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D. Harting gift.
From Jane to her
sister Margaret.

1863

THE
CHRISTIAN'S HARP.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

BY JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF AN INTRODUCTION TO SACRED GEOGRAPHY,
ETC.

GLASGOW:

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TO
MISS DARROCH, GOUROCK HOUSE,
Treasurer,
AND TO THE OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE
LADIES' COMMITTEE
OF THE
GOUROCK INFANT SCHOOL SOCIETY,
THIS VOLUME
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED.

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Those marked thus † are Original.

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THE
CHRISTIAN'S HARP.

ANGELS' MUSIC.

J. M'RAE.

COME, heavenly muse, on orient wing
And holy songs of Zion sing,
Tune feebler harps sweet hymns to raise
To Him, in whose adoring praise,
The angel quires in solemn measures,
Unlock the muse's golden treasures—
When in the starry-kirtled lands,
They wander on in saintly bands,
Where amaranths, at every tread
Spring up, and sapphires overhead
Rain beauty on the groves below,
Where soft celestial ditties flow;
Every string that art can frame
Warbles with harmonic flame,
Low before the throne they bow,
Hearken to their anthems now,

Loud they swell and fill all heaven,
For to God the glory's given.

When the earth a chaos lay,
When as yet there was no day,
When the black and foaming wave
Roar'd in every mountain cave,
No angel music swept the sea
To calm its reckless revelry;
But when God said, let there be light,
And light sprung o'er the realms of night,
And when the heavens and earth were made,
And waves in oozy channels laid,
When fields were robed in pleasing green,
And flowers, and trees of every sheen;
When stars, more numerous than sheaves
Of autumn, or the summer leaves,
Came out and rode the willing air,
The evening star their harbinger;
When God made fruitful waters bring
Forth from their bed the living thing,
And made the bounteous womb of earth
Give all her creatures at a birth,
And last, when noblest of the frame,
Man from the great Jehovah came;
Then when all creation stood,
And His voice declared it good—
Unnumbered golden harps were strung,
While heavenly acclamations rung,
In snowy diadems arrayed,
The seraphim soft tunings made,

The morning stars gave back the strain
Which came in louder notes again,
When all the ethereal anthems poured
Their tide of glory to the Lord.

When angel feet no more were seen
At dappled dawn or moonlit e'en,
Chasing the dew drops from the flowers
That waved in Eden's holy bowers,
They took their harps with them afar
Beyond the fair-tricked morning star,
Nor sighed to leave the eastern grove,
When man had left his Maker's love;
But swiftly on the levelled wing
Flew where they might for ever sing,
To holy bowers and purer vales,
Fit only for celestial tales.

But, heavenly muse, thy seraph strain
Flew gladly to earth's haunts again,
When wandering through the starry ways,
Each angel sped with notes of praise,
In flaming robe and diadem,
To sing o'er lowly Bethlehem;
A brighter band than that which came
Swift from the morning stars like flame,
To bid the new-born heavens move
Responsive to their Maker's love.
Ten thousand quiring heralds sing,
Triumphant harps symphonious ring,
To God the glory, peace on earth,

They sung—and sung anew the birth
 Of Christ, who left his crown and throne
 To make the rebel earth his own,
 And lead in triumph home the race
 Saved by his Godhead might and grace.
 Their tunings filled the ear of night,
 And up they rode in squadrons bright,
 When shepherds went to hail their king,
 And all the stars stood listening.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WAVE wide, Ceylon, your foliage fair,—
 Your spicy fragrance freely strew,—
 Lo! ocean's swelling surge we dare,
 To bear salvation's gifts to you.

And ye, who long, with lonely hand,
 Have faithful tilled that favoured soil,
 Behold, we come,—a brother-band,
 To share the burden of your toil.

Land of our birth! we may not stay,
 The fondness of our hearts to tell;
 Friends of our youth! we will not say
 How deep within our souls ye dwell:

But when the dead, both small and great,
 Shall stand before the Judge's seat,
 When sea and sky, and earth and state,
 All like a baseless vision fleet,—

The hope that then some heathen eye,
Through us, an angel's glance may raise—
 Bids us to vanquish nature's tie,
 And turn her parting tear to praise.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light,
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords,
 "Take the kingdom,—it is thine,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Round the altar, priests confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
 And his blood that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race,
 Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
 But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
 Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

LORD BROUGHAM.

"*THERE* is a God," all nature cries;
 A thousand tongues proclaim
 His arm almighty, mind all wise:
 And bid each voice in chorus rise,
 To magnify his name.

Thy name, great nature's sire divine!
 Assiduous we adore,
 Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
 Benighted nations blood and wine
 In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
 Myriads of miles each hour
 Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
 As the blue circlet studs the face
 Of that enamelled flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that floweret gay
 To glitter in the dawn;
 The hand that fired the lamp of day,
 The blazing comet launched away,
 Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
 Obedient to thy will,"
 By the same law those globes wheel round,
 Each drawing each, yet all still found
 In one eternal system bound
 One order to fulfil.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

O WELCOME, thrice welcome, the peace of the grave,
 There is balm in its silence and gloom,
 For the weary and worn, and monarch and slave,
 For the pilgrim of age, and youth in its bloom.

There is rest for the frame of mortality there,
 And the spirit that dies not finds freedom at last,
 From the guile of the world, and its withering care,
 When the bounds of the tomb it has joyfully past.

And beyond the dark scene which futurity shades,
 Truth points to a heaven of glory and love,
 Where the soul shall ascend, when life's vision fades,
 To join in the choir of blest spirits above.

ON THE INSTABILITIE OF YOUTH.

LORD VAUX, 1576.

WHEN I look back, and in myself behold
 The wandering ways that youth could not descry,
 And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
 And mete in mind how each step strayed awry,
 My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
 O Lord forget these sins and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
 I also see his prime time and his end ;
 I do confess my faults and all my ill,
 And sorrow sore for that I did offend ;
 And, with a mind repentant of all crimes,
 Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

Thou, that did'st grant the wise king his request,
 Thou, that in whale the prophet did'st preserve,
 Thou, that forgavest the woundings of thy breast ;
 Thou, that did'st save the thief in state to starve ;
 Thou only God, the giver of all grace,
 Wipe out of mind the path of youth's vain race.

Thou, that by power to life did'st raise the dead,
 Thou, that of grace restored'st the blind to sight,
 Thou, that for love thy life and love out-bled,
 Thou, that of favour madest the lame go right,
 Thou, that can'st heal and help in all essays,
 Forgive the guilt that grew in youth's vain ways.

And now since I, with faith and doubtless mind,
 Do fly to Thee, by prayer to appease thine ire;
 And since, that Thee I only seek to find,
 And hope, by faith, to attain my just desire;
 Lord, mind no more youth's error and unskill;
 Enable aye to do thy holy will.

THE POLAR STAR.

POLAR Star of life's dark sea!
 All unknowing how to steer,
 Saviour, I would look to Thee—
 O'er the watery waste appear;
 Let no cloud obscure thy light;
 Shine encouragingly bright.

O'er the rolling billows shine;
 Faith to Thee her eye will turn,
 Though the stormy night be mine,
 If my beacon I discern;
 If my guiding star appear,
 I shall quickly lose my fear.

Though the foaming billows rise,
 I shall scarce their threatening see,
 If I turn me to the skies,
 If I fix my gaze on Thee :
 Guiding Star, oh, give thy light !
 Lead me through the stormy night!

CHRIST, THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

W. P. SPARKS.

As we tread the dark path through this valley of tears,
 And are seeking a city to come,
 'Tis sweet to remember that days, months, and years,
 Will bring us but nearer our home ;
 Through the waste of the world, while we travel along,
 As a wilderness barren and dry,
 We are cheered by the notes of a heavenly song,
 And revealings of love from on high.

'Tis the kind hand of Jesus incessantly leads
 Through the dangers of doubt and dismay ;
 'Tis his banner of love that waves over our heads ;
 'Tis his face that illumines our way ;
 'Tis his threatening that awes, 'tis his precept that guides,
 'Tis his mercy that beams from above ;
 'Tis his death on the cross that salvation provides
 For sinners redeemed by his love !

He hath said, "Fear thou not, by the pains I endured,
 I have paid the great ransom for thee;
 Believe me, receive me, and pardon secured
 Shall set thee eternally free!"

He hath said, and His promise shall ever remain
 As the sun in the strength of his might,
 Whilst the bright orb of day his fair course shall maintain
 And the moon gild the silence of night.

As pilgrims on earth, we are looking abroad
 The fair walls of Zion to spy;
 To inhabit with angels the city of God,
 And for ever to Jesus be nigh.
 Blest Saviour! 'tis only in that holy place
 Where rivers of happiness flow,
 Which thou shalt illumine with the light of thy face,
 That thy servants no parting shall know!

O L I V E T.

EDMESTON.

An! sweet and sacred Olivet,
 My pensive spirit oft would go
 And watch where Love and Sorrow met,
 And caused the Saviour's tears to flow;
 In the still silence of the night
 Imagination there would fly,
 And, with a solemn, sweet, delight,
 Feel in my Saviour's company.

Darkness, and silence, and repose,
 Hold undivided kingdom there;
 As if all conscious that arose
 There the Redeemer's ardent prayer.
 What sacredness pervades the ground!
 Methinks the light breeze scarcely stirs;
 Awe seems to rest on all around,
 As if all things were worshippers.

'Tis good in thought to watch awhile
 In such a solemn sacred scene;
 Thus the rapt spirit to beguile,
 Though seas and ages roll between:
 'Tis good to journey with my Lord,
 To Tabor, Bethlehem, Calvary,
 Till memory may almost record,
 Saviour, I too have been with Thee.

"AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY
 STRENGTH BE."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
 And in her heart despondence sighs;
 When life her throng of care reveals,
 And weakness o'er my spirit steals;
 Grateful I hear the kind decree,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
 'Mid smitten joys and buried loves:
 When sleep my tearful spirit flies,
 And dewy morning drinks my sighs:
 Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
 One pang, the keenest and the last:
 And when with brow convulsed and pale,
 My feeble quivering heart-strings fail,
 Redeemer, grant my soul to see
 That "as her day, her strength shall be."

FORWARD, WARRIORS OF THE HIGHEST.

FORWARD, warriors of the Highest,
 Forward to the land of life!
 Christ, when needed most, is nighest;
 God's own Spirit shares the strife:
 Rough may be the road and steep,
 But ye must not faint or sleep.

Envious scorn may point the finger,
 Malice poisoned words may breathe,
 Treacherous sloth may bid you linger,
 Pleasure flowery fetters wreath:
 Forward, warriors! lift your eyes;
 Think of your eternal prize!

Though an earthly host assemble,
 Though the powers of air combine,
 Faith your shield, you need not tremble,
 And the Word your sword divine!
 Trust ye but Jehovah's might,
 Sure the triumph, short the fight!

STANZAS ON ADAM.

THOMAS RAGG.

THE author of these lines is a young man, who, from being an over-hearing infidel, has been changed, by the grace of God, to an humble and decided Christian. His circumstances are very contracted—having a wife and two young children to support, he has been obliged to work fourteen hours a day at a twist machine. While thus engaged, he wrote, in six months, 9000 lines. We hope that his abilities, consecrated as they have recently been to the service of God, will soon place him in a situation of greater comfort.—ED.

ADAM, where art thou? monarch, where?
 It is thy maker calls;
 What means that look of wild despair?
 What anguish now entrals?
 Why, in the wood's embowering shade,
 Dost thou attempt to hide
 From Him, whose hand thy kingdom made,
 And all thy wants supplied?
 Go, hide again, thou fallen one!
 The crown has left thy brow;
 Thy robe of purity is gone,
 And thou art naked now.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
 Assert thy high command;
 Call forth the tiger from his lair,
 To lick thy kingly hand;
 Control the air, control the earth,
 Control the foaming sea;
 They own no more thy heavenly birth,
 Or heaven-stamped royalty.
 The brutes no longer will caress,
 But share with thee thy reign;
 For the sceptre of thy righteousness,
 Thy hands have snapped in twain.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
 Thou wondrous thing of clay;
 Ah! let the earth-worm now declare,
 Who claims thee as his prey.
 Thy mother, oh! thou mighty one,
 For thee re-opes her womb;
 Thou to the narrow house art gone,
 Thy kingdom is the tomb.
 The truth from Godhead's lips that came,
 There in thy darkness learn;
 Of dust was formed thy beauteous frame,
 And shall to dust return.

