try time after time
Before my verse my song will carry,
By thee I form, reform, revise,
Till rhyme and reason harmonize.

And, last not least, when Beauty smiles
On gaping album, while she whispers
This page is silent, can your wiles
Engage it with the other lispers?
What were my fate my priceless pen
Were thou not there to say "Amen."?

My fingers yield a kind embrace
And find from thee reciprocation;
While on the virgin page I trace
My first and foremost inspiration,
And having done this penance sore
I feel my virtue running o'er.

Thou mighty minister of mind—
Mouth-piece of immaterial being—
Thy mission means to make mankind
All-wise, all-hearing, and all-seeing;
By thee long silent sages preach
And distant lands speak each with each.

What had we been had not the quill
Made pennate human aspiration?
The world had been a cradle still
And we but babes in education;
Now, soaring far from such a state,
We find ourselves penultimate!

Changes.

O tempora, O mores!

HE times are changed since I was young—
Sometimes we then had Spring,
But now, untuneful and unsung,
She sleeps 'neath Winter's wing:
Snow melts reluctantly in May,
And hail hails in the longest day.

The world is changed since I was born— We then had boys and girls, But now our boys are men, and scorn Their "governors" as churls; While girls, like Spring, have disappeared And ladies are from babies reared!

Baby Born.

NIGHT of suffering and pain
Has passed away, and now the morn
Is bright with joy, for there is born
A child, which makes the suffering gain.

The mother, full of love and pride,
Luxuriates in calm repose;
While, dreamless yet of joys or woes,
Her baby slumbers by her side;

And, half afraid he stays too long, Yet love-impelled to linger there, The father bends him o'er the pair And out of weakness is made strong!

Strong in life's battle now to dare
And do more than he yet has done;
Not for himself but for his son;—
Strong every trial now to bear.

Bright bud of promise! just begun

To spread thy petals to the light:—

Sprung Godward from archaic night

To fructify beneath the sun!

But what the fruit? Ah, well, 'tis vain
To seek the future to foreknow;
We may not, and 'tis better so,
Else Hope were dead and effort slain.

Auspicious Hope—Life's radiant star—
The noon needs not thy blissful ray:
We seek thee not while shines the day:
'Tis darkness lights thee from afar.

Then, Welcome baby to my breast,
With all thy confluence of care
To deepen faith—dispel despair,
And brighten Hope's presage of rest!

A Nursery Rotion.

AIR blossom of being, thy Spring just begun,

Entranced I contemplate the problem you hold;

The apex to which generations have run,

The base whence perchance many more may unfold.

Back through the dim vista of care-crowded years
I gaze till obscurity closes my view,
And there, 'mid the haze, to my fancy appears
A waif with a wavering resemblance of you.

And some subtle nerve in the sanctum of sight

Is touched with the likeness, and signs to my soul—
That is you as you fell from primordial night

And started the race of which death is the goal.

Ah me, while an ocean of turbulent thought
Surges over the hollow between now and then,
I murmur—could full retrocession be bought,
No price were too much for my childhood again.

O could it be granted that I—the true me—

The essence within this existence that shews,
With all I have learned, could now but, to be
Begin like to-day when the morning arose;

My past but a yesterday leaving behind

Its wisdom to wait on the wants of to-day;

Ah, then should my evening tranquillity find

And life pass with sun-setting glory away.

Vain thought! the Eternal Himself cannot give
Such boon to ephemeral creatures of clay;
But this he may grant me, henceforward to live
In hope of new life—new and glorious day!

For what is our death so much dreaded but birth
Into loftier, lovelier life than we know;
Where Spirit set free from the fetters of earth
Its power to progress shall triumphantly shew!

The City Sabbatic.

With growing strength some hours has held his throne;
The city basks beneath his glowing ray,
But fails as yet his quick'ning power to own.
The hours have come for business to be pressed,
Yet these erst busy streets I tread alone—
As if 'twere midnight still. 'Tis midnight morning-dressed!

And why the change? Ah, there is reason strong! Among the days one blessed day has dawned— A day which, thanks to Heaven, does not belong To toil or toil's taskmakers, but is owned By man as man, for whom the day was made; And blessed again by Him whose death atoned For sin, that lost us rest, and labour on us laid.

On such a holy morn it suits my taste,
And quarrels not with aught I understand
Implied in Heaven's benevolent bequest,
To leave the city for an hour, and stand
Where unto me it seems I'm nearer Heaven—
'Mong rural scenes, where Nature holds command,
And shews me as they came the gifts her God hath given.

Amid such scenes, and having filled my soul
From their o'erflowing beauty, I have gazed
Upon the city from some rising knoll,
As on my father, when he calmly raised
His toil-soiled hand, and Heaven's best blessings sought
On daily meals, for which we should have praised
Both him and Heaven, had we been grateful as we ought.

From labour now the citizens have ceased;
And not for rest alone, but higher need,
That in their Father's house their souls may feast
On all the words that from His mouth proceed;
And every skyward-pointing spire and tower
Seems as a hand outstretched with Heaven to plead
That blessings manifold may on those feasters shower.

Amen, my soul responds, as I retrace
My steps to town, to mingle with the throng
Who now prepare to seek the sacred place
Where God is worshipped in prayer and song;
A mighty multitude of human hearts,
Like atoms by a hidden magnet strong
Attracted to the centre whence their being starts.

A hundred bells peal forth the call to prayer;
A hundred temples wide their portals fling;
A hundred thousand worshippers repair
To worship Him whose praises angels sing:
And seems it not as if the angels might
Descend to earth on sympathising wing
Those worshippers to aid in praising God aright.

Some fools there are, who scorn such grave pursuits; Who have no heart for praise—who will not pray; Who, choosing vile equality with brutes, Own not a God, nor heed his sacred day. Yet is there aught that noblest minds can try So much ennobling as to humbly lay Their powers expectant at the feet of Deity!

I love at times to wend my peaceful way
Through rural lanes to one sequestered scene
Where, 'mid the tombs of ages old and gray,
There stands a humble church where oft convene
With humble hearts, in humble peasant guise,
A few as earnest worshippers I ween

As e'er from city sent an anthem to the skies.

Grand is such worship! Yet, 'tis more sublime When city crowds meet with the high intent To rise beyond the things of earth and time, And pour their hearts, in earnest worship blent, Before the gracious throne of Him to whom Must every knee in heaven and earth be bent Either now in worship, or ere long for final doom.

And grander still by far, and pregnant more
With richest blessings would such worship prove,
Did every heart, thus seeming to adore
The living God of perfect truth and love
In spirit and in truth, and all as one,
Waft their united prayers of faith above:
Then heaven with joy were filled, and earth with grace o'errun.

