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BLIND MILTON AND HIS FRIEND ELLWOOD.

DARK DAYS  
BRIGHTENED.

A Selection of Poetry about and by

THE BLIND.

*For behoof of the*

ROYAL BLIND ASYLUM BAZAAR.



1881.





# DARK DAYS BRIGHTENED:

*A SELECTION OF POETRY*

ABOUT AND BY

THE BLIND.

'He took the blind man by the hand.'—MARK vii. 23.

EDINBURGH:

The Royal Asylum and School for the Blind.

1881.

DAKOTA DAYS BRIGHTENED

W. W. BENTLEY

THE BLINK





## PREFATORY NOTE.



THIS 'Selection of Poetry about and by the Blind' has been compiled in a very short time, and all, except a few specimens and contributions, gathered from the books contained in the library of the Editor. It has been got up for behoof of the Royal Blind Asylum and School, Edinburgh, an institution which is worthily held in high estimation by the citizens of the Metropolis and the nation in general. The royal and noble patronage bestowed upon it is not less pleasing than the popular appreciation which has been awarded to it. It is hoped that this endeavour to aid the grand national effort, now being made in favour of this invaluable philanthropic agency, will be successful not only in adding to the funds of the Asylum, but also in exciting and sustaining a permanent interest in the blind, and the means employed to educate and train them to happiness and usefulness.

The editing of the volume has been a labour of love. The printing has been with kindly willingness done gratuitously by the following firms, viz. : Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co. ; George Chapman & Co. ; R. & R. Clark ; Constable & Co. ; Macfarlane & Erskine ; Mould & Tod ; Morrison & Gibb ; Muir, Paterson, & Brodie ; Neill & Co. ; H. & J. Pillans ; Turnbull & Spears. The

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The work is noteworthy in its subject and aim. No similar book is extant, and the amount and worth of the contents are, as a whole, remarkable. In regard to matter it is a curiosity of literature ; and in the manner of its production it is a curiosity of industrial art, for probably no book of similar size has ever exhibited at once the typographic art and the philanthropic heart of so many gentlemen engaged in the art and mystery of book-making. All thanks are owing to these contributors.

The Editor, who alone is responsible for the idea and the selection, has only to say that, like Montaigne, he has ' culled a nosegay from the gardens of others ;' but he must admit that scarcely even ' the band which binds them together is his.' Should any copyright have been unintentionally infringed, the Publishers and Authors (if any) who have cause of complaint may perhaps kindly overlook the fault for the work's sake, and accept beforehand, if necessary, the humble apology of the Compiler.

S. N.





## CONTENTS.



	PAGE
A Blind Girl, Lines to, . . . . .	140
Adieu ! Adieu ! . . . . .	118
A Girl leading her Blind Mother, . . . . .	159
All Things New, . . . . .	84
Andromache and Hector, . . . . .	37
Asleep in Jesus, . . . . .	121
A Song in the Night, . . . . .	162
Asylum, Liverpool Blind, Lines on, . . . . .	66
Asylum, Liverpool, Lines for, . . . . .	67
Aurora, Ode to, . . . . .	128
Bagnolet, The Blind Beggar of, . . . . .	155
Bartimeus, Blind, . . . . .	109
Bartimeus restored, . . . . .	167
Beau-ideal of a Beautiful Lady, . . . . .	73
Beautiful Lady, Beau-ideal of, . . . . .	73
Beggar of Bagnolet, . . . . .	155
Beggar, The Blind, . . . . .	113
Belisarius, Blind, . . . . .	63
Blacklock to Beattie, . . . . .	166
Blessed are the Eyes, . . . . .	157
Blind Beggar of Bagnolet, . . . . .	155
Blind Belisarius, . . . . .	63
Blind Boy, The, . . . . .	99, 105, 147
Blind Boy's Song, A, . . . . .	106
Blind Boy's been at Play, The, . . . . .	102
Blind Countess, The, . . . . .	78
Blind Enthusiast, The, . . . . .	103
Blind Flower-Girl's Song, . . . . .	150
Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè, . . . . .	65
Blind Girl's Lament, . . . . .	159
Blind Girl, The Dying, . . . . .	97

	PAGE
Blind Girl, The Happy, . . . . .	43
Blind Girl, To a, . . . . .	140
Blind Girl singing, On hearing a, . . . . .	110
Blind Highland Boy, The, . . . . .	49
Blind, I am, . . . . .	107
Blind Lecturer, . . . . .	86
Blind Man imploring Christ, . . . . .	41
Blind Man, The, . . . . .	58, 125
Blind Man's Lament, The, . . . . .	70
Blind Man and his Dog, . . . . .	58
Blind Matthew, . . . . .	61
Blind Old Milton, . . . . .	1
Blind One, Song of the, . . . . .	102
Blind, The, confessing Christ, . . . . .	131
Blindness, . . . . .	145, 148
Blindness and its Compensations, . . . . .	114
Blindness described, . . . . .	33
Blindness, Lament on, . . . . .	7
Blindness, Milton on his, . . . . .	7, 12, 13
Blindness, Samson's, . . . . .	9
Blindness, The Woe of, . . . . .	101
Camp at Night, The Trojan, . . . . .	28
Castel-Cuillè, The Blind Girl of, . . . . .	65
Christ's Miracles, Epigrams on, . . . . .	30, 36
Compensations, Blindness and its, . . . . .	114
Countess, The Blind, . . . . .	78
Cripplegate, Milton at, . . . . .	13
Cyriac Skinner, . . . . .	13
Dead Blind, The Mourning Mother of, . . . . .	40
Demodoens, . . . . .	38
Dryden on Milton, . . . . .	20
Dying Blind Girl, The, . . . . .	97
Enthusiast, The Blind, . . . . .	103
Epigrams, Sacred, . . . . .	130
Eyes, . . . . .	157
Eyesight, . . . . .	18
Fawdoun, Wallace and the Spectre of, . . . . .	22
Fisherman, The Shetland, . . . . .	112
Flower-Girl's Song, The Blind, . . . . .	150
Girl's Lament, The Blind, . . . . .	159
Girl, To the Happy Blind, . . . . .	43
Girl, The Dying Blind, . . . . .	97
Girl leading her Blind Mother, A, . . . . .	159
Girl of Castel-Cuillè, The Blind, . . . . .	49
Girl singing, On hearing a Blind, . . . . .	122

## CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
God's Word <i>versus</i> the Works of Nature, . . . . .	113
Graeme, Death of Sir John, The, . . . . .	24
Happy Blind Girl, . . . . .	43
Hearing Singing in a School, On, . . . . .	122
Hearing a Blind Girl singing, . . . . .	110
Hector and Andromache, . . . . .	37
He took the Blind Man by the Hand, . . . . .	164
Highland Boy, The Blind, . . . . .	49
Host, The Syrian, stricken, . . . . .	47
Hymn to Light, . . . . .	136
I am Blind, . . . . .	107
Incident in Sacred History, . . . . . 45, 47, 109,	130
Lament on Blindness, . . . . .	7
Lament, Samson's, . . . . .	9
Lament, The Blind Girl's, . . . . .	159
Lament, The Blind Man's, . . . . .	112
Lecturer, The Blind, . . . . .	99
Lecturer's Reply, The Blind, . . . . .	102
Light, Hymn to, . . . . .	133
Light of the World, . . . . .	158
Lines addressed to Queen Victoria, . . . . .	152
Lines on hearing Singing in a School for the Blind, . . . . .	122
Liverpool Blind Asylum, . . . . . 82, 84	81
Liverpool Marine Society, . . . . .	81
Matrons, Offering of the Trojan, . . . . .	30
Matthew, Blind, . . . . .	63
Melissa's Birthday, . . . . .	127
Memories, . . . . .	115
Mental and Physical Perception, . . . . .	120
Milton and his <i>Paradise Lost</i> , . . . . .	33
Milton at Cripplegate, . . . . .	31
Milton, Blind Old, . . . . .	1
Milton, Dryden on, . . . . .	20
Milton on Blindness, . . . . .	7
Milton's Last Verses, . . . . .	35
Milton's Memory and Muse, . . . . .	6
Miracles, . . . . .	130
Moon, To the, . . . . .	162
Morning described, . . . . .	21
Mother of the Dead Blind, . . . . .	40
Mourning Mother of the Dead Blind, . . . . .	40
Nature, The Works of, . . . . .	113
Night, The Trojan Camp at, . . . . .	28
Ode to Aurora, . . . . .	127
Offering of the Trojan Matrons, . . . . .	30

	PAGE
Old Blind Milton, . . . . .	1
<i>Paradise Lost</i> , Milton and his, . . . . .	17
Parting of Hector and Andromache, . . . . .	37
Perception, Mental and Physical, . . . . .	120
Philosophy of Vision, . . . . .	80
Poor Dog Tray, . . . . .	87
Queen Victoria, Address to, . . . . .	152
Reply, The Blind Lecturer's, . . . . .	89
Sacred History, Incident in, . . . . .	45
Samson's Blindness, . . . . .	9
Saul blinded with too much Light, . . . . .	31
Saviour, The Blind cured by the Word of the, . . . . .	31
School for the Blind, On hearing Singing in a, . . . . .	122
Sense of Sight, The, . . . . .	141
Shetland Fisherman, The, . . . . .	112
Shortwoodhaugh Slaughter, . . . . .	25
Sight, The Sense of, . . . . .	141
Sight, The Value of, . . . . .	154
Singing, On hearing a Blind Girl, . . . . .	110
Singing, On hearing, . . . . .	122
Sir John the Graeme, . . . . .	24
Skinner, Cyriac, . . . . .	13
Song, A Blind Boy's, . . . . .	106
Song of a Blind One, The, . . . . .	102
Spectre of Fawdoun, Wallace and the, . . . . .	22
Sun, Address to the, . . . . .	161
Syrian Host stricken with Blindness, The, . . . . .	47
The Deaf Blind Mute, . . . . .	166
Tray, Poor Dog, . . . . .	87
Trojan Camp at Night, . . . . .	28
Trojan Matrons, The Offering of, . . . . .	30
Victoria, Lines addressed to Queen, . . . . .	152
Vision, Philosophy of, . . . . .	80
Wallace and the Spectre of Fawdoun, . . . . .	22
Wee Jamie's Farewell, . . . . .	115





# DARK DAYS BRIGHTENED.

BLIND OLD MILTON.

BY W. E. AYTOUN.

IN December 1841 the fine poem here given appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and justly excited much attention. Its author, the son of Roger Aytoun, W.S., was born in Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, 21st June 1813. He was educated for the Law ; but was naturally inclined to Literature. He was chosen Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh ; and held the office of Sheriff of Orkney. He died 4th August 1865. He was popular as a man, and has composed some " brave translunary things," of which this is one.

Place me, once more, my daughter, where the sun  
May shine upon my old and time-worn head,  
For the last time, perchance. My race is run ;  
And soon amidst the ever-silent dead  
I must repose, it may be, half forgot.  
Yes ! I have broke the hard and bitter bread  
For many a year, with those who trembled not  
To buckle on their armour for the fight,  
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot ;  
And I have never bow'd me to his might,

Nor knelt before him—for I bear within  
My heart the sternest consciousness of right,  
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin  
Which made me what I am; and though the stain  
Of poverty be on me, yet I win  
More honour by it, than the blinded train  
Who hug their willing servitude, and bow  
Unto the weakest and the most profane.  
Therefore, with unencumber'd soul I go  
Before the footstool of my Maker, where  
I hope to stand as undebased as now!  
Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair  
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,  
I feel the odours that perfume the air,  
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.  
Within my heart I picture them, and then  
I almost can forget that I am blind,  
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.  
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace  
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again  
Upon her living and rejoicing face—  
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,  
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace—  
I hear thy voice so musical and mild,  
The patient, sole interpreter, by whom  
So many years of sadness are beguiled;  
For it hath made my small and scanty room  
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.  
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,  
And wait the hour which is approaching fast,  
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,  
And heaven itself be open'd up at last,  
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.  
I have had visions in this drear eclipse  
Of outward consciousness, and clomb the skies,  
Striving to utter with my earthly lips  
What the diviner soul had half divined,  
Even as the Saint in his Apocalypse  
Who saw the inmost glory, where enshrined  
Sat He who fashion'd glory. This hath driven  
All outward strife and tumult from my mind,

And humbled me, until I have forgiven  
My bitter enemies, and only seek  
To find the straight and narrow path to heaven.  
Yet I am weak—O, how entirely weak,  
For one who may not love nor suffer more !  
Sometimes unbidden tears will wet my cheek,  
And my heart bound as keenly as of yore,  
Responsive to a voice, now hush'd to rest,  
Which made the beautiful Italian shore,  
With all its pomp of summer vineyards drest,  
An Eden and a Paradise to me.  
Do the sweet breezes from the balmy west  
Still murmur through thy groves, Parthenope,  
In search of odours from the orange bowers ?  
Still on thy slopes of verdure does the bee  
Cull her rare honey from the virgin flowers ?  
And Philomel her plaintive chant prolong,  
'Neath skies more calm and more serene than ours,  
Making the summer one perpetual song ?  
Art thou the same as when in manhood's pride  
I walk'd in joy thy grassy meads among,  
With that fair youthful vision by my side,  
In whose bright eyes I look'd—and not in vain ?  
O, my adored angel ! O, my bride !  
Despite of years, and woe, and want, and pain,  
My soul yearns back towards thee, and I seem  
To wander with thee, hand in hand, again,  
By the bright margin of that flowing stream.  
I hear again thy voice, more silver sweet  
Than fancied music floating in a dream,  
Possess my being ; from afar I greet  
The waving of thy garments in the glade,  
And the light rustling of thy fairy feet—  
What time as one half eager, half afraid,  
Love's burning secret falter'd on my tongue,  
And tremulous looks and broken words betray'd  
The secret of the heart from whence they sprung.  
Ah me ! the earth that render'd thee to heaven  
Gave up an angel beautiful and young ;  
Spotless and pure as snow when freshly driven,  
A bright Aurora for the starry sphere

Where all is love, and even life forgiven.

Bride of immortal beauty—ever dear !

Dost thou await me in thy blest abode ?

While I, Tithonus-like, must linger here,

And count each step along the rugged road,

A phantom, tottering to a long-made grave,

And eager to lay down my weary load !

I, that was fancy's lord, am fancy's slave—

Like the low murmurs of the Indian shell

Ta'en from its coral bed beneath the wave,

Which, unforgetful of the ocean's swell,

Retains within its mystic urn, the hum

Heard in the sea-grots, where the Nereids dwell—

Old thoughts still haunt me—unawares they come

Between me and my rest, nor can I make

Those aged visiters of sorrow dumb.

O, yet awhile, my feeble soul, awake !

Nor wander back with sullen steps again ;

For neither pleasant pastime canst thou take

In such a journey, nor endure the pain.

The phantoms of the past are dead for thee ;

So let them ever uninvoked remain,

And be thou calm, till death shall set thee free.

Thy flowers of hope expanded long ago,

Long since their blossoms wither'd on the tree :

No second spring can come to make them blow,

But in the silent winter of the grave

They lie with blighted love and buried woe.

I did not waste the gifts which nature gave,

Nor slothful lay in the Circéan bower ;

Nor did I yield myself the willing slave

Of lust for pride, for riches, or for power.

No ! in my heart a nobler spirit dwelt ;

For constant was my faith in manhood's dower ; |

Man—made in God's own image—and I felt

How of our own accord we courted shame,

Until to idols like ourselves we knelt,

And so renounced the great and glorious claim

Of freedom, our immortal heritage.

I saw how bigotry, with spiteful aim,

Smote at the searching eyesight of the sage,  
 How error stole behind the steps of truth,  
 And cast delusion on the sacred page.  
 So, as a champion, even in early youth  
 I waged my battle with a purpose keen ;  
 Nor fear'd the hand of terror, nor the tooth  
 Of serpent jealousy. And I have been  
 With starry Galileo in his cell,  
 That wise magician with the brow serene,  
 Who fathom'd space ; and I have seen him tell  
 The wonders of the planetary sphere,  
 And trace the ramparts of heaven's citadel  
 On the cold flag-stones of his dungeon drear.  
 And I have walk'd with Hampden and with Vane—  
 Names once so gracious to an English ear—  
 In days that never may return again.  
 My voice, though not the loudest, hath been heard  
 Whenever freedom raised her cry of pain,  
 And the faint effort of the humble bard  
 Hath roused up thousands from their lethargy,  
 To speak in words of thunder. What reward  
 Was mine or theirs ? It matters not ; for I  
 Am but a leaf cast on the whirling tide,  
 Without a hope or wish, except to die.  
 But truth, asserted once, must still abide,  
 Unquenchable, as are those fiery springs  
 Which day and night gush from the mountain side,  
 Perpetual meteors girt with lambent wings,  
 Which the wild tempest tosses to and fro,  
 But cannot conquer with the force it brings.

Yet I, who ever felt another's woe  
 More keenly than my own untold distress ;  
 I, who have battled with the common foe,  
 And broke for years the bread of bitterness ;  
 Who never yet abandon'd or betray'd  
 The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,  
 Am left alone to wither in the shade,  
 A weak old man, deserted by his kind—  
 Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid !

O, let me not repine ! A quiet mind,  
 Conscious and upright, needs no other stay ;  
 Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,  
 In the rich promise of eternal day.  
 Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone,  
 Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away,  
 And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,  
 Bow'd down with travel, at his Master's gate  
 Now sits, his task of life-long labour done,  
 Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,  
 After sore journey through this world of sin,  
 In hope, and prayer, and wistfulness to wait,  
 Until the door shall ope, and let him in.

---

### MILTON'S MUSE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

Rise, hallow'd Milton ! rise, and say,  
 How, at thy gloomy close of day ;  
 How, when "depress'd by age, beset with wrongs ;"  
 When "fallen on evil days and evil tongues ;"  
 When darkness brooding on thy sight,  
 Exiled the sovereign lamp of light ;  
 Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse ?  
 What friends were thine, save Memory and the Muse ?  
 Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth  
 Caught from the stores of ancient truth :  
 Hence all thy classic wanderings could explore,  
 When rapture led thee to the Latian shore ;  
 Each scene, that Tiber's bank supplied ;  
 Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side ;  
 The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly ;  
 The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky ;  
 Were still thy own : thy ample mind  
 Each charm received, retain'd, combined.

## LAMENT ON BLINDNESS.

BY JOHN MILTON.

---

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, 9th December 1608. He was carefully educated under a private tutor, at St Paul's School and at Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1637 he went abroad; in 1641 he engaged in the religious and political controversies of the times, and was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State under the Protector. Sedulous study affected his eyesight, and in 1654 he became totally blind. He died in 1674. For dignity of thought, language, and rhythm his great epic, *Paradise Lost*, is unmatched. It is at once a household book and a classic.—From Book III. 1-55, this *Lament for his Lost Sight* is quoted.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born!  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,  
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
Before the heavens thou wert; and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp : but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
 Thee, Sion ! and the flowery brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Mæonides*,  
 And *Tiresias*, and *Phineus*,\* prophets old :  
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off ; and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
 And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind, through all her powers,  
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

\* *Thamyris*, a Thracian bard, whom the Muses deprived of sight and the power of song, (*Il.*, II. 595). *Mæonides*, Homer. *Tiresias*, a Theban poet and prophet, of mythologic times ; blind from birth. *Phineus*, a Thracian, whose eyes the Gods blinded ; but by whose wit the Argonauts were guided.



## SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

BY JOHN MILTON.

---

SAMSON, made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired. There he sits awhile and bemoans his condition thus.—The extract is taken from *Samson Agonistes*, 1-109.

A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little farther on ;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air, imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me ; hence, with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O, wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold  
Twice by an angel, who, at last, in sight  
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended

From off the altar where an offering burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die  
Betray'd, captived, and, both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,  
Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd, but through mine own default?  
Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtilties; not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace! I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries:  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail: but chief of all,

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm : the vilest here excel me :  
They creep, yet see ; I dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own ;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day !  
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,  
“ Let there be light, and light was over all ; ”  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in every part, why was this sight  
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
That she might look at will through every pore ?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave :  
Buried, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs :  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,

Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.

*The Chorus thereafter exclaims, lines 151-163:—*

Which shall I first bewail,  
Thy bondage or lost sight,  
Prison within prison  
Inseparably dark?  
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul  
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain),  
Imprison'd now indeed,  
In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light  
To incorporate with gloomy night;  
For inward light, alas!  
Puts forth no visual beam.

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### ON HIS BLINDNESS.

BY JOHN MILTON.

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MILTON laboured under the disease of the eyes,  
which in his day was called *gutta serena*, but  
which is now technically named *Amaurosis*.

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;  
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”  
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need  
Either man’s work, or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state  
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

## TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

BY JOHN MILTON.

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CYRIAC, third son of William Skinner, Esq., of Thornton College, in Lincolnshire, and of Bridget, second daughter of the famous celebrated Sir Edward Coke, was one of Milton's pupils, or at all events one of his disciples.

Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side. [mask,  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

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## MILTON AT CRIPPLEGATE.

BY CHARLES KENT.

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THIS Poem was issued in 1862 in a volume entitled *Dreamland ; or, Poets and their Haunts*. The author, a Barrister-at-Law, was a contributor to the periodical press, and was one of the most intimate friends of Charles Dickens.

An atmosphere of golden harmonies  
Around him floating, fills the haunted room :  
Love chamber, often hallowed thus at eve  
By consecrating sunbeams ! Ever then

Thrilled thro' and thro' with grand concordant tones :  
 Now swelling like an anthem—and anon  
 In sighs of dulcet sadness dying down  
 To murmurs hushed as echoes of a prayer.

His frail white hands along the keys in love  
 Stray slowly in long chords of mellow sound.  
 His slippered feet, alternately relaxed  
 In pressure, draw betimes such lengthened notes  
 From deepest diapason of the reeds,  
 That, vibrating, the open casement jars  
 Responding palpitations. On the sill  
 A heliotrope, half-blackened into bud,  
 Pales in its lilac flowering, whence in gusts  
 The balmy breath of evening spreads abroad  
 The honeyed fragrance lurking in its leaves.  
 Enthroned before the soaring organ pipes,  
 All bathed in crimson blushes of the west,  
 The old Musician sings—his feeblest touch  
 Waking the thunderous music latent there  
 In serried tubes like tromps of gold : his voice  
 Of silver sweetness thridding all the maze  
 Of winding strains melodious.

From his lip,

Like balm, the psalmody of Israel's king,  
 In Hebrew streaming, floods his soul with joy ;  
 As though the solemn warbling Bird of Night  
 Sang peace while every cadence of its song  
 Dropped, manna-like, its life's own nutriment.  
 And as the Nightingale, of russet plumage, sings,  
 Alone in darkness sown with stars of God,  
 So sings, 'mid shadows deeper than the night,  
 Sown like the night with visions grand as stars,  
 The Philomel of Ages. Clothed in grey  
 (His robe a threadbare, homely garb of serge),  
 He sits enraptured 'mid the choral clang :  
 Sits breathing music from his mouth and hands :  
 Hands—outspread, as if in benediction !  
 Mouth—whose gentlest sighs search space though  
 trembling,

As, thrilled with awe, emotion, grief, and years,  
Love wafts them e'en beyond the porch of heaven !

Upturned towards the instrument thus made  
The altar of thy worship, Seer and Bard !  
With looks celestial as thy song, thy face  
Reflects eve's sacred radiance. From calm brows  
The hyacinthine ringlets parting—trailed  
Like Adam's in thy bloom (brown-gilded coils  
Luxuriant)—scant'ly now, and silvering, droop  
Dishevelled on thy shoulders. While those eyes—  
Seraphic eyes, whence, gazed thy soul serene—

Ah ! quenched their mournful beauty now, and blank  
As sculptured orbs in monumental stone :  
Of all their azure splendour quite bereft,  
As—dead, yet living—light in darkness drowned.