Adam, where art thou? where! oh where!
 Behold him raised above,
 An everlasting life to share
 In the bright world of love.

The hand, he once 'gainst heaven could raise,
 Another sceptre holds;
 His brows, where new born glories blaze,
 Another crown enfolds.

Another robe 's flung over him,
 More fair than was his own;
 And with the fire-tongued seraphim,
 He dwells before the throne.
 But whence could such a change proceed!
 What power could raise *him* there—
 So late by God's own voice decreed
 'Transgression's curse to bear?

Hark! hark! he tells—a harp well strung
 His grateful arms embrace;
 Salvation is his deathless song,
 And grace, abounding grace;
 And sounds through all the upper sky
 A strain with wonders rife—
 That life hath given itself to die,
 To bring back death to life.

"THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE,
 WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE."

Why, Christian pilgrim, trembling stand
 In sorrow and dismay?
 The traveller bound to Zion's land
 Should faint not by the way:

Seek in these blessed words repose,
 And let thy troubles cease;
 For know, whate'er thy wants or woes,
 The Lord will give thee peace.

Have faithless friends deceived thy love,
 And taught thy tears to flow?
 Oh! seek affection from above,
 Nor mourn its loss below:
 Though earthly ills thy bosom rend,
 Though earthly foes increase,
 Thy heavenly, thy unchanging Friend,
 Shall guide thee still in peace.

Has fortune mocked thy eager care,
 And frowned upon thy toil?
 Oh! strive to gain those treasures rare,
 That none can harm or spoil:
 Time may invade the miser's store,
 And bid his wealth decrease;
 But time can but augment the more
 The Christian's perfect peace.

Still do thy looks distress impart?
 Still art thou sore dismayed?
 Oh! tell me, is thy truant heart
 On God entirely stayed?
 If worldly trifles sway thy mind,
 If worldly cares increase,
 How canst thou ever hope to find
 The calm of perfect peace?

Oh! cast aside each restless fear
 That in thy soul hath part;
 Yield to the Lord, in faith sincere,
 An undivided heart:
 Then, soothed by his almighty love,
 Thy earthly woes shall cease,
 And even death's dark hour shall prove
 To thee an hour of peace.

"HERE AM I; SEND ME."

F.

WHEN Truth's angelic form
 Conceals her lovely face,
 And vice, like an o'erwhelming storm
 Destroys our hapless race:

When paganism wide
 Extends her cloudy reign:
 And superstition's muddy tide
 Swells wildly from the main:

What youthful heart will brave
 The desert or the sea,
 In hopes some wildered wretch to save?
 "Lord, here am I; send me."

Send me where lasting snows
 Encircle either pole;
 Where Afric's burning sands repose;
 Where Ganges' waters roll.

For thou art every where
 To work thy holy will,
 To listen to thy people's prayer,
 And their desires fulfil.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

LOUISA.

THE Rose of Sharon, fairest of the flowers
 That bless our beauteous groves and vales of love,
 Throws wide its golden leaves, aye rich with hues
 That bloom alone in roses of the sky;
 Afar it sheds its virgin purity,
 And wafts the odours of celestial peace.
 Yet when it grew in earthly homes, and spread
 Its charms to draw the human eye,—no eye
 Admired its heavenly form, or perfume met,
 Fresh from its royal blossomings to please;—
 Esteemed devoid of form and comeliness,
 It grew alone;—but now in bowers above,
 Even in the Paradise of God it grows
 To heal the nations with its balmy streams,
 And ever blooms, the Rose without a thorn.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF AN OLD COPY OF
 "BAXTER'S SAINT'S REST."

Oh! life is but a wilderness—
 A wearie one to some,
 And deathe's the friend that guides us hence,
 And bears us to our home;
 The soule, it flees to God—while we
 Ly slumbering in the tomb,
 To wait the time when Christ shall come
 To fix our final doome.

The tide of life is ebbing fast—
 How long it still shall flow,
 Is far beyond the ken of man,
 Nor e'en do angels know:
 The breeze that wafts us o'er each wave,
 How soon 'twill cease to blow
 Our crazie barks, adoun the stream
 That now so smoothly goe.

How lonesome is the spirit here—
 Amid this drearie waste!
 And sad and heavie is the heart
 That beats within my breast;
 Yet still the heavenlie thought consoles
 It when with grief opprest,
 My soule, it knows how oft it feels
 It hath a better rest.

Then let us raise our thoughts above,
 To Heaven let us soare,
 For Heaven's the rest that God hath given,
 When all our woes are o'er.
 'Tis bliss itself to know that we
 Shall reach that happy shore:
 No sorrow there shall e'er distress,
 And we shall weep no more.

FANCIES IN A CHURCH-YARD.

JAMES PARKER.

THERE is a sad—a solemn bond
 That links the living with the dead;—
 A voice that whispers from beyond
 The path our mortal footsteps tread;
 And even in hours of lighter mood,
 Like clouds upon a summer sky,
 The warning voice will oft intrude
 That tells us we must die!

But when our dearest friends depart,
 With their kind looks and cheering smile,
 Ah! then, in heaviness of heart,
 We ponder o'er their loss the while;
 And when their lifeless forms are laid
 Beneath the sod, where all must lie,
 The thought assumes a deeper shade,
 That we must also die!

The church-yard is a fitting place
 O'er fancies such as these to brood;
 Though lettered stones are all the trace
 Throughout this silent neighbourhood—
 Of many a one within whose breast
 Life's pulse was bounding warm and high,—
 Yet, from their lowly place of rest,
 They tell me I must die!

I start that, 'midst this mass of clay,
 I am the only breathing thing—
 The only one o'er whom decay
 Hath failed to spread its dark'ning wing:
 And many a one reposes here
 Who shared my sports in infancy;—
 Their voices echo in mine ear
 That I must also die!

Yet 'tis a soothing hope that blends
 With that low, sad, mysterious tone—
 'The hope that our departed friends
 Unto a happier home have gone;—
 That, when life's pilgrimage is o'er,
 Our chainless souls may soar on high,
 To meet our long-lost friends once more,
 Where they shall never die!

Oh! would that warning voice could teach
 The current of my thoughts to flow
 To that high world, beyond the reach
 Of mortal sin, or mortal woe!

Then might I walk in safety here,
 And all my sad forebodings fly;
 Then might I meet, without a fear,
 The hour when I must die!

"AND HE SAID, LET ME GO, FOR THE DAY
 BREAKETH."

J. MONTGOMERY.

LET me go, the day is breaking—
 Dear companions, let me go:
 We have spent a night of waking
 In the wilderness below!
 Upward now I bend my way;
 Part we here, at break of day.

Let me go; I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
 Angels wait, my soul to carry
 Where my risen Lord appears;
 Friends and kindred, weep not so—
 If ye love me, let me go.

We have travelled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
 While I sigh, "Farewell!" to you,
 Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

"Tis not darkness gathering round me,
 That withdraws me from your sight:
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark, on mountain wing,
 Though unseen you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day has o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's space of sky;
 Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceased to die.
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither,—come and see.

COMING OF CHRIST; AND RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

HEBER.

AND who is He? the vast, the awful form,
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandalled with the storm?
 A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
 His crown, a rainbow: and a sun, his head.
 To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land;
 And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
 His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!
 Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
 Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there;

Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
 Nor sun nor moon they need, nor day nor night ;—
 God is their temple and the Lamb their light ;
 And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
 Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
 On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warm with life again.
 Hark ! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong ;—
 " Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave ! "

STANDING STILL OF THE SUN.

BUTCHER.

" STAND still, refulgent orb of day,"
 A Jewish hero cries ;
 So shall at last an angel say,
 And tear it from the skies.

A flame, intenser than the sun,
 Shall melt the golden urn,
 Time's empty glass no more shall run,
 Nor human years return.

Then, with immortal splendour bright,
 That glorious orb shall rise;
 Which, through eternity, shall light
 The new created skies.

Thou, sun of nature, roll along,
 And bear our years away;
 The sooner shall we join the song
 Of everlasting day.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

ONWARD it speeds! the awful hour from man's first fall
 decreed,
 When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise the
 woman's spotless seed;
 The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly he trod,
 But now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the son of God!

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the
 conscious Heaven,
 While in Jehovah's inmost fane the mystic veil is riven!
 Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid moun-
 tains rend,
 The yawning graves shall yield their dead, the buried
 saints ascend!

And yet amidst his little flock, still JESUS stands
 serene,
 Unawed by suffering yet to be, unchanged by what
 hath been;
 Still beams the light of love undimmed in that benign-
 nant eye,
 Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him
 soon to die!

He pours within the votive cup the rich blood of the
 vine,
 And "Drink ye all the hallowed draught," he cries,
 "This blood is mine!"
 He breaks the bread: then clasps his hands, and lifts
 his eyes in prayer,
 "Receive ye this, and view, by Faith, my body sym-
 bolled there!"

"For, like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood
 shall soon be shed;
 My body broken on the cross, as now I break the
 bread:
 For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the
 hand Divine
 Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets the
 blow be mine!"

"And oft your willing vows renew around the sacred
 board,
 And break the bread, and pour the wine, in memory
 of your Lord:

To drink with me the grape's rich blood to you shall
 yet be given,
 Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in blest
 abodes of Heaven!"

THE SKY LARK.

JAMES PARKER.

FULL breasted harbinger of early morn!
 That, like a wandering spirit, flutterest up
 Amid the still blue skies of summer, borne
 From some deep furrow, where the butter-cup,
 The daisy, and the violet have shed
 Their dewy tears all night, above thy lowly bed.

Sweet-throated minstrel! thine own element is
 In regions yielding not to human sway,
 Where man hath no dominion, where the breeze
 Mocks his vain efforts to resist its play,
 Where the clouds sail, in silent beauty by—
 There thou art journeying on triumphantly!

I see thee far above me, floating, free
 From each encumbrance that might check thy wings;
 Thou hast no sin, no sorrow; unto thee
 Memory and Hope alike are useless things:—
 Each summer morning brings thee new delight,
 And sweet forgetfulness returneth with the night!

I hear—and there is rapture in the sound !

The warm outpourings of thy happy heart;
Like melodies from some sweet prison unbound,

Through all the air the quick vibrations start,—
Till gushing in a tide of joyous song,
Continuous and clear, the music flows along !

Where art thou gone, strange emulative bird ?

Thy tiny form hath melted from my sight,
And thy rich music is no longer heard

Of aught below. Is thy transcendent flight
To teach proud man a lesson ?—art thou gone,
In the IMMORTAL's ear to breathe an orison ?

Each hath some path of bliss. "Tis thine to soar,

Bearing to heaven's gate thy melody ;
The wood, the vale, the gorgeous garden bower,
Laden with bloom, the brook that murmurs by—
These charm thee not, for thou hadst rather be
In the blue vault above—companionless and free !

DUTY OF THANKFULNESS TO GOD.

SARAH STICKNEY.

THE spring flowers know their time to bloom;
The summer dews to fall;
The stormy winds to rise and come
At winter's dreary call;

The nightingale knows when to sing
 Her midnight melody;
 The stranger bird to stretch her wing
 Far o'er the distant sea.

The silent stars know when to raise
 Their shining lights on high;
 The moon to shed her silver rays
 From out the azure sky;
 The sun his chariot wheels to roll
 Toward the golden west;
 The tides to flow from pole to pole;
 The foaming waves to rest.

This wide creation owns a power
 Supreme o'er earth and seas,
 That portions out some fitting hour
 For all His will decrees;
 Then, while of nature's works the prime,
 Man boasts his nobler call,
 Shall he, ungrateful, own no time
 To thank the Lord of all?

ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER, C. B. F.

O HAST thou gladly marked the flowers
 Spring softly from the ground,
 And raise their little heads on high,
 And blush to all around?

And hast thou with ecstatic joy,
 Beheld the arch of heaven,—
 The twinkling stars,—the planets grave,—
 About their orbits driven?