Their Head divine, in whose all potent name
The Church is taught to pray, has told them that
Where two or three agree in aught they claim
Through Him, it shall be granted them; then what
Should be the power of prayer, did all agree
In faith and love, and so united at
The throne of grace, implore in true sincerity?

Alas! as yet, the demon Discord dwells
Among our churches! Yet, what time they come
Most near to harmony must be when swells
Their hearts in prayer; then they forget to roam
The fields of petty warfare, and are drawn
Towards their common centre—the great home
Of pure and perfect truth, whence union yet shall dawn.

Then let us hope that each successive prayer
That penetrates the heavens may waft below
In blissful breathings—calm celestial air,
Until the churches atmosphere shall grow
Too pure and fragrant for discord to live
Within her bounds:—Ah, then the world shall know
The power of truth divine, and homage to it give!

Rature Sabbatic.

HIS sacred sunny summer morn
All nature smiles Sabbatic peace;
The sea—a glass whereon is borne,
Its placid bosom to adorn,
The reflex of celestial fleece.

The Sabbath bell in solemn tone—
Yet gladsome—pealed the Gospel call
To all God's worshippers to own
Allegiance to His sovereign throne,
And at His footstool humbly fall.

With pleased ear I heard the sound,

And thought myself to hasten there;
But ere God's house I reached, I found
That all around was holy ground,

And Godhead filling earth and air.

I passed the temple built by hands,
And climbed the hill—an altar stair—
Whereon my spirit understands,
And feels, and gives, what God demands—
Sincere and heartfelt praise and prayer.

Such praiseful prayers were never read

As earth presents to summer skies;

Such prayerful praise was never played
Within Cathedral's vaulted shade,
Where song is oft but sin's disguise.

Devotion swathes me all around,

And binds me to the Mind Supreme
Who formed and fertilized the ground,
And vitalized you glowing round

Which radiates this rapture dream.

O God, in scenes like this I feel
Thy boundless claims to be adored;
Thy wondrous works Thy ways reveal,
While through my innost being steal
Devoutest thoughts of thee, O Lord.

I love to join in praise and prayer
With those Thy sacred courts who throng;
Yet oft I cannot worship there,
As here, while robed in rapture's air,
Creation breathes its soul in song.

O help me, Lord, thus to adore

And praise Thy name each day I live;
While loving nature more and more,
To love Thee better than before—

And fuller, truer, service give.

And when I quit this clinging clay
Which now obscures my spirit's sight,
May I those long-loved scenes survey
To find a far more full display
Of goodness, glory, and delight.

Knowledge the Mother of Devotion.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,

But more of reverence in us dwell."—Tennyson.

REAT God! we feel Thy greatness more and more

As we ourselves grow greater, and extend

Our knowledge into realms unknown before,

And more of Thy creation comprehend.

Our early fathers bowed bewildered heads
In face of wonders which to us are plain,
Illumed by light advancing science sheds,
Yet we, like them, must feel our science vain.

For from the higher ground whereon we stand
We scan a vastly more extended zone
Of unexplored and more mysterious land,
And ocean, fathomless by lines we own.

Thus we perceive that, conquer all we can,

From utmost conquests we must gaze abroad
On far horizons hued with haze to man,
But all well known to his omniscient God.

Yet still we would advance, and wiser grow
By careful study of Thy works and ways;
The more we learn, the more would wish to know;
And knowing more, feel more inspired to praise.

And yet, O God, how little we can know,

When measured, not by puny human mind,
But by the wisdom which Thy wonders shew,

Or by the vast unknown we leave behind!

Like children on the sunny sandy shore

Where weary wavelets weave themselves away,

We catch but ripples of the robust roar

Which rolls to heaven where storm and tempest play-

Profound as we may think our fathomed deeps,
They are but shallows on the tide-left strand;
Spray-drops from off the ocean vast which sleeps
Hid in the hollow of Thy mighty hand!

Friendship's Frailty.

Even when by death the blank is made,
But harder still when friendship ends
Where most we need true friendship's aid:
When fortune frowns and flooding care
O'erwhelms the soul in dark despair.

Ah, yes, when at the final bourne
Our friends, still friendly, breathe adieu,
We feel, although their loss we mourn,
That still to us their hearts are true—
And love and hope's expansive powers
Can grass them still and hold them ours!

But when amid misfortune's gloom

Friends break the ties we thought had bound us,
More dismal shadows fill their room

Than death could ever cast around us:
Then less we mourn our hearts bereaved

Than grieve to find our love deceived.

O fondly loved one! whom I thought
Loving as lovely, kind, and true—
Whose love alone my heart had sought
To cheer a gloom of darkest hue,
How could you quench the only ray
That broke the darkness of my day?

I feel it cruel, and perchance
My pangs may please some perverse heart,
But it were madness could my glance
Behold you smiling on my smart;
For fondly I regard thee still,
And cannot think you meant me ill.

In Memoriam. T. B.

The author's Brother, drowned along with a companion, at Aberdeen, 21st August, 1865.

I.—1865.

HE sun in growing brightness nearing noon Gave promise of a rich and glorious day;
The bursting blossoms silvered every spray,
And Hope already grasped the grateful boon
Of rich ripe fruit, which seemed so certain soon
To bless expectant hearts, and charm away
The memory of doubts and fears that lay
In Springtime's anxious breast, as in the moon
Frown doubtful shadows when she fairest shines.
Alas! alas! a dread eclipse transforms

The day to night; and expectation pines
O'er blasted blossoms 'mid the wintry storms
Of bitter grief; for he, the loved of all,
In promise of his youth is gone beyond recall.

II.—1880.

Yes, "gone beyond recall,"—nor wish have I,
Now that these years have passed, to bring him back,
For doubtless he since then has kept the track
Of progress then begun, and now can fly
Where then he crept; and in the purer sky
Sees farther, and to loftier aims devotes
His energies than to the monad motes
Which here on earth engross the carnal eye:
Yet though beyond recall, he may come near,
And with new life my fainting heart inspire;
Bring light in darkness—faith and hope for fear—
Direct and aid my spirit to aspire,
Until, surmounting all that hinders here,
I reach at length his soaring spirit-sphere!

In Memoriam. - V. J. K. D.

DIED 12TH MARCH, 1868.

I.—1868.

H me! ah me! What was I thinking?
That he was here? Ah no; no, no.
Did we not watch him suffering, sinking,
Till life's spent tide had ceased to flow,
And from his soul-bright face had fled
All but the beauty of the dead?