Not now for them the ruddy sunset showers  
Its slant or swarming gold-dust by the fall  
Of faded silken curtains, erst as green  
As emerald of the meadow grass, when sight  
Was fainting out, while pangs of anguish lured  
Dim shades around, in presage of thy doom.  
Not now for thee those darkling lattice buds  
Purple to clustering blossoms : not for thee  
The reflex in the mirror on the wall  
Of this dear inner chamber—home of home—  
With ripe harmonious colours mimicked there :  
The old familiar patterns on the floor ;  
Old books of studious boyhood ; fluted pomps  
Of tarnished gold cylindric, where aloft  
The glory of the darling organ rears  
The symbol of its resonance ; and beneath,  
Repeated in the shadowy disc—the soul  
And source of all those rolling melodies—  
Thyself ! with saintly features and bowed frame,  
There softly chanting still the holy psalm,  
Eve's parting halo like an aureole  
Around thy shining hair——

When suddenly,  
 As with a sob, thy plaintive lay of prayer  
 Dies inarticulate : the commingling notes,  
 Strewn by thy hands, resolving into one—  
 One fading soon to silence ! While that verse,  
 Last syllabled in tremulous tones, again  
 Seems echoed back by memory : " Lord !"  
 It cries, " my heart is sad, strength spent, the light  
 Hath left mine eyes "—and falters then in tears,  
 Meek tears, submissive, not repining. Eve,  
 Sweet Novice, shorn of golden tresses, dons  
 The darkening veil of twilight as a Nun  
 That tells the stars for beads, Heaven's purple arch  
 Her cloister, and the moon swung silvering there  
 The sacred lamp lighting God's sanctuary.  
 Half-veiled as yet in deepening folds, she beams  
 The holy effluence of her presence round  
 The sorrow-silenced chamber, where alone  
 The blind old bard yet breathes dumb orisons,  
 His heart-strings trembling with hushed music still,  
 As thrill æolian chords inaudibly  
 When warbling winds have flown.

Thus anguish-torn,  
 'Mid fluctuating sheen that long contends  
 With glimmering portents of approaching night,  
 Thus silently, 'mid rolling thunder thoughts,  
 Unseeing, though with spirit gaze as keen  
 As lightning glance of seraphim, thou sitt'st  
 Before that builded throne of symphonies,  
 Thyself a fragile instrument of strains  
 Immortal, that long ages, ages hence,  
 Though thou art dust, shall mourn from Earth to Heaven,  
 With voice sublime, the doom of Paradise.



## ON MILTON AND HIS PARADISE LOST.

BY ANDREW MAXWELL.

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THESE appreciative verses appeared originally in the second edition of Milton's great Epic, published shortly before his death, 8th November 1674. Their author, Andrew Marvell, was born in the parsonage of Winestead in Holderness, 31st March 1621, and educated in the Grammar School of Hull, of which his father—whose name he bore—was master, as well as Lecturer of Trinity Church, Hull. Andrew Marvell became celebrated as M.P. for Hull, was Milton's assistant Secretary for some time, and was author of many able poetical pieces and political tractates.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,  
Messiah Crowned, God's Reconcil'd Decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument  
Held me awhile misdoubting his Intent,  
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song  
(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight),  
The World o'rewelming to revenge his sight.  
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide Field how he his way should find  
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;  
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easie he should render vain.  
Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand

(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
 And by ill imitating would excell)  
 Might hence presume the whole Creation's day  
 To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise  
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise ;  
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
 Within thy Labours to pretend a share.  
 Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,  
 And all that was improper dost omit :  
 So that no room is here for Writers left,  
 But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign  
 Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane ;  
 And things divine thou treatst of in such state  
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
 At once delight and horror on us seize,  
 Thou singst with so much gravity and ease ;  
 And above humane flight dost soar aloft  
 With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft :  
 The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
 So never flagg, but always keeps on Wing.  
 Where couldst thou words of such a compass find ?  
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?  
 Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,  
 Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure  
 With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure ;  
 While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and  
 spells,

And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells :  
 Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,  
 The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
 I too, transported by the Mode offend,  
 And while I meant to Praise thee, mis-commend ;  
 Thy Verse created like thy theme sublime,  
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

## MILTON'S LAST VERSES.

BY CHARLES LLOYD.

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CHARLES LLOYD was born 12th February 1775, and was one of the Banking Firm of Lloyd's in Birmingham. He died at Versailles 15th January 1839.

I am old and blind !  
Men point at me, as smitten by God's frown—  
Afflicted and deserted of my mind—  
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—  
I murmur not, that I no longer see—  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

O merciful One !  
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;  
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me—and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown—  
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear—  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand  
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
 Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,  
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—  
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;  
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,  
 When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—  
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
 The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;  
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
 Lit by no skill of mine.

### ON MILTON.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn :  
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;  
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.  
 The force of Nature could no farther go ;  
 To make a third, she joined the other two.

## MORNING DESCRIBED.

BY HENRY THE (BLIND) MINSTREL.

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OF "Henry the Minstrel" scarcely anything is known except what the historian, Dr. John Major or Mair, has told us; viz., that, "During his infancy, Henry, a man blind from his birth, composed a separate work on the Exploits of Sir William Wallace; collecting such accounts as were then preserved by popular tradition, he exhibited them in popular rhyme, which he had cultivated with success." . . . The author was a person who, by the recitation of stories before men of the highest rank, earned his food and raiment—of which he was worthy. His poem was probably composed in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and he received several donations from James IV., the latest note of which, yet extant, occurs in January 1492. He was a rustic man, but his education seems to have exceeded the common standard of his age. The descriptive beauty of these lines is very striking.

The mery day sprang fra the oryent,  
With hemys brycht enlumynyt the occident.  
Eftir Titan Phebus wp rysyt fayr;  
Heich in the sper the signes maid declayr.  
Zepherus began his morow courss,  
The swete wapour thus fra the ground resourss;  
The humyll breyth doun fra the hewyn awaill,  
In euery meide, bathe fyrth, forrest, and daill;  
The cler rede amang the rochis rang,  
Through greyn branchis quhar byrdis blythly sang,  
With joyus voice in hewynly armony.

WALLACE  
AND  
THE SPECTRE OF FAWDOUN.  
BY HENRY THE (BLIND) MINSTREL.

---

FAWDOUN, whose fidelity was strongly suspected, had recently been slain by the Scottish chief, while they were flying before an English bloodhound and a formidable detachment of English soldiery. Wallace, with only thirteen followers, retreated to Gask Hall, and being afterwards left alone in the solitary castle, the remarkable scene given below occurs:—

Quhen he allayne Wallace was lewyd thar,  
The awfull blast aboundyt mekill mayr.  
Than trowit he weill thai had his luyng seyne ;  
His suerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne,  
Syn furth he went quhar at he hard the horne.  
With-out the dur Fawdoun was him beforne,  
As till his sycht, his awne hed in his hand ;  
A croyss he maid, quhen he saw him so stand.  
At Wallace in the hed he swaket thar ;  
And he in haist sone hynt [it] by the hair,  
Synne out agayne at him he couth it cast ;  
In-till his hart he was gretlye agast.  
Rycht weill he trowit that was no spreit of man ;  
It was sum dewill, at sic malice began.  
He wyst no wail thar langar for to bide,  
Vp through the hall thus wicht Wallace can glid,  
Till a closs stair ; the burdis raiff in twyne,  
Fyftene fute large he lap out of that in.

Wp the wattir sodeynlye he couth fair;  
 Agayne he blent quhat perance he sawe thair.  
 Him thocht he saw Faudoun, that hugly syr;  
 That haill hall he had set in a fyr;  
 A gret raftre he had in-till his hand.  
 Wallace as than no langar walde he stand,  
 Off his gud men full gret meruail had he,  
 How thai war tynt through his feyle fantasé.  
 Traistis rycht weill all this was suth in deide,  
 Suppuss that it no poynt be of the creide.\*

\* Leigh Hunt, who founded his Ballad of Wallace and Fawdoun on this Legend as told by its first relator, Henry the Minstrel, concludes his reproduction of this singularly poetic incident thus:—

From a window Wallace leaped  
 Fifteen feet to ground,  
 And never stopped till fast within  
 A nunnery's holy bound.

And then he turned, in gasping doubt,  
 To see the fiend retire,  
 And saw him not at hand, but saw  
 Castle Gask on fire.

All on fire was Castle Gask;  
 And on its top, endued  
 With the bulk of half a tower,  
 Headless Fawdoun stood.

Wide he held a burning beam,  
 And blackly filled the light;  
 His body seemed, by some black art,  
 To look at Wallace, heart to heart,  
 Threatening thro' the night.

Wallace that day week arose  
 From a feeble bed;  
 And gentle tho' he was before,  
 Yet now to orphans evermore  
 He gentlier bowed his head.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN THE GRAEME  
AT THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

BY HENRY THE (BLIND) MINSTREL.

---

THE manner in which this sad episode of the Battle of Falkirk is told, supplies a very attractive specimen of Blind Harry's power over the heroic couplet.

The worthy Scottis weryt fer on bak,  
Sewyn akyrbreid, in turnyng off thair bak.  
Yeit Wallace has thir twa delyueryt weil  
Be his awn strenth and his gud suerd off steill.  
The awfull Bruce amang thaim with gret mayn,  
At the reskew, thre Scottismen has he slayn :  
Quham he hyt rycht, ay at a straik was ded.  
Wallace preyst in tharfor to set rameid.  
With a gud sper the Bruce was serwyt but baid :  
With gret inwy to Wallace fast he raid ;  
And he till him assonyeit nocht for thi.  
The Bruce him myssyt as Wallace passyt by,  
Awkward he straik with his scharp groundyn glaive,  
Sper and horsscrag in-till sondyr he draive ;  
Bruce was at erd or Wallace turned about.  
The gret battaill off thousandis stern and stout,  
Thai horssyt Bruce with men off gret walour.  
Wallace allayn was in that stalwart stour.  
Graym pressyt in, and straik ane Ingliss knycht,  
Befor the Bruce, apon the basnet brycht.  
That seruall stuff and all his othir weid,  
Bathe bayn and brayn, the nobill suerd through yeid.  
The knycht was dede ; gud Graym retornet tyte.  
A suttell knycht tharat had gret despyt,  
Folowyt at wait, and has persawyt weil  
Gramys byrny was to narow sumdeill,  
Be-neth the waist, that closs it mycht nocht be.  
On the fyllat full sternly straik that sle,



Persyt the bak, in the bowalys him bar,  
 Wyth a scharp sper, that he mycht leiff no mar.  
 Graym turnd tharwith, and smate that knycht in  
 teyn,  
 Towart the wesar, a litill be-neth the cyn.  
 Dede off that dynt, to ground he duschyt doun.  
 Schyr Jhon the Graym swonyt on his arsoun.  
 Or he our com, till pass till his party,  
 Feill Sotheroun men, that was on fute him by,  
 Stekit his horss, that he no forthir yeid ;  
 Graym yauld to God his gud speryt, and his deid.  
 Quhen Wallace saw this knycht to dede was wrocht,  
 The pytuouss payn so sor thryllyt his thocht,  
 All out off kynd at alteryt his curage ;  
 His wyt in wer was than bot a wod rage.  
 Hys horss him bur in feild quhar so him lyst ;  
 For off him self as than litill he wyst.  
 Lik a wyld best that war fra reson rent,  
 As wytlace wy in to the ost he went,  
 Dingand on hard ; quhat Sotheroun he rycht hyt,  
 Straucht apon horss agayn mycht neur syt.  
 In-to that rage full feill folk he dang doun ;  
 All hym about was reddytt a gret rowm.  
 Quhen Bruce persawyt with Wallace it stud sa,  
 He chargyt men lang sperys for to ta,  
 And sla hys horss, sa he suld nocht eschaip.  
 Feyll Sotheroun than to Wallace fast can schaip,  
 Persyt his hors with sperys on athir syd ;  
 Woundys thai maid that was bathe deip and wyd.  
 Off schafftis part Wallace in sondyr schayr,  
 Bot fell hedys in till his horss left thair.  
 Sum wytt agayn to Wallace can radoun,  
 In hys awn mynd so rewlyt him resoun ;  
 Sa for to de him thocht it no waslage.  
 Than for to fle he tuk no taryage ;  
 Spuryt the horss, quhilk ran in a gud randoun  
 Till his awn folk was bydand at Carroun.  
 The sey was in, at thai stoppyt and stud ;  
 On loud he cryt and thaim bad tak the flud ;  
 " To gyddyr byd, ye may nocht loss a man."  
 At his commaund the watter thai tuk than.

Hym returned, the entré for to kepe,  
 Quhill all his ost was passyt our the depe ;  
 Syn passyt our, and dred his horss suld fail,  
 Hym self hewy cled in-to plait off mail ;  
 Set he couth swom, he trowit he mycht nocht weil :  
 The cler watter culyt the horss sumdeill ;  
 Atour the flud he bur him to the land,  
 Syn fell doun dede, and mycht no langar stand.

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### A SCENE AT SHORTWOODSHAW.

BY HARRY THE (BLIND) MINSTREL.

---

WE shall present here a few lines (in a somewhat modernised form) of the Shortwoodshaw slaughter :—

On Wallace set a bicker bold and keen.  
 A bow he bare was big and well be seen,  
 Arrows also, both long and sharp with a',  
 No man was there that Wallace' bow might draw.  
 Right stark he was, and into sure gear (mail)  
 Boldly he shot among these men of wer.  
 An angled head up to the hooks he drew,  
 And at a shot the foremost soon he slew.  
 English archers that hardy were and wight,  
 Amongst the Scots bickered with all their might ;  
 Their awful shot was terrible to bide ;  
 Of Wallace' men they wounded sore that tide ;  
 Few of them were well skilled in archery ;  
 Better they were if they got even *partie*,  
 In field to bide, either with sword or spear.  
 Wallace perceived his men took mickle deir (scathe) ;  
 He bade them change and stand not in one stead (place) ;  
 He cast all ways to save them from the dead (death) ;  
 Full great travail upon himself took he ;  
 Of Southern archers many he made dee (die).

## THE TROJAN CAMP BY NIGHT.

BY HOMER.

---

THE period of Homer's "full and perfect manhood, and the zenith of his poetic powers," Professor J. S. Blackie places about "the year 900, when the wicked Ahab and the Phoenician Jezebel were misruling Israel—which tallies with the date of Herodotus." Though German critics have thoroughly darkened to our mental eye the genius of Homer, and so blotted his image that scarcely a shadow of his personality remains, our genial Hellenist affirms truly that "he has been a living fact in the intellectual consciousness of the world everywhere,"

"The blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle."

In the *Life of Homer* attributed to Herodotus it is stated that "the people of Ithaca say that while he lived with them he became blind; but I say that his eyes were whole, and that he lost his sight afterwards at Colophon." . . . "And now having lost his sight he left Colophon, and arriving at Smyrna he began the practice of poetry."

Professor John Wilson (Christopher North) says, "Some people believe in twenty Homers—we in one. Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets. Heaven only knows the number of her own stars—no astronomer may ever count them—yet the soul-stars of earth are but few. Who ever heard of two Miltons—of two Shakespeares? That

there should even have been one of each is a mystery, when we look at what are called men."

Ephorus says, as Plutarch informs us, that Homer received his name, Ὀμηρος, when he became blind, because the Ionians so styled blind men, on account of their being followers of a guide (δηγεύοντες). Another derivation is δὲ μὴ ὄραν, one not seeing; and still another is that he was so named from δὲ μηρός (the thigh), because he was marked on the thigh. To this may be added Proclus' statement that he was given up as a hostage or pledge (δμηρος). Of these, as well as of that which favours the theory of Wolf and Vico (δηρηέν), because as a rhapsodist he caused audiences *to assemble together*, the reader may have his choice. Dante characterises him as

"That Grecian, blind,  
Whom more than all the rest the Muses cherished."  
—*Purgatoria*, xxii. 101, 102.

The late Dean Alford regarded this passage from the close of Book VIII. of the "Iliad," as "the crowning passage of Homer, and perhaps of all poetry :"—

As when the starry hosts of heaven around the full  
bright moon  
In all their glory shine, and winds are sleeping every  
one ;  
When every rock is plainly seen, and every headland  
height,  
And boundless æther from above pours down his opening  
light,  
And all the signs in heaven appear, and the shepherd's  
heart is glad ;  
So many shone, between the ships and Xanthus' wind-  
ing bed,

The Trojan fires in front of Troy; a thousand piles were  
lit;  
And round each fire, distinct in light, did fifty soldiers  
sit.\*

\* The above is Dean Alford's verse transfusion of Homer's resounding lines. The following is a literal translation of the original Greek, by Christopher North:—

But as when the stars in heaven, around the shining moon,  
Shine beautiful, when [all] the air is windless,  
And all the eminences appear, and pinnacles of the heights,  
And groves: and the immeasurable firmament bursts (or expands)  
from below,  
And all the stars are seen: and the shepherd rejoices in his heart—  
So numerous, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus,  
The fires of the Trojans, burning their fires appeared before Troy,  
For a thousand fires were burning on the plain; and by each  
Sat fifty (men) at the light of the blazing fire.

A still earlier version of these lines appears in Alford's "School of the Heart," Lesson VI. Pope's masterly English for them is too well known to require quotation. Cowper's easy blank verse supplies a fine rendering: but both it and Tennyson's finely phrased transfusion of the clear Greek into brilliant English are in everybody's hands. For the sake of comparison we quote in preference, as rarer, the plain but well-worded form in which Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury—"as the amusement of his old age"—has "writ down" Homer's Camp scene at night:—

The Trojans, confident of victory,  
Sat cheerful at their arms throughout the host.  
As many stars as in a heaven serene,  
Together with the moon, appear i' the night,  
When all the tops of hills and woods are seen,  
And joyful are the shepherds at the sight,  
So many seemed the fires upon the plain—  
A thousand fires, and at each fifty men,  
That by their horses there all night remain,  
Expecting till Aurora rose again.

THE OFFERING OF  
THE TROJAN MATRONS IN THE TEMPLE  
OF MINERVA.

BY HOMER.

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IN a splendid passage of "Iliad," Book VI., matrons and maids meet Hector just within the Scæan gate ; Hecuba and Laodice come to him as he approaches Priam's courts ; Hecuba heads a long procession towards the temple of Minerva, and Theano places a bright brodered veil on the knees of the maiden-goddess as an offering. Of the manner in which the poet describes these scenes, Sotheby shall give a sample.

" When Hector, now no more by war delay'd,  
Had gain'd the Scæan gate and beechen shade,  
Troy's wives, Troy's daughters, girt him, throng on  
    throng,  
Sire, husband, brother, trembling on their tongue.  
He view'd, and pitying, bade them heaven implore  
To ward the woe dark-gathering more and more.

But when the hero came—where, broadly-based,  
Majestic porticoes the palace graced ;  
Where fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,  
Each join'd to each, in beauteous order shone ;  
Where the brave race that Priam's wedlock blest,  
Each with his beauteous wife found peaceful rest ;  
And 'neath the opposèd roofs, one after one,  
Twelve chambers of his daughters beam'd in stone ;  
Where in the circuit of that court enclosed,  
With their chaste wives, their wedded lords reposed ;

There his kind mother, passing on her way,  
 Where fair Laodice's bright chamber lay,  
 Met her brave son, and clasping to her breast,  
 Hung on his hand, and fondly thus address :—

'Why has my Hector left the field of fight?  
 Has Greece around these walls worn down thy might?  
 Or art thou come with wistful heart once more  
 Jove on Troy's sacred summit to adore?  
 Stay till I bring thee here delightful wine,  
 To hail great Jove and all the powers divine ;  
 Wine, to war's wearied chiefs refreshing found,  
 Such as thou art—sole guard of all around.'

'Not now—thou most revered,'—the chief replied—  
 'Not now, for me, the nectar-bowl provide,  
 Lest my strength melt away, dissolved by wine,  
 And these uncles' hands profane the shrine.  
 Not so the votaries to the gods repair,  
 And stretch their blood-stain'd arms to Jove in pray'r.  
 But thou call forth the matrons, lead the train,  
 And with rich incense greet Minerva's fane,  
 And spread the veil most prized of all thy store,  
 The finest, fullest web her knees before,  
 And vow twelve bulls, all yearlings, all unbroke,  
 Shall hallow'd victims on her altar smoke,  
 If the consenting goddess, at thy prayer,  
 Troy, and her wives, and speechless infants spare,  
 And from the walls of Ilion turn afar  
 The fury of Tydides, lord of war—  
 So hail the goddess : while my course I bend,  
 To learn if Paris at my call attend.  
 Oh, that now earth would cleave, and close his tomb !  
 So dreadful o'er us lowers the impending doom ;  
 So on his brow, to Troy, her king, and race,  
 Great Jove has graved a curse and deep disgrace.  
 Yet might I see him to the grave descend,  
 That sight would all my soul's deep woe suspend.'

He spake, the Queen return'd, and bade her train  
 Call forth the matrons of Minerva's fane,

Then to her fragrant wardrobe bent her way,  
 Where her rich veils in beauteous order lay :  
 Webs by Sidonian virgins finely wrought,  
 From Sidon's woofs, by youthful Paris brought,  
 When o'er the boundless main the adulterer led  
 Fair Helen from her home and nuptial bed.  
 From these she chose the fullest, fairest far,  
 With broidery bright, and blazing as a star,  
 Drew forth the radiant veil long hid from day,  
 Then led the matrons on their solemn way.

Now, when they came, where, based on Ilion's height,  
 Minerva's stately temple soar'd in sight,  
 The fair Theano, brave Antenor's bride,  
 O'er Pallas' fane selected to preside,  
 The portal to their entrance widely flung,  
 While to their cries the dome responsive rung :  
 Each hand was raised, each voice bade Pallas hail,  
 When fair Theano took the radiant veil,  
 Spread on Minerva's knees, devoutly pray'd,  
 And supplicating, thus implored her aid :—

'Supreme of goddesses ! Troy's guardian, hear !  
 Break into shivers, break Tydides' spear ;  
 Prone, strike him lifeless, let the slaughterer fall  
 Beneath our sight, before the Scaean wall.  
 Twelve yearling beeves, whose neck ne'er felt the yoke,  
 Now hallow'd victims on thy altar smoke,  
 So thou consent, and, at thy votary's prayer,  
 Troy and her wives, and helpless infants spare.'

But Pallas heard not, as Theano pray'd,  
 Nor listen'd to the vows the matrons made."



THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND  
ANDROMACHE.—BY HOMER.

THE touching Farewell of Hector and Andromache we set before the reader in the resonant and expressive language of Professor J. S. BLACKIE.

He spoke; and from her sight the godlike hero sped  
    amain,  
Spurning delay; and to his pleasant-sited house came he,  
But found not there his white-armed spouse, Andromachè;  
    for she  
Forth, with her son and well-tired maid, unto the lofty  
    tower  
Had gone, to stand and weep, and look on the battle's  
    deadly stour.

Right through the peopled town he went, until he  
    reached again  
The Scæan gate, through which the road led to the  
    dinsome plain.  
Here his rich-dowered spouse he met; with hasty foot  
    came she,  
Ætion's daughter fair—the mighty-hearted king was he  
Of Thebes, that lay beneath the woody Placus, fair to see,  
And o'er the brave Cilician men with sceptre's might  
    prevailed;  
His daughter lived, the wedded wife of Hector copper-  
    mailed.

Her Hector met; beside her stood the faithful nurse,  
    and bare  
In her arms his son, a rosy child, an innocent suckling,  
    fair  
Even as a star. Scamandrius his father called the boy,  
But hight the young Astyanax by all tongues else in Troy.  
His sire, they said, is Ilium's ward. The noble Hector  
    smiled  
When with a silent look of love he eyed the dear-loved  
    child.  
Beside him stood Andromachè, in her eye the swelling tear,  
And grasped his hand, and looked and spoke, and  
    named her husband dear:

“Hector, thy strength unreined and wild will ruin thee ;  
for me  
Thou hast no pity, and this child that soon will orphaned  
be,  
While I am widowed ; for the Greeks in the hot rush of war  
Will surely kill thee ; and for me, 'twere better fated far  
Beneath the ground to go, than live without thee ; stay is  
none  
On earth for me, nor joy, nor hope, when I have lost the  
one,  
Who is my all. My father and my mother both are gone.  
My father fell by godlike fierce Achilles' vengeance, then  
When he the pleasant-sited town of the Cilician men,  
High-gated Thebes, cast down : even then he slew him ;  
but not dared  
To spoil his arms ; this shame supreme with pious heart  
he spared.  
Him on a pyre he burned, with all his shining arms  
prepared,  
And piled a mound, where Oread nymphs, Jove's pitiful  
daughters, made  
Elm-trees to grow, a leafy fence, and spread their circling  
shade.  
Seven brothers brave I named, and loved in my father's  
house ; but all  
Went in one day beneath the clay, to Hades' gloomy hall.  
They, as they watched the snow-white sheep and trailing-  
footed kine,  
Found deadly grief from that fell chief, even Peleus' son  
divine.  
My mother too, who dwelt beneath the woody Placus,  
here  
With other weeping captives, came to grace his conquer-  
ing spear ;  
But her he ransomed, in her father's house to nurse her  
grief,  
Till dart-rejoicing Dian's shaft brought gentle death's  
relief.  
Now, Hector, thou art mother kind and father fond to me,  
Brother and husband dear I find, and all my love in  
thee.