Did'st thou not weep when biting blasts
 Destroyed the tender flowers,
 And when the beauteous sky was hid
 By clouds and angry showers?

Then weep now, for a fairer flower
 Beneath this stone is placed,
 Than ever bloomed in heathy wild,
 Or cultured arbour graced.

But why should grief be yet indulged?—
 She lives to us unseen,
 And shines in glory, like the stars,
 When tempests roll between.

ETERNITY.

THE mould'ring piles of the aged tower;
 The silver deep of the midnight hour;
 The cataract bold, on the mountain side;
 The ocean grand, with his billowy tide;
 The towering cliff, with awful form;
 The eagle soaring amid the storm;
 The lightning flashing from cloud to cloud;
 The thunder roaring long and loud;—

These have a grandeur the soul to fill,
 With feelings deep and unspeakable.
 But, Eternity vast! when I think of thee.
 There's nought besides seems grand to me!
 Nor the height above, nor the deep profound,
 Will suffice to measure thy ample round!
Thine is a period all unknown,
 Save to Him who reigns on thy lofty throne.
 Oh, Eternity vast! when I think of thee,
 There's nought in this world that's grand to me!

VERSES.

THESE verses were among the last written by their amiable and gifted author—the late lamented SIR DANIEL K. SANDFORD.—ED.

UNGRATEFUL heart! to pine away
 Amid the feast by nature spread;
 To let her sweetest flowers decay,
 Unheeding of the balms they shed:
 To brood o'er hopes that sickly thought
 From Memory's peopled chamber borrows;
 Or start at withering aspects caught,
 From spectres of foreboded sorrows!

The skies are blue—the sun is bright;
 Behold! believe in worlds of bliss;
 A thousand paths to calm delight,
 Are opening round thec ev'n in this.

Launch forth thy spirit like the dove,
 Some olive-leaf 'tis sure to bring;
 Plucked from the verdant bowers of love,
 Or friendship's sacred offering.

But better far, if God's own hand
 Send to thy soul invited peace;
 Then on the rock of ages stand,
 And bid thy cares for ever cease.
 If fortune smile, paternal power,
 Thy tutored breast will learn to trace,
 That joys in plenteous stream to shower
 The gifts of unrequited grace.

If o'er the horizon, dark and dim,
 Impend the tempest clouds of ill;
 The light that emanates from Him
 Above the storm, is burning still.
 Bright over all—a distant star
 Yet seen by faith's enraptured eye;
 That hails its glory from afar,
 The sign of quenchless love on high.

Then turn thee, reckless wanderer,
 From vain ambition's doubtful way;
 The steps of him will never err,
 Who chooses HERE his beacon ray.
 The wise of old, for whom it shone,
 Were guided to the Saviour's bed;
 And all the blest it beams upon,
 Shall still to Jesus' feet be led.

Lord! let me find that hallowed road,
 Illumined by that light divine;
 And casting off its weary load,
 This bosom shall forget to pine.
 No more to pain—no more to cheer,—
 Let mortal things my soul employ;
 Be thou my only object here,
 And only thou my endless joy!

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the star
 That, on its stranger-mission sped
 Hung trembling o'er the manger scene,
 Where He, the Eternal, bowed his head;
 He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
 Found in her lowliest inn,—no room!

Judea's mountains lift your voice,
 Deep legends of his love to tell,
 Thou favoured Olivet,—so oft
 At prayerful midnight loved so well,—
 And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
 Frequent his wearied feet did lave.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the band
 That fled his woes with faithless haste,—

Ask the weak friend's denial tone,
 Scarce by his bitterest tears effaced,
 Ask of the traitor's kiss,—and see
 What Jesus hath endured for thee:—

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
 Shrank from that moisture strangely red,
 Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,
 His agonizing temples shed;
 The scourge, the thorn whose anguish sore,
 Like the unanswering lamb, he bore.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the cross,—
 The Roman spear,—the shrouded sky,
 Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
 Their cerements at his fearful cry:—
 Oh! ask no more—but bow thy pride,
 And yield thy heart to him that died.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WILCOX.

WAKE, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
 Lest this lost time should haunt thee on the night
 When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
 To take their swift and everlasting flight.

Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
 And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
 Do something—do it now—with all thy might;
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
 And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

T H E J E W S.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

ZION! thy symbols fade;
 Cast thy dim types away,—
 Come forth from ancient error's shade,
 And hail Messiah's day.

Why haunt, with shuddering dread,
 Red Sinai's wall of flame,
 When Calvary lifts a peaceful head,
 And breathes an angel's claim?

The prophets are thy care,
 The law is at thy breast,
 To Jesus turn with suppliant prayer,
 His word will do the rest.

No more his word withstand,
 No more his Spirit grieve;
 Thrust in his wounded side thy hand,
 And tremble and believe.

TIME.

W. REYNOLDS.

TIME WAS—but I have spent the past
 In hopes that bloomed to fade as fast,
 In idle dreams of happiness,
 In vanity, in nothingness.
 And Retrospection's eye, when cast
 O'er the drear ocean of the past,
 Sees in perplexed confusion tossed
 Weeks, days, and hours, and moments lost,
 While Memory, on her height sublime,
 Sits brooding o'er the wreck of Time.

TIME IS—the only gem we save,
 The single pearl from life's dark wave,
 Which they who wisely seize, shall cast
 No sad remembrance o'er the past.
 Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
 They who the present moment prize;
 Who gladly 'scape the troubled sea
 Of perilous uncertainty,
 And spurning Folly's specious vow,
 Cling to the rock of safety—NOW!

TIME SHALL BE—but the future lies
 Beyond the ken of mortal eyes.
 No seer attends its temple pale,
 And none may pierce or lift the veil.

Ah! woe is his—whose clouded eye,
 Fixed only on mortality,
 Sees not Time's dark and narrow sea
 Fast rolling to eternity,
 But haunts its solitary shore,
 And waits till—TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.

HUMAN LIFE.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

I thought of life, of human life,
 The fleeting years of man;
 I thought of all the cares and strife
 That waste our little span;
 I thought of life, of human life, and shed a silent tear
 Oh! why should souls immortal stoop, to seek a trea-
 sure here?

I thought how sweet our life appears,
 In lovely infant form;
 But, in the bud of opening years,
 I found a fatal thorn:
 I thought of life, of human life, and shed a silent tear:
 For oh! I thought, 'twas sad to see a little infant's bier.

I thought of life in childhood's day,
 And counted o'er its joys;
 How swiftly do they pass away,
 How soon each pleasure cloys!

I thought of life, of human life, and still a tear would fall,
To think that childhood has its pangs, its bitterness, and gall.

I thought of life in female charms,
In loveliness arrayed,
I looked, and lo! in Death's cold arms
The beauteous form was laid:
I thought of life, and while I thought, a bitter tear
was shed;
For memory told me of the loved, the lovely, and the
the dead.

I thought of life in manhood's pride,
In wealth, and pomp, and power;
It seemed a dream of even-tide,
The phantom of an hour.
I thought of life, and wept to see its glory vanished
soon,
The flower that opened with the day, lay withering at
noon!

I thought of life, when feeble age
Bent tottering o'er the grave;
When pleasures could no more engage
Their former wretched slave.
I thought of life, and sighed to see that years so short
and few,
Are spent in joys that cannot last when death appears
in view.

I thought of life, when I beheld
 The Christian's dying bed,
 And saw his soul with rapture filled
 When life's poor joys were fled.

I thought of life, and asked if earth could ever yield
 such bliss?

Oh! may his happy death be mine, and my last end
 like his!

I thought of life in endless day,
 In realms of light and love,
 And much I longed to flee away
 And join the choirs above.

I thought of life, where sighs and tears can never
 more annoy,
 The peaceful, holy, happy life, of everlasting joy.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

The flower in all its sweetness,
 Must wither and decay;
 And soon, my child, time's fleetness
 Will bear thy frame away.

Though on thy cheek is blended
 The rose and lily's bloom,
 Death, ere their day is ended,
 May call thee to the tomb.

Give not a sigh of sadness,
 For joys that cannot last;
 Prepare to live in gladness,
 When all these scenes are past.

Let *Sharon's Rose* be braided,
 In youth's uncertain morn;
 'Twill be through life, unfaded,
 The Rose without a thorn.

In the dark night of sorrow,
 'Twill be thy constant friend;
 And on the coming morrow
 Bring to thy woes an end.

And when in pain reclining,
 About to leave all care,
 Sweet *Sharon's Rose*, unpinning,
 Will shed its fragrance there.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

O HASTEN, Lord! that splendid day,
 When earth her God shall own,
 And bending to thy golden sway,
 Shall worship thee alone;
 When under superstition's reign,
 No longer she shall pine,
 Nor other gods the praise obtain
 That should be only thine.

Then, with a faithful heart, to thee
 Shall each an altar raise,
 And every hallowed soul shall be
 A temple to thy praise.
 Till over all the gladdened earth
 Thy Spirit shall be poured,
 And all creation shall tell forth
 The glory of the Lord.

"SOMETHING NEW."

SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
 He seeks creation through,
 And vainly hopes for solid bliss
 In seeking something new.

The "new" possessed, like fading flowers,
 Soon loses its gay hue:
 The bauble now no longer takes,—
 The soul seeks something new.

And could we call all Europe ours,
 All India and Peru,
 The soul would feel an aching void,
 And still want something new.

But when we feel a Saviour's power,
 All good in Him we view;
 The soul forsakes her vain pursuit,
 Nor seeks for something new.

The joys a dear Redeemer brings
 Will bear a strict review ;
 Nor need we ever change again,—
 For Christ is *always* new.

JOB IV. 17—21.

φ.

SHALL man, a being of an hour,
 With God presume to vie,
 Who formed creation by his power,
 Who formed eternity?

Bethold the angelic host on high,
 He did not deign to trust,
 But charged the inmates of the sky
 With proud and foolish lust.

How much less will he trust in man,
 Whose dwelling is the clay ;
 Whose basis is the dust ; whose span
 Is but a passing day.

As insects in the sunny beam,
 That flutter but to die ;
 As rain drops falling in the stream,
 As meteors in the sky,—

So fleets man, and his glory too,
 His grandeur, wealth, and fame;
Forgot, unheeded, out of view,
 Unknown his very name.

RETROSPECTION.

REV. A. FRASER, M.A.

WHY should now distrust pervade us,
 Doubting God's almighty power,
As if grace would fail to aid us
 In temptation's evil hour?

Hitherto we have confided
 In the Lord's protecting arm,—
Hitherto we have been guided
 In our progress, safe from harm.

Heavenly goodness has watched o'er us,
 Scattering clouds of brooding ill;
Smoothed each rugged path before us,
 "Onward, onward," whispering still.

Then let earth and all its treasures,
 Once so much, so highly prized,
All its fond endearing pleasures
 Be forgotten and despised.

Onward still, through joy and sorrow;
Onward still, we speed to where
No dark cloud bedims the morrow,
Nor distrust, nor doubt is there.

THE WHEAT AND TARES.

H. H. MILMAN.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they reserved in store,
God's treasure house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore,
Amid surrounding ill.

O! king of mercy, grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to Thee!

SONNET.

J. M^RAE.

LADY, that e'er hast loved the holy way,
 Though steep, that leads to Zion's city pure,
 The Lamb's own city which shall aye endure
 In Him, who sits enthroned its living stay;
 Quick up thy royal path ascend, for they,
 Who went before, now walk the heavenly floor
 In robes of light, and saintly crowns secure,
 And hymn on golden strings the ceaseless lay.
 Like the pure ray that gilds the ocean bed,
 Is the soft light departed Virtue beams,
 That light will point thee o'er the sacred hill,
 When ministering angels will anoint thy head,
 And bathe thy wearied feet in living streams,
 And take thee where no tears the eyelids fill.

ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
 Unto the golden East with ceaseless flow?
 Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
 The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow,
 Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, fainting, slow,

Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,
 Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
 Where passed the Shepherd Fathers of mankind.
 Is it some quenchless instinct which from far
 Still points to where our alienated home
 Lay in bright peace? O thou true Eastern Star!
 Saviour! Almighty Lord! where'er we roam,
 Draw still our hearts to thee, else, else how vain
 Their hope, the fair lost birth-right to regain.

VIRTUES.