Ah yes! no more his radiant smile
Shall scatter sunshine round our hearth;
Nor merry laugh nor words beguile
Our cares, and charm our souls to mirth;
Yet, deathless in our souls shall dwell
The fair bright boy we loved so well.

Our love would fain have kept him here,
And vainly strove to stay the hand
That drew him to a happier sphere,
To join the joyous seraph band;
But longer, stronger love than ours
Claimed him for Eden's blissful bowers.

And now, though some sad tears will dim Our view of his unmingled joy, We seek to yield all praise to Him Who so has loved and blessed our boy; And Who, by taking him, has given Our home a family tie with heaven.

II.--1880.

Ah yes, I felt his loss distressing,
And could not then rejoice to tell
That he had left my fond caressing
Within "Our Father's" home to dwell;
Now, wiser grown, I mourn no more,
But feel it well he went before.

For he, in realms screnely blissful, His mother waited to receive When she, though quitting scenes distressful, Felt loath her loved ones there to leave: She left her children here in sadness To join her griefless son in gladness!

When my fair child from me was taken
My heart, bereaved, in sorrow pined,
But now I feel far less forsaken
By him than by those left behind:
He still to me a child is known,
While they have childish wavs outgrown.

Now, crystallized in love unfading, His infant image must remain; While nought of his the vision shading, Can ever cause me future pain: Until we meet, my sprightly boy Remains my fondest family joy!

Sonnets on a Sunny Son.

I.--1868.

Treannot be—'tis my fond heart deceiving Would make-believe that he is romping here—
The mirthful boy gone to a brighter sphere,
For whom we should not, yet must needs be grieving.
He was our joy—a radiant gem—relieving
The darkness of our days, when care and fear
Made life the gloomy vestibule appear
Of Momus' temple. His rich laugh and smile
And buoyant gladness, made us almost feel
Like him, and laugh at trouble for the while.
But soon—Alas! too soon, Death set his seal
Upon those beaming eyes and brain-full brow;
And he is gone to realms where joy is real,
Not to return to us—but we to him shall go!

II.—1880.

Long gone! Yet still to me what they are not Who stay behind; for they in years have grown Apart from me to entities their own; And, contemplating what they are, I wot What once they were is buried and forgot. But thou art childhood crystallized—now known And to be known by me as child alone Until we meet; when thou shalt be revealed—First, as a child, I trust that I may know The loved one long from longing eyes concealed; But, recognized, then thou thyself wilt shew As thou hast grown, while I in rapture glow! Yet while eternal life and love flow on My heart shall cherish still the childhood of my son.

III.

Thus shall I have in thee two sons in one—
The child I lost, the son regained on high—
The same, yet vastly different; while my eye,
Uncheated by the slow gradations run
On earth, by which development is won
From child to man, shall oft unconsciously
View each apart: and, while I glorify

Earth's treasured childhood, gladly recognize
Supernal growth, and watch its rich increase
In thee and me: an ever-gaining prize,
Whose growing worth and wonder ne'er shall cease,
But adding merit, pleasure, joy, and peace,
Shall ever brighter and more brightly shine
In light that flows from and attracts to light divine!

Sight-Seehing Sonnets: In Memoriam.

SAT before a mirror, and beheld

What seemed myself, and to that self I said-

Could'st thou but see and read as I have read This self, and be as much impelled

To study me as I now study thee.

And could we both our thoughts together weld,

It would, beyond all doubt, be unto me

A vast accession of the vast "to be."

For then should you and I most fully sympathize,

And each the other fairly scrutinize,

When you could tell me just exactly what I am:—

The fact I most intensely long to know:-

To know what truth I hold—what real—what show; How much God may approve—how much condemn? II.

I turned me round and faced another scene—
Another self—one who was me and more;
More to me then than she had been before,
Because one claimed her then whose claim, I ween,
Could I have challenged, she should not have been
The tyrant's victim, captured from the shore
To which he never will his prize restore.
But even then his fatal power was seen;
And thus as in a mirror I beheld
What I have yet to be, and what to bear,
Ere I can fully see myself, and know
As I am known, when, finally unveiled,

III.

Eternal light shall glisten, yet not glare, And mind shall feel itself with light aglow!

And is it really so, that I must pass

Through such drear darkness ere my soul can reach
The truth which one might think our God could teach
Even now unto His humble junior class?
It seems so; and although it does surpass
My comprehension, I shall not impeach
His wisdom who gives wisdom, but beseech

His mercy not in vain to embarass

My soul with quests, whereon my soul's request,
Though e'er so anxious, may not now be given.
But give me rest, O God, whereon alone
My spirit's instinct whispers there is rest;
Till perfect peace is reached around Thy throne,
And quests bear flower and fruit in harvest heaven.

IV.

Yet I would fain, even now, know somewhat more
Than yet I know, or can myself discover;
So unto Thee, my Father, friend, and lover,
I come, and kneeling, needfully implore—
While I Thy wisdom and thy power adore—
That Thou in kindness would'st thy ways uncover.
O be not, as Thou hast been, hope in store;
A treasure-house with locked and keyless door,
But present help—an open dwelling-place—
A place of refuge, and a place of strength,
Where thine—where I—may certainly find rest
In every case of dire and dread distress:
Where, failing all, I may secure at length
All that can make my craying nature blest.

In silent watches of the slumb'rous night,
And time by time throughout the surging day,
Our loved ones, whom we mourn as far away,
May hover round us, though our grosser sight
Fails to perceive those whom we long to see.
Yet oft-times, both in darkness and in light,
A thrill awakes our senses, as if we
Were near them, and would yet desire to be
Still nearer, and to eye their eyes with ours,
Drinking the joyance of communing hours.
And must not such sensations needs arise
When soul and spirit meet and recognise
Through intervening clay, which only feels
A tremor of the truth such contact seals?

V

If we believe those viewless spirits throng
Around us and encompass all our ways,
Should not this make all our nights and days
More filled with virtue, and more free from wrong?
From nought we do can we exclude their gaze:

Unseen, but seeing, they serenely glide
Alike into our scenes of prayer and praise,
And haunts of hell where some may slink aside
To work their wicked will—their own disgrace.
How then can we beneath their purer eyes
Do aught we would not dare before the face
Of kindred virtue?—So let all pursue
Conduct the purest may be pleased to view.

VII.

Yet is it not a sweetly pleasing thought

That they should thus attend us night and noon!

By purest souls could any higher boon,

Save God's own gracious guidance, e'er be sought?

Keep near me, loved ones—loved one—till I swoon,

And swooning meet thee in thy new domain,

There reunited ne'er to part again.