Stay here ; this tower thy fortress be ; some ruthless pity  
show,

Nor orphaned make thy boy, and me to die in widowed  
woe.

Beside the fig-tree plant our valiant men ; for chiefly  
there

The wall invites the assaulter's might, and our defence is  
bare :

'Twas here the twain Atridæ first essayed the bold  
advance,

And here far-famed Idomeneus stood, and shook his  
Cretan lance ;

Whether some wise diviner told the warriors here to try  
Their strength, or our weak point themselves discerned  
with watchful eye."

To whom crest-flickering Hector tall thus made the  
wise reply :

"Woman, these thoughts me too have moved ; but how  
could Hector bear

The taunts of Trojan men, and long-trained Trojan  
women fair,

If in the rear of sword and spear I skulk, myself to spare?  
No craven soul is mine ; I go, at my own heart's com-

mand,  
First in the shock of foe with foe for sacred Troy to

stand,  
And for myself and for my sire reap glory. Well I know

The day shall be, when sacred Troy from its top shall  
tumble low ;

And Priam old of the ashen spear by Argive hand shall  
die,

With all his folk. But not for them so inly moved am I,  
For Priam not, with all his folk, and Hecuba, mother

mine,  
Nor all my brothers, whom the Greeks in their dear lives

did fine,  
As I for thee am moved, to think upon the evil day,

When Argives copper-mailed on thee the violent hand  
shall lay,

Nor reck thy tears, and bear thee hence, a captive far  
away

To Argos. There thy hand shall weave a web for others'  
 pleasure,  
 And from Messeis well, or Hypereia's, thou shalt  
 measure  
 Thy toilsome way with water, meekly bearing scapeless  
 woe.  
 Then thou shalt weep ; and one shall say, when he sees  
 the salt tears flow :  
 This woman once was Hector's wife, a valiant-hearted  
 wight,  
 'Mong the horse-taming Trojans aye the foremost in the  
 fight.  
 Thus shall one say ; and bitter tears afresh thy cheeks  
 shall furrow,  
 That near to thee no more is he, whose love should heal  
 thy sorrow.  
 But o'er my head black earth be spread, before on  
 Trojan plain  
 I hear thy cry, when captive led, and see thy dragging  
 chain !"  
 Thus he ; and stretched his arm, to clasp his infant  
 son so dear,  
 But on the breast of his well-zoned nurse the babe shrunk  
 back with fear,  
 Scared at the gleam of the burnished brass, which cased  
 that warrior dread,  
 And screamed to see the horse-hair crest high nodding  
 o'er his head.  
 The father laughed, the mother smiled ; then Hector  
 brave unbound  
 The helmet from his head, and laid it glittering on the  
 ground,  
 And kissed his son, and dandled him aloft with fondest  
 joy ;  
 Then to great Jove, and all the gods, thus prayed to bless  
 the boy :  
 " Jove, and ye mighty gods, grant this my son, one day,  
 may be,  
 As I am now to Trojan men—the bulwark of the free,  
 Ruling o'er Troy by valorous might ; then from the  
 hostile fray

Shall some one see him home return, and thus shall proudly say :

From a good sire a better son has rescued Troy to-day !  
And when he bears proud trophies, through the sounding streets of Troy,

His mother shall behold her son, and her heart shall leap for joy !”

He spake ; and to his dear wife's hands he gave the lovely child :

She took him to her balmy breast, and, through her weeping smiled.

Then Hector touched her with his hand, and spoke, and soothed her so :

“Too tender wife, why wilt thou fret thy heart with fruitless woe ;

No hand of man, beyond the plan of Fate, can strike a blow  
At me ; the coward and the brave from birth to deathful gloom

Live but to ripen to its seed their fixed forewoven doom.  
But go thou home with quiet heart, and in thy peaceful room  
Ply works that suit a woman's part—the spindle and the loom ;

And bid thy maidens toil ; for me, and all the men of Troy—

My care shall be to fight for thee, and this our darling boy !”

Thus he ; and his horse-hair-plumèd helm the godlike chief of Troy

Took from the ground ; then homeward went Ætion's daughter dear,

And oft she stopt, and oft she turned, and dropt the frequent tear.

Soon to the goodly house she came of her dear lord ; and there

Found all her maids, and bade them rend with mournful cries the air.

For Hector living, as though dead, the sad wail they prepare ;

For never more his loved return these eyes, they said, shall know,

'Scaped from the power of the deadly stour, and the gripe of the Argive foe.

## DEMODOCUS—THE BLIND BARD.

BY HOMER.

IN the eighth book of "The Odyssey" a Blind Bard named Demodocus is represented pretty much in the condition and circumstances in which we suppose Homer himself was often placed. The high consideration awarded to the Minstrel, whose gifts were real and attractive, are set forth "in good set terms." The King of Phæacia, Alcinous, calls, by a Herald, "the bard illustrious" to a great feast, at which Ulysses was present, though not known. Of the lines descriptive of the scene we quote the following from Dean Alford's Version.

Filled were the halls with men, the courts, and porches,  
Assembling : many were the young and aged.

Then came the herald the sweet songster bringing,  
Whom loved the Muse, and gave him good and evil :  
Of sight amerced, but with sweet song endowed him.  
For him Pontonotis a seat silver-studded  
Placed in the midst, against a pillar leaning :  
Then from a peg the shrill-toned lyre suspended  
Above his head, his hands to find it guiding.  
Then by him placed a basket, and fair table,  
And bowl of wine, to drink whene'er he listed.  
Then their hands stretched they to the ready banquet.  
But when with meat and drink each soul was sated,  
The Muse inspired the bard to sing of heroes,  
Of war, whose fame up to broad heaven extended :  
The strife of Peleus' offspring and Odysseus,  
How once they strove, at banquet sacrificial,  
With furious words : meanwhile king Agamemnon  
Rejoiced at heart, while strove the Achæan rulers.  
For bright Apollo gave him sign prophetic  
In sacred Pytho, when the marble threshold

He crossed consulting, when rolled on the quarrel  
 Of Greeks and Trojans, by great Zeus's counsel.  
 Thus sung the bard renowned. Meanwhile Odysseus  
 His purple cloak with both his strong hands grasping  
 Wrapped round his head, veiling his lordly visage,  
 Lest the Phæacians see the tears down falling.  
 Then when the bard divine his song had ended,  
 Wiping his tears, his head he straight uncovered,  
 Took the two-handed bowl, and made libations.  
 But when he 'gan afresh, the chief Phæacians  
 Bidding him sing, and in his strains delighting,  
 Again Odysseus veiled his head in sorrow.

Approached the herald, the sweet poet leading,  
 Demodocus, prized by the people : and he set him  
 Amid the feasters, 'gainst a pillar leaning.  
 Then many-schemed Odysseus called the herald,  
 From a chine cutting, but the most part leaving,  
 Of white-tusked boar, with ample fat surrounded :

Herald, this piece Demodocus take to eat it,  
 I would embrace him gladly, though in sorrow :  
 For among men who dwell on earth, are songsters  
 Worthy of praise and reverence ; for the Muses  
 Teach them their lays, and love the hero songsters.

He spoke : the herald bore it to the hero  
 Demodocus, who received it, inly gladdened.\*

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\* In an article on "The Greek Drama" Professor JOHN WILSON says—"Homer was the father of Epic poetry, because in him the genius of the soul, obeying heavenly instinct and instruction, chose to be Epic. But how dramatic, too, and how lyric likewise, is the blind Melesegines ! Had it not been his doom to pour forth Epics—had the Iliad and the Odyssey 'slumbered yet in uncreated dust,'—what had hindered him from bequeathing to his kind Tragedies and Odes ? Milton walked in his blindness up and down the whole of 'Paradise—Lost and Regained.' But is 'Samson Agonistes' not a tragedy ? Is his 'Christmas Hymn' not an ode ? Then never by human hand, become angelical, shall harp-string be smote in heaven."

THE MOURNING MOTHER OF THE  
DEAD BLIND.

By E. B. BROWNING.

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**E**LIZABETH BARRETT, who afterwards became Mrs Browning, was born in London 1809. She was educated with great care, and early displayed signs of genius. "An Essay on Mind, and other Poems" appeared from her pen at the age of seventeen. Many other poems embodying great and noble thoughts in appropriate language were subsequently added by her to the treasury of English Literature—the latest and greatest being "Aurora Leigh." She married Mr Robert Browning in 1846, and died at Florence 29th June 1861.

I.

Dost thou weep, mourning mother,  
For thy blind boy in the grave?  
That no more with each other  
Purest counsel ye can have?  
That *he*, left dark by nature,  
Can never more be led  
By thee, maternal creature,  
Along smooth paths instead?  
That thou can'st no more show him  
The sunshine, by the heat;  
The river's silver flowing,  
By murmurs at his feet?  
The foliage, by its coolness;  
The roses, by their smell;  
And all creation's fulness,  
By Love's invisible?



Weapest thou to behold not  
His meek blind eyes again—  
Closed doorways which were folded,  
And prayed against in vain—  
And under which sate smiling  
The child-mouth evermore,  
As one who watcheth, wiling  
The time by, at a door?  
And weapest thou to feel not  
His clinging hand on thine—  
Which now, at dream-time, will not  
Its cold hands disentwine?  
And weapest thou still oft,  
Oh, never more to mark  
His low, soft words, made softer  
By speaking in the dark :  
Weep on, thou mourning mother !

## II.

But since to him when living,  
Thou wert both sun and moon,  
Look o'er his grave, surviving,  
From a high sphere alone !  
Sustain that exaltation—  
Expend the tender light,  
And hold in mother-passion,  
Thy Blessed, in thy sight.  
See how he went out straightway  
From the dark world he knew ;  
No twilight in the gateway  
To mediate 'twixt the two ;  
Into the sudden glory,  
Out of the dark he trod,  
Departing from before thee  
At once to light and GOD !  
For the first face, beholding  
The Christ's in its divine ;  
For the first place, the golden  
And tideless hyaline ;

With trees, at lasting summer,  
That rock to tuneful sound,  
While angels, the new comer,  
Wrap a still smile around.  
Oh, in the blessed psalm, now,  
His happy voice he tries,  
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,  
Than others, o'er his eyes ;  
Yet still, in all his singing,  
Thinks highly of thy song  
Which, in his life's first springing,  
Sang to him all night long,  
And wishes it beside him,  
With kissing lips that cool  
And soft did overglide him,  
To make the sweetness full.  
Look up, O mourning mother,  
Thy blind boy walks in light !  
Ye wait for one another,  
Before God's infinite !  
But *thou* art now the darkest,  
Thou mother left below—  
*Thou*, the sole blind—thou markest,  
Content that it be so,—  
Until ye to give meeting  
Where Heaven's pearl-gate is,  
And *he* shall lead thy feet in,  
As once thou leddest *his* !  
Wait on, thou mourning mother !

## THE HAPPY BLIND GIRL.

By J. E. CARPENTER.

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THE natural feeling and graceful expression of these lines by J. E. Carpenter, who is the Author of "Songs: Sacred and Devotional," show that their writer has sympathy, taste, and the power of embodying fine thought in fit words.

Oh ! stranger, do not pity me,  
Nor pass me with a sigh,  
Because the great and blessed light  
Is hidden from mine eye ;  
What though I cannot *see* the orb—  
I feel the warm sunshine,  
My mind has conjur'd up a world  
As beautiful as thine.

I mark no change—I know not what  
The world has called decay,  
My fertile spots are ever-green  
That never fade away ;  
I never doubt—I never fear,  
I praise but never blame ;  
My creed it is a blessed one,  
And always is the same.

I never knew a vain regret,  
I never wished to see,  
I would not that ideal lose  
So beautiful to me ;  
They tell of fair and beauteous scenes  
Of splendour and of state,  
But tell they not of others too,  
Too fearful to relate ?

What though I cannot gaze upon  
The beauty of the rose,  
Nor ponder o'er the flowers that such  
Variety disclose?  
I do not see them one by one  
Droop—wither—fade and die,  
Their perfume is as dear to me  
When they forgotten lie!

I cannot see the antique form  
Of viol, harp, or lute,  
I know no beauty of the shape,  
When their strange tones are mute;  
But, when I strike the loud wild chords,  
Or they are struck for me,  
I feel as only they can feel  
Who feel but do not see!

They say the plumage of the bird  
Is lovely to behold,  
As, 'mid the living morning air,  
Its wings it doth unfold;  
I do not see, but I can hear  
The soft, sweet strains above,  
That seem to breathe the melody  
Of wisdom and of love.

Then, stranger, do not pity me,  
Nor pass me with a sigh,  
Because the great and blessed light  
Is hidden from mine eye;  
He cannot walk in darkness who  
Throughout his life has trod  
The paths of virtue, and who feels  
The presence of his God!

AN INCIDENT IN SACRED HISTORY.

BY REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

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THE author of this Poem was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became Rector of Rugby in 1825. A volume of Poems, notable for pathetic pensiveness, was published by him in 1837, and, during his lifetime, went through three editions.

'Twas when our Lord was journeying from stately Jericho,  
And multitudes around his path did gather still and grow;  
For wondrous were the words he spake—pure words of  
truth and grace,  
And all the love of Earth and Heaven was beaming from  
his face;  
And miracles of healing might, his blessed hand had  
done,  
Proclaiming Him, to faithful eyes, the Lord's anointed  
Son.

Now as he to the city gate, in earnest speech, drew nigh,  
A blind man sat beside the road, and begg'd of passers  
by;  
He heard the hum of multitudes—the myriad-footed  
tread—  
And in his darkness, anxiously, "What meaneth this?"  
he said—  
"What mean these sounds of thronging crowds?"—and  
thus men made reply,  
"Jesus, the blessed Nazarene—'tis He who passeth by."  
Then suddenly a gleam of light shot through the beggar's  
mind,  
His inward eye was lightened, and his heart no longer  
blind;

Faith brought him back the world without, in blissful  
 vision shown,  
 And said it might, by Heaven's rich grace, become once  
 more his own,  
 So straight he raised his eager voice, and piteously cried  
 he—  
 "Jesus! thou Son of David! have mercy upon me!"

His cry disturbed the listening groups, the foremost in the  
 way,  
 "Now hold thy peace, bold beggar—trouble not our  
 Lord," they say,  
 But little heeded he their words, for in his mental eye,  
 Familiar faces, youthful scenes, long lost, were passing  
 by;  
 And still he raised his earnest voice, and piteously cried  
 he,  
 "Jesus! thou Son of David! have mercy upon me!"

Our Lord stood still, and fixed on him a mild approving  
 glance,  
 Till the blind man felt the sunshine of his beaming  
 countenance;—  
 "Forbid him not, but rather guide his steps to me," he  
 said—  
 And the beggar to his presence, straight by pitying hands  
 was led;  
 And as he knelt before Him, with raised hands and  
 bended knee—  
 "Tell me," he said, "what wilt thou that I should do  
 for thee?"

That voice of heavenly mercy through the blind man's  
 bosom thrilled,  
 As sweetly as the dew of Heaven on Hermon's brow  
 distill'd.  
 He felt the pressure of the grief that on his spirit lay,  
 But felt that soon, at His dear word, that grief would  
 pass away;

Nor paused he for a moment's space, but cried in deep  
delight,

"Lord! this I would—that, from thy hand, I might  
receive my sight!"

"Receive thy sight," our Lord replied—"thy faith hath  
made thee whole"—

And the blind man rose, with sight restored to body and  
to soul;

And blithely in His Saviour's track, with eager steps he  
trod,

And blessed him for his healing grace, and glorified his  
God.

And all the crowds, that throng'd around, with echoing  
hearts replied—

"Our God, and Jesus Christ, his Son, for this be  
glorified!"

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### THE SYRIANS.

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*'Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they  
that be with them.'*

When Syria's proud monarch in vain  
The armies of Israel oppos'd,  
He saw, with vexation and pain,  
His plots by Elisha disclos'd;  
And threat'ning with insolent boast,  
The prophet in Dothan he found;  
And came in the night with a host,  
To compass the city around.

Elisha's weak servant, afraid,  
When morning display'd them to view,  
Exclaim'd at their numbers dismay'd,  
"My master, ah, what shall we do!"  
"O be not thus vainly distrest!"  
The prophet of Israel replied;  
"For now, to await my behest,  
Are myriads arrang'd on my side."

And he pray'd that the Author of light,  
In mercy would open his eyes,  
And give him a ravishing sight  
Of all the celestial allies;  
Then wrapt in the visions of God,  
His servant obtain'd the desire;  
And lo! on the mountain abroad,  
Were horses and chariots of fire.

And now, as the Syrians came nigh,  
Their hated opposer to find,  
Commission'd with strength from on high,  
He struck the whole multitude blind;  
Thus wand'ring in utter distress,  
Surrounded with darkness and woe,  
Their terrors what words can express,  
When found in the camp of a foe?

E'en so will the Lord interfere  
For those who delight in his name:  
For God is continually near,—  
Omnipotence ever the same!  
And blest by his presence divine,  
Our foes we shall boldly withstand;  
Nor heed though the universe join,  
If righteousness dwells in the land.



## THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

**W**ILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cocker-  
mouth, in Cumberland, 7th April 1770. He was  
brought up in his native place, and at Penrith during  
boyhood, as he lost his mother in the eighth and his  
father in the fourteenth year of his age. He studied at  
St. John's College, Cambridge. He travelled some time  
on the Continent, entered into friendship with Coleridge,  
began to develop his poetic genius, and, having received  
a Government appointment as Commissioner of Stamps,  
settled in the Vale of Grasmere. He married Mary  
Hutchinson in 1802, and in 1813 established himself at  
Rydal Mount, beside Lake Windermere. On the death  
of Southey he accepted the Laureateship. His wise,  
virtuous, and happy life, closed in 1850.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,  
We've romped enough, my little Boy !  
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
And you shall bring your stool and rest ;  
This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly ;  
And, as I promised, I will tell  
That strange adventure which befell  
A poor Blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland Boy*!—why call him so?  
Because, my darlings, ye must know,  
In land where many a mountain towers,  
Far higher hills than these of ours!  
He from his birth had liv'd.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;  
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;  
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
Nor had a melancholy mind;  
For God took pity on the Boy,  
And was his friend; and gave him joy  
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt, above  
Her other children him did love:  
For, was she here, or was she there,  
She thought of him with constant care,  
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To kirk he on the Sabbath-day  
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed;  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleased to hear and see;  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor Blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;  
Both when he heard the eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their cottage stood. }

Beside a lake their cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;  
But one of mighty size, and strange ;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,  
The great sea-water finds its way  
Through long, long windings of the hills ;  
And drinks up all the pretty rills  
And rivers large and strong :

Then hurries back the road it came—  
Returns on errand still the same ;  
This did it when the earth was new ;  
And this for evermore will do,  
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,  
Come boats and ships, that sweetly ride,  
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;  
And to the shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The Blind Boy always had his share ;  
Whether of mighty towns, or vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirr'd,  
When, from the water-side, he heard  
The shouting and the jolly cheers,  
The bustle of the mariners,  
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?  
For he must never handle sail ;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In sailor's ship or fisher's boat  
Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this : " My son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;  
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old.

When, one day (and now mark me well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befell)  
He's in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift water hurrying down  
Towards the mighty sea.

In such a vessel, never more  
May human creature leave the shore !—  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind mariner !  
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him ?—Ye have seen  
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright,  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that haven in the glen ;  
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,  
And to the boy they all were known ;  
He knew and prized them all.

And one the rarest was a shell  
Which he, poor child, had studied well ;  
The shell of a green turtle, thin  
And hollow ; you might sit therein,  
    It was so wide and deep.

'Twas even the largest of its kind,  
Large, thin, and light, as birch-tree rind,  
So light a shell that it would swim,  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
    Above the tossing surge.

And this the little Blind Boy knew :  
And he a story strange, yet true,  
Had heard, how in a shell like this  
An English boy, O thought of bliss !  
    Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launch'd from the margin of a bay  
Among the Indian Isles, where lay  
His father's ship, and had sailed far,  
To join that gallant ship of war,  
    In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited  
The house which held this prize ; and, led  
By choice or chance, did thither come,  
One day, when no one was at home,  
    And found the door unbarred.

While there he sat, alone and blind,  
That story flashed upon his mind,—  
A bold thought roused him, and he took  
The shell from out its secret nook,  
    And bore it in his arms.

And with the happy burden hied,  
And pushed it from Loch Leven's side,—  
Stepped into it ; and, without dread,  
Following the fancies in his head,  
    He paddled up and down.

Awhile he stood upon his feet ;  
He felt the motion—took his seat ;  
And dallied thus, till from the shore  
The tide retreating more and more  
    Had sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is, in face of heaven.  
How rapidly the child is driven !  
The fourth part of a mile I ween  
He thus had gone, ere he was seen  
    By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me,  
What shrieking and what misery !  
For many saw ; among the rest  
His mother, she who loved him best,  
    She saw her poor Blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,  
It is the triumph of his joy !  
The bravest traveller in balloon,  
Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
    Was never half so bless'd.

And let him, let him go his way,  
Alone, and innocent, and gay !  
For, if good angels love to wait  
On the forlorn unfortunate,  
    This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
The cries which broke from old and young  
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
    Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly, with a silent crew,  
A boat is ready to pursue ;  
And from the shore their course they take,  
And swiftly down the running lake  
    They follow the Blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace ;  
So have ye seen the fowler chase,  
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast,  
A youngling of the wild duck's nest,  
With deftly lifted oar.

Or, as the wily sailors crept  
To seize (while on the deep it slept)  
The hapless creature which did dwell,  
Erewhile, within the dancing shell,  
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made  
They follow, more and more afraid,  
More cautious as they draw more near ;  
But in his darkness he can hear,  
And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—then did he cry  
"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—most eagerly ;  
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
And what he meant was, "Keep away,  
And leave me to myself!"

Alas ! and when he felt their hands——  
You've often heard of magic wands,  
That with a motion overthrow  
A palace of the proudest show,  
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light  
With which his soul had shone so bright,  
All vanish'd ;—'twas a heartfelt cross  
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice  
With which the very hills rejoice :  
'Tis from the crowd, who, tremblingly,  
Had watch'd the event, and now can see  
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,  
Full sure they were a happy band,  
Which, gathering round, did on the banks  
Of that great water give God thanks,  
And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart  
The Blind Boy's little dog took part ;  
He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his mother dear,  
She who had fainted with her fear,  
Rejoiced when, waking, she espies  
The child ; when she can trust her eyes,  
And touches the Blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,  
When he was in the house again :  
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;  
She could not blame him, or chastise :  
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
The perilous deep, the Boy was saved ;  
And, though his fancies had been wild,  
Yet he was pleased, and reconciled  
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell  
Still do they keep the turtle shell ;  
And long the story will repeat  
Of the Blind Boy's adventurous feat,  
And how he was preserved.



## THE BLIND BEGGAR.

By JOHN WOLCOTT.

**J**OHN WOLCOTT, better known as "Peter Pindar," was born at Dodbroke, in Devonshire, in 1738. He led a strange and varied life, trying by turns medicine, theology, poetry, and politics. For some years before his death in 1819 he was quite blind.

WELCOME, thou man of sorrows, to my door !  
A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find ;  
And lo, thy guiding dog my cares implore !  
O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas ! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,  
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear ;  
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,  
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear ?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow :  
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress ;  
I am thy debtor—much to thee I owe ;  
For learn—the greatest blessing is to bless.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,  
And quiv'ring lip, to Fancy seem to say :  
" A more than common Beggar we bespeak ;  
A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,  
And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsy'd head,  
Tho' silent, speak with tongues that must be heard,  
Nay, must command, if Virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,  
Shall give the village lads the soften'd soul,  
To aid the victims of Life's frequent storm,  
And smooth the surges that around them roll :

Teach them that Poverty may Merit shroud ;  
And teach, that Virtue may from Misery spring ;  
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,  
That spreads on Nature's smile its raven wing.

O let me own the heart which pants to bless ;  
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store ;  
But looks around for objects of distress,  
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor !

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,  
Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow !  
To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,  
And lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe !

Lo ! not the little birds shall chirp in vain,  
And hovering round me, vainly court my care ;  
While I possess the life-preserving grain,  
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at Spring's return,  
And hear while Summer spreads her golden store ;  
Yet, when the gloom of Winter bids ye mourn,  
Heed not the plaintive voice that charm'd before ?