FRANCIS QUARLES, 1628.

THE high perfections, wherewith heaven does please
 To crown our transitory days, are these:
 Goods well possessed, and not possessing thee;
 A faithful friend, equal in love, degree;
 Lands fruitful, and not conscious of a curse;
 A boastless hand; a charitable purse;
 A smiling conscience; a contented mind;
 A sober knowledge, with true wisdom joined;
 A breast well temper'd; diet without art,
 Surfeit, or harm; a wisely simple heart;
 Pastimes ingenuous, lawful, manly, sparing;
 A spirit not contentious, rash, but daring;
 A body healthful, sound, and fit for labour;
 A house well ordered, and an equal neighbour;
 A prudent wife, and constant to the roof;

Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
 Sleep seasonable, moderate, and secure;
 Actions heroic, constant, blameless, pure;
 A life as long as fair; and when expir'd,
 A glorious death, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

" FOLLOW ME."

My Saviour, can I follow thee,
 When all is dark before?
 While midnight rests upon the sea,
 How can I reach the shore?

Oh, let thy star of love but shine,
 Though with the faintest ray,
 'Twill gild the edge of every wave,
 And light my stormy way.

Then gladly will I follow thee,
 Though hurricanes appear,
 Singing sweet carols o'er the sea;—
 What can I have to fear?

" THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

O no! this earth is not our rest,
 Its joys must pass away;
 And earthly flowers, however drest,
 Must wither and decay.

Our rest—it is above the sky,
 In regions fair and bright;
 Our rest—'tis in eternity
 Beyond Time's farthest flight.

Our rest—it is beyond the tomb,
 Where clouds are never driven,
 To shadow noontide with their gloom;
 Our rest—it is in Heaven.

"THE SALVATION OF THE RIGHTEOUS IS OF THE LORD."

When the day of wrath appeareth,
 When the storm of sorrow neareth,
 When the force of Death and Hell
 Bids with doubts the bosom swell;
 When of earthly aid bereft,
 Still a succour sweet is left;
 'Tis the Saviour's promise given,
 Our salvation is from heaven.

Seems our prayer to meet denial,
 Bear we trial upon trial,
 Seems our foe to tear away
 All that lately was our stay?
 Where for comfort shall we fly,
 But to Him who's ever nigh?
 Have we not the promise given,
 Our Salvation is from Heaven?

Saviour! Shelter! Rock of ages!
 When our foe the conflict wages,
 Wilt not Thou be present there?
 Wilt not Thou attend our prayer?
 Think on Calvary's dreadful strife,
 Where thy triumph cost thy life:
 Bid us trust thy promise given,
 Our Salvation is from Heaven.

And when earth's short race is ended,
 When to reign Thou hast descended,
 When thy hand shall wipe our tears,
 And thy smile allay our fears,
 When death is past, and doubt, and pain,
 And fairer Edens bloom again,
 Joy shall hymn the promise given,
 Our Salvation is from Heaven.

THE MORNING STAR.

STAR of the morning rise!
 Shed thy sweet rays abroad,
 Present to our expectant eyes
 The image of our God.

Make every cloud recede
 Till midnight pass away,
 And twilight harbingers the grade
 Of everlasting day.

Convert each desert isle
 Where superstition reigns:
 Oh! let the slave unshackled feel
 Just freedom from his chains!

Soon may each idol fall,
 And heathen nations see
 The Lamb, who now is Lord of all,
 Once slain on Calvary.

Star of the morning, rise!
 The darkened world reclaim,
 Till all on earth and in the skies
 Extol Immanuel's name.

LINES, WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

E. C.

Though youth and beauty fade away,
 And age with furrowed front is seen,—
 Yet sense and virtue ne'er decay,
 But still with days and years grow green.

Let me, then, weave in spring of years
 A chaplet that will never fade—
 Will, when life's winter grim appears,
 My brow with comfort ever shade.

MELANCHOLY.

REV. A. FRASER, A. M.

THERE steals, sometimes, upon our hearts,
 A sadly pleasing gloom,
 Sweeter than aught that mirth imparts,
 Fairer than beauty's bloom;
 The passions wild it lulls to rest,
 And calms the tempests of the breast.

It tells that earthly care is vain;
 Presumption, earthly pride;
 That he who would true bliss attain
 Must earth itself deride,
 And seek for happiness in heaven,
 Where peace and rest to man are given.

SELF CONSECRATION.

CONDÉ.

GRANT me, heavenly Lord, to feel
 In thy cause a servant's zeal:
 More than all to self most near,
 May I hold thine honour dear;
 Willing to forego my pride,
 So my Lord be gratified.

In the conquests of Thy might,
 May I loyally delight;—
 In thy ever spreading reign,
 Triumph as my greatest gain:
 Make me conscious, by this sign,
 Saviour, Sovereign, I am Thine.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

Oft in danger, oft in wo,
 Onward, Christians! onward go;
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians! onward go;
 Join the war, and face the foe:
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad,
 March in heavenly armour clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long;
 Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
 Soon shall every tear be dry:
 Let not fears your course impede;
 Great your strength, as great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove:
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers onward go.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

W. G. CLARK, PHILADELPHIA.

Thou art laid to rest in the spring-time hours,
 In the freshness of early feeling;
 While the dew yet lies on the new born flowers,
 And winds thro' the wood-paths are stealing;
 While yet life was gay to thine ardent eye,
 While its rich hopes filled thy bosom;
 While each dream was pure as the upper sky,
 And sweet as the opening blossom:
 But thy promise of being, which shone so fair,
 Hath passed like a summer cloud in air;
 Thy bosom is cold, which with love was warm,
 And the grave embraces thy gentle form.

Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,
 While nature her garland is wreathing;
 While the earth seems touched with a radiant spell,
 And the air of delight is breathing;
 While the day looks down with a mellow beam,
 Where the roses in light are blushing;
 While the young leaves dance with a fitful gleam,
 And the stream into song is gushing.

While bright wings play in the golden sun,
 The tomb has caressed thee, thou faded one;
 The clod lies cold on that settled brow,
 Which was beaming with pleasure and youth but now.

Should we morn that Death's angel, on dusky wing,
 O'er thy flowery path has driven—
 That he crushed the buds of the sunny spring—
 That thy spirit is borne to heaven?
 How soon will the visions of earth grow dim—
 How soon will its hopes be faded :
 And the heart that hath leaped to the syren's hymn
 With sadness and gloom be o'er-shaded!
 The feelings are fresh but a little while—
 We can bask but an hour in affection's smile,
 Ere the friend and the lover have passed away—
 Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting clay!

Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,
 In thy mournful shroud reposing ;
 There is no cloud on the soul to fall—
 No dust o'er its light is closing ;
 It will shine in glory when time is o'er
 When each phantom of earth shall wither ;
 When the friends who deplore thee shall sigh no more,
 And lie down in the dust together :
 Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough,
 Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now ;
 With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,
 While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high.

“WHAT DOST THOU HERE, ELIJAH?”

DR. HOE.

“What dost thou here, Elijah?—say,
 While Israel’s thousands blindly stray
 From wisdom’s strait and holy way,
 And brave Jehovah’s ire?
 Why thus to Horeb’s mountains flee,
 While under every grove and tree
 They bend, in idol-rites, the knee,
 And burn unhallowed fire?

“What dost thou here, Elijah? Go,
 Proclaim the terrors of the foe,
 Who whets the sword, and bends the bow,
 To mow their armies down.
 Direct to God the nation’s aim,
 And say that they, who will not claim
 His mercy in a Saviour’s name,
 Shall perish in his frown.”

‘Twas thus in Sinai’s desert drear,
 Upon the startled Tishbite’s ear
 The words of warning and of fear
 In still small accents fell;
 But oft amidst the noisy crowd,
 The bustling mart, or palace proud,
 The voice of conscience sounds as loud
 As in the lonely cell.

What dost thou, Christian! 'mongst the train
 Who barter heaven for sordid gain,
 And heaps of dust, with toil and pain,

In Mammon's temple pile?

What dost thou in the tinselled hall,
 To which the sons of music call,
 Or where in pageant, mask, or ball,

Gay fashion's daughters smile.

What dost thou, Christian, 'midst the state
 Which haunts the mansions of the great,
 Where tribes of servile flatterers wait,

To worship pomp or power?

What dost thou at the festive board,
 With sparkling wines and dainties stored,
 Where Riot holds his rites abhorred,

And Madness rules the hour?

What dost thou, Christian, where, I ween,
 The lowly Saviour ne'er had been?
 Shun, shun the gay, delusive scene,

The poisoned chalice fly.

O'er Sorrow's darkened chamber throw
 The light which soothes a mourner's woe;
 And wipe away the tears that flow

From Misery's melting eye.

Go, bid the church of Jesus feel
 The impulse of thy sacred zeal;
 To aid thy kin's, thy country's weal,
 Thy time, thy wealth employ.

So when thy mortal race is run,
 Enthroned in bliss, the incarnate Son
 Shall say, "My servant, nobly done!
 Partake thy Master's joy."

THE VAUDOIS MISSIONARY.

An old Popish writer (A.D. 1258) complains that the "manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets or articles of dress. Having entered into a house, and disposed of some of their goods, they intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—inestimable jewels, which they would shew if they were protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy." It was in reference to this statement that the following verses were composed.

On! lady fair, these silks of mine
 Are beautiful and rare,—
 The richest web of the Indian loom,
 Which beauty's self might wear;
 And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
 And with radiant light they vie:
 I have brought them with me a weary way:
 Will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
 Through the dark and clustering curls
 Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
 His silks and glittering pearls;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
 And lightly turned away:
 But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
 "My gentle lady stay!"

"Oh! lady fair, I have yet a gem
 Which a purer lustre flings
 Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
 On the lofty brow of kings;
 A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price,
 Whose virtue shall not decay;
 Whose light shall be as a light to thee,
 And a blessing on the way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
 Where her youthful form was seen,
 Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks waved
 Their clasping pearls between:
 "Bring forth thy pearls of exceeding worth,
 Thou traveller grey and old;
 And name the price of thy precious gem,
 And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
 As a small and meagre book,
 Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
 From his folding robe he took:
 "Here lady fair, is the pearl of price,—
 May it prove as such to thee!
 Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the word of God is free."

The hoary traveller went his way—
 But the gift he left behind
 Hath had its pure and perfect work
 On that high-born maiden's mind;
 And she hath turned from her pride of sin
 To the lowness of truth,
 And given the human heart to God,
 In its beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old grey halls
 Where an evil faith had power,
 The courtly knights of her father's train,
 And the maidens of her bower;
 And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
 By lordly feet untrod,
 Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
 In the perfect love of God!

THE GRAVE.—A FRAGMENT.

REV. DR. M'GILL, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, GLASGOW.

I sought dear Fanny's grave, and near the sod,
 Still soft, which cover'd her, I stood and wept.
 The scene around was beautiful, though sad;
 Of sweet seclusion, at a mountain's base.
 A sacred stillness reign'd. She lay alone;
 Far from her early friends, 'mid stranger dead;
 First in that resting place, where those she loved,
 Shall join, in future years, her kindred dust.

O! lesson often taught, and taught in vain,
 Of life's uncertainty, and broken hopes!
 I thought on all so lately she had been—
 So kind, so useful, and so much beloved—
 Snatch'd from her Husband, and her little flock,
 Whom with such anxious tenderness she reared—
 Alas! too young to feel a Mother's loss!
 I thought on them, and friends I left behind,
 Mourning their absence in her last sad hours.
 Her own young days rose also on my mind;
 And her sweet friends, the children of my care,
 So meekly drooping in youth's loveliest time,
 Call'd long before me to the land of rest.
 I thought of all—and with a troubled heart,
 I pray'd, that God would sanctify our loss—
 Teach us to know the measure of our days;
 Amidst the cares of this uncertain state,
 To raise our thoughts to life beyond the grave;
 And, with the sweetness of a Christian's hope,
 To live by faith upon the Son of God.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.—WORDSWORTH

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 That of its native self can nothing feed;

Of good and pious works thou art the seed
 That quickens only where thou sayest it may :
 Unless thou show to us thine own true way,
 No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind,
 By which such virtue may in me be bred,
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

TRANQUIL DEATH.