Keep near, and let me know that thou art near—

No haunting ghost, but helpful guard and guide:

Thus shall I greet thee with no shade of fear,

Yea, even shouldst thou (as may it yet betide)

Display thy being and thy presence here.

Keep near, and I thy care shall recompense

By striving upward until called hence.

Consolation.

HEN the summer sun is sinking
We may grieve the day is done,
Yet we soothe our grief by thinking
There will rise another sun;
While till then, through restful night,
We may wait the morning light.

So, when well-spent life is ending,
We may mourn the sunshine o'er,
Yet we know sunset is sending
Sunrise sure to set no more:
Thus while weepers wail in woe
Faith and Hope make morning glow.

A Pream of Life.

SLEPT, but sleep supplied repose
To sense alone—not brain nor heart;
I had but waived my waking woes
To dare in dreams their counterpart.

I dreamt that I, while morn was gay,

Went forth to breathe its balmy air:—

The glow gave place to gloom, and day

Was darkness, gleamed with lightning's glare.

I met a youth whose sunny smile
And fond embrace my spirit warmed;
But soon the smile displayed its guile,
And friendship fled, by frowns alarmed.

I stooped beside a crystal brook

To drink, and bathe my burning brow:—
The crystal sheen the stream forsook,
And fever-fraught became the flow.

- Ripe, luscious fruit hung all around, As if to soothe my soul's disgust:
- I gladly plucked, but sadly found

 The grapes were ashes—apples dust.
- A sprightly band of wood-nymphs fair Allured me with resistless charms;
- I followed far, but found despair,

 With fiends to fold me in their arms.
- I reached a cross in woodland green,
 And bent me there to humbly pray,
 But mihd forsook the sacred scene
 And wildly wandered wide away.
- A hoary sage, who seemed to grieve, Spoke kind-like words of calm reproof:
- I bowed, his blessing to receive, And thus observed the cloven hoof.
- I fled, nor paused while strength remained—
 Fled far in horror, doubt, and fear,
 Until a desert land I gained
 Where fiend, nor man, nor God was near.

Alone—exhausted—in the gloom,
On sullen rock myself I threw,
And passionately prayed for room
To leave myself and live anew.

"No space," the wailing wind exclaimed;
"No space," the desert drear replied;
"No space for life to be reclaimed:—

"No space for life to be reclaimed:—

No space," by dying day was sighed.

Outcast from man, from God, from all;
With vastly quickened soul and sense,
I never felt myself so small,
Yet ne'er had feeling so intense.

Not one of many now, but one—
And only one, I—I alone
Must now be ransomed or undone,
As if no other soul were known.

A puny atom in the wide

Wild waste; yet there the only Mind!

Should I be proud? Ah, how could pride

In such despair existence find?

Yes, I had mind—a mind me thought

Whose upward cravings proved it kin
To highest MIND—and therefore ought
To be emancipate from sin!

And if from sin, from sorrow? Yes,

Or then should I have strength to bear,
While sorrow would result in bliss,

And Faith set free from future fear.

Then, though alone, not lost.—I stood
And raised confiding eyes to Heaven;
Thence heard the message, "I am Good,
And I to thee am freely given."

Warm light awoke the desert air,
Unfolding now a summer scene
Of blooming verdure, rich and fair
As Adam's Eden may have been.

While all the rock whereon I lay

Grew soft and green with sunny moss;

And, hallowing the heart of day,

I fondly viewed a vine-wreathed cross!

I woke—awoke from dreams to day; Awoke, all vain pursuits to spurn; Awoke to give myself away To God, and get Him in return!

A Bream of Beath.

HILE Death's twin sister—Life's handmaid—
Had wound me in her welcome arms,
My restless spirit spurned her aid
And hied me thence for wilder charms

Through countless scenes of bygone days,
And scenes unseen, unknown before;
Through mist and cloud and sunny rays,
By sea and land, and foreign shore.

Forgotten scenes of youthful years

Appeared in freshness of their prime,
In sunshine bathed, bedewed with tears:

Past with the present wreathing rhyme!

But, fading these, the recent past
Filled up my vision-field of view,
And led me onward to my last
Farewell to earth—to friends' adieu.

The turmoils of the toilsome day,

Its ever mingling hopes and fears,

In crowding chaos thronged my way—

Enough at once for lifetime's years.

I struggled on—or rather I

Was borne bewildered through the maze,
Till gloom obscured the onward sky

With night enough for lifetime's days.

Appalling stillness from the dark

Hushed and dispersed the ghosts of strife,
While I was left alone, to hark

And stare for sight or sound of life.

O, awful silence, awful gloom!

It seemed as if this woful earth

Became Despair's developed womb,

And I the babe awaiting birth.

All senses gone, save sense alone
That I existed—consciousness
Of life within a rayless zone
Of darkness, death, or nothingness,

At length, from out the dark profound

A ghastly glimmer sembled light,

And motionless, without a sound,

A frightful phantom faced my sight;

The ghost of that fantastic shape

Of dead dry bones which fear has framed

To image death, and grimly ape

The king of terrors—wrongly named:

Yes, wrongly named, for I surveyed
The phantom fearlessly, and bore
Its threat of terror undismayed,
Assured my triumph lay before.

The light assumed a fuller ray,

In which the spectre's shrinking size

Looked somewhat more akin to day—

Less yawning mouth, less hollow eyes

It seemed as if its horror, hued

By gloom, and only half disclosed,

Should vanish when more closely viewed,

In truth-revealing light exposed.

Within the vista, through the gloom,

Methought my eye could faintly trace
A ravished or deserted tomb,

Whence issued warm illuming rays,

Which, falling on the spectral shade,

Made all its loathsome outlines melt,

Its grinning ghastliness to fade

Behind a form where Spirit dwelt.

Dark shadows fled as from the dawn,

While softer lines and comely grace

Around the skeleton were drawn,

And beauty beamed in form and face.

Those resurrection rays—grave born—
Brighter and yet more brightly shone,
Till robes celestial were worn
By that which erst was shroudless bone;

While amaranth and myrtle twined

A brow of alabaster pure,

Whence toward me fond eyes inclined,

With radiant smiles my soul to lure!

And through the heaven-illumined tomb

Angelic Death showed me the way

To quit this sphere of twilight gloom,

And enter realms of radiant day!

Such was my dream, and may my dream

Be realized when comes the time

To tread the valley, cross the stream

Dividing Earth from Eden's clime.

To Beath.

REAT Death! thy mighty power I own,
Thy universal sway,
Yet will not, cannot, dare not, crown
Thee "King of terrors," for thy frown
To me brings no dismay.

