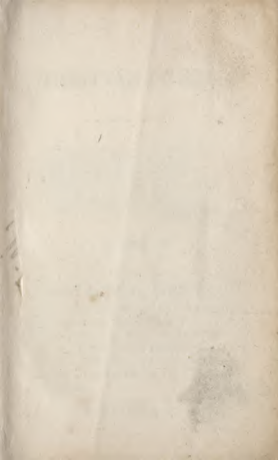


ABS. 1.90.23



CHRISTIAN POETRY.

The wreath which honours most a Poet's brow
Offends not pure Religion: witness thine,
Delightful Cowper! greater e'en than thou
The sightless Milton, who before a shrine
More glorious far than of the fabled Nine
Poured forth his soul. Nor want our later days
Some worthy votaries of an art divine,
Divinest when it hymns the Giver's Praise,
And bids a Saviour's love inspire its sweetest lays,
BERNARD BARTON.

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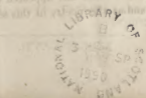
M.DCCC.XXVII.

CHRISTIANITY

PREFACE

The work is published in two volumes...

It has been suggested that there is a
certain amount of... that when they are
... it can never be...



PREFACE.

It has been remarked " that there is a charm in poetry which they who have never felt can never imagine."

Poets fancy there are none who are utterly insensible to this charm ; and the compiler of the following selection trusts that there are not a few who can both appreciate the excellencies and feel the influence of devotional poetry ; and for such this little work is intended. The compiler is aware that there are other works of a similar kind ; but as none has appeared very recently, and as the poetry in this selection

is mostly derived from sources entirely new and of a superior description, it is hoped it will not be unacceptable. Several of the pieces, it is true, have appeared before, but the preeminent merit which obtained for them a place in former collections, must be held as a sufficient reason for inserting them again in the present ; for the union of all that is sublime in poetry, with all that is touching in devotion, can surely never be supposed to pall on the intellectual and spiritual taste ; and to have excluded such, merely because they were well known, would have been to disappoint the just expectation of the reader, and to lower the standard of the work. The pieces of new poetry in this selection have been drawn from various quarters ; for some of the best of these, the compiler has been indebted to that excellent periodical, "The Spirit and Manners of the Age."

Edinburgh, April 1827.

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CHRISTIAN POETRY.



I. SABBATH.

Who hath not felt devotion warm his
 breast,
 When the young dawn proclaims a day of
 rest—
 Who hath not tasted of the joys of heaven,
 On that blest day, that hallowed day of
 seven—
 When heart, and soul, and strength assail
 the skies,
 And prayer and praise send up a sacrifice ?
 But not is raised the human voice alone,
 The world around in sweetest unison,

With all that tenant mountain, hill, or
 dale,
 Bird, beast, and fish their great Creator
 hail !
 The neighing steed that snuffs the morn-
 ing gale,
 The lowing heifer, starting down the vale,
 The bleat of lambkin, tremulously told,
 All speak His love, the shepherd of the fold.
 The sun beams holier on the Sabbath morn,
 Sweeter the blossom scents the fragrant
 thorn ;
 More lovely breaks the landscape on the eye,
 Earth, air, and ocean, heaven's blue canopy—
 All nature glows, adorned with light and
 shade,
 And hails the sacred day Jehovah made.

M^cCOMB.

2.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
 How sweet, when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose ;
 Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;

The gay romance of life,

When truth that is, and truth that seems

Blend in fantastic strife ;

Ah ! visions less beguiling far

Than waking dreams by day light are !

Night is the time for toil ;

To plough the classic field,

Intent to find the buried spoil

Its wealthy furrows yield ;

Till all is ours that sages taught,

That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;

To wet with unseen tears

Those graves of memory where sleep

The joys of other years ;

Hopes that were angels in their birth,

But perished young, like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;

On ocean's dark expanse,

To hail the pleiades, or catch

The full moon's earliest glance,

That brings unto the home-sick mind

All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;

Brooding on hours mispent,

To see the spectre of despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus midst his slumbering host,
 Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole,
 Descries athwart the abyss of night,
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away,
 So will his followers do ;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath
 From sin and suffering cease :
 Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends—such death be mine !