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,  
Strews with some flow'rs the road of life for me ;  
Ah ! can humanity desert my mind ?  
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee ?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,  
And warring elements, to warmth and peace ;  
Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,  
Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate ;  
Now on his master turns his gladdened eyes ;  
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,  
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove :  
 A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise ;  
 There shall the village children show their love,  
 And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,  
 Charm thee with orisons to opening day ;  
 And there the redbreast, on the leafless thorn,  
 At eve shall soothe thee with a simple lay.

When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe,  
 Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes ;  
 With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,  
 And wish to join its passage to the skies.

## THE EYES.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE following hexameters—worthy of a place among  
*The Curiosities of Literature*—were composed by  
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge, on his recovery from an  
 access of temporary blindness from which he had suffered,  
 in 1799.

OH what a life is the *eyes* ! What a strange and inscrut-  
 able essence !  
 Him that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that warms  
 him ;  
 Him that never beheld the swelling breasts of his mother ;  
 Him that smiles in his gladness, as a babe that smiles in  
 its slumber ;  
 Even for him it exists ! It moves and stirs in its prison !  
 Lives with a separate life, and "Is it a spirit?" he  
 murmurs.  
 Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to *see* is only a  
 language.

## BLIND MATTHEW.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THIS exquisitely real and sweetly simple poem is from the pen of Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"). It first appeared in *The Quiver*, and was reissued in *Ballads and Songs*, a volume published by this amiable self-taught poet in 1879.

BLIND Matthew, coming down the village street  
With slow, sure footsteps, pauses for a while,  
And in the sunlight falling soft and sweet  
His features brighten to a kindly smile.

Upon his ear the sounds of toil and gain,  
Clanking from wood-girt shop and smithy, steal,  
And soft he whispers, "O my fellow-men,  
I cannot see you, but I hear and feel."

Then smiling still he slowly steps along,  
And every kindly word and friendly tone,  
Like the old fragment of an early song,  
Wakes thoughts that make the past again his own.

The children see him, and in merry band  
Come shouting from their glad and healthy play,  
"Here is blind Matthew, let us take his hand,  
And see if he can guess our names to-day."

Then all around him throng, and run, and press,  
And lead him to his seat beneath the tree,  
Each striving to be first, for his caress,  
Or gain the favoured seat upon his knee.

And Matthew, happy in their artless prate,  
Cries, as he slips into their guileless plan,  
" Now she who holds my right hand is sweet Kate,  
And she who holds my left is little Anne."

Then all the children leap with joyful cries,  
Till one fair prattler nestling on his breast  
Whispers, " Blind Matthew, tell us when your eyes  
Shall have their light, and open like the rest?"

Then closer still he draws the little one,  
Laying his hand upon her golden head ;  
Then speaks with low, soft, sweet, and solemn tone,  
While all the rest range round with quiet tread.

He tells how Christ, in ages long ago,  
Came down to earth in human shape and name,  
Walking His pilgrimage, begirt with woe,  
And laying healing hands on blind and lame.

Then of blind Bartimeus, the beggar, he  
Who by the wayside sat, and cried in awe,  
" Jesus, Thou Son of David, look on me ;"  
And Jesus look'd and touch'd him, and he saw.

" But not on earth these eyes of mine shall fill  
With light," thus Matthew ends, " for in this night  
I must grope on with Christ to guide me still,  
And He will lead me through the grave to light.

" So when you miss old Matthew from the street,  
And in the quiet of the churchyard lies  
A new-made grave, to draw your timid feet,  
Then will you know that Christ has touch'd my eyes."

## BLIND BELISARIUS.<sup>1</sup>

By JOHN COLLINS.

THIS somewhat rough but really noble and original poem first appeared in a rare little book, entitled *Scriptscrapologia*, 1804, and was re-issued in *Plumtre's Songs*, 1806, in a revised form (of which we make use). Its author died in 1802.

HEAVEN'S gifts are unequal in this world awarded  
As the wise page of history to us has recorded ;  
Since the learn'd, great, and good, of its frowns seldom  
scape any :—

Witness brave Belisarius, who begg'd for a halfpenny :—  
“ *Date obolum, Date obolum, Date obolum, Belisario,*”

He whose fame from his valour and victories arose, sir,  
Of his country the shield, and the scourge of her foes, sir :  
By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged, was led  
With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread.

When a young Roman knight, in the street passing by,  
The veteran survey'd with a heart-rending sigh :  
His purse in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear,  
While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear.

<sup>1</sup> Belisarius, a Thracian peasant, became the most successful General of the Roman Empire, under the Emperor Justinian. He fought against, and overthrew, the Vandals in Africa, and the Goths in Italy. Having been accused of conspiracy against Justinian, he was stripped of his property, deprived of his eyesight, and left to wander as a poor blind beggar in the city of Constantinople. He died 565 A.D. On this traditional story J. F. Marmontel has founded his *Historico-philosophic Romance, Belisaire.*

“ I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome ;  
 I have crown'd her with laurels, which for ages shall  
 bloom ;  
 I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride and her  
 power :  
 I espous'd her for life,—and disgrace is my dower !

“ Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random,  
 Losing thousands their lives by a *nil desperandum* :  
 But each conquest I gain'd, I made friend and foe know  
 That my soul's only aim was *pro publico bono*.

“ Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or self,  
 Has my glory been tarnish'd by base views of pelf :  
 For such sordid designs I've so far been from carving,  
 Old and blind, I've no choice, but of begging or starving.

“ Now if soldier or statesman, of what age or nation  
 He hereafter may be, should hear this relation,  
 And of eyesight bereft, should like me grope his way,  
 The bright sunbeams of virtue will turn night to day !

“ But if wanting that light, at the close of life's spark,  
 He at length comes to take the great leap in the dark,  
 He may wish, while his friends wring their hands round  
 his bed,  
 That, like poor Belisarius, he'd begg'd for his bread.

“ But I to distress and to darkness inured,  
 In this vile crust of clay when no longer immured,  
 At death's welcome stroke my bright course shall begin,  
 sir,  
 And enjoy endless day from the sunshine within, sir :—  
 ‘ *Date obolum, Date obolum, Date obolum, Belisario.* ’”

## WEE JAMIE'S FAREWELL.

BY HELEN ACQUROFF.

THESE verses, intended to represent the dying words of a sorely-trying little boy, are the composition of the authoress of a popular volume of *Readings, Songs, etc.*, whose talents have won her the favourable regard of many. She is blind, and owed her training to the School for the Blind, Edinburgh.

MOTHER, farewell ! Father, farewell !

I go to Glory, where saints and angels dwell,  
Three I shall be from cold and hunger free.  
I must not linger here, the Lord hath need of me.  
Leave all your sorrow ; pain and toil shall cease ;  
Then we shall meet in realms of joy and peace :  
Crowns we shall wear, and conquerors' palms will bear.  
Jesus has built us a mansion bright and fair !

Yes, there is room for all who come.

Jesus is waiting to lead the wanderers home.  
Trust in His grace and in that happy place  
You'll dwell for ever, and see your Father's face.  
Now, I am going ; earthly friends, good-bye !  
Come, dearest father, kiss me ere I die.  
Angels shall keep watch o'er me while I sleep.  
Jesus is with me, dear mother, do not weep.

I have a Guide : close by my side

In the lone journey my Saviour will abide :  
He'll be my stay, tho' darksome is the way.  
I shall awake in a world of endless day !  
Sweet strains of music fall upon my ear :  
Angels are singing. Surely Heaven is near.  
Christ calls for me, from Death to set me free.  
Gracious Redeemer ! I yield myself to Thee !



## THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

*From the Gascon of Jasmin.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

JACQUES JASMIN was born at Agen, Lot-et-Garonne, 6th March 1798. His father was a hunch-backed tailor and wit, and his mother was lame. He had little schooling, and was early apprenticed to a barber. He commenced business for himself and married. He wrote with facility gay smooth verses which soon became popular. In 1837 this poem, *L'Abugio de Castèl-Cuille*, greatly increased his fame, and showed he was, like Hood, as full of pathos as of humour. He was crowned Laureate of Toulouse. His poems are written in Gascon French—the old language of the Troubadours.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;  
Let me attempt it with an English quill;  
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

### I.

At the foot of the mountain height  
Where is perched Castèl-Cuille,  
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree  
In the plain below were growing white,  
This is the song one might perceive  
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve :

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,  
 Seemed from the clouds descending ;  
 When lo ! a merry company  
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,  
 Each one with her attendant swain,  
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;  
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,  
 Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven had sent  
 For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,  
 And soon descending  
 The narrow sweep  
 Of the hill-side steep,  
 They wind aslant  
 Towards Saint Amant,  
 Through leafy alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys,  
 With merry sallies  
 Singing their chant :

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,  
 With garlands for the bridal laden !  
 The sky was blue, without one cloud of gloom,  
 The sun of March was shining brightly,  
 And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly  
 Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,  
 A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !  
 To sounds of joyous melodies,  
 That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom.  
 A band of maidens  
 Gayly frolicking,  
 A band of youngsters  
 Wildly rollicking !  
 Kissing,  
 Caressing,

With fingers pressing,  
 Till in the veriest  
 Madness of mirth, as they dance,  
 They retreat and advance,  
 Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest ;  
 While the bride, with roguish eyes,  
 Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :  
 " Those who catch me  
     Married verily  
     This year shall be !"

And all pursue with eager haste,  
 And all attain what they pursue,  
 And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,  
 And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among  
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,  
 So joyous, with such laughing air,  
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue ?  
 And yet the bride is fair and young !  
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,  
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall ?  
 O, no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,  
 Never bore so lofty a brow !  
 What lovers ! they give not a single caress !  
 To see them so careless and cold to-day,  
 These are grand people, one would say.  
 What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth him oppress ?

It is, that, half way up the hill,  
 In yon cottage, by whose walls  
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,  
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,  
 Daughter of a veteran old ;  
 And you must know, one year ago,  
 That Margaret, the young and tender,  
 Was the village pride and splendour,  
 And Baptiste her lover bold.  
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;  
 For them the altar was prepared ;

But alas ! the summer's blight,  
The dread disease that none can stay,  
The pestilence that walks by night,  
Took the young bride's sight away.

All, at the father's stern command, was changed ;  
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.  
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled ;  
Returned but three short days ago,  
The golden chain they round him throw,  
He is enticed, and onward led  
To marry Angela, and yet  
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !  
Here comes the cripple Jane !" And by a fountain's side  
A woman, bent and gray with years,  
Under the mulberry trees appears,  
And all towards her run, as fleet  
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,  
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.  
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.  
She promises one a village swain,  
Another a happy wedding-day,  
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.  
All comes to pass as she avers ;  
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer  
Wears a countenance severe,  
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white  
Her two eyes flash, like cannons bright  
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,  
Who, like a statue, stands in view ;  
Changing colour, as well he might,  
When the beldame wrinkled and gray  
Takes the young bride by the hand,  
And, with the tip of her reedy wand

Making the sign of the cross, doth say :—  
 “Thoughtless Angela, beware !  
 Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,  
 Thou diggest for thyself a tomb !”  
 And she was silent ; and the maidens fair  
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;  
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
 What are two drops of turbid rain ?  
 Saddened a moment, the bridal train  
 Resumed the dance and song again ;  
 The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;—  
 And down green alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys,  
 With merry sallies,  
 They sang the refrain :

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

## II.

And by suffering worn and weary,  
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
 Thus lamented Margaret,  
 In her cottage lone and dreary :—

“He has arrived ! arrived at last !  
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;  
 Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !  
 And knows that of my night he is the star !  
 Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,  
 And count the moments since he went away !  
 Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,  
 That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !  
 What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?  
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;  
 Day for the others ever, but for me  
 For ever night ! for ever night !

When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !  
 I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.  
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;  
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes.  
 Within them shines for me a heaven of love,  
 A heaven all happiness, like that above,  
     No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !  
 Earth I forget, and heaven, and all distresses,  
 When seated by my side my hand he presses ;  
     But when alone, remember all !  
 Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !  
 A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,  
     I need some bough to twine around !  
 In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !  
 True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !  
     What then—when one is blind ?

“Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !  
 Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !  
     O God ! what thoughts within me waken !  
 Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !  
     He will return ! I need not fear !  
     He swore it by our Saviour dear ;  
     He could not come at his own will ;  
     Is weary, or perhaps is ill !  
     Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,  
     Prepares for me some sweet surprise !  
 But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !  
 And that deceives me not ! 't is he ! 't is he !”

And the door ajar is set,  
 And poor, confiding Margaret  
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes ;  
 'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus cries :—

“Angela the bride has passed !  
 I saw the wedding guests go by ;  
 Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ?  
 For all are there but you and I !”

“Angela married ! and not send  
 To tell her secret unto me !

O, speak ! who may the bridegroom be ?"  
" My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy friend !"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said ;  
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks ;  
    An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
    Descending, as her brother speaks,  
    Upon her heart that has ceased to beat,  
    Suspends awhile its life and heat.  
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,  
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again  
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

" Hark ! the joyous airs are ringing !  
Sister, dost thou hear them singing ?  
How merrily they laugh and jest !  
Would we were bidden with the rest !  
I would don my hose of homespun gray,  
And my doublet of linen striped and gay ;  
Perhaps they will come ; for they do not wed  
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said !"

" I know it !" answered Margaret ;  
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,  
Mastered again ; and its hand of ice  
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !

" Paul, be not sad ! 'T is a holiday ;  
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay !  
But leave me now for a while alone."  
Away, with a hop and jump went Paul,  
And as he whistled along the hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

" Holy Virgin ! what dreadful heat !  
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath !  
But thou art cold—art chill as death ;  
My little friend ! what ails thee, sweet ?"

" Nothing ! I heard them singing home the bride ;  
And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come ere long,

Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide,  
 Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
 To me such joy they prophesy,  
 Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide  
 When they behold him at my side.  
 And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?  
 It must seem long to him ;—methinks I see him now !”  
 Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press :  
 “Thy love I cannot all approve ;  
 We must not trust too much to happiness ;—  
 Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less !”  
 “The more I pray, the more I love !  
 It is no sin, for God is on my side !”  
 It was enough ; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold ;  
 But to deceive the beldame old  
 She takes a sweet, contented air,  
 Speaks of foul weather or of fair,  
 At every word the maiden smiles !  
 Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;  
 So that departing at the evening’s close,  
 She says, “She may be saved ! she nothing knows !”

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !  
 Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess !  
 This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,  
 Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

## III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,  
 And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,  
 Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,  
 How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
 The one puts on her cross and crown,  
 Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,  
 And flaunting, fluttering up and down,  
 Looks at herself, and cannot rest.



The other, blind, within her little room,  
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;  
But in their stead for something gropes apart,  
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,  
And 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,  
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,  
'Mid kisses ringing,  
And joyous singing,  
Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,  
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,  
"O God ! forgive me now !"

And then the Orphan, young and blind,  
Conducted by her brother's hand,  
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,  
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
Round her at times exhale,  
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,  
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,  
Marvels of nature and of art,  
And proud of its name of high degree,  
A little chapel, almost bare  
At the base of the rock, is builded there ;  
All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
Above each jealous cottage roof,  
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
And its blackened steeple high in air,  
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by !"  
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we ? we ascend !"  
"Yes ; seest thou not our journey's end ?  
Hearst not the osprey from the belfry cry ?

The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know !  
 Dost thou remember when our father said,  
 The night we watched beside his bed,  
     ‘ O daughter, I am weak and low ;  
 Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am dying !’  
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying ?  
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud ;  
 And here they brought our father in his shroud.  
 There is his grave ; there stands the cross we set ?  
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret ?  
     Come in ! The bride will be here soon :  
 Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to swoon !”

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary !  
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,  
 “ What wouldst thou do, my daughter ?”—and she started ;  
     And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted ;  
 But Paul, impatient, urges evermore  
     Her steps towards the open door ;  
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid  
 Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,  
 And with her head, as Paul talks on again,  
     Touches the crown of filigrane  
     Suspended from the low-arched portal,  
 No more restrained, no more afraid,  
 She walks, as for a feast arrayed,  
 And in the ancient chapel’s sombre night  
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
 With booming sound,  
     Sends forth, resounding round,  
 Its hymeneal peal o’er rock and down the dell.  
 It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;  
 And yet the guests delay not long,  
     For soon arrives the bridal train,  
     And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,  
 For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,  
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,  
 Thinks only of the beldame’s words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;  
 To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper  
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,  
 "How beautiful ! how beautiful she is !"

But she must calm that giddy head,  
 For already the Mass is said ;  
 At the holy table stands the priest ;  
 The wedding-ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;  
 Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,  
 He must pronounce one word at least !  
 'T is spoken ; and sudden at the groomsmen's side,  
 "'T is he !" a well-known voice has cried.  
 And while the wedding-guests all hold their breath,  
 Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !  
 "Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,  
 As holy water be my blood for thee !"  
 And calmly in the air a knife suspended !  
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,  
 For anguish did its work so well,  
 That, ere the fatal stroke descended,  
 Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
 The *De Profundis* filled the air ;  
 Decked with flowers, a simple hearse  
 To the churchyard forth they bear ;  
 Village girls in robes of snow  
 Follow, weeping as they go ;  
 Nowhere was a smile that day,  
 No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say :—

"The roads should mourn and be veiled in gloom,  
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home !  
 Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away !  
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day !"

## THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.

*Anon.*

---

THESE simple lines, whose kindly tone pleasingly sets forth a lesson in good-hearted sympathy with others, are extracted from *The Juvenile Miscellany*.

Weary and faint the blind man came  
Unto the cottage-door ;  
He'd walk'd so far, his feet were lame,  
And his dog could run no more.

The sun was shining bright and clear,  
But he could not see the sun ;  
The rich ripe grapes were hanging near,  
But he perceived not one.

Kind little Mary saw him come,  
And so did John her brother,  
And quick into the house they ran  
To tell their loving mother.

But soon the little girl appeared  
With a bowl of milk and bread,  
And Rover's ears were both uprear'd  
When he heard her gentle tread.

He watch'd the bowl with wistful eye,  
And plain as looks could speak,  
He said his tongue was very dry,  
And he had nought to eat.

Then John brought out some wholesome food—  
He was a generous boy—  
And in his heart it did him good  
To see poor Rover's joy.

The blind old man was very glad  
 When his dog received his share ;  
 Full fervently he blessed the lad,  
 And thank'd kind Mary's care.

And as he rose up to depart,  
 He to the children said—  
 " May each preserve a loving heart  
 When age has bleach'd the head.

" And this shall be my daily prayer,  
 For I cannot, if I would,  
 Ask greater blessings for your share,  
 Than the love of doing good."

## TO THE MOON.

*By Mary Pyper.*

THE Hymns and Sacred Songs of Mary Pyper have engraven themselves in the hearts of the heavenly-minded, and become prized possessions of the Churches. The following Sonnet to the Moon will vie with many on the same topic, by clear-visioned men.

Queen of the crested horn and silver bow,  
 Whose powerful influence rules the raging deep ;  
 'Tis sweet, where yon soft murmuring rivulets flow,  
 To watch thee rising o'er the rocky steep.  
 To mark thee mounting thy cerulean car,  
 Attended by thy satellites of light,  
 While thy fair herald, the bright Evening Star,  
 Proclaims thee peaceful Empress of the Night :  
 Let me beneath thy pale green curtains rest,  
 Or roam at large o'er some fine flowery fields,  
 Where all are charm'd to pleasure, —all are blest,  
 Crown'd with the joy thy radiant presence yields.  
 For every feeling heart must own the power  
 Of Nature's beauties, and an evening hour.

## THE BLIND COUNTESS.

*By Günther Nicol.*

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THIS striking ballad is translated from the German of Günther Nicol by John Oxenford, author of many songs and ballads, dramas and critiques. He was born at Camberwell, Surrey, in 1811 and died in 1880.

The Bishop enters the spacious hall,  
And kindly beams from his eyelids fall ;  
He stoops oppress'd with the weight of years,  
His hair the glory of silver wears.

You scarcely can hear his light foot tread,  
As he nears the lady's dying bed ;  
She wrings her cold hands in her agony,  
And she glares with eyes that no longer see.

She starts from the couch that gives no rest,  
A shriek is hurl'd from her inmost breast ;—  
A shriek that through marrow and bone can thrill,  
The Bishop ne'er heard a shriek so shrill.

He trembles, then speaks with an accent soft,  
" Be calm, — noble dame, you have seen me oft—  
When the stream of youth unruffled ran ;  
Why should you fear a weak old man ?"

That voice familiar, the Countess knows,  
Her hand to clutch him she wildly throws ;  
The Bishop presses that hand so weak,  
A tear is wetting his aged cheek.

“ Oh ! Bishop, dear Bishop, keep near—keep near,  
Seest thou the PALE ONE seated here ?  
He stretches his hand, so deadly white,  
His threat’ning glances my soul affright.”

“ Nay—nay ; by fever art thou possess’d,  
Believe me, I am thy only guest ;  
Alone in thy lordly hall are we,  
And the sun through the window shines cheerily.”

“ Thou say’st we’re alone ; not so—not so—  
By my bed sits one whose form I know ;  
Mark what vengeance his features show,  
And yet he died long, long ago.”

“ Nay, Countess, thou speakest with fever wild,”  
Says the good old man in accents mild ;  
But his hair is bristling, he’s ill at ease,  
In his ample robe his members freeze.

“ What ! seest thou not that pallid face ?  
The side of my bed is his hiding-place ;  
Mine eye is blind, but him I see,  
And down to the grave he will sink with me.

“ I cannot see the sun’s warm ray,  
The valley glad in the golden day ;  
God’s judgment came, my life to blight,  
Mine eyes have lost the power of sight.

“ Nought else do I see, but him alone,—  
He was sitting here when the night-lamp shone ;  
And here he sits now the sunbeams fall,  
Bright through the windows of this old hall.

“ I cannot see the shady grove,  
The moon’s white lustre, soft with love ;  
The stars, that mighty, sparkling host ;  
The sea, in its giant gambols tost ;

“The Spring, with heavenly garb bedight ;  
 For all are wrapp'd in endless night ;  
 But him—but him I can now discern,  
 And tow'rds me his wounds he ever will turn.

“In the king's proud castle his blood was shed,  
 I saw the ground with the stream grow red ;  
 I aided him not, though I stood by his side,  
 I help'd to swell that crimson tide.

“He shriek'd—‘ My form thou shalt ever see,  
 Though veil'd in night thine eyes may be ;  
 Though blind thou becom'st to the world so fair,  
 Still—still shalt thou see my blood-stain'd hair.’

“And well he keeps his terrible vow,  
 Lord Bishop—Lord Bishop, he's moving now ;  
 That dead pale Count, who untimely fell,  
 He comes to me close—nay, mark him well.”

The Bishop listens, she cries aloud,—

“Yes, mark him there in his snow-white shroud ;  
 He clutches me—holds me—stops my breath,”—  
 She struggles awhile, then sleeps in death.

The Bishop draws his wide robe tight,  
 The pearls of fear on his brow are bright ;  
 A wintry gust rides through the air,  
 The Bishop mutters a trembling pray'r.

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### PHILOSOPHY OF VISION.

*By William Shakespeare.*

“Nor doth the eye itself  
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,  
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed,  
 Salutes each other with each other's form,  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travelled, and is married there,  
 Where it may see itself.”—*Troilus and Cressida*, III, iii.



## THE BLIND BEGGAR-MAN.

BY R. L. MALONE.

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ROBERT L. MALONE was born in Anstruther, Fife, about 1812. After receiving an ordinary parish school training at Rothesay, he entered the Navy, in which he served for ten years. Ill health then compelled him to resign, and he shortly afterwards settled in Greenock. In 1845 he published a volume of poems, and obtained a position in the Customs. He died at Greenock 6th July 1850.

There's auld Johnnie Gowdie, the blind beggar-man,  
Haste, rin ! like gude bairns, bring him in by the han' ;  
Tak' care o' the burn, bid him set his staff steeve !  
Swith ! grip his coat-tails, or tak' haud o' his sleeve.

Poor John ! was ance glegger than ony ane here,  
But has wander'd in darkness for mony a lang year ;  
Yet his mind lives in sunshine, although he is blin'—  
Though it 's darkness without, a' is brightness within.

“Come awa', my auld friend ! tak' the pock aff your back,  
Draw your breath, tak' your mouthfu', then gi'e us your  
I ha'e just been discoursing the bairnies e'en now, [crack ;  
How they ought to befriend helpless bodies like you.”

To the feckless and friendless, my bairns, aye be kind,  
Be feet to the lame, and be eyes to the blind ;  
'Twas to share wi' the needfu' our blessings were gi'en,  
And the friend o' the poor never wanted a frien' !