Thou canst but level with the ground
This prison cell of earth
In which my spirit now is bound,
Impatient till release is found
To reach a higher birth.

So, not in terror, but delight,

I wait thy friendly stroke

To give me liberty for flight,

To join companions in the light,

Who know no carnal yoke.

And if till then, as I desire,
I strive in duty here,
While heavenward heart and soul aspire,
I know when days below expire
I have not thee to fear.

For then shalt thou in kindly guise
All ghastliness conceal,
And closing these, ope other eyes,
To suit the light of brighter skies
Which nobler aims reveal.

And thus, death-ushered to a sphere
Of fuller life than this,
I'll think of living, dying here,
As only steps that brought me near
To royal realms of bliss.

While from the height I then attain
Another still shall rise,
Which gaining, still another plane
Shall lure me onward, till I reign
With princes of the skies!



Thus sateless souls shall evermore
Find Soul's supreme employ;
Their present full of bliss—before,
An ever overflowing store—
To climb their highest joy!

Resurrection.

ND shall it never, never be
That yon cold grave shall yield its charge?
No; never, never shall we see
Its occupants again at large;
When we consign our "dust to dust,"

'Tis no "conveyance upon trust."

Then, shall our friends, whose mortal clay Lies hidden 'neath the grave-yard sod, Not meet us in the realms of day, Nor visit where before they trod? They shall, they do, but not with those Remains to which earth gives repose.

The Resurrection man attains
Is not from earthly grave or tomb,
But from the death which holds its chains
Around us from our mother's womb:—
To rise is to be born afresh
Of SPIRIT, not of blood and flesh.

If "in the spirit" now we live
And walk, and keep the body under,
Death to our life shall surely give
New scope, and every fetter sunder
That binds us to our clogging clay,
And cast the cumbrous cloak away!

Yet those the spirit loved before
Shall after death be cherished still,
Not with affection less, but more—
And greater freedom, power, and will
To shew its love, and aid desire
Of kindred spirits to aspire.

Thus we, while striving here below,
With eyes intent on spirit land,
May confidently hope to know
Their presence and their helping hand;
While soon we'll pass from cloudy time
To join them in their sunny clime.

Emancipated thus, how could
The spirit wish again to be
Clothed in its carnal cloak and hood,—
Since then debris of earth or sea?
Why should by spirits be resumed
What vilest vermin have consumed!

Yet, somehow, from the final flame
In which dissolving earth shall glow
May be evolved a spirit-frame,
Even as sometimes a spirit now
Can gather from surrounding air
A body like to that we wear.

Till then "the whole creation groans
And travails" for the coming birth,
When all of worth that spirit owns
Shall be redeemed, and purged of earth;
And thus shall earth, through present pain,
A spirit-birth itself attain!

Ministering Spirits.

ND can it be, as some have said,
That those we love and mourn as dead
Are really not so far away—
So distant from us—but they may
Revisit us, and guard and guide
Our steps, while we on earth abide?
That they, while we are plodding here,
Roam spirit-realms which lie so near
That we are in them, though our eyes
May not our neighbours recognize;
Because in that ethereal clime
We stand like trees in winter time,

Insensate to the joy that breathes Around us, waiting till the wreathes Of winter fade before the breath Of Spring, when we shall vanquish death, And wake our wondering eyes in light To which our present day is night?

It may be:-He who is our God And theirs, although His fixed abode Is highest heaven, pervades all space, And has with us His dwelling place; So He in wisdom may be pleased To grant to those from flesh released Free liberty through space to roam, Or find a temporary home Among the scenes and friends of yore, Seen now and known as ne'er before: And thus, while I am musing here, Some friendly spirit may be near To aid my thoughts and guide my pen To truths as yet beyond my ken. So let it be:-my mind would fain Receive the truth, and wisdom gain

Receive the truth, and wisdom gain
From every source—I care not whence,
So it be truth, not vain pretence.

Come, then, surrounding Spirits, come, Declare yourselves, and give me some Sure evidence that ye are here, And can from out your higher sphere Observe, or influence, conduct, Hold converse with—perhaps instruct, Those still environed with the clay That shuts from us your brighter day.

We would not wish to mar your rest
With aught of ours that might molest
Your better being, yet we know—
At least believe—that those who go
To realms of higher life above
Will not forget their former love;
And, thinking of the toilsome way
By which they reached the land of day,
They oft must strongly feel inclined
To aid their friends still left behind;
And if they can, they needs must try
To draw us upward to the sky.

We also know that He who reigns In earth and heaven, in mercy deigns To watch us while we wander here, And guide us to the higher sphere;

Then-while His heart and theirs agree-While He has power, and they have will-What likelier than that they should be Employed His purpose to fulfil, And bear the blessings He bestows To those who on His grace repose? We cannot think that idle ease, Or languid love, or ceaseless song. Can souls emancipated please, Nay; whatsoe'er the work may be, The active spirit Death sets free From earthly chains and slavery. Must still to nobler effort rise. And vield itself to high emprize. The God whose never-ceasing care All creatures of His empire share. Who slumbers not nor sleeps, but ave

In earth or heaven: all who pray,
And all who praise, must still display
The Godlike attribute which lends
Self-sacrifice to noble ends.

Thus, since the soul's supernal joy In heaven must be its Lord's employ, And human spirits must incline To aid on earth the work divine, What nobler purpose can command The efforts of the spirit band Than to direct, encourage, train Their brethren who on earth remain; To guard them from surrounding ill, And aid their weakness to fulfil Their earthly task, and gain the home Prepared for all who overcome!

Light, more Light.

IME was when I believed I really knew
The Truth—the Truth as only known to few; And, though it was a part of my clear creed That knowledge such as mine must needs proceed From one pure source alone, vet I was vain Of my pre-eminence in seeing plain What unto others seemed a vast profound Of mysteries, too deep for thought to sound. I pitied much their darkness, nor delayed Of my clear light to yield the priceless aid: But when my taper, which I proudly thought A brilliant torch, was raised and glared for nought. I felt it strange-yea judged it could but be Because those perverse souls refused to see! Alas! my self-exaggerated light Failed to reveal to my contracted sight That those to whose strong though untutored gaze My feeble torch threw no illuming rays

Were gazing as intently as was I

On wider zones of Truth's uncharted sky,

And seeing there what, could I then have viewed,

Had made my wisdom's vaunting more subdued.