EDMESTON.

How calm is the summer sea wave !
 How softly is swelling its breast ;
 The bank it just reaches to leave,
 Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

No dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,
 But mild as a zephyr its play ;
 Its drops scarcely heard on the shore,
 And passes in silence away.

As calm is the action of death
 On the halcyon mind of the just ;
 As gently he rifles their breath,
 As gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
 Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,
 Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
 But as calm as a slumber they die.

STANZAS.

VEDDER.

WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
 Hill and mountain, mead and dell;
 When the dim horizon brightens,
 And the serried clouds dispel;
 And the sun-flower eastward bending
 Its fidelity to prove,—
 Be thy gratitude ascending,
 Unto Him whose name is Love.

When the vesper-star is beaming,
 In the coronet of even;
 And the lake and river gleaming,
 With the ruddy hues of heaven;
 Where a thousand notes are blending
 In the forest and the grove,—
 Be thy gratitude ascending
 Unto Him whose name is Love.

When the stars appear in millions,
 In the portals of the west;

Bespangling the pavilions
 Where the blessed are at rest;
 When the milky ray is glowing
 In the cope of heaven above,—
 Let thy gratitude be flowing
 Unto Him whose name is Love.

HOW PLEASANT IS THE OPENING YEAR.

MOIR.

How pleasant is the opening year!
 The clouds of Winter melt away;
 The flowers in beauty re-appear;
 The songster carols from the spray;
 Lengthens the more resplendent day;
 And bluer glows the arching sky;
 All things around us seem to say,
 "Christian! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
 Of Winter, slept both bud and bloom;
 But nature now puts forth her strength,
 And starts, renewed, as from the tomb;
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,
 O man!—a Star hath shone to save—
 And morning yet shall re-illumine
 The midnight darkness of the grave!

Yet ponder well, how then shall break
 The dawn of second life on thee—
 Shalt thou to hope—to bless awake?
 Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee?
 Then shall pass forth the dead decree,
 That makes or weal or woe thine own;
 Up, and to work! Eternity
 Must reap the harvest Time hath sown.

THE ALTAR.

HERBERT.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,
 Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,
 Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
 No workman's tool hath touched the same.

A HEART alone
 Is such a stone,
 As nothing but
 Thy power doth cut.
 Therefore each part
 Of my hard heart
 Meets in this frame,
 To praise thy name;
 That if I chance to hold my peace,
 These stones to praise thee may not cease.
 O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
 And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine!

THE RIVERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

Go! trace the unnumbered streams, o'er earth
That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown;
Some lead their solitary tide
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie;
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

Those bear the bark, whose stately sail
Exulting seems to swell,
While these scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves they sweep,
Through cities or through shades, they flow
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life,
 Through sunshine or through gloom,
 Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
 Its end is still the tomb.

The chief, whose mighty deeds we hail,
 The monarch throned on high,
 The peasant in his native vale,
 All journey on—to die!

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God!
 The pilgrim's course attend,
 I will not fear the dark abode,
 To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
 Who died the world to save,
 In light, in triumph, rose and won
 The victory from the grave.

GOD IN ALL THINGS.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf!
 A voice in every rill!
 A voice that speaketh every where,
 In flood and fire, through earth and air;
 A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit wide diffused
 Through every thing we see,
 That with our spirits communeth
 Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
 Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
 And in the thunder cloud;
 I hear Him in the mighty roar
 That rusheth through the forests hoar,
 When winds are piping loud,
 I see Him, hear Him, every where,
 In all things—darkness, light,
 Silence, and sound; but most of all,
 When slumber's dusky curtains fall
 At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews
 By grateful earth betrayed;
 I feel Him in the gentle showers,
 The soft south-wind, the breath of flowers,
 The sunshine and the shade.
 And yet (ungrateful that I am!)
 I've turned in sullen mood
 From all these things whereof He said,
 When the great whole was finished,
 That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
 Fell like unwholesome dew—
 The darkness that encompassed me,

The gloom I felt so palpably,
 Mine own dark spirit threw.
 Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
 Though every day provoked,
 By selfish, pining discontent,
 Acceptance cold or negligent,
 And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
 For my insensate heart—
 Not always so—I wake again,
 To join Creation's rapturous strain,
 “O Lord, how good Thou art!”
 The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
 The glorious sun broke out,
 And love, and hope, and gratitude,
 Dispelled that miserable mood
 Of darkness and of doubt.

LINES.

G. M. BELL.

I've mused upon the sky and sea, and on the stormy
 flood,
 I've wandered through the fairest glens, and by the
 moaning wood;
 I've gazed upon the brightest forms that e'er creation
 knew,
 I've basked in woman's fabled love, and found it warm
 and true;

I've tasted all the joys of men, and sunk my soul in
grief,
I've sought the friendship of the world, but felt it all
too brief;
I've sought in solitude to win the peace my heart
would love,
I've sought it in the giddy crowd, but no! it is
above;
Above the world and all its cares, above the joys of
life,
Above the giddy heedless crowd, above all sinful
strife,
Above the reach of human ken, above the sinner's
road,
Above all happiness on earth—'tis in the love of
God!
A love which fire can never touch, nor many waters
drown,
A love which shall procure for me a bright immortal
crown.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

J. MONTGOMERY.

I ASKED the heavens:—"what fec to God hath done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim,
"Twas man; and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I asked the sea; the sea in fury boiled,
 And answered in his voice of storms, " 'Twas man :
 My nerves in panic at his crime recoiled,
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
 I asked the earth; the earth replied aghast,
 " 'Twas man ; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."
 To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
 And asked him next; he turned a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

JUDKIN.

It is the martyr's meek petition;
 It is the prophet's high command ;
 It is the judge's stern monition ;
 It is the priest's uplifted hand ;
 It is the mourner's tear, while falling
 Upon the church-yard's new raised sod ;
 It is the cry of guilt appalling—
 " Prepare, O man ! to meet thy God."

It is the thunder of the mountain,
 Where once the awe-struck Moses stood ;
 It is the voice at Mercy's fountain,
 Where Jesus shed his precious blood ;

It is the christian brother's pleading,
 While pointing to the threatened rod;
 It is the Spirit interceding—
 "Prepare, O man! to meet thy God."

"COME WITH US, AND WE WILL DO THEE
 GOOD."

Oh! come with us—the mazy round
 Of pleasure hath been tried,
 And all her promised joy been found
 To pain and guilt allied;
 The varied stores of human lore
 Have lost their power to please,
 And there's a void ne'er felt before,
 A sigh for peace and ease.

Have I not read thy secret thought,
 And scanned thy hidden pain?
 Then let the voice, in mercy brought,
 Not plead with thee in vain.
 With us—with us, cast in thy lot,
 Join with us heart and hand:
 Despised we are—forsaken not—
 A firm and fearless band.

No earthly joys we promise thee,
 No false and fading flowers;
 Pain, sickness, sorrow, poverty,
 May all alike be ours.

And deeper woe than worldlings know,
 Conviction's thrilling dart,
 The strife with sin and hellish foe,
 The hidden plague of heart.

Yet move we on, as mourning still,
 But joying in our Lord,
 Submissive to his holy will,
 And resting on his word.
 The way is rough—to heaven it leads,
 And quickly will be trod;
 The night is dark—but what succeeds?—
 The glory of our God.

And even now, a kindling light
 Streams o'er our toilsome way;
 Our hearts are fixed, our hopes are bright,
 The Lord's our shield and stay.
 A voice thou canst not hear is nigh,
 And tells us not to fear;
 The light of heaven is on our eye,
 The music on our ear.

Then come with us—why lingerest thou?
 This earth will pass away;
 Her fairest form and loftiest brow
 Must mingle in decay.
 Look up to heaven, and unto Him
 Whose life-blood flowed for thee,
 And read in the empurpled stream
 His summons, "Come to me!"

THE LAST MAN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone-one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,

Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
 'Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth

His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will;—

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:

For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall

Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies

To watch thy fading fire;

Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 Who gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of Victory,—
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou sawest the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

WHERE IS GOD?

SHOBERL.

Where is He?—Ask his emblem,
 The glorious, glorious sun,
 Who glads the round world with his beam
 Ere his day's long course is run.
 Where is He?—Ask the stars that keep
 Their nightly watch on high.
 Where is He?—Ask the pearly dew,
 The tear-drops of the sky.

Where is He?—Ask the secret founts
 That feed the boundless deep:
 The dire simoom, or the soft night breeze
 That lulls the earth to sleep.
 Where is He?—Ask the storm of fire
 That bursts from Etna's womb,
 And ask the glowing lava-flood
 That makes the land a tomb.

Where is He?—Ask the Maelstrom's whirl,
 Shivering tall pines like glass;
 Ask the giant oak, the graceful flower,
 Or the simplest blade of grass.
 Where is He?—Ask Behemoth,
 Who drinketh rivers dry;
 The ocean-king, Leviathan,
 Or the scarce-seen atom fly.

Where is He?—Ask the awful calm
 On mountain-tops that rests;
 And the bounding, thundering avalanche,
 Rent from their rugged crests.
 Ask the wide wasting hurricane,
 Careering in its might;
 The thunder-crash, the lightning blaze,
 Earth all convulsed with fright.

Where is He?—Ask the crystal isles
 On arctic seas that sail,
 Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,
 The perfume-breathing gale,
 Where in the universe is found
 That presence-favoured spot.—
 All—all—proclaim his dwelling-place—
 But say—Where is He not?

IN BEREAVEMENT.

J. MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes afflicted soul,
 From earth uplift thine eyes,
 Though dark the evening shadows roll,
 And daylight beauty dies;
 One sun is set,—a thousand more
 Their rounds of glory run,
 Where science leads thee to explore
 In every star a sun.

Thus when some long-loved comfort ends,
 And nature would despair,
 Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
 And meets ten thousand there;
 First faint and small, then clear and bright,
 They gladden all the gloom,
 As stars that seem but points of light
 The rank of suns assume.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A STAR appeared and peaceful threw
 Around its holy ray;
 It caught the faithful Magi's view:
 It led the wondrous way,
 From far-famed Persia's smiling bowers,
 Fair land of beauty, fruits, and flowers.

Each heart throughout the gazing throng
 What anxious gladness fills,
 While slowly moved that star along,
 O'er Judah's sacred hills;
 And softly fixed its mellow light
 On destined Bethlehem's joyful night.

There, unknown to rich and great,
 Or the perfumed halls of state,

Where the golden lamps so bright
 Mock the silent gloom of night;
 And the strains of music tender
 Rise and fall 'midst scenes of splendour:
 The Prince of Peace, so young, so fair,
 In lowly state was sleeping;
 While near, with kind parental care,
 His mother watch was keeping.

The Magi viewed the blessed of heaven,
 Their joy was full—their gifts were given.
 Let the sound of the sweet harp of Judah arise,
 Let the hymns of the Gentiles ascend to the skies.

FORGET ME NOT.

W. H. HARRISON.

Oh! who that sees the vermeil cheek
 Grow day by day more pale,
 And beauty's form to shrink before
 The summer's gentlest gale,
 But thinks of Him, the mighty One,
 By whom the blow is given,
 As if the fairest flowers of earth
 Were early plucked for heaven.
 Oh yes! on every side we see
 The impress of his hand;
 The air we breathe is full of Him,
 And the earth on which we stand.

Yet heedless man regards it not,
 But life's uncertain day
 In idle hopes and vain regrets
 Thus madly wastes away.
 But in his own appointed time
 He will not be forgot:
 Oh! in that hour of fearful strife,
 Great God, forget me not!

"GOD IS LOVE."

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

These verses were written in his lordship's eightieth year.

With doubts, and care, and fears oppressed
 Man's wayward thoughts desponding rove;
 Where shall the troubled soul find rest?
 Oh fly to God, for God is Love.

When bowed beneath afflictions sent
 Thy frequent wanderings to reprove,
 Hail them as Heaven's kind mercies, meant
 For thy soul's good, for God is Love.

When sin-felt pangs thy soul annoy,
 With tears and prayers God's mercy prove;
 From Him seek pardon, peace, and joy;
 Seek, you shall find, for God is Love.

In Jesus hear His mercy speak;
 Hear Him, who reigns in heaven above;
 From heaven he came, the lost to seek;
 Jesus is God, and God is Love.