He who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn,  
Will bless those who take from life's pathway a thorn,  
And the “cup of cold water” that kindness bestows,  
On the heart back in rivers of gladness o'erflows.

Oh, tent you the lear' frae your mother ye learn  
For the seed springs in manhood that's sown in the bairn,  
And, mind, it will cheer you through life's little span !  
The blessing that fa's frae the blind beggar-man !

## LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE BLIND ASYLUM, LIVERPOOL.

BY WILLIAM SMYTH.

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WILLIAM SMYTH, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, was possessed of literary talents and poetical tastes. Born at Liverpool in 1766, he was trained at Eton and Cambridge, where, in 1797, he achieved the distinction of being eighth wrangler, and was chosen Fellow and Tutor of Peterhouse College. From defective vision he was unable to pursue his course to the Bar ; but in 1809, he received the appointment of Professor of Modern History in his University. In 1806, he had issued a volume of "English Lyrics." He was interested in, and a patron of, the Liverpool Asylum for the Blind, in behalf of which the following verses were composed :—

Stranger, pause ! for thee the day  
Smiling pours its cheerful ray,  
Spreads the lawn, and rears the bower,  
Lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pause ! with soften'd mind,  
Learn the sorrows of the Blind ;  
Earth and seas, and varying skies,  
Visit not their cheerless eyes.

Not for them the bliss to trace  
The chisel's animating grace ;  
Nor on the glowing canvas find  
The poet's soul, the sage's mind.

Not for them the heart is seen  
Speaking through the expressive mien ;  
Not for them are pictured there,  
Friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless, as they slowly stray,  
 Childhood points their cheerless way,  
 Or the wand exploring guides  
 Faltering steps, where fear presides.

Yet for them has Genius kind  
 Humble pleasures here assign'd ;  
 Here with unexpected ray  
 Reach'd the soul that felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet  
 Kindred woes and converse sweet ;  
 Torpid once, can learn to smile  
 Proudly o'er its useful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,  
 Oped on day the darken'd eye ;  
 Humbly copy—thou canst feel—  
 Give thine aid—thou canst not heal.

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LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BLIND ASYLUM, LIVERPOOL.

BY J. H. SMYTH.

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THESE Verses are extracted from "The Poetical Primer," edited by Mrs Rose Lawrence, of which a fifth edition appeared in 1849.

Hark, sister ! hark, that bursting sigh,  
 It issued from some feeling heart,  
 Some pitying stranger sure is nigh,  
 Tell us, oh, tell us, who thou art ?

Sad is the lot the sightless know,  
 And much we feel, yet ne'er complain,  
 Here gentle toils relieve our woe,—  
 Hark, hark ! that piteous sigh again.

If breathed for us, those heaving sighs,  
 May Heaven, kind stranger, pity thee,  
 If starting tears suffuse thine eyes,  
 Those tears, alas ! we cannot see.

But every sigh and every tear,  
 And every boon thy hand has given,  
 All in full lustre shall appear,  
 Recorded in the book of Heaven.

### ALL THINGS NEW.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

**FRANCES BROWN** was born at Stranorlar, Donegal, Ireland, 16th June 1818. From childhood she has been deprived of sight, yet, by singular ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, she has been enabled to overcome many of the disadvantages of her severe loss. In 1844, she issued a volume of poems, and she has been a contributor both in prose and verse to many popular periodicals. A small civil-list pension has been granted to her.

New Heavens !—for the stars grow pale  
 With the midnight scenes of time !  
 And the sun is weary of the wail  
 That meets him in every clime ;  
 And the sky grows dim with the mist of tears—  
 Bring back the blue of its first bright years !

New Earth !—for the land and waves  
 With a weight of evil groan ;  
 And its dwellings stand on a soil of graves,  
 Which fearful things hath known :—  
 From the touch of fire, from the battle-stain,  
 Give us its Eden green again !

New Law !—for 'tis the arm of wrong,  
 And great hath been the cry,  
 When oppressors' hands in their might grew strong,  
 And their deeds have pierced the sky—

But the powers are shaken—oh ! requite  
With the free, unchanging law of right !

New Faith !—for a voice of blood  
Hath been heard from every shrine,  
And the world hath worshipped many a god  
With rites it deemed divine :  
But the creeds grow old, and the fanes decay—  
Show us, at last, some better way !

New Hope !—for it rose among  
The thorns of a barren spot,  
Where the bloom is brief and the labour long,  
And the harvest cometh not—  
And hearts grow weary that watch and wait—  
Give them a rainbow that fears not fate !

New Love !—for it hath been cast  
On the troubled waters long,  
And hoped in visions vain, that passed  
Away like a night-bird's song :  
It may not be severed from the lost,  
But give us the young world's love uncrossed !

New Life !—give the summers back  
Whose glory passed in vain—  
Redeem our days from the shadow black,  
Of clouds without the rain ;  
And the wastes which bitter waters were—  
And our canker-eaten years restore !

New Light !—for the lamps decay  
Which shone on the old-world's youth,  
And the wise man watches for a ray  
Of the undiscovered truth—  
Long hath he looked through the midnight dim—  
Let the glorious day-spring visit him !

Must the earth's last hope like a shadow flee ?  
Was the dream of ages vain ?  
Oh ! when will the bright restoring be,  
And the glory come again  
Of the promised spring, with its blessed dew—  
And His word, that maketh all things new !

## POOR DOG TRAY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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THIS is one of the early poems of Thomas Campbell, who was baptised by and was named after Dr Thomas Reid, the philosopher. The author of "The Pleasures of Hope" was born in High Street, Glasgow, 27th July 1777. He was an excellent scholar, and early devoted himself to literature. He became a favourite with the public, and was highly successful. He died at Boulogne, 13th June 1844.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,  
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),  
Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away :  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;  
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,  
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,  
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind ?  
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

A BLIND MAN'S BEAU-IDEAL OF A  
BEAUTIFUL LADY.

BY B. B. BOWEN.

B. B. BOWEN—from whose book, "A Blind Man's Offering," the following selections have been made—was born at Marblehead, near Boston, Massachusetts, U.S., 1819, and was overtaken by blindness when six weeks old. At ten years of age he became a Fish-monger's message-boy, and was chosen as one of the six boys with which Dr Howe commenced the Boston Institution for the Blind in 1832. There he was trained and educated for six years, and on his return to his native place he occupied himself as a weaver of Manilla mats and a teacher of music. Thereafter he became a Lecturer, and obtained considerable popularity in that pursuit. In this character Mrs Frances S. Osgood addressed to him the verses which with his "Reply" we quote in after pages.

On thy pale brow the glossy hair,  
More dark than raven's wing,  
As if it loved to linger there,  
Like some enchanted thing.

The home of thought, that lofty brow,  
In snowy whiteness gleams;  
The throne of intellect,—we bow  
To it by day in dreams.

In quiet hours thine eye is bright,  
And glows with light serene;  
But changing oft, in glances wild,  
A brighter ray is seen.

More merry than the dancing wave,  
Flashing with star-light gleam;  
When sunbeams glide o'er plain and cave,  
Or glance along the stream.

Thy cheek all tinted with the hue  
That summer roses wear,  
When gentle showers their bloom renew  
Or cool, refreshing air.

Thy lips are like the coral red,  
With gleaming pearls between  
Where radiant thoughts, within thee bred,  
In sunny smiles are seen.

A holy temple is thy mind,  
Sacred to purity,  
Where every virtue sits enshrined  
In maiden modesty.

Its priest is a deep-feeling heart,  
That mourns for others' woes,  
Prepared its solace to impart,  
Hope's prospects to disclose.

Deep thought, that temple's incense, rise  
Offering of inward worth,  
From the heart's altar to the skies,  
Too pure to dwell on earth.

Its victims the dread passions are,—  
They immolated lie,—  
Whose rage consumes, with mortal care,  
Deep founts of human sighs.

Blind to the charm of loveliness,  
Proof against sympathy,  
Unmoved by ought of tenderness,  
Dead to all purity,—

Lifeless and cold *his* heart must be,  
Who never felt he loved;  
And *never*, while he looked on thee,  
Affection's power did prove.

For thee no earthly passion burns,  
No *common* love is thine;  
For thy adorer proudly turns  
From sin's unworthy shrine.



Low thoughts, that fill the earth-born souls,  
 He must drive far away ;  
 And when pure feeling ceaseless rolls,  
 He feels he loves for aye.

## LINES ON A POOR BLIND MAN.

BY B. B. BOWEN.

“ THE following lines were suggested on meeting with a poor blind man who obtains a precarious subsistence by begging in the streets of New York City. He does not ask charity, but attracts the attention, and endeavours to awaken the sympathy of those around him, by chanting a low, plaintive song.”—*Note by B. B. Bowen.*

Alone he gropes his dark and dreary way,  
 With none to soothe or bless his humble lot,  
 Shut out forever from the light of day,  
 By all unpitied, and by all forgot.

Compelled to beg his bread from day to day,  
 Without one kindly look, or friendly tone,  
 To cheer him on his darksome, lonely way,  
 Poor, sightless man, without a friend or home !

In vain he chants the sad and plaintive song ;  
 In vain the tear streams down his sightless eye,  
 He ne'er can move the cold and heartless throng ;  
 They heed not now the blind man's feeble cry.

And yet the boon he craves ye well might give,  
 For surely unto you much hath been given !  
 Oh ! say, in mercy's name, shall he not live,  
 And share with you the bounteous gifts of Heaven ?

I pity *thee*, poor man ! thus doomed to dwell  
 In this cold world, all friendless and alone ;  
 Yet, happily for thee, it may be well,  
 For *this*, thank God, is not our final home !

No ; there are worlds that gem the vaulted sky,  
The bright abode of all that suffer here ;  
There thou shalt one day dwell—no more to sigh,  
No more to shed misfortune's bitter tear.

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TO THE BLIND LECTURER.

BY MRS FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

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Thou walk'st the world in daily night :  
In vain they gleam, in vain, for thee,  
The morn upon the mountain height,  
The golden sunset on the sea.

By every rill that trips away,  
In music through the woods to go,  
In all sweet nooks where sunbeams play,  
Or flowers in radiant thousands blow.

They blow for those, who, careless, see  
The hourly wonders in their way ;  
They bloom for them, but not for thee,  
Whose soul would bless their bright array.

In vain in heaven the angels bend  
Their airy bow of bloom and light ;  
In vain the stars glide forth, to lend  
Their golden glory to the night.

But he, whom Nature thus bereaves,  
Is ever Fancy's favourite child ;  
For thee, enchanted dreams she weaves  
Of changeful beauty, bright and wild.

For thee she braids her fairy flowers,  
For thee unlocks her gems of light,  
For thee she clothes the passing hours,  
Like radiant angel forms in flight.

And pitying seraphs, sent from One  
Whose smile is still the spirit's day,  
Soft round thee sing, *His will be done,*  
And lead thee on thy faltering way.

And reverent love in every heart  
 Attunes all voices for thine ear,  
 For thou art something, set apart,  
 For all to soothe, and all to cheer.

Thy soul beholds far more than we ;  
 It walks a purer, lovelier land ;  
 It sails upon a sunnier sea ;  
 It looks on skies more wildly grand.

No shadows from the silent tomb  
 Steal through thy world's enchanted airs ;  
*Thy* flowers in deathless beauty bloom,  
 Thy heaven, a fadeless rainbow wears.

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### THE REPLY.

BY B. B. BOWEN.

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'Tis true, alas ! too sadly true,  
 That unto me all time is night ;  
 Yet, through the darkness, I can view  
 Much that is beautiful and bright.

Full well I know, on verdant lawn,  
 By many a gentle flowing stream  
 A thousand flowers are hourly born,  
 That ever in the sunlight gleam.

On many a gently sloping hill,  
 In music murmureth many a rill ;  
 In many a quiet shady grove  
 The birds sing all their life of love.

At early morn, the golden light  
 Gilds the majestic mountain height ;  
 At dewy eve, the moonbeams play  
 In beauty on the quiet bay.

The stars at night forever shine  
 O'er loving hearts that fondly twine,  
 And breathe a deeper joy, I ween,  
 Than e'er hath blest the poet's dream.

From mountain, valley, hill, and dell,  
 Myriads of happy voices tell  
 Of HIM, whose Spirit smiles the light  
 That makes all Nature fair and bright.

That Spirit, radiant, beams on me,  
 And though I ne'er may hope to see  
 Through the dark veil, that from my birth  
 Hath hid from view the green-clad earth,—

Yet in my soul that sacred smile  
 Doth many a lonely hour beguile,  
 With fairer worlds, and lovelier skies,  
 Than e'er hath dawned on mortal eyes.

And fairy forms, on every hand,  
 Dear angels from the spirit land,  
 Soft murmur many a joyous lay  
 To cheer me on my darkened way ;

And to my soul forever give  
 An earnest of a holier rest,  
 Where all that love, forever live,  
 And where the pure are ever blest.

### THE BLIND BOY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the son of a tailor, and himself a shoemaker, was born at Honington in Suffolk, 3d December 1766. He had only a few months' schooling, but was an eager reader and possessed an active mind. His earliest and best poem, "The Farmer's Boy," of which 26,000 were sold in three years, was entirely composed, arranged, and revised in his mind while working at his trade, with six or seven other men in a garret, and when he was able to get paper he had "nothing to do but to write it down." Various other ventures in the "realms of rhyme" were made by him, and their truth to nature was generally recognised. A critic in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1822, says, "The description of the Blind Boy (which appeared in 'Good

Tidings ; or, News from the Farm,' in 1804) is worthy of being inserted in the Flowers of English Poetry ; graceful, elegant, and most deeply affecting even to tears." Bloomfield died at Sheffield, in Bedfordshire, 19th August 1823.

Where's the blind child, so admirably fair,  
 With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair  
 That waves in ev'ry breeze ? He's often seen  
 Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,  
 With others match'd in spirit and in size,  
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.  
 That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,  
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here :  
 And, hark, that laugh is his, that jovial cry ;—  
 He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,  
 And runs the giddy course with all his might,  
 A very child in everything but sight ;  
*With circumscribed, but not abated powers,*  
 Play, the great object of his infant hours.  
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,  
 And shows the native gladness of his heart ;  
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,  
 The new suggestion and the quick assent ;  
 The grove invites, delight fills every breast—  
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest.  
 Away they start ; leave balls and hoops behind,  
 And one companion leave—the boy is blind !  
 His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,  
 That childish fortitude awhile gives way :  
 He feels his dreadful loss ;—yet short the pain,  
 Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,  
 Pondering how best his moments to employ,  
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy ;  
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,  
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower ;  
 Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,  
 He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;  
 Along the homeward path then feels his way,  
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,  
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

## THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

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THESE pleasing verses appeared in a periodical some time ago.

It is not that I cannot see  
The birds and flowers of Spring !  
'Tis not that beauty seems to me  
A dreamy, unknown thing :—

It is not that I cannot mark  
The blue and star-set sky ;  
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,—  
That thus I weep and sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes  
Fall full upon mine ear,  
Are not all beautiful to sight,  
Though sweet their songs to hear.

They tell me that the gayest flowers  
Which sunshine ever brings  
Are not the ones I know so well,  
But strange and scentless things.

My little brother leads me forth  
To where the violets grow ;  
His gentle, light, yet careful step  
And tiny hand I know.

My mother's voice is soft and sweet,  
Like music on my ear ;  
The very atmosphere seems love,  
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,  
And draws me to his breast,  
To kiss the poor, blind, helpless girl  
He says he loves the best.

'Tis then I ponder unknown things,—  
It may be weep or sigh,—  
And think how glorious it must be  
To meet affection's eye !

## THE SHETLAND FISHERMAN.

BY MARY COUSIN.

THE following pathetic lines were "written on hearing an account of the Fishing Disaster which occurred in Shetland, 27th July 1881." They are the production of one of the Teachers in the Royal Asylum for the Blind, Edinburgh. They appeared in *The People's Journal* for Perth and Stirling, on Saturday, 7th August 1881.

How little does the wide world know  
Of all the agonising woe  
Which rends the heart and blights the life  
Of her who is a fisher's wife !  
There is, this day, in our loved land,  
A sad, forlorn, and hapless band,  
Whose homes, of late so full of cheer,  
Have been bereft of those most dear.  
The widow weeps and sighs in vain  
For him she ne'er shall see again ;  
And baby wonders, in his play,  
Why father stays so long away.  
But—elder children, weeping, say—  
" Father shall not return to-day ;  
No more he'll lift you on his knee,  
For he was drowned last night at sea ;  
No more, when daily toils are o'er,  
We'll run to meet him at the door,  
Nor share the loving kiss he gave,  
For he has found a watery grave."  
Yes, it is true ; the storm was wild,  
And many a tender wife and child,  
Who could not, dared not, try to sleep,  
Prayed for their loved ones on the deep.  
The gloomy morning dawned ; at last,  
That dreary, dismal night was past ;  
But with the morn came no relief—  
The day was fraught with pain and grief.  
Ah, sad it is such grief to bear—  
Grief in which none save ONE can share !  
That ONE is JESUS ! He's the Friend  
On whom we ever can depend !

TO A BLIND GIRL.

BY J[AMES] D[ODDS].

THE thoughtful and kindly verses given below, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1845, with the initials J. D.—which are said to have been those of JAMES DODDS, Parliamentary Solicitor, London, Author of "Lectures on the Covenanters," "A Life of Thomas Chalmers," etc.

I do not sigh as some may sigh,  
To see thee in thy darkness led  
Along the path where sunbeams lie,  
And bloom is shed.

I do not weep as some may weep,  
Upon thy rayless brow to look ;  
A boon more rare 'twas thine to keep,  
When light forsook.

A glorious boon ! Thou shalt not view  
One treasure from the earth depart—  
Its starry buds, its pearls of dew,  
Lie in thy heart.

No need to heed the frosty air,  
No need to heed the blasts that chafe,  
The scatter'd sheaf, the vintage spare—  
*Thy hoard is safe.*

Thou shalt not mark the silent change  
That falls upon the heart like blight,  
The smile that grows all cold and strange.—  
Bless'd is thy night !

Thou shalt not watch the slow decay,  
Nor see the ivy clasp the fane,  
Nor trace upon the column gray  
The mildew stain.

*Ours* is the darkness—thine the light.  
Within thy brow a glory plays ;  
Shrine, blossom, dewdrop, all are bright  
With quenchless rays.



## THE DYING BLIND GIRL.

BY CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITHS.

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THIS poem was cut out of a periodical entitled *The Home Circle*, to be put into a scrap-book, but the selector has been unable to gain any information regarding the writer.

OPEN the lattice, mother dear, the day will soon be  
breaking ;

I want to feel the breath of spring, on this my last  
awaking.

How fresh it comes from o'er the hills ! how it scatters  
last night's gloom !

As with its perfumed presence it fills my little room.

How tenderly the wafture cool steals o'er my aching  
brow !

It lingers near so lovingly, that I could fancy now

There came a breeze from Paradise, borne on an angel's  
wing !

Ah, mother dear, up there, they say, is everlasting  
spring !

What a welling up of rapture there is within my soul,

When I think that ere the sun sets, I shall reach that  
happy goal !

Draw near to me, my mother ; let my hand caress your  
face.

Although I cannot see you, methinks that I can trace

The lines of care upon your brow, and—ah, your tears  
are flowing !

Nay, dearest mother, do not weep because from earth  
I'm going.

This world is very beautiful, but oh! my heart keeps  
turning  
To one where sorrow cannot come, with such a deep,  
deep yearning!

My only grief is leaving you, but you will come ere long,  
And I'll be there to welcome, and greet you with a song;  
Yes, I will come all white-robed to meet you at the gate:  
The time will soon pass over, 'twill not be long to wait.

Then I shall see your face, mother (no more with sorrow  
lined),  
For I shall be with Jesus, who gives eyesight to the  
blind.  
I could shout aloud for joy, mother, when I think of that  
great sight  
That will burst upon my vision when He lets in the light!

Oh, think, mother, think of the vast and heavenly blaze  
Of glory that will open on my new-born gaze!  
God, grant me this one boon, that the first one whom I  
see  
May be Jesus, my Redeemer, who gave himself for me.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun is setting now, mother, sinking, like me, to rest,  
I can feel the warm rays slanting from out the golden  
west;  
I'm passing through the vale of death, but I've a guide  
—a guide!  
Not even Death's great shadow can Jesu's footprints  
hide!

For there's a holy radiance descending from on high;  
I can almost see a gleaming from my home beyond the  
sky.  
The light breaks o'er the valley, and all its shadows flee;  
The day-spring of eternity has dawned at last on me!  
For, mother, there is Jesus; I can see Him! It is He.

## THE BLIND BOY.

BY ANDREW PARK.

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ANDREW PARK was born at Renfrew, 7th March 1807. He was educated at the Parish School, and passed on to the University of Glasgow. Compelled 'by poverty's unconquerable bar' to relinquish professional studies, he betook himself to commerce, first as a hatter, then as a bookseller. His success in business was not great. He visited 'Egypt and the East,' and published an account of his journeyings therein. His poetical effusions were issued at various dates, in twelve small volumes, of which *Silent Love*, illustrated by Sir Noel Paton, was the most popular. The following lines are admired for their simple pathos and well-chosen wording. The author died at Glasgow, 27th December 1863, and was buried in Paisley Cemetery, where a handsome monument with bronze bust has been raised to his memory.

WHAT is light? Ha! you ask me. You tell me 'tis gay  
To wander abroad 'mid the sweet summer day—  
To ramble the hills and the woodlands among:  
Yet I see not their charms, be they ever so strong.  
I hear the birds sing, and I list to the stream—  
Like voices of joy they appear in a dream.  
I feel the sun's rays, they are soothing and kind:  
But can I forget I am blind, I am blind!

You tell me of night with its jewel-deck'd sky;  
You speak of the moon in its fulness on high;  
Of balm-breathing bowers all bespangled with dew;  
But, ah! they are hid, they are hid from my view.

You tell me of seas, and you tell me of morn—  
Of ruby-leaf'd roses, and white-blossom'd thorn—  
Of faces that know me, of friends who are kind :  
But can I forget I am blind, I am blind !

Oh, when shall I know the sweet sights that you see ?  
What a world of joy would such things give to me !  
Shall I never behold them ? Oh, tell me, my friend,  
Shall the darkness that shrouds me ne'er come to an end ?  
' Oh, yes ! you shall yet greater loveliness see,  
When your spirit shall rise in its happiness free.'  
I thank you, I love you ! your words they are kind.  
But, ah ! Heav'n forgive me ! I'm blind, I am blind !

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THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY,  
MOTHER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA COOK, whose poetry displays sympathy for all that is pure and true, is the daughter of a tradesman in the Borough of Southwark, London, where she was born in 1817. Many of her poems were contributed to the London Magazines, to *The Weekly Dispatch*, a newspaper founded by her uncle, Alderman Harmer, to *Eliza Cook's Journal*, etc., but have been recently collected and published in book-form. One is nicely illustrated, the other is cheap and popular.

THE blind boy 's been at play, mother !  
And merry games we had ;  
We led him on our way, mother,  
And every step was glad.  
But when we found a starry flower,  
And praised its varied hue ;  
A tear came trembling down his cheek,  
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,  
 Where falling waters made  
 A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,  
 As golden sun-rays played ;  
 But when we shouted at the scene,  
 And hailed the clear blue sky ;  
 He stood quite still upon the bank,  
 And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,  
 Whene'er we found the spots  
 Where periwinkle crept, mother,  
 O'er wild forget-me-nots :  
 ' Ah, me ! ' he said, while tears ran down  
 As fast as summer showers ;  
 ' It is because I cannot see  
 The sunshine and the flowers.'

Oh, that poor, sightless boy, mother,  
 Has taught me I am blest !  
 For I can look with joy, mother,  
 On all I love the best ;  
 And when I see the dancing stream,  
 And daisies red and white ;  
 I kneel upon the meadow grass,  
 And thank my God for sight.

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### WOES OF A BLIND MAN.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE day abhors me and from me doth fly,  
 Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,  
 The one I overtake not, tho' it still be nigh,  
 The other coming, vanisheth away,  
 But what availeth either night or day ?  
 All's one to me, still day, or ever night,  
 My light is darkness and my darkness light.

## SONG OF THE BLIND ONE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

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THIS is another of those compositions of this 'poetess of the people,' which are intended to induce a cheerful spirit, express thankfulness of heart, and excite trust in the goodness of an all-merciful Providence.

THEY talk of rainbows in the sky, and blossoms on the earth ;  
They sing the beauty of the stars in songs of love and mirth ;  
They say the rippling wave is fair—they tell of dewdrops bright ;  
They praise the sun that warms the day, and moon that cheers the night.