Since then, I humbly trust my mind has grown Somewhat in wisdom, and of what is known Perhaps knows somewhat more; but yet of all Else I have learned, I think to know how small My knowledge is—how fallible my thought—Is still my richest prize, for this has brought A freer entrance and more ample space For Truth, as Truth, although with form and face-Uncouth and unexpected, it may claim A place already filled, and thus proclaim How much in faith we need a wiser guide

"Have faith and question not—believe in me— Nor dare to doubt the truth which I decree," Declares the Church of Rome, and thus enchains The soaring mind, and absolutely reigns In place of God—despotic more than He— The foe of freedom—save as fiends are free. Alas, that souls with sense divine inspired, Should e'er succumb to powers of hell, conspired

Than purest creeds or churches can provide.

In name of God to mar creation's plan And crush the noblest attribute of man! "Walk in the good old ways," we oft are told, "And shun the new, nor be so rashly bold As choose a fairer, shorter, clearer path, Else ve are doomed to Heaven's eternal wrath." Well, if it be so, it seems vastly strange; For, as the wrecks of ancient realms I range, I find the paths so varied and diverse, Formed not to concentrate, but to disperse-To guide to error-save all ends are true:-I could not, no one could, in time pursue One half their number; and which one to choose I know not; but 'tis plain I must refuse Far more old ways than I can ever walk-And thus, "Keep in the old" is vainest talk; A plea of privilege and priestly skill, Which hampers thought, and bids "be great" "be still," While threats of wrath must scathless pass me by, So long as Truth I seek with single eve.

'Tis well indeed to keep the olden way, Untempted by the new in them to stray, But only when the old is proved the best Or single highway to the spirit's rest; For when upon the old which men have trod From ancient days upon their way to God, Dark stages make the present pilgrim fear And long for light to shew the pathway clear, Should new effulgence unto him arise. Must he, fanatic in his faith, despise The boon, because he saw it not before Or finds it unrevealed in days of vore? This emanation from the source divine-The mind of man-should never rest supine Either on heights by seers of old attained Or those by its own earnest efforts gained. Nav: centred in its very essence glow The love of knowledge and desire to know, Not only all already known or taught But all with which futurity is fraught; While He who breathed it into being pleased That Mind by effort should be still released. Expanded, and enabled more and more To know itself and Him, with all the store Of wisdom, truth, and goodness which pervade His universe in mingled light and shade.

Eternity alone can measure truth, And Mind is still in undeveloped youth,

But must advance, develop, and expand In power and knowledge vet beyond command: While, as it grows, it oft must cast away What erst seemed facts-and faiths which led astray. The altitudes whence Science now aspires Survey the ashes of extinguished fires Where false philosophies of former days And faiths forgotten can no longer blaze: Yet, from the feathered falsehoods thus consumed Spring fairer Phœnixes with wisdom plumed. Which, in their turn exploded, may expire And form for others fecund flames of fire! Thus Truth shall shine and Wisdom's womb bestow New heirs and heritage on man below. While in the clearer climes to which we soar Through endless ages we shall truth explore.



SACRED.

The Offering of Asaac.

In whom thy soul delights,

And get thee to a distant land—

Moriah's mountain heights;

And there upon a mountain top

Which I will show to thee

Surrender him a sacrifice

With willing heart to Me:—

Oft by a dark and dismal way

God brings his own to brightest day.

Thus spake the Lord to Abraham,
His servant, when grown old
He clasped his Isaac to his heart
With love's intensest hold;
Yet spake not so because He wished
That thus the son should die,
But meaning by the strange command
The father's faith to try:—
The life of faith is dearer far

Soon as his God's command was heard
The Patriarch arose,
And, rousing his beloved son
From slumber's soft repose,
Ere yet the sun o'er mountain tops
Had poured effulgent day,
With fire and wood for sacrifice,
The two were on their way:—
With active step the way is trod
That Faith sees pointed out by God.

To God than sacrifices are.

The third day's sun saw Abraham
Ascend Moriah's hill,
There build his altar, bind his son,
And raise the knife to kill;
One moment, and the father's hand
Shall strike the fatal blow,
And Isaac's life-blood from his heart
Upon the altar flow:—
So Justice ever holds the sword

But stay! God's altar never can
With human blood be stained;
Without the dreadful sacrifice
The trial's end is gained
And Abr'ham's faith triumphant stands,
Its righteousness displayed
By this severe command of God,
So readily obeyed:—

Thus faith by active works is shown To sway the sceptre, hold the throne.

O'er all who do not know the Lord.

A voice from heaven th' impending stroke Suspends, and stays the arm;

Relieves the father's breaking heart,

And shields the son from harm

Then testifies that Abr'ham's faith His God has satisfied.

Since thus unfailing it had stood

When so severely tried!

When God his people trial sends His mercy sure will make amends.

A ram within a thicket caught
Soon on the altar dies;
And then from father and from son
Toint prayer and praise arise:

In adoration deeper far

Than e'er before they knew,

They bow before Jehovah's shrine, And yield the homage due:—

How blest when thus th' afflicting rod,

With mercy joined, brings near to God!

"The secret of the Lord is with
Such as do fear his name,"
Then who can tell what Abr'ham saw
Beneath that altar's flame?
Perhaps, beyond far distant years
He saw Mount Calv'ry's gloom,
And in the substituted ram
Beheld our Surety's doom:—
We cannot tell what light he had,
But 'twas enough to make him elad.

Perhaps his faith could see

Another "promised seed," when thus
From vengeance due set free,
By freedom's freshest impulse brought
To penetrate the skies
With prayers perfumed with incense from
Their Surety's sacrifice:—

While in his fellow-worshipper

Thus, by a new and living way

The soul renewed is taught to pray.

O Abraham, thou friend of God,
What honour thou hast won
By thus, in faith unwavering,
Delivering up thy son!
Most honoured 'mong his honoured ones
Thy God hath placed thy name;
As "Father of the faithful" seed
The Church resounds thy fame:—
The humblest deed of faith and love-

Behold, my soul, what wondrous power
Resides in faith divine!
And mark that faith, and faith alone,
Can make salvation thine;
By it we grasp and hold the hand
Which sovereign grace supplies
To save the sinner from his sins
And heavenward turn his eyes:—
To me, O may that grace be given,
That I may rise from earth to heaven!

Must have its full reward above.

Bethel Beatific.

NCE, when this old world was young,
Heaven and earth adjacent stood;
Angel harps on earth were strung,
Angels joined with man and sung
Joyous songs of brotherhood.

God the Lord in kindness bowed

Blissful hours on earth to spend;

Holy God in man's abode—

Holy man with holy God—,

Walked and talked as friend with friend.

But, alas, not long endured

Eden's happiness divine;

Soon transgression's gloom obscured

Heaven's own light, and man immured

Where no radiance could shine.