Trust, trust in Him; for you he died;
 By works of love thy faith approve:
 So shall thy soul in peace abide,
 And know, and feel, that God is Love.

Thus may I live, thus let me die,
 That when the summons calls "Remove,"
 My soul redeemed to heaven may fly,
 To sing with Saints "Our God is Love."

COMMUNION WITH THE HEART.

REV. JOSEPH HUGHES.

REPLENISHED from the stores divine,
 Oft would I ask this heart of mine,
 Dost thou with holy ardour burn
 To make thy best, though poor return?
 Dost thou, in confidence and love,
 Rise daily to thy Friend above,
 And there, beyond the vaulted skies,
 Present thyself a sacrifice?
 Art thou, amidst the scenes of earth,
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth?

Is it thy privilege to pray,
 And offer praises, and obey?
 Canst thou, recovered from the fall,
 Pronounce the Saviour all in all?

It is the Saviour's outstretched hand
 That bows thy will to his command
 And brings thee to thy dear retreat
 Beneath the eternal mercy-seat,
 There be it thine to seek thy rest,
 And there remain for ever blest.

EMPLOYMENT.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1628.

If as a flower doth spread and die,
 Thou would'st extend me to some good,
 Before I were by frost's extremity
 Nipt in the bud,—

The sweetness and the praise were thine;
 But the extension and the room,
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
 The greater shall our glory be.
 The measure of our joys is in this place,
 The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
 A life as barren to thy praise
 As is the dust to which that life doth tend,
 But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
 Neither bring honey with the bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my company is as a weed.
 Lord, place me in thy concert, give one strain
 To my poor reed.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

FRANCIS QUARLES, 1628.

In hell no life, in heaven no death there is;
 In earth both life and death, both bale and bliss,
 In heaven's all life, no end, nor new supplying;
 In hell's all death, and yet there is no dying.
 Earth (like a partial ambidexter) doth
 Prepare for death, or life, prepares for both:
 Who lives to sin, in hell his portion's given,
 Who dies to sin, shall after live in heaven.

'Tho' earth my nurse be, heaven be thou my father,
 Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather

Within my nurse's arms, than one to thee;
 Earth's honour with thy frowns, is death to me.
 I live on earth upon a stage of sorrow;
 Lord, if thou pleasest, end the play to-morrow.
 I live on earth, as in a dream of pleasure;
 Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure.
 I live on earth, but as of life bereaven;
 My life's with thee, for, Lord, thou art in heaven.

HEAVENLY PEACE.

LOUISA.

Ye heavenly wise, direct my wandering steps
 To that loved home where peace for ever reigns.
 For in the lordly halls, amid the pomps
 Of busy life and in the shows of state,
 I have not found the olive-branch of peace.
 The golden sofas, pearls, and rich array,
 That herald glittering crowds to splendid halls,
 Bestow no quiet on their rich possessors.
 For 'mid the swell of music and the dance,
 That lead the pearl'd fair in mazes round,
 Ambition, rage, and green-eyed jealousy,
 Canker the tawdry joys, and gnaw the gems
 In which their wearers seek to cover them.
 Peace dwells not in the depths of solitude—
 On the dark mountains, where the torrents foam,
 On the wild sea shore, where the billows play,

In rich romantic dells and bowering shades,
 And lonely isles where foot hath never been.
 The peace of God that dwells in contrite hearts,
 Go, seek it where the peasant worshipper,
 With wife and children round, instructs the whole
 In the blest record of the Saviour's love,
 And teaches in his melodies of praise,
 And in his earnest prayers, that peace is found
 With him alone who knows the Lamb of God,
 Who died to give his flock that sacred boon.

"MAN IS BORN TO TROUBLE."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw, on sheltering stem,
 A bud of being grow,
 And sport its infant diadem,
 As if to laugh at woe.
 Methought its little span was blest,
 And bright with rainbow hue,
 From cradle-dream, to love's fond breast,
 The only change it knew;
 But pain its fluttering eyelids sealed,
 Pale grew its visage fair,
 And life's scarce-opened scroll revealed
 'The trouble every where.'

I saw a form of grace,
 The gayest of the gay,
 And those who gazed upon her face
 Felt sadness melt away;
 There was strange witchery in her will,
 And toward her home I prest,
 Believing they who shared her smile
 Must be supremely blest;
 But from her secret cell, a sound
 Burst forth of deep despair,
 For even that light young heart had found
The trouble every where.

Bold manhood towered along
 With stately step and high,
 The tallest 'mid a lordly throng,
 In unblenched majesty;
 But when the public eye no more
 Upon his glories fed,
 The passion-struggle shook him sore,
 Till his torn bosom bled;
 And darkly o'er his features stole
 Misanthropy and care,
 The witness of his warring soul
To trouble every where.

A mother in her bower
 Young plants for heaven prepares;
 A holy purpose is her dower,
 A docile spirit theirs;

And here, methinks, doth surely spring
 Some fount of drugless joy,
 The rose that hath no rankling sting,
 The bliss without alloy :
 I heard her from her lone recess
 Uplift the bitter prayer,
 And, wrung with agony, confess
There's trouble every where.

Even thus the Book Divine
 Our stranger-course doth warn,
 Of objects that delusive shine,
 Of flowers that hide the thorn ;
 Still its unerring precepts show
 That, as the sparks ascend,
 So Man is born to pain and woe,
 Till life's brief journey end.
 And He, whose grace our souls can lead
 With heaven-taught strength to bear,
 Hath in a Father's love decreed
This trouble every where.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S BIBLE.

WHEN sickness hovers round thy bed,
 And pales thy cheek and dims thine eye,
 When anxious friends in tears are led,
 Breathless, to watch thy parting sigh—

Thou'lt find, upon these leaves impressed,
A balm for every fear and sorrow—
Truths that will soothe thy trembling heart,
And fit thee for a new life's glorious morrow.

REMINISCENCE.

J. MONTGOMERY.

REMEMBRANCE of the dead revives
The slain of time at will;
Those who were lovely in their lives,
In death are lovelier still.

Unburdened with infirmity,
Unplagued like mortal men,
O with what pure delight we see
The heart's old friends again!

Not as they sank into the tomb,
With sickness-wasted powers,
But in the beauty and the bloom
Of their best days and ours.

The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

Lightnings may blast, but thunder-showers
 Earth's ravaged face renew,
 That nectar fill the cups of flowers,
 And hang the thorns with dew.

Remembrance of the dead is sweet;
 Yet how imperfect this,
 Unless past, present, future meet,
 —A threefold end of bliss!

Companions of our youth, our age,
 With whom through life we walked,
 And in our home of pilgrimage
 Of home beyond it talked:

Grief on their urn may fix her eyes,
 —They spring not from the ground;
 Love may invoke them from the skies,
 —There is no voice nor sound.

Fond memory marks them as they *were*,
 Stars in our horoscope;
 But soon to see them as they *are*
 —That is our dearest hope.

Not through the darkness of the night,
 To waking thought unsealed,
 But in the uncreated light
 Of Deity revealed.

*They cannot come to us, but we
Ere long to them may go;—
That glimpse of immortality
Is heaven begun below.*

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

J. MONTGOMERY.

When in dark and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black, as if the day of doom.

Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head—
When the lightning breaks on high,
God is coming—God is nigh!

When we hear his chariot-wheels
As the mighty thunder rolls;
Nature startles—nature reels
From the centre to the poles:
Then the ocean, earth, and sky,
Tremble as he passes by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should he, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil and shew his face,—
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die!

God of vengeance! from above,
 While thine awful bolts are hurled,
 O remember thou art Love,
 Spare, O spare a guilty world!
 Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
 Let the bow of promise smile!

When the last dread day appears,
 Bursting wide from pole to pole;
 When, amid the shivering spheres,
 Twice ten thousand thunders roll;—
 When the dream of time shall end,
 May I find the Judge my Friend!

ALL ON EARTH IS VANITY.

I stood on the banks of a swift-flowing river,
 While I marked its clear current roll speedily past,
 It seemed to my fancy for ever repeating
 That the dearest enjoyments of life would not last.
 Oh! tell me, I said, rapid stream of the valley,
 That bear'st in thy course the blue waters away,
 Can the joys of life's morning awake but to vanish,
 Can the feelings of love be all doomed to decay?
 An Echo repeated—"All doomed to decay."

Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the valley,
 Since the pleasures of life we so quickly resign,
 My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of nature,
 And friendship's delights, while they yet may be mine.

Must all the sweet charms of mortality perish,
 And friendship's endearments—Ah! will they not stay?
 The simple enchantments of soft blooming nature,
 And the pleasures of mind—must they too fade away?
 The Echo slow answered—"They too fade away."

Then where, I exclaimed, is there hope for the mourner,
 A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his grief?
 If beautiful scenes like the present shall vanish,
 Where—where shall we seek for a certain relief?
 Oh! fly, said my soul, to the feet of thy Saviour;
 Believe in his mercy; for pardon now pray,
 With him there is fulness of joy and salvation,
 Thy gladness shall live, and shall never decay;
 The Echo said sweetly—"Shall never decay."

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

THOMAS FLATMAN, 1674.

WHEN on my sick bed I languish,
 Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
 Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
 Panting, grooning, speechless, dying,
 My soul just now about to take her flight
 Into the regions of eternal night;

Oh tell me, you
 That have been long below,
 What shall I do!

What shall I think when cruel death appears,
 That may extenuate my fears?
 Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
 Be not fearful, come away!
 Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free,
 And find thy long expected liberty.

A MORNING HYMN FOR CHRIST.

ZACHARIE BOYD, 1638.

O DAY spring from on high,
 Cause pass away our night;
 Cleare first our morning skye,
 And after shine thou bright.
 Of lights thou art the Light,
 Of righteousnesse the Sunne;
 Thy beams, they are most bright,
 Through all the world they run.

This morning we doe call
 Upon thy name divine,
 That Thou among us all
 Cause thine Aurora shine.
 Let shadows all decline,
 And wholly pass away,
 That light which is divine,
 May bring to us our day.

A day to shine for aye,
 A day that is most bright,
 A day that never may
Be followed with a night.
 O, of all lights the Light,
 The Light that is most true
 Now banish thou our night,
 And still our light renewe.

Thy face now to us shew,
 O Son of God most deare;
 O morning Star most trow,
 Make Thou our darknesse cleare.
 Nothing at all is heere,
 That with Thee can compare;
 O unto us draw neere,
 And us Thy children sparre.

Us make mind things above,
 Even things that most excell;
 Of thine untainted love,
 Give us the sacred seal.
 In mercy with us deal,
 And all our sinnes remove;
 Thyself to us reveale,
 And this our song approve.

Let us not go astray,
 To wander far from 'Thee;
 Thou art the only way
 To joyes that lasting be.

O that wee light could see,
 That shineth in Thy face !
 So at the last should wee
 From glory goe to grace.

Within Thy sacred place,
 Is only true content,
 Where God's seene face to face,
 Above the firmament.

O that our hours were spent
 Among the sonnes of men,
 To praise the Omnipotent,
 Amen, yea and Amen !

HUMAN FRAILTY.

DRUMMOND, 1615.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April flowers,
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 An honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
 A treasury which bankrupt-time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream,

A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot decked with a pompous name,—
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death make us our errors know.

MISSIONS.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Light for the dreary vales,
 Of ice-bound Labrador!
 Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
 And the mariner wakes no more;
 Lift high the lamp that never fails,
 To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
 An outcast though he be,
 From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
 And the country of the free;
 Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
 For what home on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
 Light for that trampled clime,
 Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
 Ere it wrecked the boast of time;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
 Can ye grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!
 On the maddening idol-train,
 The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
 And the fakir faints with pain,
 And their dying moan on their cheerless bed,
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky!
 The sophy's wisdom fades,
 And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
 Armour when Death invades;
 Hark! hark!—'tis the sainted Martyr's sigh
 From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
 For the islands of the sea!
 For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
 With sighs of agony,
 And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
 'Neath the lone banana tree!