I do not sigh to watch the sky, I do not care to see  
The lustre drop on green hill-top, or fruit upon the tree ;  
I've prayed to have my lids unsealed, but 'twas not to behold

The pearly dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold.  
No, no, my Mary, I would turn from flower, and star,  
and sun ;

For well I know thou 'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,  
The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet ;  
The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden while they ring,

The robin in the winter time—the cuckoo in the spring ;  
But never do I think those tones so beautiful as thine,  
When kind words from a kinder heart confirm that heart is mine.

There is no melody of sound that bids my soul rejoice  
As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy voice ;

And, Mary, I will ne'er believe that flower, or star, or sun,  
Can ever be so bright as thee, my true, my gentle one.

## THE BLIND ENTHUSIAST.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

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JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE is a native of Wigan, Lancashire. He was born 21st June 1808. His father was a reed-maker, too poor to provide him with education. He gained a slight knowledge of reading and writing in a Sunday-school; and soon became an ardent reader. He was early put to his father's trade, and endured much through poverty. He married while in his teens, and went to France to try his fortune there. All the while he kept up his love of literature, and it was a solace to him, and by his efforts he has made his thoughts often a joy to others.

HE loved and worshipped all that's fair,  
In wondrous ocean, earth, and air;  
The grand, the lovely, and the rare  
To him were sacred ever:  
The thousand hues that summer brings,  
The gorgeous glow that sunset flings—  
The source whence every beauty springs—  
Can art restore? Oh, never!

He loved the music of the bowers—  
He loved the freshness of the showers—  
He loved the odours of the flowers,  
With passion deep and holy;  
All that the Poet's song hath stored—  
All that the Minstrel's strains afford,  
Found in his soul a kindred chord  
Of mirth and melancholy.

He walks in hopeless darkness now,  
 With faltering foot and lifted brow ;—  
 If aught may human patience bow,  
 'Twere loss of noon-day splendour :  
 Hill, wood, and stream, with sunshine blent—  
 Bright stars that gem the firmament—  
 All lovely things that God hath sent,  
 How painful to surrender !

'Tis true, he wanders forth in gloom,  
 Dense and unchanging as the tomb,  
 Yet breathes no murmur at his doom—  
 No sound of fretful feeling ;  
 For, though from outward vision gone,  
 The things he loved to look upon,  
 He still beholds them, one by one,  
 O'er memory's mirror stealing.

He seeks the haunts he sought of yore—  
 He sings the songs he sang before—  
 He listens yet to your sweet lore,  
 Philosophy and Fiction ;  
 And, happy in a cloudless mind,  
 A fancy pure and unconfined,  
 To Heaven's own will he bows resigned,  
 And smiles beneath affliction.\*

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\* The foregoing verses appear to be marked by a spirit of keen desire for the spread of happiness, such as Robert Nicoll sang of :—

Thro' me the Sun of joy shall find  
 Its way to Sorrow's door,  
 'The wildest dream of all,' then said  
 The whisper, 'thou art poor.'  
 'I'm poor, unheeded, but I'll be  
 An honest man, I said ;  
 Truth I shall worship, yea, and feel  
 For all that God hath made.

'The poor, the honest man can stand  
 With an unflinching brow,  
 Before earth's highest—such I'll be !'  
 The whisper spoke not now.



## THE BLIND BOY.

A N O N.

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WE quote these lines from Blackie's *Comprehensive School Series*, where it appears without any author's name.

I STOOD one bright morn on the brow of the mountain,  
And gazed on the beautiful landscape below ;  
Here a bright sunny mead, here a silvery fountain,  
Shone forth as its rippling waves onward would flow ;  
And my spirit seem'd raised from the things of this  
earth,  
And revell'd in scenes to which fancy gave birth.

The bright orb of day in full glory was shining,  
Diffusing its life-giving beams all around ;  
And Nature, while scatt'ring her favours, was smiling,  
And gladness and pleasure were everywhere found ;  
And I cried, ' Who could gaze on a scene such as this,  
And not be absorb'd in the magic of bliss ?'

A deep sigh was the echo which stole on my ear ;  
I started, and turn'd from the brilliant scene,  
For my heart it was chill'd to think woe was so near  
When all nature seem'd rapt in a joy so serene,  
And discover'd, alas ! that this heart-rending sigh  
Had its source in the breast of a boy who stood by.

My gay spirit was check'd--but I cried with surprise,  
' Canst thou look on a landscape with charms so replete,  
And not be inspired by those bright sunny skies  
With a joy which would all other passions defeat ?'  
The boy's answer was short, but it gave to my mind  
A thrill of keen anguish, 'twas,—' Alas, I am blind !'

A BLIND BOY'S SONG.

BY H. F. GOULD.

THESE verses, full of fine feeling, and charming in versification, are from the pen of Hannah Flagg Gould, a native of Lancaster, Vermont, U.S., authoress of *Gathered Leaves*, *The Youth's Coronet*, *The Mother's Dream*, and other poems of a homely but hallowed sort—setting lowly themes forth under the radiance of a heavenly light. Born 1788.—Died 1865.

OH! tell me the form of the soft summer air,  
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!  
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,  
Yet gives me no answer, tho' often I speak.  
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and kind,  
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?  
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell;  
While touch'd to my heart with its deep thrilling strain,  
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain.  
What brightness of hue is with music combined?  
Will any one tell me? I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh,  
What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?  
Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight  
A poor little boy, that knows not of sight?  
The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined,  
Oh! tell me what light is: I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

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This poem may be compared with that of Andrew Park (p. 99), and of Robert Nicoll (pp. 107-109)—both of which have a similar refrain.

## I AM BLIND.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

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ROBERT NICOLL was born 7th January 1814, at Little Tulliebeltane, in Auchtergaven, Perthshire. He was early taught by his mother, went to the Parish School in winter, and herded on Ordé Braes in summer. He was an eager reader, and diligently cultured his mind by all the means in his power. When about thirteen he began to write, and had his rhymes accepted in a local newspaper. He served an apprenticeship as a Grocer and Wine Merchant in Perth. He forwarded some contributions to Mr. John Johnstone, then conductor of an Edinburgh Magazine, who took an interest in him, and secured at length his appointment as editor of *The Leeds Times*. This paper he conducted with energy and ability, but overwrought himself at an election contest. His illness overcame him, and he died in Edinburgh, December 1837.

THE woodland ! Oh, how beautiful,  
How pleasant it must be !  
How soft its grass—how fresh the leaves  
Upon each forest tree !  
I hear its wild rejoicing birds  
Their songs of gladness sing ;  
To see them leap from bough to bough  
Must be a pleasant thing :  
I must but image it in mind,  
I cannot see it—I am blind !

I feel the fragrance of the flowers,—  
Go, pull me one, I pray :

The leaves are green upon its stalk—  
 'Tis richly red, you say.  
 Oh ! it must full of beauty be—  
 It hath a pleasant smell ;  
 Could I but see its loveliness  
 My heart with joy would swell !  
 I can but image it in mind—  
 I ne'er shall see it—I am blind !

The trees are glorious green, you say—  
 Their branches widely spread ;  
 And Nature on their budding leaves  
 Its nursing dew hath shed.  
 They must be fair ; but what is green ?  
 What is a spreading tree ?  
 What is a shady woodland walk ?  
 Say, canst thou answer me ?  
 No ! I may image them in mind,  
 But cannot know them—I am blind !

The songsters that so sweetly chant  
 Within the sky so fair,  
 Until my heart with joy doth leap,  
 As it a wild bird were—  
 How seem they to the light-bless'd eye ?  
 What ! are they then so small ?  
 Can sounds of such surpassing joy  
 From things so tiny fall ?  
 I must but image them in mind—  
 I cannot see them—I am blind !

A something warm comes o'er my hand ;  
 What is it ? pray thee tell :  
 Sunlight come down among the trees  
 Into this narrow dell ?  
*Thou* seest the sunlight and the sun,  
 And both are very bright !  
 'Tis well they are not known to me,  
 Or I might loathe my night :  
 But I may image them in mind—  
 I ne'er shall see them—I am blind !

My hand is resting on your cheek—  
 'Tis soft as fleecy snow :  
 My sister, art thou very fair ?  
 That thou art good, I know.  
 Thou art—thou art ! I feel the blush  
 Along thy neck doth wend !  
 Thou must be fair—so carefully  
 Thy brother thou dost tend !  
 But I must image thee in mind—  
 I cannot see *thee*—I am blind !

The changes of the earth and sky—  
 All Nature's glow and gloom—  
 Must ever be unknown to me—  
 My soul is in a tomb !  
 Oh ! I can feel the blessed sun,  
 Mirth, music, tears that fall,  
 And darkness sad, and joy, and woe,—  
 Yea, Nature's movements all :  
 But I must image them in mind—  
 I cannot see *them*—I AM BLIND !

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### BARTIMÆUS RESTORED TO SIGHT.

MARK X. 46-52.

BY ROSE LAWRENCE.

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FROM a work entitled *Pictures Scriptural and Historical*, published at Liverpool in 1849 by Mrs. Rose Lawrence, we quote the narrative of the Evangelist Englished in blank verse.

BLIND, poor, and helpless Bartimæus sate  
 Listening the foot of the wayfaring man ;  
 Still hoping that the next, and still the next  
 Would put an alms into his trembling hand.

He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle  
 Among the sycamores : it is the tread  
 Of thousand steps : it is the hum of tongues  
 Innumerable :—when the sightless man  
 Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,  
 He cried, and said, ‘ Jesus, thou Son of David,  
 Have mercy upon me !’—And when rebuked  
 He cried the more, ‘ Have mercy upon me !’  
 ‘ Thy faith hath made thee whole !’ so Jesus spake,  
 And straight the blind beheld the face of God.

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ON HEARING A BLIND GIRL SINGING.

BY DAVID DUNBAR.

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THIS poem appeared in a volume of *Poems and Songs*  
 by David Dunbar, Writing Master in Dumfries  
 Academy in 1859.

I HEARD a pale-faced blind girl sing—  
 Oh, tender were her years !  
 And, as she raised her sweet soft voice,  
 Her heart gushed forth in tears !

The tear responsive dimm'd my eye—  
 I felt an unbreathed prayer,  
 That Heaven above would make me kind  
 To that wee creature there.

For sad she sat, and sweet she sang,  
 O' nature's richest looks—  
 The charm o' hills, and green-clad fields,  
 And murm'ring o' the brooks :

The glow o' love, on nature's face,  
In simmer's smiling morn—  
The silent and majestic look  
O' winter's snow-clad form :

The purity o' virgin spring,  
Wi' life-restoring breath—  
The loaded look of autumn's brow,  
Clad in the hues of death :

The fragrance o' the blooming flower,  
On gladd'ning breezes borne—  
The beauty to a lowly heart  
O' yellow broom and thorn :

And glorious friendships that could rise  
All earthly thoughts above—  
While smiling through her tears, she sang  
The gift of human love !

She sang o' happy faces, too,  
Of bairns—earth's purest flowers,  
That ever garlanded man's brow  
In sad or tranquil hours.

She sang of all the joys they felt,  
Which she had tasted, never—  
The casting pebbles from the shore  
At foam-bells on the river :

The gath'ring wild-flowers by the brae,  
The paidling in the stream,  
The gladsome chase of humble-bee—  
To her were all a dream !

But, oh ! her dreams were surely bright,  
As her wee heart was kind,—  
Her soul was rapt in purest light,  
Known to the good and blind.

## THE BLIND MÁN'S LAMENT.

BY J. W. EASTBURN.

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THE REV. JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN was born in New York, 1797, educated for the Ministry, devoted some time to literature and politics, and was the colleague of Robert C. Sands in the composition of *Yamoyden*, a Tale of the Wars of King Philip of Spain, published in 1820. He died in 1819.

OH, where are the visions of ecstasy bright,  
That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish the night?  
Oh, where are the charms that the day can unfold  
To the heart and the eye that their glories can hold?  
Deep, deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn;—  
No visions of beauty for me shall e'er burn!

They have told me of sweet purple hues of the west,  
Of the rich tints that sparkle on Ocean's wide breast;  
They have told me of stars that are burning on high,  
When the night is careering along the vast sky;  
But alas! there remains, wheresoever I flee,  
Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me!

But yet, to my lone, gloomy couch there is given  
A ray to my heart that is kindled in heaven;  
It soothes the dark path through this valley of tears;  
It enlivens my heart, and my sorrow it cheers;  
For it tells of a morn when this night shall pass by,  
And my spirit shall dwell where the days do not die.

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## THE VALUE OF EYESIGHT.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HE that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
*Romeo and Juliet*, 1. i. 225-226.



## THE WORKS OF NATURE

*versus*

## GOD'S WORD.

BY ALEXANDER LETHAM.

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ALEXANDER LETHAM, the author of the following sweet sacred lyric, was blind, and for a number of years a day worker in that most useful and benevolent institution, "The Edinburgh Asylum for the Industrious Blind." Pieces from the pen of this blind, but humble Christian poet, frequently appeared in the *Christian Herald* during the earlier years of its publication; but we are not aware of "The Works of Nature v. The Word of God" ever having appeared in a printed book.

Oh! what beauty and perfection  
Through the works of Nature shine!  
Who but must, on calm reflection,  
See in all a Power Divine?

Every object bears impression  
Of this All-creating hand,  
From the sun that lights creation,  
To the smallest grain of sand.

Is there one endowed with reason,  
And who views the earth and sky—  
One who marks the change of season,  
Can this sacred truth deny?

Air and water, light and darkness,  
Every animal and flower,  
Continually bear witness  
To God's wisdom, love, and power.

Yet the volume of creation  
Speaks not to the troubled breast—

Tells it not of a foundation  
Where its hopes and fears may rest.

Never have the works of Nature  
Yet to mortal man revealed  
How his much-offended Maker  
May to him be reconciled :

Flower nor tree, nor rock nor mountain,  
Ever yet have shown the way—  
Ever told man of a fountain  
That can wash his sins away.

Man could never yet discover,  
From the sky, or earth, or sea,  
When his days on earth are over,  
Where and what his state should be.

But the page of Inspiration  
Casts a light upon the whole,  
Bringing peace and consolation  
To the never-dying soul :

Guiding every true believer  
To a land of pure delight,—  
Purchased by a dying Saviour,—  
Far above Heaven's starry height.

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### BLINDNESS AND ITS COMPENSATIONS.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

**I**N the Comedy "The Example" these lines occur :—

This fellow must have a rare understanding,  
For Nature recompenseth the defects  
Of one part with redundance in another :  
Blind men have excellent memories, and the tongue  
Thus indisposed, there's treasure in the Intellect.

## MEMORIES.

BY JANET HAMILTON.

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JANET HAMILTON, author of the fine verses given below, was born at Carshill, in the parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, October 1795. Her maiden name was Thomson. She was married to a shoemaker in 1809, was almost entirely self-taught, and when about fifty-four years of age began to learn to write, and took to composing poetry. She lost her sight, and was for many years quite blind.

Lonely musing, sadly thinking,  
Strength and spirits failing, sinking,  
Drooping, shivering, cowering, shrinking  
In the wintry blast.

Winds are howling, roaring, screaming,  
Thunder rolling, lightning gleaming,  
Rain and hail in torrents streaming,  
Driving fierce and fast.

Storms the face of nature marring,  
Thunder-clouds conflicting, jarring,  
Strife of elemental warring,

These are calm and tame  
To the storms of wrathful feeling,  
Human hearts to vengeance steeling,  
Wrath of man in deeds revealing,  
Rapiue, blood, and shame.

Cease, my heart, thy dirge-like knelling !  
Why in mournful numbers swelling ?  
Why my muse thus ever quelling  
Strains of hope and peace ?

Change the strain, the flowers are springing !  
Hark ! the lark at heaven's gate singing !  
Ah ! his joyous anthem ringing,  
Bids thy wailings cease.

The primrose in the dell is blowing ;  
 Sister flowerets, fresh and glowing,  
 Grace the brooklet's brink, clear flowing  
     Through the dingle green.  
 To the tasselled hazel-bushes  
 Now resort the amorous thrushes ;  
 The water-coot among the rushes  
     Seeks her brood to screen.

Clouds alternate, smiling, weeping,  
 O'er the April skies are sweeping ;  
 Dancing streams are gaily leaping  
     To the pools below.  
 Thousand small bright eyes are twinkling  
 Through the leaves, where trilling, tinkling,  
 Song of wild birds gushes, tinkling  
     In melodious flow.

In dewy tears the hy'cinth weeping,  
 Her drooping azure bells is steeping,  
 The violet's sweet blue eyes are peeping  
     Veiling leaflets through.  
 With "daisies pied," and cowslips yellow,  
 Comes the voice that hath no fellow—  
 Wandering voice, soft, clear, and mellow,  
     'Tis the lone cuckoo.

Beauteous spring ! with throb and quiver  
 Beats my heart. Alas ! for ever  
 My eyes are dark, and I shall never  
     See thy smiling face—  
 Never see the purple heather,  
 Ne'er the fern's green waving feather,  
 Never May's sweet blossoms gather,  
     On my breast to place.

Be hushed my heart ! thy 'plaint restraining,  
 Hushed be murmuring and complaining,  
 'Tis the will of God constraining  
     Humble resignation.

Bear thy loss without repining,  
 "Darkest clouds have silver lining"  
 On the night of sorrow shining,  
 Blessed consolation!

Olden memories never dying,  
 Treasures in my bosom lying,  
 The failing founts of life supplying  
     With perennial flow.  
 Memories of the good and holy,  
 Of the dark and melancholy,  
 Of the sufferers meek and lowly,  
 Sainted long ago.

Memories of the young and loving,  
 Friendships tried yet faithful proving,  
 Scenes to deep compassion moving,  
     Cureless, tearless woes.  
 Memories sweet of rural pleasure,  
 Streams, and woods, and floral treasure,  
 Rich the free, unstinted measure  
 Nature's hand bestows.

Memory tells of idly dreaming  
 Life away—of never deeming  
 That the work of time redeeming  
     Being youth begun.  
 Work! while life's young sun is shining—  
 Darkness comes, when life, declining,  
 Weakly, darkly, sadly pining,  
 Mourns her work undone.

Memory ever backward flowing,  
 Of the future all unknowing  
 Paints the past in colours glowing,  
     This bright memory can.  
 "The memory of the just is blessed."  
 Be that bliss by all possessed!  
 All whose lives are thus expressed,  
     "Just to God and man."

ADIEU ! ADIEU !

BY ALICE HOLMES.

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**A**LICE HOLMES was a "sweet girl graduate" in the New York Institution for the Blind. She composed these verses, when leaving the scene of her education and progress, as a farewell to the Institution.

Adieu, adieu, my long-loved home,  
Where genial spirits dwell,  
For I must bid thy hearth and halls,  
This day, a sad farewell.  
Thy vesper bell will peal at eve,  
But not, alas ! for me ;  
For I shall be alone and sad,  
Far, far away from thee !

Adieu, adieu, my guides beloved ;  
I may no longer share  
Your kind regards, your patient toil,  
Your ever-watchful care.  
Fain, fain with you I'd linger still,  
And more of knowledge gain ;  
But 'tis decreed that I must go,  
The wish to stay is vain.

Adieu, adieu, companions dear ;  
My sisters, brothers, friends ;  
This day completes my stay with you,  
This day our union ends.  
But oh ! how can I, can I bear  
To hear the death-like knell,  
That bids me tear my heart away  
From those I love so well !

Adieu, adieu ! it must be so !  
The moment now is near  
That bids me haste from you away,  
My long-loved schoolmates dear.

When ye this eve at vespers meet  
To chant a choral lay,  
Oh, breathe for her one heartfelt prayer,  
Who will be far away.

Adieu, adieu, ye noble sires,  
Whose philanthropic hearts  
Have formed a plan, that e'en THE BLIND  
May learn the useful arts.  
Expressions fit your praise to speak  
I know not where to find ;  
May God reward your efforts made  
To educate the blind.

Adieu, adieu ! too happy hours  
That learning did employ,  
And gave for every moment's toil  
A sweet reward of joy :  
For they will be no longer mine,  
My school-day joys are o'er,  
Far dearer should I prize them now,  
Could they return once more.

Adieu, adieu to morning walks  
Along the Hudson's side,  
Where oft amid the rocks we heard  
The music of the tide :  
And wanderings at twilight hour,  
Through grove, by hill and stream,  
That I have ever fondly prized,  
But dearer now they seem.

Adieu, adieu to music's charm,  
From it, too, I must part ;  
Much shall I miss its magic power  
To cheer my lonely heart.  
Adieu, ye birds, at early dawn  
That near my casement sung,  
While all around the waking flowers  
Their soft, sweet odours flung.

Adieu, adieu, ye trees and flowers,  
 And pleasant play-grounds, all ;  
 A voice for me is calling now  
 From yonder front-door hall.  
 The stately domicile demands  
 A parting farewell too ;  
 But oh ! 'tis sad, to all we've loved,  
 At once to bid adieu !

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### MENTAL AND PHYSICAL PERCEPTION.

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.

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WILLIAM CONGREVE was born at Bardsea, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, educated at Kilkenny College and the University of Dublin. His "Mourning Bride," a tragedy, was put on the stage with success in 1696. From it this quotation is taken :—

Yet I behold her ! yet ! and yet no more !  
 Turn your light inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,  
 So shall you still behold her ! 'Twill not be !  
 O impotence of sight, mechanic sense !  
 Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,  
 Not seeing of election, but necessity !  
 Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,  
 Successively reflect successive images :  
 Not what they would, but must ! A star, a toad,  
 Just as the hand of Chance administers.  
 Not so the mind whose undetermined view  
 Resolves, and to the present brings the past,  
 Essaying further to futurity.



## ASLEEP IN JESUS.

BY MARGARET BELCHES.

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MARGARET BELCHES was a pupil in the Indiana Institute for the Education of the Blind. These verses were dictated by her to her sister, a pupil of the State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, by means of the manual alphabet, and were thus written down by her affectionate amanuensis.

They sleep in Jesus, calmly, sweetly now,  
No pang of sorrow thrills the youthful breast ;  
The cold, damp earth is on the sunny brow,  
And they have found, at last, a place of rest.  
Their Saviour led them through death's portals dim,  
They trusted all in Him.

Few kindred's smiles illumed their darksome way ;  
Lone pilgrims all in life's drear wilderness,  
Their father smiled in realms of endless day,  
And beckoned them to homes of fadeless bliss—  
Homes, where the hearts' fond breathings know no blight,  
In everlasting light.

We miss them, when at hour of prayer we meet :  
We hear not now, when hymns of praise arise,  
Their tuneful tones ; and on each vacant seat  
We muse with quivering lip and tearful eyes—  
But wherefore weep, to meet them here no more ?  
They are but gone before.

We thank thee, Lord, that in each stricken heart  
The radiant star of hope doth brightly shine ;  
And while we weep that thus we early part,  
We bless the chast'ning hand, for it is Thine ;  
We know Thy mercy, Lord—Thy righteous ways ;  
And while we mourn, we praise.

## LINES

ON HEARING THE SINGING AT THE SCHOOL FOR THE  
BLIND.

By J. E. C.

THIS contribution was found in an old provincial  
magazine a good while ago.

We entered noiselessly, our spirits quelled,  
Our passions hushed to quietude : there stole  
O'er us a kind of awe—a solemn, deep,  
And softening emotion : o'er our souls  
The tide unbidden swept : 'twas sweet, and yet  
It saddened with a sadness which it seemed  
Almost a pleasure to indulge—a sweet  
And grateful feeling though 'twas sad : we felt  
That there was something hallowed in the place—  
A sanctity—a magic power which drew  
Our hearts from all frivolity, and gave  
A feeling better fitted for the hour  
To fill the vacant place : we felt that *there*,  
In that low simple room, we could not wear  
A smiling face, nor utter a light jest,  
Nor think a foolish thought.

In silence we sat down—stillness prevailed,  
And all was calm expectancy ; and now  
Our gaze was fixed upon some humble forms  
Which entered at the door-way, and advanced—  
Slowly and cautiously advanced—to take  
Their own allotted places : as we gazed,  
We noted the bowed form, unsteady gait—the step  
Wary and fearful, and the outstretched hands :  
All these we noted, and our hearts were chilled !

Soon all was still again—the stifed tones  
Of whispering voices had all died away :  
But hark ! sweet notes are heard ! A solemn strain  
Of holy music falls upon the ear :

The full, the clear, the deep, the swelling tones  
 Of the loud organ rise upon the air—  
 And hark ! ere the entranced ear has time  
 To drink its fill of those grand sounds, a burst—  
 A sudden, startling burst of melody  
 From human voices, solemn, piercing, loud—  
 Strikes on the senses with imposing power !