Hapless Earth! cut off from Heaven!

No approach for man to God,
Into misery, sin-driven—

Yet one ray of hope was given

To relieve the dreadful load.

Not again could God appear
On the Earth, His son to own;
Human power could never rear
Means to reach the angels' sphere,
Yet could Love let mercy down.

Heaven-ward could no stair arise,
But from Heaven might one descend;
All unseen by mortal eyes
Mercy's ladder left the skies,
Satan's breach again to mend.

Thus could Bethel's sleeper trace

Where his wisdom could but grope,
Angel messengers of grace "
Freely traversing the space

'Twixt his sorrow and his hope.

So may I, O Gracious God,
Ever on Thy mercy stay,
And through Faith behold the road
Joining mine with thy abode—
Even Him who is "the Way."

The Boom of Bonbt.

UT of Egypt, through the sea,
Ransomed Israel safely trod;
Camped by Sinai, there to be
Taught the duty of the free
To obey their sovereign God;
For the fullest freedom flows
Freest where true worship bows.

Thus instructed, though untrained, Canaan-ward they took their way Till the border land they gained And at Kadish they remained While their spies should make survey: Faith was weak, and thus they tried Whether God their Lord had lied? Woful then became their plight,
For the spies brought evil news:—
There, they said, are men of might
Far too strong for us to fight,
So the land we must refuse:
Foolish people, thus to scorn
What their God had said and sworn!

Yet how many, young and old,
With our Canaan in their eyes,
Fail for want of faith to hold
God's own promise and be bold
To secure the priceless prize:
Jesus once was sore distressed
Over one "not far" from rest.

Banished then by God's command
In the wilderness to pine,
Ne'er to reach their promised land,
But to die on desert sand
Where no ray of hope could shine;
Victims of their doubts and fears
Doomed to unavailing tears.

Ah, what lamentations rose
When their doom was realized!
Deepest of all human woes
Is their fate who feel the throes
Of remorse for grace despised;
Outcasts, though of Canaan heirs!
Lost, with Canaan all but theirs!

Hear those youths in deep distress
Questioning with bated breath—
Were we twenty—were we less—
When we spurned Jehovah's grace
And entailed this doom of death?
Careful counting theirs I ween
Of the birthdays they had seen.

Thus let us our days and years
Count with care, and wisdom learn,
So that Faith may banish fears,
Heal our sorrows, dry our tears,
And eternal blessings earn:
They their birth could not gainsay—
We may each be born to-day.

Dia, Peritas, Bita.

HE path I trod was dark and drear,
I could not see nor feel my way;
My heart was overcome with fear,
I could not even dare to pray:
I am the Way," the Saviour cried,
And then my journey's end I spied.

Dark doubts arose like mountains vast; My soul found nought wherein to trust; In Death's dark valley Faith was cast, And Hope was writhing in the dust:

"I am the Truth," He spake again, And darkest mysteries were plain.

Will this new life remain, I said,
Or is it but a passing breath?
I knew, for me, it soon should fade
And leave my soul again in death:

"I am the Life," I heard Him call, And then to Him I trusted all!

" & send Chy Tight forth."

GOD of wisdom, God of love,
With Thee I plead in earnest prayer,
Look from Thy throne of light above
On me Thy creature crushed with care:
I cannot see Thee here below,
I know Thee not, but fain would know.

My soul is dark though wildering light
Is glaring round me far and near;
It but reveals how deep the night
Must be till living light appear:
O God, I pray Thee to outshine
Those glaring lights with light divine.

Once from the Book which I believed
To be Thy written word to me
I thought my spirit had received
Thy light in which to clearly see;
But now thick clouds obscure my sky,
Or growing blindness dims my eye!

O thou who art the Word, the Light,
The Way, the Truth, the Life, the All,
Behold my soul's perplexing plight,
And let Thy love in mercy call;
Call loud that I to Thee may flee,
And find my living God in thee.

Aspiration.

FOR some potent potion sure This vile old self to slay; For death, and death alone, can cure The grievous ills I now endure And cause from day to day; Wherefore my better nature sighs, And sighing seeks screner skies. For dying I would death deride,
As in autumnal days
The caterpillar crawls aside
In torpor's chrysalis to hide
Till genial summer rays
Allure the butterfly to flight
A thing of beauty, life, and light!

The old man thus would I desire
To lay in Death's embrace,
That from his ashes may aspire
The new, exhaled by heavenly fire,
And vivified by grace:—
A being not akin to clay,
But spirit-born to brighten day!

Bawn.

UT of the darkness my spirit surrounding
Still I shall cry, though my crying be faint;
While I can hear of Thy mercy abounding
Thou must be able to hear my complaint.

Shadows of sin, like the smoke of the city, Will not permit me Thy face to behold; O may the breath of Thy Spirit in pity Scatter the cloud, and Thy glory unfold!

Then shall I rise in the light of the morning
Fresh for the toils and the trials of day;
Ease and indulgence exultingly scorning—
Fearing no foe that can come in my way!

Thus while I sing, Faith and Hope seem combining
Light to bestow, and my darkness dispel;
Now I can see the dark cloud's silver lining,
Why should I longer in shadowland dwell?

Resignation.

GOD, we know it were not good Our wishes all should be supplied; Our needs by Thee are understood, Then "as Thou wilt"—not as we would,

Give Thou, and we are satisfied:
We cannot doubt Thy will is best,
And there in perfect trust we rest.

But one thing, Lord, we do entreat—
That Thou wouldst shew the answer thine;
If given by Thee we'll know it meet;—
Enough to make content complete,

And bid our hearts no more repine: Child-like, O Lord, we wish to be; But child-like, would our Father see. O Jesus, thou canst sympathize
With this our wish, for Thou hast known
The dreadful darkness of the skies
When He is hidden from our eyes
And we feel fainting all alone;—
Then Jesus, shew thyself, and we
Shall see the Father's face in Thee!

O Holy Spirit, dove divine,
Breathe buoyant life on drooping hearts;
Let Thy illumination shine,
And Godward all our eyes incline
To greet the joy Thy smile imparts;
Then farewell darkness, doubts, and fears,—
We know them not when He appears!

"Jesus Wept."

ESUS wept. My soul, be still,
And calmly view Immanuel's tears:
Each drop a mystery to fill
Thy thoughts through never-ending years:
Behold the God-Man groaning, weeping
O'er him He loved, so soundly sleeping.

Jesus wept. O wondrous tears!

The rarest pearls our earth has known!

In these more glorious light appears

Than earthly gems have ever shown!

Each drop in countless dazzling rays

God's love to human kind displays.