Light for the ancient race
 Exiled from Zion's rest!
 Homeless they roam from place to place,
 Benighted and oppressed;
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
 Lead them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth!
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
 Shrink not, till day-spring hath its birth,
 Till, wherever the footsteps of man doth tread,

Salvation's banner spread boldly forth,
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
 And clear the tomb
 From its lingering gloom,
 For the aged to rest his wearied head.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON HOREB'S ROCK THE PROPHET STOOD—
 The Lord before him past;
 A hurricane in angry mood
 Swept by him strong and fast;
 The forest fell before its force,
 The rocks were shivered in its course,
 God was not in the blast,
 'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
 Announcing danger, wreck and death;

IT CEASED. THE AIR GREW MUTE—A CLOUD
 Came, muffling up the sun
 When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
 An earthquake thundered on;
 The frightened eagle sprang in air,
 The wolf ran howling from his lair—
 God was not in the storm,
 'Twas but the rolling of his car,
 The trampling of his steeds from far.

"Twas still again—and nature stood
 And calmed her ruffled frame;
 When swift from Heaven a fiery flood
 To earth devouring came.
 Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
 The sickening sun looked wan and dead;
 Yet God filled not the flame;
 'Twas but the terror of his eye
 That brightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small,
 Rose sweetly on the ear;
 Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
 In heaven and earth might hear;
 It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
 It spoke as angels speak above;
 And God himself was there,
 For oh! it was a *father's* voice,
 That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

"I HEARD THY VOICE IN THE GARDEN,
 AND I WAS AFRAID."

MRS. HEMANS.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice
 At evening's fall drew near;
 Father! and did not man rejoice
 That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
 Touched by the solemn tone?
 Not so! for, never to return,
 Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
 His spirit shook with dread,
 And called the cedars, in that hour,
 To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
 Each whisper of the shade,
 Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,
 And *not to be afraid.*

THE SEA.

MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea!
 For ever and the same,
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
 Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
 From the rich bowers of earth;
 And hushed is many a lovely one
 Of mournfulness, or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore
 Along thy wave, is still;

The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's, too, hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the learned Crusaders sang,
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem ne'er to sleep,
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's ealm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound
E'en as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where crowning cities rose!
Thou speakest of one that doth not change,
So may our hearts repose.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

The eyes of thousands glanced on him, as 'mid the cirque he stood,
 Unheeding of the shout which broke from that vast multitude.
 The prison damps had paled his cheek; and on his lofty brow,
 Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of his plough.
 Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his eye,
 For well that feeble old man knew, they brought him forth to die!
 Yet joy was beaming in that eye, while from his lips a prayer
 Passed up to heaven; and faith secured his peaceful dwelling there.
 Then calmly on his foes he looked; and, as he gazed, a tear
 Stole o'er his cheeks—but 'twas the birth of pity—not of fear.
 He knelt down on the gory land—once more he look'd t'wards heaven;
 And to the Christian's God, he prayed that they might be forgiven.
 But hark! another shout, o'er which the hungry lion's roar

Is heard like thunder 'mid the swell on wild
 tempestuous shore !

And forth the Libyan savage bursts—rolls his red
 eyes around ;

Then on his helpless victim springs, and beats him
 to the ground.

Short pause was left for hope or fear—the instinctive
 love of life

One struggle made but vainly made, in such unequal
 strife.

Then with the scanty stream of life, his jaws the
 savage dyed ;

While one by one the quivering limbs, his bloody
 feast supplied.

Rome's prince and senators partook the shouting
 crowd's delight ;

And beauty gazed unshrinkingly on that unhallowed
 sight.

But say, what evil had he done? what sin of deepest
 hue?

A blameless path was all the crime that Christian
 martyr knew ;

And where his precious blood was spilt, even from that
 barren sand

There sprung a stem, whose vigorous boughs soon
 overspread the land ;

O'er distant isles its shadow fell ; nor knew its roots
 decay,

Even when the Roman Cæsar's throne and empire
 passed away.

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

A SOUND of mirth was heard by night,
Its merry peals ran high—
And song, and dance and sinful rite,
Bade the winged moments fly;—
Glad Sodom, in her pomp and pride,
Gave up her soul to glee,
And proud Gomorrah, by her side,
Rang with the revelry.

Thy streets Zeboim, too, were glad,
Glad with unholy mirth;
And Admah's drunken sons were mad,
And ruled upon the earth:
The night passed on—the torch's light
Flashed far from tower to wall,
And gay forms gliding to the sight
Glanced bright from bower to hall!

The morning came—and all was still,
Save they, the warned from high,
Who fast towards the distant hill,
With hurried steps, flew by.
The sun arose, and fiercely swept
Along his reddening path,
While Riot's drunken sons still slept,
Nor dreamed of coming wrath.

There is a dark cloud rolling on,
Swift as a rushing flood;

Its heaving bosom, dim and dun
 Seems filled with flame and blood!
 It closes o'er them—fierce and fast
 Red streams of sulphur pour!
 Lightning, and smoke, and fiery blast
 Mix with the thunder's roar.

And hark!—a dark yell rends the sky!
 Ten thousand shriek aloud!
 The cry of mortal agony,
 Man struggling with his God!
 'Tis done! the cloud is rolled away—
 But where, O where are ye?
 Yon dim, black lake alone can say,
 Ye cities of the Sea!

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

SIR W. WOTTON, 1610.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, a private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend;—

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE WISE CHOICE.

WHILE the skies of youth are o'er thee,
 And beneath thy feet its flowers,
 Hope's delightful dream before thee,
 And around thee pleasure's bowers:
 Take the gifts that heaven provides thee
 To enjoy with grateful heart,
 But the Lord, who made and guides thee,
 Oh! choose Him thy "better part."

So, when youth's bright skies are vanished,
 And its freshest flowers shall fade,
 Hope's delightful dreams be banished,
 Pleasure's fairest bowers decayed—
 Blessings still shall rest upon thee,
 How distressed soe'er thou art,
 Which shall ne'er be taken from thee,
 If thou choose the “better part.”

HOLY IS THE LORD OF HOSTS.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
 God of hosts! when heaven and earth
 Out of darkness, at thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth;
 All thy works around thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy, holy, holy! Thee
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! We,
 Dust and ashes, would adore.
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Holy, holy, holy ! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King.
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

THE SEA.

BERNARD BARTON.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious,
 Mild, majestic, foaming, free ;—
 Over time itself victorious,
 Image of eternity.
 Epithet-exhausting ocean !
 'Twere as easy to control
 In the storm, thy billowy motion,
 As thy wonders to enrol.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
 See thy surface ebb and flow ;
 Yet attempt not to explore thee,
 In thy soundless depths below.
 Whether morning's splendour steep thee
 With the rainbow's glowing grace,
 Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
 'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
 Mortal man's behests obey;
 Thy unfathomable fountains
 Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.
 Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
 But, if overwhelmed by thee,
 Can we think, without emotion,
 What must thy Creator be!

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

PARTING soul! the flood awaits thee,
 And the billows round thee roar;
 Yet look on—the crystal city
 Stands on yon celestial shore:
 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
 There the living waters glide;
 There the just, in shining raiment,
 Standing by Immanuel's side.

Linger not—the stream is narrow,
 Though the cold dark waters rise;
 He who passed the flood before thee
 Guides the path to yonder skies.
 Hark! the sound of angels' hymnings
 Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear:
 See the walls and golden portals
 Through the mists of death appear.

Soul, adieu! this gloomy sojourn
 Holds thy captive feet no more;
 Flesh is dropped, and sin forsaken,
 Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
 Through the tears thy friends are shedding,
 Smiles of hope serenely shine;
 Not a friend remains behind thee
 But would change his lot for thine.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

HEBER.

THE Son of God is gone to war,
 A kingly crown to gain,
 His blood-red banner streams afar,
 Who follows in his train?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe
 Triumphant over pain;
 Who boldest bears his cross below—
 He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky
 And called on him to save.
 Like Him with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain
 He prayed for them that did the wrong.
 Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, the truth they knew,
 And braved the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the death to feel.
 Who follows in his train?

A noble army men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around their Saviour's throne rejoice
 In robes of light arrayed;
 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven
 Through peril, toil and pain;
 Oh! God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

THE BIRTH DAY.

FRY.

WHILE through the toilsome roads of life
 Mankind their course are wending,
 Through many an adverse wind of strife,
 And many a cloud of care impending,
 Thy steps be light; thy sighs be few;
 Thy prospects bright; thy friends be true.

And while a vain and thoughtless throng
 In folly's train their steps are blending;
 Till conscience sees, though banished long,
 The gloomy close of life descending;
 Celestial light thy strength renew,
 And prospects bright bring heaven in view.

THE SABBATH BELL.

JAMES PARKER.

—Like some memorial song,
 That will not leave us when we walk among
 Old scenes—although they whom we prized of yore,
 Now live or haunt those blessed spots no more.—BARRY CORNWALL.

THE sabbath bell—the sabbath bell!—
 It pealeth loud and clear;
 And thoughts within my bosom swell,
 Of many a vanished year.
 It hath a music all its own—
 A voice in its peculiar tone,
 That whispers in mine ear,
 Of days when, in my native dell,
 I heard it first—the sabbath bell!

That valley, with its waving woods—
 It waters flashing free—
 The bank whereon our cottage stood,
 Beneath the linden tree;—

The wild flowers that, in beauty, there,
Unfolded, in the summer air,

 Their treasures to the bee—
All—all are wakened by the spell
'That lives in thee—sweet sabbath bell!'

A church is there, with turret grey—

 A venerable pile;
And ever on the sabbath day,
 We met within its aisle;—
A mingled group, and sweetly, there,
The song of praise—the voice of prayer
 Arose to heaven the while!—
For young and old within that dell,
Assembled with the sabbath bell!

And many a stately yew-tree cast

 Its shadows deep around,
To tell the stranger that he passed
 O'er consecrated ground.

A churchyard!—solitary place,
Where thousands of the human race

 Their last repose had found—
Unbroken by the sounds that fell,
From each succeeding sabbath bell!

Friends of my youth! your faces gleam

 Before me in the night:—
As when we roved by wood and stream,
 Ye mock my dreaming sight!

And she, the loveliest of all!—
 The dews of evening coldly fall
 Above her form of light:
 Yet, still, her whisper seems to dwell,
 In that sweet sounding sabbath bell!

Oh! change hath visited the spot
 Where we were wont to play;
 And many a one hath left his cot,
 In other lands to stray:—
 I marvel if, on memory's track,
 Their fond emotions wander back,
 To that unclouded day!—
 I marvel if their bosoms swell
 With echoes of the sabbath bell!

It hath a deep—a thrilling power,
 To soothe my darkest mood;
 It comes, like dew unto the flower,
 Upon my solitude:
 And, even amid the careless crowd,
 When feeling sleeps beneath its shroud,
 Fond thoughts will oft intrude,
 Of those sweet forms, though now they dwell,
 Far from their home and sabbath bell!

Oh! when this weary race is run—
 When life's last pulse is beating;
 And all that dwells beneath the sun,
 From my dim eyes retreating:—

When friends are gathered round my bed,
 To hear my dying accents said,
 And watch my spirit fleeting—
 I fain would breathe my last farewell,
 Soothed by thy sound—sweet sabbath bell!

THE BROKEN CISTERNS.

DR. RAFFLES.

This world that we so highly prize,
 And seek so eagerly its smile—
 What is it? Vanity and lies;
 A broken cistern all the while.

Pleasure, with her delightful song,
 That charms the unwary to beguile—
 What is it? The deceiver's tongue;
 A broken cistern all the while.

And earthly friendships, fair and gay,
 That promise much with artful wile—
 What are they? Puff and treachery;
 A broken cistern all the while.

Riches that so absorb the mind
 In anxious care and ceaseless toil—
 What are they? Faithless as the wind;
 A broken cistern all the while.

Ambition, with her lofty theme
 Of vanquished continent and isle—
 What is it? But a troubled dream;
 A broken cistern all the while.

And fame, with her recording pen,
 To blazon forth our rank and style—
 What is it? To the wisest men,
 A broken cistern all the while.

Yea, all are broken cisterns, Lord,
 To them that wander far from Thee:
 The living stream is in thy word,
 Thou Fount of immortality.

WHAT IS TIME?

MARSDEN.

I ASKED an Aged Man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
 "Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
 I asked the aged venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
 From the cold grave, a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode."