The mighty chorus ceases all at once  
 With startling suddenness ; and for a while  
 So deep the pause—the silence which ensues  
 So dead, so breathless—we may almost hear  
 The throb of our own hearts. But hark ! once more.  
 The organ peals again ! and now a strain  
 Of heavenly sweetness steals upon the ear :  
 One voice alone is heard—a female voice !  
 Wondrous its power and compass—yet how sweet !  
 The liquid tones enter and thrill the soul !  
 And, to the words it breathes distinct, those words  
 So simply solemn, “ *Hear my prayer, O God !* ”  
 The swelling heart responds a deep “ *Amen !* ”

Again the pealing organ sounds !—and see,  
 An aged and grey-headed man has risen !  
 Hark ! now his deep-toned voice is raised in song !  
 There is no faltering weakness in that voice !  
 How steadily it dwells upon the notes—  
 Swelling in lengthened cadence ! how it thrills  
 As it prolongs those deeply solemn words—  
 “ *Behold ! at the last trumpet's sound, the dead  
 Shall all be raised incorruptible ;  
 And we shall all be changed !* ” How those words  
 Of mighty import strike upon the heart !  
 With what deep power, what truthfulness, they speak,  
 Sung by that grey-haired venerable man !  
 The melody was over ; all was hushed ;  
 The last faint sound had died upon the ear ;  
 And oh ! we felt that we were happier—  
 Better for what we heard ! our piety

Had been awakened, and we bore away,  
From that low room, humbler and gentler hearts !

\* \* \* \* \*

And they were *blind*—those gifted souls !  
Gifted with such a wondrous power of song !  
Blind—poor and blind ! the beauteous face of earth,  
With every varied feature, hill and vale,  
Ocean and streamlet, cataract and lake,  
Meadow and hamlet, tree, and grass, and flower ;  
The vaulted heaven, earth's splendid canopy,  
With all its glories—sun, and moon, and stars,  
Its depths of azure and its sailing clouds ;  
All that is lovely, glorious, and grand  
In God's creation—is to them a blank !  
But worse—far worse than this—the face of man,  
Their fellow-man, they never may behold !  
In vain for them the tear of pity falls ;  
They cannot see the drop ! the smile of love,  
Affection's kindling eye, the kindly glow  
Of sympathetic feeling—these are not for them !  
O bitter, bitter lot !—methinks were *we*  
Deprived of these great blessings, we would die !

But those afflicted souls seemed happy—ay,  
Content, and even gay. Blessed be God !  
Never doth His all-potent will inflict  
A burden, but He moulds and forms  
And fits the heart to bear it. God is good !  
Those sightless beings may have founts of joy—  
Deep wells of happiness, unknown to us,  
They are deprived of sight—that glorious sense,  
Inestimable gift ! they do not see  
The blessed light of day : the loss we know,  
But who may know the gain ? We must believe  
That there is gain—that each remaining sense  
Has its capacity improved, enlarged—  
Its source of pleasurable feeling filled  
Even to o'erflowing ! Who may tell

The rapture which the sense of sound awakes  
 In sightless, darkened beings? Who may guess  
 What are their feelings as they raise on high  
 Their voices in harmonious song, and hymn  
 Praises to their Creator? Oh, 'tis sweet  
 To think that there are blessings for the blind,  
 To compensate their loss! It *must* be so!  
 We will believe it, for our God is good!

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 THE BLIND MAN.

 BY THOMAS WASHBOURNE.
 

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THOMAS WASHBOURNE, son of Antony Wash-  
 bourne and Eleanor Lygon, was born at Wychenford  
 Court, Worcestershire, 1606; was (perhaps?) educated in  
 the Grammar School of Worcester and at Baliol College,  
 Oxford; and became, and continued, Rector of Dumbleton,  
 Gloucestershire, though he also obtained a Prebendary  
 State in Gloucester Cathedral, and was made Vicar of St.  
 Mary de Lode in the Cathedral City. He died May 6,  
 1687. Our extract is made from his "Divine Poems"  
 published in 1654.

What wouldst thou see, poor man, that thou wouldst fain  
 Receive thy sight again?  
 Should Beauty be thy object? That's a fire  
 Wil kindle loose desire,  
 And put thy soul out, making thee in minde  
 As in thy body blind.  
 I made a covenant with mine eye, Job said,  
 Not once to look on maid.<sup>1</sup>  
 If then to gaze on Beauty thou delight,  
 Thou'dst better want thy sight.

<sup>1</sup> Job xxxi. 1. G.

What wouldst thou see, poor man, that thou wouldst fain  
     Receive thy sight again?  
 Should Riches be thy object? they entice  
     Unto a baser vice,  
 And make thee poorer than thou wast before  
     By coveting of more;  
 Wishing with Achan for that wedge of gold,  
     Thou didst but now behold;  
 Or else with Ahab, longing to be Lord  
     Of Naboth, his Vineyard.  
 If then to gaze on Riches thou delight,  
     Thou'dst better want thy sight.

What wouldst thou see, poor man, that thou wouldst fain  
     Receive thy sight again?  
 Should Honour be thy object? That's a thing  
     No true content can bring,  
 But puffe thee up with an ambitious rage,  
     And to high acts engage,  
 With Herod, law and justice trampling downe  
     Thereby to gain a crown;  
 Til Icarus<sup>1</sup> his fal become thy fate,  
     And thou repent too late.  
 If then to gaze on Honour thou delight,  
     Thou'dst better want thy sight.

What wouldst thou see, poor man, that thou wouldst fain  
     Receive thy sight again?  
 Should Jesus be thy object? He is one  
     Worth looking on alone;  
 For hadst thou eies, in's person thou mightest see  
     Both God and man to be;  
 Humilitie His majestie did shade,  
     When He a man was made;  
 Thou couldst not see His face, and live before  
     That flesh had veil'd Him o're;  
 As friend with friend, so thou maist with Him talk  
     As Moses once; and walk

<sup>1</sup> Ovid, *Met.* viii. 195. G.

As Enoch did, but more familiarly,  
 Since He's a man like thee  
 In all but sin ; in Him as in a glass  
 We see God face to face.  
 The Godhead bodily in Him doth dwel,  
 Of life He is the well,  
 The way to heaven, the spring of grace and glory.  
 O 'tis too long a story  
 To tell thee what He is, so great's His worth  
 No pen can set it forth  
 Though snatcht from angel's wing ; wel maist thou pray  
 To see this Star of Day,

This Sun of Righteousness which with His raies  
 Produceth endless joies.  
 If then to gaze on Jesus thou delight,  
 'Twere best to be all sight.  
 Pray still that He would give thee the fruition  
 Of this thrice happy vision.

## ODE TO AURORA.

*On Melissa's Birthday.*

BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the son of a Cumberland bricklayer, was born in Annan, Dumfriesshire, in 1721. He lost his eyesight by smallpox when six months' old. His father took great care to cultivate his mind, and he became fond of versifying. He studied for the Church, was licensed to preach, and appointed minister of Kirkcudbright. From this he retired, and resided in Edinburgh, where he died July 7, 1791. Scotland will

ever be grateful to him for his true appreciation and early help of Burns, whom he addressed in an "Epistle" as—

"Dear Burns! thou brother of my heart,  
Both for thy virtues and thine art," etc.

Of Time and Nature eldest born,  
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn!  
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,  
And chase from heaven Night's envious shade,  
That I once more may pleased survey,  
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of Time and Nature eldest born,  
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn!  
In order, at the eastern gate,  
The Hours to draw thy chariot wait;  
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings  
Mild Nature's fragrant tribute brings,  
With odours sweet to strew thy way,  
And grace the bland revolving day.

But as thou leadst the radiant sphere  
That gilds its birth and marks the year,  
And as his stronger glories rise,  
Diffused around the expanded skies,  
Till clothed with beams serenely bright  
All Heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day  
Melissa still pursues her way,  
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,  
Increasing to the mental eye;  
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,  
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;  
So shall his heart no more repine  
Blessed with her rays though robbed of thine.

Henry Mackenzie calls this "a compliment, and tribute of affection to the tender modesty of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed."



LINES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
LIVERPOOL MARINE SOCIETY.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

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THESE lines not only show Rushton's mastery of the mystery of verse, and his possession of a singularly apt and well-understood vocabulary, but the richness of his benevolence, and the earnestness of his desire to "do good and communicate" it.

WHAT is life, but an ocean, precarious as those  
Which surround this terraqueous ball?  
What is man, but a bark, often laden with woes?  
What is death, but the harbour of all?  
On our passage—to-day, may be mild and serene,  
And our loftiest canvas be shown:  
While to-morrow fierce tempests may blacken the scene,  
And our masts by the board may be gone.

On life's rosy morn (with a prosperous breeze)  
We all our light sail may display,  
With a cloudless horizon may sweep at our ease,  
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray;  
But ere we have reached our meridian, the gale,  
From the point of ill-fortune, may blow,  
And, the sun of our being (all cheerless and pale)  
May set in the wild waves of woe.

Experience (when bound o'er the turbulent waves)  
Remembers that ills may arise,  
And with sedulous care (ere the danger he braves)  
His bark with spare tackle supplies.  
So you on life's ocean (with provident minds)  
Have here a spare anchor secured,  
With which (in despite of adversity's winds)  
The helpless will one day be moored.

When the strong arm of winter uplifts the blue main,  
 And snow storms, and shipwrecks abound ;  
 When hollow-cheeked famine inflicts her fell pain,  
 And the swamp flings destruction around ;  
 When the folly of rulers embroils human kind,  
 And myriads are robbed of their breath ;  
 This wise Institution shall come o'er the mind,  
 And may soften the pillow of death.

The poor widowed mourner—the sweet prattling throng,  
 The veteran (whose powers are no more)  
 Shall here find an arm to defend them from wrong,  
 And to chase meagre want from the door.  
 This is “tempering the wind to the lamb newly shorn,”  
 This is following the ant's prudent ways ;  
 And, oh (blest Institution !) the child yet unborn  
 With rapture shall lisp forth thy praise.

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SACRED EPIGRAMS ON CHRIST'S MIRACLES  
 OF HEALING THE BLIND.

BY RICHARD CRASHAW.

---

THE “poet and saint” to whom those “Sacred Epigrams” are due, was born in London 1612-13, while his father William Crashaw was “Preacher in the Temple.” He was educated at Charterhouse School and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. In 1624 he published his *Epigrammaticum Sacrorum Liber*, Crashaw became a Roman Catholic, and died and was buried in the church of Loretto 1650. A second and enlarged edition of his writings entitled *Poemata et Epigrammata*, appeared in

1670. The undergiven extracts (with relative translations) are taken from "The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw, by Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D."

*Ad verbum Dei sanatur caecus.* Marc. x. 52.

Christe, loquutus eras, ô sacra licentia verbi :  
 Jamque novus caeci fluxit in ora dies.  
 Jam credo, Nemo est, sicut Tu, Christe, loquutus :  
 Auribus ? immo oculis, Christe, loquutus eras.

*The blind cured by the word of our Saviour.*

Thou spak'st the word—Thy word's a law ;  
 Thou spak'st, and straight the blind man saw.  
 To speak and make the blind to see,  
 Was never man, Lord, spake like Thee.  
 To speak thus was to speak, say I,  
 Not to his eare, but to his eye. CRASHAW.

*In Saulum fulgore nimio excaecatum.* Act. ix. 3.

Quae lucis tenebrae ? quae nox est ista diei ?  
 Nox nova, quam nimii luminis umbra facit.  
 An Saulus fuerit caecus, vix dicere possum ;  
 Hoc scio, quod captus lumine Saulus erat.<sup>1</sup>

*On Saul blinded with too much light.*

What darken'd noon is here ? what mid-day night ?  
 It is the shadow cast by too much light.  
 Saul may be blind or not ; all I can say,  
 Ta'en within Heaven's light, earth's light fades away.  
 R. WILTON.

<sup>1</sup> Barksdale thus renders the latter couplet :

'That Saul was blind, I will not say :  
 Sure Saul was *captus lumine*.'

*Beati oculi qui vident.* Luc. x. 23.

Cum Christus nostris ibat mitissimus oris,  
Atque novum caecos jussit habere diem,  
Felices, oculos qui tunc habuere, vocantur ?  
Felices, et qui non habuere, voco.

*Blessed are the eyes which see.*

When Christ with us on earth did sympathise,  
And to the poor blind men restor'd their eyes,  
Happy they who had eyes. Not they alone ;  
I call them also happy who had none.

BARKSDALE.

ANOTHER VERSION.

When Christ on earth moved on His pitying way,  
And bade the blind look up and find new day,  
Was eyesight then such bliss to every one ?  
Yet I will deem them happy who had none.

GROSART.

*In caecos Christum confitentes, Phariseos abnegantes.*

Matt. ix. 27-31.

Ne mihi tu, Pharisee ferox, tua lumina jactes :  
En caecus ! Christum caecus at illa videt.  
Tu, Pharisee, nequis in Christo cernere Christum :  
Ille videt caecus ; caecus es ipse videns.

*The blind confessing Christ, the Pharisees denying [him].*

Cast not thine eyes on me, proud Pharisee,  
Lo, this blind man, though blind, yet Christ can see.  
Thou, Pharisee, canst not in Christ Christ find ;  
The blind man sees Him, and the seer's blind.

GROSART & BARKSDALE.

*Cæcus implorat Christum, Marc. x. 46-52.*

Improba turba, tace. Mihi tam mea vota propinquant,  
 Et lingnam de me vis tacuisse meam ?  
 Tunc ego tunc taceam, mihi cum meus ille loquetur :  
 Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos.  
 O noctis miserere meae, miserere ; per illam  
 In te quae primo riserit ore, diem.  
 O noctis miserere meae, miserere ; per illam  
 Quae, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem.  
 O noctis miserere meae, miserere ; per illam  
 In te quam fidei nox habet ipsa, diem.  
 Haec animi tam clara dies rogat illam oculorum :  
 Illam, oro, dederis ; hanc mihi ne rapias.

*The blind man implores Christ.*

Be silent, crowd : my prayers so near me come,  
 And do you bid my pleading tongue be dumb,  
 Before my Lord to me His speech addresses ?  
 Know, then, that voice of His my eyes possesses.  
 Pity my night, Lord, pity ; by that day  
 Which smiled on me in Thee with earliest ray :  
 Pity my night, Lord, pity ; by that day  
 Which if it sees Thee not, for night would pray :  
 Pity my night, Lord, pity ; by that day  
 Which in faith's dimness fades not quite away.  
 My mind's clear day bids my eyes' day awake :  
 This grant, O Lord, nor the other from me take.  
 R. WILTON.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Silence, silence, O vile crowd ;  
 Yea, I will now cry aloud :  
 He comes near, who is to me  
 Light and life and liberty.  
 Silence seek ye ? yes, I'll be  
 Silent when He speaks to me,

He my Hope ; ah, meek and still,  
 I shall 'bide His holy will.  
 O crowd, ye it may surprise,  
 But His voice holdeth my eyes :  
 O have pity on my night,  
 By the day that gives glad light ;  
 O have pity on my night,  
 By the day would lose its light,  
 If it gat not of Thee sight ;  
 O have pity on my night,  
 By day of faith upspringing bright ;  
 That day within my soul that burns,  
 And for eye's day unto Thee turns.  
 Lord, O Lord, give me this day.  
 Nor do Thou take that away. GROSART.

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### THE SENSE OF SIGHT.

BY SIR JOHN DAVIES.

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**F**ROM the very subtle yet simple philosophical poem  
*Nosce Teipsum*, published in 1599, we quote some  
 deftly put lines on the Sense of Sight. Sir John Davies,  
 its author, was born at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tis-  
 bury, Wiltshire, 1569-70; went to Queen's College,  
 Oxford, 1585; and entered Middle Temple, 1588. He  
 was called to the bar, 1595; knighted, 1607; made Lord  
 Chief Justice, 1626, and died 7th December, in same  
 year.

First, the two eyes that haue the seeing power,  
 Stand as one watchman, spy, or sentinell,  
 Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tower ;  
 And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space  
The formes of moone and sun, and euery starre,  
Of euery body and of euery place,  
Which with the world's wide armes embracèd are :

Yet their best object, and their noblest vse,  
Hereafter in another world will be,  
When God in them shall heauenly light infuse,  
That face to face they may their Maker see.

Here are they guides, which doe the body lead,  
Which else would stumble in eternal night ;  
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,  
And are the casements which admit most light.

They are her farthest reaching instrument,  
Yet they no beames vnto their obiects send,  
But all the rayes are from their obiects sent,  
And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' obiects be farre off, the rayes doe meet  
In a sharpe point, and so things seeme but small :  
If they be neere, their rays doe spread and fleet,  
And make broad points, that things seeme great  
withall.

Lastly, nine things to Sight requirèd are ;  
The power to see, the light, the visible thing,  
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too farre,  
Cleare space, and time, the forme distinct to bring.

Thus we see how the soule doth vse the eyes,  
As instruments of her quick power of sight ;  
Hence do th' arts opticke and faire painting rise ;  
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

## HYMN TO THE LIGHT.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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ABRAHAM COWLEY, son of a grocer in London, was born in 1618, and educated in Westminster School. He proceeded thence to Cambridge; but was expelled thence during the great Rebellion, and followed the Queen to France. Returning to England, he was imprisoned; but was relieved from durance, it is said, by the intercession of Milton. He eventually retired to Chertsey, and died there 28th July 1667.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
From the old Negro's darksome womb!  
Which when it saw the lovely child,  
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smil'd.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,  
But ever ebb, and ever flow!  
Thou golden shower of a true Jove! [love!  
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make

Hail active Nature's watchful life and health!  
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!  
Hail to thy husband heat, and thee! [he!  
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom

Say from what golden quivers of the sky,  
Do all thy winged arrows fly?  
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:  
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,  
That so much cost in colours thou,  
And skill in painting dost bestow,  
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.



Swift as light thoughts their empty carriere run,  
Thy race is finished when begun,  
Let a post angel start with thee,  
And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;  
And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
The sun's gilt tent for ever move ;  
And still as thou in pomp dost go,  
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild,  
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,  
And sleep, the lazy owl of night ;  
Asham'd and fearful to appear  
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm.  
Of painted dreams, a busy swarm,  
At the first opening of thine eye,  
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,  
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests :  
Nature to thee does reverence pay,  
Ill omens, and ill sights remove out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said  
To shake his wings, and rouse his head :  
And cloudy care has often took  
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold ;  
Thy sunshine melts away his cold.  
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,  
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a hardened face,  
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,  
To darkness curtains he retires,  
In sympathising night he rowles his smoky fires.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wak'ned head,  
Out of the morning's purple bed,  
Thy quire of birds about thee play.  
And all thy joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster spirits, that did presume,  
A bodies priv'ledge to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly,  
And bodies gain again their viability.

All the world's brav'ry that delights our eyes  
Is but thy sev'ral liveries :  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st.  
The virgin lilies in their white,  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands  
Girt in the purple swaddling bands :  
On the fair tulip thou dost dote ;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-coloured coat.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,  
And solid colours in it mix :  
Flora herself envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess ! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,  
 And be less lib'ral to gold ;  
 Did thou less value to it give,  
 Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor man relieve !

To me the sun is more delightful far,  
 And all fair days much fairer are.  
 But few, ah wondrous few there be,  
 Who do not gold prefer, O goddess, ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,  
 Which open all their pores to thee ;  
 Like a clear river thou do'st glide, [slide.  
 And with thy living stream through the close channels

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,  
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows ;  
 Takes there possession, and does make,  
 Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day  
 In th' empyrean heaven does stay.  
 Thy rivers, lakes, and springs ; below  
 From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

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### ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

BY ALEXANDER LETHAM.

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ALEXANDER LETHAM lost his sight early in life, and became an inmate of the Asylum for the Blind, Edinburgh. Many of his pieces appeared in the periodicals, and this has been frequently reprinted.

Great refulgent orb of day !  
 O ! what joys thou dost impart !  
 O ! how sweet thy cheering ray  
 To the eye and to the heart !

See the lark with transport rise  
To salute thy early beam ;  
Whilst thou, in the eastern skies,  
Smil'st on mountain, wood, and stream.

Sweetly thou unfold'st to view  
Nature in her rich attire ;  
Giv'st the rose her lovely hue,  
And the ruby all its fire.

Yet the scenes thou dost display  
Cannot to the human breast  
Lasting happiness convey—  
Earth is not our place of rest !

Lasting joys are only found  
Far beyond thy golden sphere :  
There unfailling flowers abound—  
There the sky is ever clear.

There a brighter sun doth shine,  
Which shall cheer the spotless soul  
With resplendent beams divine,  
Long as endless ages roll !

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VERSES ON AN INCIDENT IN PARK'S FIRST  
JOURNEY TO AFRICA.

BY ALEXANDER LETHAM.

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“ **W**HATEVER way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the

nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation, for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsules, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand,—and I was not disappointed.”

Ah ! lovely flower, what care, what power,  
In thy fair structure are displayed  
By Him who reared thee to this hour  
Within the forest's lonely shade !

Thy tender stalk, and fibres fine,  
Here find a shelter from the storm ;  
Perhaps no human eye but mine  
E'er gazed upon thy lovely form.

The dew-drop glistens on thy leaf,  
As if thou seem'st to shed a tear—  
As if thou knew'st my tale of grief—  
Felt all my sufferings severe !

But ah ! thou know'st not my distress,  
In danger here from beasts of prey,  
And robbed of all I did possess,  
By men more fierce by far than they.

Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh,  
 Nor cool the fever at my heart,  
 Though to the zephyrs passing by,  
 Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.

Yet He that formed thee, little plant,  
 And bade thee flourish in this place,  
 Who sees and feels my every want,  
 Can still support me by His grace.

Oft has His arm, all strong to save,  
 Protected my defenceless head,  
 From ills I never could perceive,  
 Nor could my feeble hand have stayed.

Then shall I still pursue my way  
 O'er this wild desert's sun-burnt soil,  
 To where the ocean's swelling spray  
 Washes my longed-for, native isle.

---

### THE BLIND BOY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

---

IN the *Saturday Magazine* for June 1835, these very fine lines, descriptive of the feelings of those who labour under deprivation of sight, appeared with the signature, "Park Benjamin of Boston, N. America."

The bird, that never tried his wing,  
 Can blythely hop and sweetly sing,  
 Though prison'd in a narrow cage,  
 Till his bright feathers droop with age ;  
 So I, while never bless'd with sight,  
 Shut out from heaven's surrounding light,

Life's hours, and days, and years enjoy,  
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.  
That captive bird may never float  
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note  
'Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams  
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams ;  
But he may gaily flutter round  
Within his prison's scanty bound,  
And give his soul to song, for he  
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.  
Oh ! may I not as happy dwell  
Within my unillumined cell ?  
May I not leap, and sing, and play,  
And turn my constant night to day ?  
I never saw the sky, the sea,  
The earth was never green to me ;  
Then why, oh, why, should I repine  
For blessings that were never mine ?  
Think not that blindness makes me sad,  
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad.  
Parents I have, who love me well,  
Their different voices I can tell,  
Though far and absent, I can hear,  
In dreams, their music meet my ear.  
Is there a star so dear above  
As the low voice of one you love ?  
I never saw my father's face,  
Yet on his forehead when I place  
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,  
Left less by time than anxious care,  
I fear the world has sights of wo  
To knit the brows of manhood so.  
I sit upon my father's knee :  
He'd love me less if I could see.  
I never saw my mother smile :  
Her gentle tones my heart beguile.  
They fall like distant melody,  
They are so mild and sweet to me.  
She murmurs not—my mother dear !  
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear

From her soft cheek, to tell the joy  
 One smiling word would give her boy.  
 Right merry was I every day !  
 Fearless to run about and play  
 With sisters, brothers, friends, and all,  
 To answer to their sudden call,  
 To join the ring, to speed the chase,  
 To find each playmate's hiding-place,  
 And pass my hand across his brow,  
 To tell him I could do it now !  
 Yet though delightful flew the hours,  
 So pass'd in childhood's peaceful bowers,  
 When all were gone to school but I,  
 I used to sit at home and sigh ;  
 And though I never long'd to view  
 The earth so green, the sky so blue,  
 I thought I'd give the world to look  
 Along the pages of a book.  
 Now since I've learn'd to read and write,  
 My heart is filled with new delight ;  
*And music too,—can there be found*  
*A sight so beautiful as sound ?*  
 Tell me, kind friends, in one short word,  
 Am I not like that captive bird ?  
 I live in song, and peace, and joy,  
 Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

---

 ORION.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THE giant Orion was blinded by CEnopion ; and in  
 his excellent epic "Orion," published in 1843,  
 R. H. Horne describes his condition thus :—

Now was each step a new experiment ;  
 Within him all was care ; without all chance ;  
 Dark doubts sat in his brain ; danger prowled round.  
 He wandered lost and lone, and often prayed,  
 Standing beside the tree 'neath which he slept,  
 And would have offered pious sacrifice  
 But that himself a victim blindly strayed.