Jesus wept. Why did He weep?
Was it that Lazarus was dead?
No; with the sisters' grief so deep
Immanuel's heart in concert bled:
He saw their tears, He heard their moans,
And wept with sympathetic groans.

Jesus wept. Each starry tear
That fell from those celestial eyes
Seals unto men a truth most dear:—
That Christ our Lord can sympathize
With every human grief. For why?
His was most true humanity.

Jesus wept. O blessed rain,
Distilled from that dark cloud of sorrow!
By it refreshed, our world again
Looks forward to a bright to-morrow:
The God who wept with human grief
Must to the sufferer send relief.

Jesus wept,—and Jesus died:

His death brought ransom to His own;
But when at Lazarus' grave He cried,

More human tenderness was shewn:

His tomb His depth of love displayed;

This grave its wondrous breadth portrayed.

"There laid they Jesus."

HE Lord of life, of life bereft,
Within the tomb in darkness left;
Omnipotence impotent made—
Companion of the helpless dead;
Creation's God laid low in death
Like one of merely human breath.
Astounding mystery—He lies
As if He could no more arise!
The greatest wonder earth can shew—
What can it mean—How can we know?
Some purpose wast alone could doom
The Lord of glory to the tomb.

Ah, He was nailed upon the tree
And died to purchase life for me.
He lay within the womb of earth
That I might have a second birth.
Then life I claim, since He hath died,—
A claim that will not be denied;
For He who was for sinners slain
Craves full reward for all his pain,
And mourns to see one sinner lose
The glory which His grace bestows.
Then, Jesus, take and make me Thine,
And fill me with Thy love divine.

"Come, see the Place where the Ford lay,"

HE stone is moved, I know not how;
I look within and clearly see
The grave is empty, and a glow
Of light divine appears to me!
Nor do I wonder He has fled:
My wonder was to see Him dead.

The grave is empty, but the world

And heaven itself are filled with life.
Defeated Death to doom is hurled

And vanquished, quits the scene of strife:
The Lord is risen, and with Him rise

All who accept His sacrifice!

I view the place where Jesus lay,
And praise His name who thence arose,
Transforming Earth's dark night to day
Where grace abounds and glory grows!
O gloomy grave, by Jesus blest,
I long through thee to reach my rest!

"He led them out as far as Bethany."

ROM God's city, now rejected,

Twelve fond friends pass through the gate.

All, save one, appear dejected,

As if doubtful of their fate:

He to whom their hearts are glowing

Now they fear from them is going.

Kedron-ward behold them walking,
All intently hearing one.
He of cheerful mein is talking:—
Soft and sweet his accents run.
How could they endure to lose Him?
Let him answer who best knows Him.

O'er the brook—the path ascending— Lone Gethsemane they greet; Towards Bethany then wending Whence loved friends approach and meet: They had fondly loved each other— He, those sisters and their brother.

Up the hill they climb together
Through the olives to its brow,
Hoping, doubting, wondering whither
He their Leader led them now;
Not assured, but sadly fearing
Now their last farewell was nearing.

For his face bore an expression
They had never seen before;
Something causing sad impression
They should see Him little more,
Which impelled them to keep near Him.
While they yet might see and hear Him.

And as higher He ascended
That expression stronger grew;
Heavenly light and love seemed blended
With the features that they knew:
Moses-like, but less repelling—
Not of Law but Gospel telling;

Till, upon the summit resting,
So celestial He had grown,
Royal robes were seen investing
Jesus for His kingly throne:
Glory from within was greeting
Equal glory it was meeting!

Promising, instructing, blessing,
In fond words intensely kind;
Banishing all thoughts distressing
From the hearts He left behind:—
Lo, he said, though now we sever,
I am really with you ever!

Then while looking loath at leaving,

Though the higher realms He chose;
Dropping smiles to soothe the grieving,
Heavenward, homeward He arose,
And beyond a cloud in glory
Closed His wondrous earthly story!

Bon Bright Land.

AIR Earth, thy beauties I admire,
And fondly sing their praise,
But still my heart and soul aspire
On fairer scenes to gaze:
Scenes fairer as the noon of day
Outshines the morning's dawning ray!

Thy Spring is beautiful indeed— Superb thy Summer flowers— But yon bright land to which I speed Requires no vernal showers: Its Spring can never pass away, Its Summer flowers can ne'er decay! I dearly love thy mountain lakes,
Thy rivers, brooks, and streams;
But when above my soul awakes
From this the land of dreams,
With saints and seraphs me to guide,
I'll wander by Life's river side!

I deeply love thy ocean blue— In calm or tempest-wrought; But as the tiny drop of dew Compared with it is nought, So must yon sea of molten glass Its greatest grandeur far surpass!

"Ony Fathen."

THOU, Omnipotence divine,
Prime source, sustainer, ruler, guide
Of all the orbs in heaven that shine—
All creatures that on earth abide,
We bow before our Father's throne—
Thy children, Lord, be pleased to own.

Our Father, help us each to feel
The boundless bliss that name implies;
All present good, eternal weal,
A home with Thee beyond the skies!
O gracious Father, we would be
Thine, only Thine, and live for Thee.

We mourn, O Lord, the multitudes
Who through Thy world in darkness plod;
On whose dull hearts no thought intrudes
Of thee, their Father and their God:
These wandering waifs, O Lord reclaim,
And make them yet revere Thy name.

Creator, universal Lord,

Have mercy on our rebel race
And bid our nature be restored:—

Proclaim the kingdom of Thy grace
Till every heart and every knee
In homage bow alone to Thee.

And in that kingdom let there reign
One King, one law—Thy will divrine;
Let earth resemble heaven again
And love make all Thy will be done;
Each soul's ambition realized
When self to Thee is sacrificed.

Lord, for Thy glory thus we pray,
And gladly toil this end to gain;
To yield what furtherance we may,
O Lord do Thou our lives sustain:
Give daily bread, that we may give
Thee daily service while we live.

Yet, gracious Father, Thou dost know Our weakness even with Thy grace; How oft aside from Thee we go, How oft Thy holy law transgress; Forgive us, Lord, those debts to Thee, As we give others pardon free.

And lead us, Lord, each day and hour By paths most pleasing unto Thee; Far from temptation's subtle power, And from all evil keep us free; Withdraw not, Lord, thy guiding hand, Till safe within Thy home we stand. Ah, Father, Lord, how much we want?
But we delight to be so poor,
That boundless riches Thou may'st grant
From out Thine own exhaustless store:
Then, kingdom, power, and glory we
Ascribe. and say. "50 let it be."