MONTGOMERY.

3. "MASTER, IT IS GOOD TO BE
HERE."

It is good to be here ! This is holy ground,
With the world beneath us, and heaven
around ;

And the sacred sunshine of peace and love
Beaming down on our souls from the throne
above !

And the harpings of ministering angels
near,

And the Saviour's smile—it is good to be
here !

It is good to see Him whom our spirits adore,
And to know that he liveth for evermore ;
It is good to hear praise from an angel's
tongue,

And to know that our voices shall join in
the song ;

It is good to feel darkness, and sorrow, and
fear

Melt away into gladness—'tis good to be
here !

It is good to drink life at the living spring ;
It is good to the Rock of our strength to
cling.

To know that though deserts are round us
 spread,
 With joy in the midst we shall lift our head;
 For his hand shall guide us along our race,
 From strength to strength, and from grace
 to grace.

It is good to bend at the throne of prayer,
 To breathe out our souls and wishes there;
 It is good on the wings of desire to fly
 To pure bright regions beyond the sky;
 To pant for that dwelling of life and light,
 To long till our faith be turned to sight.

Oh! how should it wean us from earthly
 bliss!

How should it teach us we live not for this!
 How in these moments of love and of power,
 If we sought for strength for the fiery hour,
 We should sing though our tent were pitch-
 ed in fear,

With our Saviour's smile—it is good to be
 here!

W. S. M.

4. RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;

From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There if thy spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine ;
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour thou art mine !

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

5. THE WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day
 From wave to wave we're driven;
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way;
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

MOORE.

6. THE COMFORTER.

OH! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone ;

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too !

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 One peace branch from above !

Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day. MOORE.

7. TO THE MEMORY OF MISS
 FANNY MITCHELL, BELFAST.

COLD, cold lies the sod on a heart once as
 warm
 As ever to earth was given ;

And sadly and wild moans the winter storm
 O'er as gentle a breast, and as lovely a form,
 As ever seem'd moulded for heaven.

As the dew that moistens the rose at dawn
 Gives the violet many a tear,
 So bright in the morning of life she shone,
 That her fragrance still lives, while her
 spirit is gone,
 Embalming her memory here.

As the summer sun, at the close of day,
 Bids adieu to the crimsoned west,
 And sheds his loveliest richest ray
 When his golden beams are melting away
 Far, far on the ocean's breast—

So her viewless spirit, as soaring on high,
 In pity to those who wept,
 Gave a lingering look from its native sky,
 And left such a trace in her dark blue eye,
 That it seem'd as an angel slept.

Oh! who ever gazed on a form so fair,
 In the cold embrace of death?
 The snowy brow and the raven hair,
 And the smile that the lip was wont to wear,
 Fled not with the parting breath!

There needs not the art of the sculptor to tell
 The grave where her relics lie;

Her monument, now, is the tears that fell
 At the mournful sound of her funeral knell;
 And her epitaph, a sigh.

How religiously sweet rose the orb of day,
 How solemn and still the morn,
 When the infant throng, in their simple
 array,

Mourn'd their dearest friend, as they bent
 their way*

To her lone appointed bourne.

Would you hear of the generous deeds of
 the dead,

Which language can never express?

Go ask the poor widow of yonder shed,

Who smooth'd down her pillow and tended
 her bed,

In the moment of deepest distress?

Go, ask the young orphan, Who wiped off
 the tear,

Or the throb of affliction beguiled?

Who told of a home in a happier sphere,

And whisper'd this comfort, "Thy Father
 is near,

The sire of the fatherless child?"

* She was followed to the grave by the female children of the various schools she patronised.

'Twas she whom I mourn, who sought the
lone shed,

Made the widow and orphan rejoice,
Pour'd the oil and the wine on the peni-
tent's head,

Gave the destitute clothing, the indigent
bread,

And stoop'd to the supplicant's voice.