## BLINDNESS.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

EDWARD RUSHTON, born in Liverpool 1755, was a sailor in a merchant vessel, and at the age of nineteen, owing to a violent inflammation of the eyes, lost his sight. An eminent oculist in London pronounced his case incurable, and having returned to Liverpool, Rushton lived for seven years with an old aunt, a pensioner on his father, who allowed him four shillings a week. He employed a boy to read to him two or three hours in the evening, and thus acquired a considerable amount of information. His father placed one of his daughters in business in a tavern, and gave Edward an engagement as her assistant. While thus employed, Rushton married, and finding it necessary to gain more lucrative occupation, he succeeded in getting the editorship of a local newspaper entitled *The Herald*. He next became a bookseller, and, being zealously aided by his wife, prospered for a time. Owing to his holding extreme political opinions however, and rashly expressing them, his business declined. He issued a small volume of "Poems" in 1804, in which the under-given "Ode to Blindness" appeared. Singularly enough, after thirty years of blindness, under the skilful treatment of Dr Gibson of Manchester, his sight was restored in 1807; and, though suffering much from many ailments, he found his hard lot much alleviated by the pleasures derived from his eyes being opened once again "to behold the light." He died in 1814, aged fifty-eight.

AH ! think if June's delicious rays,  
The eye of sorrow can illumine,  
Or wild December's beamless days  
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom ;  
Ah ! think if skies, obscure or bright,  
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,  
Ah ! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,  
What mournful moments wait the blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe ?  
To love the wife he ne'er must see ;  
To be a sire, yet not to know  
The silent babe that climbs his knee ;  
To have his feelings daily torn,  
With pain the passing meal to find ;  
To live distress'd and die forlorn  
Are ills that oft await the blind.

When to the breezy uplands led  
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,  
He hears the redbreast o'er his head,  
While round him breathes the scented thorn ;  
But oh ! instead of Nature's face,  
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,  
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,  
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,  
Midst countless thousands pines unblest'd,  
As the gay flower withdrawn from light  
Bows to the earth where all must rest,—  
Ah ! think when life's declining hours  
To chilling penury are consign'd  
And pain has palsied all his powers,  
Ah ! think what woes await the blind.

## THE BLIND BOY.

BY COLLEY CIBBER.

COLLEY CIBBER, son of Gabriel Cibber, the Sculptor, was born in London, 1671. He served in the army, trode the stage, and composed dramatic pieces. He was promoted to the post of Poet Laureate in 1730, and died in 1757.

O SAY ! what is that thing called light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy,  
What are the blessings of the sight,  
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright ;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe ;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I ne'er can have  
My cheerful mind destroy ;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

## BLINDNESS.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

JOSIAH CONDER was born in London, 17th September 1789. He was a publisher in London, and conducted the *Eclectic Review*, 1814-1837. In 1836 he edited *The Congregationalist Hymn Book*. He issued thirty volumes of *The Modern Traveller*, and was editor of *The Patriot*,—a newspaper which he originated in 1833,—till his death in 1855. He was an extensive writer, both in prose and poetry.

THE taper has quiver'd its last,  
 Oh hope ! must I bid thee farewell ?  
 I must ! for the mandate is past  
 That consign'd me in darkness to dwell.  
 In vain on mine eye-balls shall play  
 The blaze of meridian skies,  
 No sun shall e'er gladden my day,  
 No moon on my midnight arise.

No more at the glories of dawn,  
 Shall my bosom with ecstasy heave ;  
 Farewell to the blush of the morn,  
 And the smile of fond lingering eve !  
 Farewell to the sweets of the spring,  
 Which she throws from her mantle of green ;  
 The gale shall their fragrancy bring,  
 But, alas ! they shall blossom unseen !

Farewell to the light of the eye !  
 To the heart-cheering smile of a friend,  
 And beauty—but why should I sigh,  
 Thy enchantments are all at an end.

But, ah ! there existed a few—  
Shall I see their lov'd faces no more ?  
There was one—oh ! how dear was the view !  
For ever, alas ! is it o'er ?

Ah ! no—'tis a feverish dream,  
Mine eyes are but closed for the night,  
At the dawn of Eternity's beam  
I shall wake into transport and light.  
And still, though the day-light is fled,  
Does memory the twilight prolong,  
Bright visions encircle my head,  
And fancies, celestial throng.

The sun that gilds memory's fields  
Dispenses perpetual day ;  
The spring of the fancy ne'er yields  
To winter's deflowering sway.  
The forms that once lovely appear'd,  
Still lovely in memory bloom,  
And the flow'rets which fancy has rear'd  
Still blossom and smile on the tomb.

My friend shall grow wrinkled and old,  
And beauty all wither'd shall be ;  
But the change I shall never behold,  
And age shall be beauty to me :  
And time shall so silently steal,  
When I sink into peaceful decay,  
That I scarcely the evening shall feel,  
But fancy it still to be day.

But why should terrestrial ties  
Round my heart and fancy entwine !  
O faith, lend me wings to arise  
And make bright futurity mine !

And o'er me thy radiance pour,  
 Thou world of pure day-light and bliss !  
 And my soul shall then murmur no more,  
 To be shut out for ever from this.

This life's but a feverish dream,  
 And short is mortality's night ;  
 At the dawn of Eternity's beam  
 I shall wake into transport and light.  
 Oh the wonders that hour shall unfold !  
 What glories around me shall blaze !  
 I the sun shall unclouded behold,  
 And for ever rejoice in his rays.

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### THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

*From "The Last Days of Pompeii."*

BY EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

BUY my flowers—Oh buy—I pray,  
 The blind girl comes from afar ;  
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
 These flowers her children are !  
 Do they her beauty keep ?  
 They are fresh from her lap, I know ;  
 For I caught them fast asleep  
 In her arms an hour ago,  
 With the air which is her breath—  
 Her soft and delicate breath—  
 Over them murmuring low !

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,  
And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.  
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps,—  
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,  
With a yearning heart and a passionate care)  
To see the young things grow so fair ;—  
She weeps—for love she weeps  
And the dews are the tears she weeps,  
From the well of a mother's love !  
Ye have a world of light,  
Where love in the lov'd rejoices ;  
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,  
And its beings are empty voices.  
As one in the realm below,  
I stand by the streams of wo ;  
I hear the vain shadows glide,  
I feel their soft breath at my side,  
And I thirst the lov'd forms to see,  
And I stretch my fond arms around,  
And I catch but a shapeless sound,  
For the living are ghosts to me.  
Come buy—come buy ;—  
Hark ! how the sweet things sigh,  
(For they have a voice like ours)  
“ The breath of the blind girl closes  
The leaves of the saddening roses—  
We are tender, we sons of light,  
We shrink from this child of night ;  
From the grasp of the blind girl free us ;  
We yearn for the eyes that see us—  
We are for night too gay,  
In your eyes we behold the day—  
Oh buy—Oh buy the flowers ! ”

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA,

*On Her Visit to Edinburgh, 1881.*

BY A WORKMAN IN THE ROYAL BLIND ASYLUM.

MOST potent Monarch, Britain's gracious Queen,  
 Thrice welcome to old Scotia's capital,  
 Where Kings have dwelt, and dignities have been  
 Arrayed in ancient splendour ; but these fall  
 To insignificance compared with all  
 The lustre which thy brilliant reign hath shed  
 O'er this great Empire, which from cot to hall  
 Resounds with prayers for blessings on thy head,  
 And that Jehovah still may lead as He has led.

Thrice welcome here, where heart-felt loyalty  
 Dwells in each breast, bestowing vital force  
 To fervent love for such true royalty  
 As makes a nation's welfare the pure source  
 Of their great deeds. Thy subjects all endorse  
 This sentiment of thee, and thy just sway ;  
 For progress speeds more swiftly in its course  
 Than earth has ever witnessed ; though what may  
 In future years appear no muse can sing or say.

Now expectation plies its powerful spells,  
 And eager eyes await the coming sight ;  
 Our tranquil city with excitement swells,  
 As when great multitudes in shades of night



Assemble to behold a meteor bright,  
Or great-tailed comet, as it flies through space,  
While gentle sleep from men has taken flight ;  
So great a stir and change has taken place,  
Where fair Edina stands in stately native grace.

Here studious Learning scans all Nature's works,  
In search of truth to fill her many stores,  
Now in the mine where hidden treasure lurks  
She gleans from earth and rocks the precious ores ;  
Now where the ocean billow wildly roars  
She gathers knowledge from its depths profound ;  
And now on swift angelic wings she soars  
Where suns and planets roll in endless round,  
Naming the stars that in immensity abound.

Here Art, triumphant, rears gigantic towers,  
And costly mansions filled with luxury ;  
These both to welcome thee exert their powers.  
Fair Science bids the lightnings light thy way ;  
To cheer and beautify, Art makes display  
Of floral wreaths and banners, which proclaim  
To far and near approaching Majesty.  
We own thy present visit swells our fame,  
And fans, though burning brightly, our pure, loyal  
flame.

Though justly proud of Science and of Art,  
And stately grandeur of our lofty hills,  
We prize more dear the philanthropic heart  
That seeks to soothe and lessen human ills.

Now Scotland's bosom with true fervour thrills,  
When contemplating her great institutions ;  
Here good intentions join with sturdy wills,  
And work their good and peaceful revolutions,  
Adapted to all ills, all spheres, and constitutions.

Some vary in degree and some in kind,  
But none can merit more your high attentions  
Than our great ROYAL ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND.

Now grown to no diminutive dimensions.  
Its principles have these for its pretensions :  
To give the Blind instruction and a trade,  
Which, when combined, are doubtless great preventions  
Of many ills that our dark class invade ;  
But still we must depend on philanthropic aid.

Raised and maintained by kind benevolence,  
Our far-famed Institution lives and grows ;  
Enabled many blessings to dispense  
Where night eternal dwells, nor morning knows.  
It helps to stem the tide of human woes,  
And brings more near that future happy date,  
When peace shall have united friends and foes,  
And universal good shall bless each fate,  
And all mankind shall reach a higher, purer state.

And could your Majesty but deign a visit—  
A condescension we would greatly prize,  
And greet with Scottish loyalty. Nor is it  
Uncertain good which we would realise.  
Our benefactors are as light and eyes  
To us who walk in darkness Life's rough vale.  
Hence now to welcome thee our voices rise,  
Blending with echoes borne on every gale,  
Of that great universal shout—All hail ! All hail !

God save the Queen ! and grant her many years ;  
 " God save the Queen ! " millions of voices sing.  
 Long may her reign be free from doubts and fears,  
 And wasting wars, which great disasters bring.  
 Let hills and valleys with her praises ring ;  
 Let Britain's sons extol her reign serene,  
 And to their much-loved standard fondly cling ;  
 Let them be brave, as they of old have been,  
 And sing with heart and voice, " GOD SAVE OUR  
 GRACIOUS QUEEN."

## THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BAGNOLET.

ANON.

THIS piece was snipped long ago from an early number of *Tail's Magazine*. Though it appears in English it seems to be a translation from the French—the land wherein even blind beggars must be *toujours gai*.

OF late I met at Bagnolet,  
 A grey-beard with a constant smile ;  
 Blind, from the wars he came away,  
 And poor, he begs, and sings the while ;  
 He tunes his viol, to repeat,  
 "'Tis Pleasure's children I entreat,  
 Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,—  
 And all are prompt to give and greet,—  
 Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
 To the blind man of Bagnolet !"

A little damsel guides his way,  
 And when a joyous crowd he nears,  
 At revel on the green, he'll say,  
 " Like you, I danced in former years !

Young men, who press with rapturous air,  
 The yielded hand of many a fair,  
     Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray ;  
 In youth I did not oft despair,  
     Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
     To the blind man of Bagnolet !”

Where revellers in the bower carouse,  
 He says, “ Remember (ah ! 'tis sure),  
 That here the sunniest year allows  
     No vintage-gleanings to the poor !  
 Glad souls whose merry faces shine  
 O'er beakers filled with aged wine—  
     Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
 The sourest draught's a treat in mine,  
     Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
     To the blind man of Bagnolet !”

Where, drinking deep, a soldier-band,  
 In chorus shout their amorous lays,  
 And ring the glass from hand to hand,  
     To pledge the feats of other days,—  
 He says “ By memory stirr'd to tears,  
 Enjoy what Friendship's charm endears—  
     Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
 Like you, / carried arms for years !  
     Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
     To the blind man of Bagnolet !”

In fine, we're bound in truth to state,  
 In quest of alms, 'tis said he's seen  
 More rarely at the church's gate,  
     Than near the tavern on the green ;

With all whom Pleasure's garlands bind  
The beggar and his rote I find,—

“Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
Enjoyment makes the heart grow kind !

Ah ! give a trifle, give, I pray,  
To the blind man of Bagnolet !”

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BLESSED ARE THE EYES

THAT HAVE NOT SEEN, AND YET HAVE BELIEVED.

*From the German.*

ANON.

THESE lines seem to be so suitable to comfort, encouragement, and gladden those who can only hear the sweet message of the Gospel that we think it highly worthy of insertion here and likely to be approved as suitable and appropriate.

We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,  
O Saviour, this our sinful earth ;  
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,  
And waken them to second birth ;  
Yet we believe that Thou *didst* come,  
And quit for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few,  
Who stood Thy bitter cross around ;  
Nor heard thy prayer for those who slew,  
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground.  
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side,  
But we believe that Thou *hast* died.

No angel's message met our ear,  
 On that first glorious Easter day ;  
 "The Lord is risen. He is not here ;  
 Come see the place where Jesus lay."  
 But we believe that Thou *didst* quell  
 The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw Thee not return on high ;  
 And now, our longing sight to bless,  
 No ray of glory from the sky  
 Shines down upon our wilderness ;  
 But we believe, that Thou *art* there,  
 And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

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#### THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

THE esteemed sacred poet, and valued theological writer, Horatius Bonar, D.D., is a native of Edinburgh. He was educated at the High School, and the University, and ordained to the ministry in 1839. His *Hymns of Faith and Hope* commend themselves to the heart and life of "the communion of saints." The following hymn was specially composed for the Edinburgh Royal Blind Asylum and School.

LIGHT of the World ! I come to Thee !  
 Take Thou my hand ; be Thou my guide,  
 Better than life or light to me !  
 There is no darkness at Thy side.

Light of the World ! Light up my heart ;  
 Be Thou my everlasting Sun ;  
 Thy brightness to my soul impart,  
 While thro' this waste I wander on.

Light of the World ! Thy love is all  
I need to guide me thro' the gloom,  
The way is dark, on Thee I call,  
A pilgrim passing to the tomb.

Light of the World ! Oh speak to me  
In this rough scene of change and strife  
Say, I will keep and comfort thee,  
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."

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A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born at Portland, Maine, U.S., 20th June 1807. His "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," "Loiterings of Travel," are remarkable for their lively conversationality. His "Melanie," a tragic poem of Italian life, is sweet and pleasing. His occasional poems are simple and unpretending. Some of his Sacred Scenes from Scripture sources, have been enshrined in the hearts of believers.

GENTLY, dear mother ; here  
The bridge is broken near thee, and below  
The waters with a rapid current flow—  
Gently, and do not fear ;  
Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee,  
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves as we pass  
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware ;  
And by thy side the hazel clusters fair ;  
    And the low forest grass  
Grows green and lovely, where the wood paths wind—  
Alas for thee, dear mother, thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;  
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn  
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn ;  
    And evening's dewy light  
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—  
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye !

And the kind looks of friends  
Peruse the sad expression in thy face ;  
And the child stops amid his bounding race,  
    And the tall stripling bends  
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—  
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear, and love  
May richly on a human tongue be poured ;  
And the slight cadence of a whispered word  
    A daughter's love may prove ;  
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,  
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes, thou canst hear ; and He  
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,  
To the attentive ear like harps hath strung  
    Heaven, and earth, and sea !  
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,  
With but one sense the soul may overflow !



## TO THE MOON.

BY THOMAS WILL.

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THESE verses are the production of one who in his early boyhood was deprived of sight, and are endeavours to express and reflect the memories of that lost sense. The author is a working basket-maker in the Asylum for the Blind, and has published two excellent small volumes, one of poems and the other of essays.

THOU shining Moon, arrayed in tender glory,  
Ascending slowly from the eastern sea,  
Art lovely still, as when, in ages hoary,  
Thou mad'st, at first, Night's gloom a time of glee.  
How calm, how blessed, how holy, thus to be  
Enraptured by thy mild celestial beams  
Till the mind reaches Thought's sublimity,  
Awakening all its purest, noblest themes,  
While Fancy conjures up her fairest, brightest dreams !  
Oh, radiant Moon, wilt thou still shine as bright,  
When countless ages, yet to come, are fled,  
Or wilt thou cease to gild our earthly night ;  
And shall decay's dull mantle o'er thee spread ?  
As I behold thee now, a prospect dread  
Doth stir my inmost being ; for I fear  
Lest dark annihilation cold and dead  
Should yet involve all things ; alas ! how dear  
Is life, the world, thou moon, all Nature far and near !  
Shall, then, this universe of brilliant suns,  
Fair worlds, effulgent moons, all perish so ?  
And countless myriads of high-gifted ones  
Who now inhabit them—must they, too, go  
To realms of endless rest, where joy nor woe  
Can have or place or being ? Shall this be ?  
No ! God who formed them reigneth, and I know  
That God is good, and that His people He  
Shall raise to endless life and joy, from sorrow free !

## TO THE SETTING SUN.

BY THOMAS WILL.

How grand to witness yonder setting sun  
Along the earth and sky his glory darting !  
For though his western goal is nearly won,  
He—like dear friends—seems brightest at the parting.  
But down he sinks on his aerial bed,  
And over where he sank the heavens are red.  
Even yet his rays to upper air are tending,  
Gilding the clouds with colours of all hues ;  
And now the rising moon's soft light is blending  
With that fair scene. A struggle then ensues,  
Till the day's last reflections fade from sight,  
And leave the Moon sole mistress of the Night.

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## A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

ANON.

'I will not leave you comfortless.'—JOHN xiv. 18.

ARE the days of darkness many ?  
Are such now assign'd to me ?  
Yet, O Lord, there are not any  
Which may not be spent with Thee :  
Saviour, Thou canst make them bright ;  
Turn my darkness into light.

Shall distress, however bitter,  
Separate my soul from Thee ?  
No ! distress but makes it fitter  
To its hiding-place to flee :  
Though of all besides bereft,  
'Tis enough if thou art left.

Should it please Thee now to sever  
Life-long unions, dearest ties,  
Whisper, 'I will leave thee never,'  
This shall check my tears and sighs ;  
He whose mind is 'stay'd on Thee,'  
Never desolate shall be.

## THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

BY REV. J. D. BURNS.

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THE REV. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS was born in Edinburgh, 18th Feb. 1823. He was educated in Heriot's Hospital and at the Edinburgh University. He was licensed as a preacher in the Free Church; but in 1845, owing to failing health, he resigned and proceeded to Madeira, where he subsequently became minister of a Presbyterian congregation. In 1854 he issued *The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems*, and took the charge of the Presbyterian Church of Hampstead, London.

It seemed at first a mournful sight  
That little room to me revealed :  
A child whose eyes were closed in night,  
Her lips in hopeless silence sealed.  
Chained down by weakness to her bed—  
Her tender frame by suffering wrung—  
'A bitter lot is thine,' I said ;  
'A heavy cross for one so young.'

But, oh ! far otherwise I mused,  
When once I saw, with glad surprise,  
How this meek lamb, so sorely bruised,  
To the Good Shepherd raised her eyes.  
How patient on His breast she lay,  
And kissed the hand of chastening love,  
And bless'd the dark and rugged way  
That led her to His fold above !

Sweet child ! so greatly tried and blest,  
Thou soon wilt lay thy burden down ;—  
The rougher road, the happier rest ;  
The heavier cross, the brighter crown.

For days of darkness yet to thee  
 Shall everlasting light be given ;  
 And the first face that thou shalt see  
 Will be thy Saviour's face in heaven.

That fettered tongue, here mute so long,  
 Shall burst its bonds in sudden praise ;  
 Its first glad words will be the song  
 Which round the throne the ransomed raise,  
 From sufferings freed, and free from sin,  
 And in unclouded light to shine,—  
 If faith can such a triumph win,  
 Sweet child, a blessed lot is thine !

‘ HE TOOK THE BLIND MAN BY THE  
 HAND.’

MARK viii. 23.

HE who erected Heaven's bright arch,  
 Who all creation formed and planned ;  
 Who taught the orbs of light their march—  
 ‘ He took the blind man by the hand.’

He who in mercy made the bow  
 By which the rainy sky is spanned,  
 That *all* the love of God might know—  
 ‘ He took the blind man by the hand.’

He who eternal glory left,  
 And paid the broken law's demand,  
 When we of hope were all bereft—  
 ‘ He took the blind man by the hand.’

He who our griefs and sorrows bore,  
 In sinner's room who chose to stand,—  
 Such love glowed in His bosom's core,—  
 ‘ He took the blind man by the hand.’

When crowds cried 'Hush!' as Jesus passed,  
 The sightless beggar, bronzed and tanned,  
 Woe-worn, upon the highway cast—  
 'He took the blind man by the hand.'

Christ saw faith springing in his soul,  
 And as He said, in accents bland,  
 'Arise, be cheered, thou art made whole!'  
 'He took the blind man by the hand.'

Oft thus, while on the earth Christ dwelt,  
 And paced in love the Holy Land,—  
 To prove for human woe he felt,—  
 'He took the blind man by the hand.'

Even yet, though now exalted high,  
 King over Heaven's angelic band,  
 In mercy, aye to sufferers nigh,—  
 'He takes the blind man by the hand.'

Hence all who feel their spirits moved  
 For His name's sake, by love's law grand,  
 Shall in His kingdom be approved,  
 Who 'took the blind man by the hand.'

Oh may His love and mercy stir  
 Our hearts, as if with Heaven's air fanned,  
 That, being each His minister,  
 We'll take 'the blind man by the hand.'

Each kindly act, each loving deed,  
 That makes man's heart with joy expand,  
 From Him shall gain a glorious meed  
 Who 'took the blind man by the hand.'

And, when before the Cherubim  
 At Christ's great Audit we shall stand,  
 May our Lord say of us, like Him,  
 We 'took the blind man by the hand.'

VERSES WRITTEN BY DR. THOMAS  
BLACKLOCK,

ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS POEMS,  
SENT TO DR. BEATTIE.

*Author of 'The Minstrel,' etc.*

—Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis  
Captus amore leget. VIRGIL.

O THOU ! whose bosom inspiration fires !  
For whom the Muses string their favourite lyres !  
Though with superior genius blest, yet deign  
A kind reception to my humbler strain.

When florid youth impelled, and fortune smiled,  
The Vocal Art my languid hours beguiled.  
Severer studies now my life engage,  
Researches dull, that quench poetic rage.

From morn to evening destined to explore  
The verbal critic, and the scholiast's lore,  
Alas ! what beam of heavenly ardour shines  
In musty lexicons and school-divines ?

Yet to the darling object of my heart  
A short but pleasing retrospect I dart ;  
Revolve the labours of the tuneful choir,  
And what I cannot imitate, admire.

O could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow,  
As thine melodious could my accents flow ;  
Then thou approving mightst my song attend,  
Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.

## BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, one of the poets of America who has won European fame, has finely set forth in these verses one of the most touching incidents in gospel history in connection with the blind.

BLIND BARTIMEUS at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
He hears a crowd ;—he hears a breath  
Say, ' It is Christ of Nazareth !'  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
*'Ιησοῦ ἰλίησόν με !*

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say, ' He calleth thee !'  
*Θάρσει ἔγειραι, φωνῆ σε !*

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, ' What wilt thou at my hands ?'  
And he replies, ' O give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !'  
And Jesus answers, *"Τραγε·*  
*'Η πίστις σου σίσωκί σε !*

Ye that have eyes, and cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
*'Ιησοῦ ἰλίησόν με !*  
*Θάρσει ἔγειραι, ἕσραγε !*  
*'Η πίστις σου σίσωκί σε !*

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