I asked a Dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time," he replied—
"I've lost it! Ah! the treasure!"—and he died.
I asked the golden Sun, and Silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years :
They answered, " Time is but a meteor glare,
And bids us for Eternity prepare."

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
" Tis folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize."

I asked a Spirit Lost; but, oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak.
It cried—" A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things Inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply :
" Time is the season fair of living well
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
" Time is the present hour, the past is fled :
Live ! live to-day ! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I asked Old Father Time himself, at last;
But, in a moment, he flew quickly past;
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds which left no trace behind.

I asked the Mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land :
" By heaven!" he cried, " I swear the mystery's o'er—
Time was!" he cried; " but Time shall be no more!"

JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY PIECES.

MISS LANDON.

THE thirty pieces down he flung, for which his Lord
 he sold,
And turned away his murderer's face from that
 accursed gold.
He cannot sleep, he dares not watch, that weight is on
 his heart,
For which nor earth nor heaven has hope, which never
 can depart.
A curse is on his memory, we shudder at his name,
At once we loathe and scorn his guilt, and yet we do
 the same;
Alas! the sinfulness of man, how oft in deed and word,
We act the traitor's part again, and do betray our Lord.
We bend the knee, record the vow, and breathe the
 fervent prayer,
How soon are prayer and vow forgot, amid life's
 crime and care!
The Saviour's passion, cross and blood, of what avail
 are they,
If first that Saviour we forget, and then we disobey?
For pleasures, vanities, and hates the compact we
 renew,
And—Judas in our hearts—we sell our Saviour too.
How for some moment's vain delight we will embitter
 years,

And in our youth lay up for age, only remorse and
tears.
Oh! sanctify and strengthen, Lord, the souls that turn
to thee;
And from the devil and the world our guard and
solace be;
And as the mariners at sea still watch some guiding
star,
So fix our hearts and hopes on thee, until thine own
they are.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

DRUMMOND.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is named,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are framed,
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She decked in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding chamber, now descends
Prepared in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls, wherewith she is enclosed
And streets are of pure gold composed,

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
 The way to hidden glory show,
 And thither, by the blessed might
 Of faith in Jesus' merits, go

All those who are on earth distressed,
 Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
 Before they thoroughly polished are,
 Then each is in his proper seat
 Established by the builder's care;

In this firm frame to stand for ever
 So joined that them no force may sever.

To God who sits in highest seat,
 Glory and power given be
 To Father, Son and Paraclete,
 Who reign in equal dignity,
 Whose boundless power we still adore,
 And sing their praise for evermore!

PSALM C.

SANDYS, 1610.

ALL from the sun's uprise,
 Unto his setting rays,
 Resound in jubilees
 The great Jehovah's praise.

Him serve alone;
 In triumph bring
 Your gifts, and sing
 Before his throne.

Man drew from man his birth,
 But God his noble frame
 Built of the ruddy earth,
 Filled with celestial flame.
 His sons we are;
 Sheep by him led,
 Preserved and fed
 With tender care.

O, to his portals press
 In your divine resorts:
 With thanks his power profess,
 And praise him in his courts.
 How good! how pure!
 His mercies last:
 His promise past
 For ever sure.

TRUE LOVE.

Oh! 'tis a blessed thing to know,
 Though but beloved by few,
 That there is one in weal and woe
 That still remembers you:

To feel when not a friend is near,
 Whose hope inspiring breath
 Can make this hated life more dear,
 Or soothe the hour of death :

There is a soul which would not shrink,
 But all you bore could bear ;
 Which of the cup you drank could drink,
 Nor ask what draught was there.

Then flow no more, thou foolish tear !
 The world may wreak its will—
 Although all else be dark and drear,
One light is left me still.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL.

J. S. M.

For all the happy sabbath days
 We here have spent, before thee, Lord :
 For every breath of prayer and praise,
 And every promise of thy word :
 For every soul thy grace hath taught
 To live by Faith, in Hope to die :
 For every wandering sinner brought
 To life and immortality :

We laud and magnify thy name,
 For unto Thee the praise belongs,
 And the least offerings thou canst claim
 Are joyful hearts and joyful songs.
 Another year hath passed away,
 Yet still thy children round Thee meet,
 To hear thy word, to praise, to pray—
 Disciples at their Saviour's feet.

Through every sabbath still we trace
 Thy guarding care, thy guiding love,
 And feel thy providence and grace,
 Around, within, where'er we move.
 Then, let us render back to Thee
 The gifts Thou hast so largely given,
 And let our conversation be
 Together with our hearts—in Heaven!

IMPERSONATION OF THE DEITY.

GILES FLETCHER, 1605.

ABOUT the holy city rolls a flood
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
 On which weak stream a strong foundation stood :
 Of living diamonds the building was,
 That all things else, besides itself, did pass.

Her streets instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
 On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow, did
 wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
 Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,
 Lightened the Idea Beatifical—
 End and beginning of each thing that grows;
 Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear;
 That no where is contained, and yet is every where:

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
 Before and after all, the first and last;
 That moving all, is yet immoveable;
 Great without quantity; in whose forecast
 Things past are present, things to come are past;
 Swift without motion; to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie;
 At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
 No sweet concert, or well-timed harmony;
 Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
 Or flowery odour, mixed with spicery;
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

SONNET.

J. S. M.

Up and be doing, sons of God arise!
 Proclaim your glorious birth-right by your deeds;
 Let the world learn, from children of the skies,
 How Faith can triumph when the Saviour leads.
 Remember Olivet, its tears of blood,
 The judgment hall, its buffetings and scorn,
 And the mild meekness of their injured God,
 His robe of insult, and his crown of thorn.
 Remember Calvary, its dying groan,
 Its dying prayer, and sacrifice for man,
 Its sufferings *His*, its sins and cares your own,
 Then turn to sloth and slumber if you can;
 Sleep, and forget the Hope, the Heaven that lies
 Beyond earth's conflict;—sons of God arise!

THE CHRISTIAN CONTEST.

REV. W. H. CHANETON.

THE swift competitor who sought
 The stadium's course of yore,
 All efforts unavailing thought,
 While others were before.

But he, who in the Christian race
 Sees nobler ends designed,
 Contented keeps a backward place,
 So others are behind.

Olympia's boasted prize was made
 Of humble oaken bough;
 Whose perishable leaves decayed
 Upon the victor's brow.
 The Christian eye a crown surveys,
 Unrivalled and divine,
 Whose glories never fade : whose rays
 Shall never cease to shine.

By some puissant umpire's hand
 The Grecian wreath was given :
 While crowds, convened from ev'ry land,
 Sent up their shouts to heaven.
 A hand Omnipotent supplies
 The Christian's nobler meed;
 And what seraphic voices rise
 To celebrate the deed !

The cautious Greek his will o'ercame
 His body to prepare:
 Inured to labour was his frame,
 And frugal was his fare.
 The carnal Christian present care
 On present need bestows,
 Nor e'en the joys of heaven to share;
 The joys of earth forgoes.

The Greek with steel-clad bosom went
 To meet the hostile blow,
 And kept his wary eye intent
 Upon the wily foe.
 Uncuirassed is the Christian's breast,
 Unguarded is his eye,
 As if no dangers round him prest,
 As if no foe were nigh.

And doth he then no danger dread,
 Apparent or concealed;
 The snare that is in ambush spread,
 The phalanx in the field?
 O, trifler! mend thy laggard pace,
 Brace on thy armour bright,
 Else thou wilt falter in the race—
 Wilt perish in the fight.

"MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

TAKE it, gracious Father, take it—
 Make and keep it all thine own,
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
 This proud heart of sin and stone.
 Heavenly Father! do thou mould it
 To obey thy laws and will;
 And, as ripening years unfold it,
 Keep it meek, and child-like still.

Father! let thy love surround it,
 Cleanse and sanctify each part:
 Till thy cords of love have bound it
 To thyself,—this wandering heart.
 Father! make it mild and lowly,
 Fond of peace and far from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.

May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 Blest with all its sins forgiven;
 May the Holy spirit seal it,
 Guide it in the path to heaven.
 Only by thy help and guiding
 Can I choose the better part,
 Oh! prevent me then from sliding,
 Father! take and keep my heart.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

MISS LANDON.

If ever in the human heart
 A fitting season there can be
 Worthy of its immortal part,
 Worthy, O blessed Lord, of thee;
 'Tis in that yet unsullied hour,
 Or ere the world has claimed its own;

Pure as the hues within the flower
To summer and the sun unknown;
When still the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears
So soon to be destroyed by sin.
This is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.
This work is ours—this charge was thine,
Their youthful souls from sin to save;
To lead them in thy faith divine
And teach its triumph o'er the grave.
The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt, too, many a heart astray,
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.
The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.
The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.
Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek—thy will to do;
And, while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

WOMAN.

PERUSE the sacred volume—Him who died
 Her kiss betrayed not, nor her tongue denied ;
 Ev'n when the Apostles left Him to his doom,
 She lingered round the cross, and watched his tomb.

A DREAM.—FRAGMENT.

LOUISA.

I SLEPT, and lo! a fold where sheep were penned
 Safe and secure, beneath the shepherd's eye—
 Methought myself a strayed and wandering lamb
 Who wished to enter in;—but could not find
 A gap, or broken place, o'er which to climb;
 And round, and round, I looked, and toiled in vain.

When in the midst of this, my fruitless plan
 To gain an entrance by a way not right,
 I heard a lion roar; his voice was harsh
 And awful to mine ear; and well I knew
 That I were his, unless I could enfold
 Myself among those safe and ransomed sheep.

I called for help; My feeble strength then tried
 To break the barrier down—but all in vain.
 My breath came thick—when, in the east, appeared
 A star, like that of old at Bethlehem.
 Mine eye was dim with fear—I could not look on high.

A change occurred : and now I saw a door,
 And heard a voice that said, " I am the Way,
 The Truth, the Life, Oh ! fly to me and live."
 I tried to run, and failed ; my feet seemed tied,
 I could not move, but sobbed and cried aloud :
 " Draw me, and then I can run after Thee,
 My Lord, my God."—And so He did, and took
 Me through the open door which none can close.
 And now the lion's roar I feared not,
 For safe within the Everlasting arms
 I knew my soul secure.

WHAT IS MAN?

M.

" AND what is Man?"—Well might the Psalmist ask ;
 'The creature of a day—a passing flower,
 Which, in the morning, opening to the sun
 In beauty shines—but ere his parting hour,
 Stript of its strength, its loveliness, its bloom,
 Drops to its parent earth and finds a tomb.

But blessed he, the Christian, who sinks down,
 It may be, on this earth a nameless flower,
 But who long tended by a father's love,
 Long comforted and strengthened by his power—
 Transplanted now, takes up his bright abode
 Fresh, blooming in the paradisc of God.

NOAH'S DOVE.

REV. JOHN ANDERSON, HELENSBURGH.

FORTH from the ark the dove has gone
 On pinions that outstrip the wind.
 Day fades, yet lo! she journeys on,
 If she a resting-place may find,
 Where she may fold her weary wing,—
 'Tween earth and sky, sole living thing.

Cease, bright creature, cease to roam:—
 Burst the dark waters every where:
 They roll above thy forest-home;
 For thee no resting-place is there.
 Back to the ark, on drooping plume
 She hastens through the closing gloom.

Like thee I left my father's hearth—
 Ark of my childhood's joyous hour—
 This sin and sorrow-deluged earth,
 Eager of foot to wander o'er.
 This "wandering foot," this "weary breast,"
 Where shall I find a place to rest?

Bright bird, were mine thy wings of wind,
 To cross that dark deep gulf, the Past;
 An ark, like thee, I yet might find;
 There rest and refuge find at last.
 Vain wish; Time is that fatal bourne,
 O'er which no traveller may return.

To all, life is an onward track;
And though it is a changing scene,
This is unknown—returning back
To be again what we have been.
Time past has made us what we are,
No Time can make us what we were.

An arkless dove art thou, like me,
Of "wandering wing," of "weary breast,"
Poor wanderer on life's stormy sea,
Pin'st thou for refuge and for rest?
Though tempest-tossed, though sea-ward driven,
There is a RESTING-PLACE in HEAVEN.

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