How oft on her efforts I've gazed with de-
light

When expanding the infantile mind !

Like Samaria's daughter, she pour'd on the
sight

Of her brethren, wrapt in captivity's night,
The day-beam that brightens the blind.

But oh ! 'tis a theme for an angel's lyre,

A subject for angels' song ;

To tell of her love and her holy desire,

To be clothed with the meek and the lowly
attire

Of the Lamb and his sainted throng.

Devotion with her was a feeling serene,

Unfashion'd by art or by form,

An emotion heart-nurtured, yet modestly
seen

To preside o'er each action, each gesture,
and mien,

With simplicity's loveliest charm.

For pure was her spirit, if mortal were pure,
 And rich were the stores of her mind ;
 Confiding in Jesus, whose blessings secure
 Whate'er is substantial, or precious and
 sure,

Her soul to her Lord she resign'd.

Farewell, sainted shade ! though thy spirit
 is fled,

Remembrance will never depart,
 Though the clods of the valley now cover
 thy head,

Thy memory will ne'er be entomb'd with
 the dead

While life holds its seat in my heart.

M'COMB.

8. HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day along the astonish'd lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen ;
 And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With priests and warriors voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.
 But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !
 Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentiles' scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, " The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR W. SCOTT.

9. MOONLIGHT.

THE moon has but a borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray ;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herself by day.

No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Though pleasing to behold ;
We might upon her brightness gaze
Till we were starved with cold.

Just such is all the light, to man
Which reason can impart ;
It cannot show one object plain
Or warm the frozen heart.

Thus moonlight views of truth divine
To many fatal prove ;
For what avails in gifts to shine
Without a spark of love !

The gospel, like the sun at noon,
Affords a glorious light ;
Then fallen reason's boasted moon
Appears no longer bright.

And grace not light alone bestows,
 But adds a quickening power ;
 The desert blossoms like the rose,
 And sin prevails no more.

NEWTON.

10. THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never failing treasury filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Altho' with sin defiled,
 Satan accuses me in vain
 And I am owned a child.
 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

11. TWENTY-THIRD PSALM TRANS- LATED.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow,
 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreary shade.
 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

12. VANITY OF LIFE.

THE evils that beset our path
 Who can prevent or cure ?
 We stand upon the brink of death
 When most we seem secure.
 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn ;
 Some change may plunge us in distress
 Before to-morrow's dawn.

Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey ;
 And oft when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.

A fever or a blow may shake
 Our wisdom's boasted rule,
 And of the brightest genius make
 A madman or a fool.

The gourds from which we look for fruit,
 Produce us only pain ;
 A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.

I pity those who seek no more
 Than such a world can give,
 Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
 And dying while they live.

Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
 And creatures fade and die,
 Lord, wean our hearts from things below
 And fix our hopes on high.

NEWTON.

13. MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a balmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high ?
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! Oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

HEBER.

14. VERSES BY THE LATE PRINCESS AMELIA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danc'd, and
 sung,

And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.

15. THE GREAT DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!

Thousand, thousand, saints attending,
 Swell the triumphs of his train ;
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus now shall ever reign !

Every eye shall now behold him,
 Clothed in awful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the Great Messiah see !

Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him, must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day,
 " Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! Come away !"

Now, redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit !
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom !

Promised glory to inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come !
 Yea ! Amen ! Let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne ;
 Saviour ! take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own,
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

ANON.

16. THE DYING BED.

SPIRIT ! linger yet awhile !
 Cast not yet thy mortal coil !
 Stay one bright moment e'er thy wing
 From earth to heaven in light shall spring ;
 And tell, oh tell, the sights that lie
 Before thine opening eye !
 The visions, feelings, thoughts, that roll
 In whelming grandeur o'er thy soul,
 And kindle in thy speaking eye
 The light of heavenly ecstasy.
 Reveal, reveal, ere yet the ray
 That gilds thy sunset fade away !

And we will list, as those who hear .
 The mysteries of another sphere ;
 Disclos'd by one whose bosom feels
 The wonders that his tongue reveals.
 Say, is there still no thought that clings
 With clasping love to earthly things ?
 Are there no scenes of other years,
 Bright with the dew of love and truth ?
 No tones that listening memory hears
 Of cherish'd joy in early youth ?
 Awakening pulses in thy breast,
 That win thee back from heavenly joy ;
 And make thee willing still to rest,
 Far from thine own bright home on high.
 Spirit ! thine eye hath lost its light !
 Can these fond thoughts no more delight ?
 Have joys like these no longer power
 To cheer thee in thy parting hour ?
 Then change the theme ; and tell us now,
 With rapture beaming on thy brow,
 Of glories yet to be revealed,
 With heaven's eternal signet sealed.
 Tell of the fears, temptations, woes,
 That pained thy journey to its close ;
 And of the love of Him who knew
 Thy path of thorns, and led thee through.
 Tell of the calm and twilight peace
 That bids tumultuous feelings cease ;

And sheds across thy parting way
 The dawnings of immortal day.
 Tell of the land that spreads before thee,
 And the bright skies that open o'er thee.
 Say, dost thou hear the angel-song—
 And see the innumerable throng?
 What means that sparkling of thine eye?
 That eager panting bosom—why?
 Oh! thou hast caught the sight of Him,
 Before whose glance the Heavens grow
 dim;
 And thy rapt spirit is before
 The throne of God for evermore!

W. S. M.

17. LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

18. HEBREW MELODY.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
 sea !

Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots and horsemen, all splendid
 and brave.

How vain was their boasting!—the Lord
hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea,

Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our
sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from his pil-
lar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed
in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea!

Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

MOORE.

19. THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PRO- SPECT OF DEATH.

O ! most delightful hour, by man
 Experienced here below ;
 The hour that terminates his span,
 His folly and his woe !
 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's dreary waste ;
 To see again my day o'erspread
 With all the gloomy past.
 My home henceforth is in the skies ;
 Earth, seas, and sun adieu !
 All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
 I have no sight for you.
 So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
 Of faith's supporting rod ;
 Then breathes his soul into its rest,
 The bosom of his God.

COWPER.

20. THE MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song,
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains be-
 long ;

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian
 maids,

Delight no more.—O Thou my voice in-
 spire

Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with
 fire!

Rapt into future times the bard begun,
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son;
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills
 the skies;

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall
 move,

And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heavens from high the dewy nectar
 pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly shower;
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall
 aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a
 shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
 shall fail,

Returning justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,

And white-robed innocence from heaven
 descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected
morn !

O spring to light, auspicious babe be born ;
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to
bring,

With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the
skies !

Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers,
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God ! a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo ! earth receives him from the bending
skies,

Sink down ye mountains and ye valleys
rise :

With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay!
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give
way !

The Saviour comes, by ancient bards fore-
told ;

Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual
ray,

And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :

'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall
clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch
forego,

And leap, exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall
hear,

From every face he wipes off every tear;
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal
wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep
directs,

By day o'ersees them, and by night pro-
tects;

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom
warms :

Thus shall mankind his guardian care en-
gage,

The promised father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Or fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare
 end ;

Then palaces shall rise—the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall
 yield,

And the same hand that sowed shall reap
 the field.

The swain in barren deserts, with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush
 nods.

Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with
 thorn,

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms suc-
 ceed,

And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the
 verdant mead,

And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's
 feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,

And with their forky tongue and pointless
 sting shall play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem
 rise !

Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
 kings,

And heaped with products of Sabean
 springs :

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains
 glow.

See heaven in sparkling portals wide display,

And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts; the light himself
 shall shine

Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke
 decay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
 away;

But fixed his word, his saving power re-
 mains;

Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah
 reigns!

POPE.

21. PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays !"

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son,
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord teach us how to pray.

MONTGOMERY.

22. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark, they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
 Tell me my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

23. A HEBREW MELODY.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
 Had all its honours shed,
 And o'er the vales of Palestine

A sickly paleness spread ;
 When the old seer by vision led,
 And energy sublime,
 Into that shadowy region sped,
 'To muse on distant time.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
 But sight of joy was none ;
 He looked o'er many a mountain side,
 But silence reigned alone,
 Save that a boding voice sung on,
 By wave and waterfall,
 As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
 Deep unto deep did call.

ON Kison's strand and Ephratah
 The hamlets thick did lie ;
 No wayfarer between he saw,
 No Asherite passed by :
 No maiden at her task did ply,
 No sportive child was seen ;
 The lonely dog barked wearily
 Where dwellers once had been.

Oh! beauteous were the palaces
 On Jordan wont to be,
 And still they glimmered to the breeze,
 Like stars beneath the sea!
 But vultures held their jubilee
 Where harp and cymbal rung,
 And there as if in mockery
 The baleful satyr sung.
 But who had seen that Prophet's eye
 On Carmel that reclined!
 It looked not on the times gone by,
 But those that were behind:
 His grey hair streamed upon the wind,
 His hands were raised on high,
 As, mirror'd, on his mystic mind
 Arose futurity.
 He saw the feast in Bozrah spread
 Prepared in ancient day;
 Eastward, away the eagle sped,
 And all the birds of prey.
 "Who's this," he cried, "comes by the
 way
 Of Edom, all divine,
 Travelling in splendour, whose array
 Is red, but not with wine?
 Blest be the herald of our King
 That comes to set us free!"

The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
 And utter praise to thee !
 Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
 Their glories glow again,
 And blossoms spring on field and tree,
 That ever shall remain.

“ The happy child in dragon’s way
 Shall frolic with delight ;
 The lamb shall round the leopard play,
 And all in love unite ;
 The dove on Zion’s hill shall light,
 That all the world must see.
 Hail to the journeyer, in his might,
 That comes to set us free !”

HOGG.

24. ON THE MASSACRE OF THE PROTESTANTS AT PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter’d saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scatter’d on the Alpine mountains
 cold ;
 Even them who kept thy faith so pure
 of old,

When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks
 And stones, in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their an-
 cient fold,
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
 roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. The
 moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
 ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
 sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy
 way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

MILTON.

25. FROM THE MINSTREL.

SHALL he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
 Shall the poor gnat with discontent and
 rage
 Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,

If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend !
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decrees
 gainsay,
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages
 without end !

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's fever-
 ish dream ;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous
 plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals
 deem ;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;
 For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and
 be wise.

HEATTIE.

26. PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN
 OPENED.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !

'Tis strung, and tuned, for endless years,
And formed by power divine ;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name than thine.

27. FROM THE PLEASURES OF
HOPE.

YET half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds untravelled by the sun !
 Where time's far wandering tide has never
 run,
 From your unfathomed shades, and view-
 less spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long
 and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the
 cloud !
 While nature hears, with terror-mingled
 trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And like the trembling Hebrew, when he
 trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his
 God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and howls o'er the dark
 abyss.
 Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the
 tomb ;

Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts that
roll

Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay
Chased on his night steed by the star of
day!

The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her
woes.

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and mid-
night still

Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill.

CAMPBELL.

28. WALKING WITH GOD.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!

But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;

I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast;

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;

So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

29. "MILLIONS OF SPIRITUAL
BEINGS WALK THE EARTH."—
MILTON.

~~~~~

AH it has often come into my thought,  
There is something here though men see it  
not,  
There is something that passes in stillness  
by,  
Though it cast not a shadow upon the eye,  
'Tis the spirit of one who long was dear,  
I loved it while it lodged in clay,  
And often it comes to visit me here,  
By night and by noon-tide day.

I know it because upon my breast  
Words which no sounds embody rest.  
I know it, because before my view  
Scenes long passed by, are passing anew ;  
I know it, because the form and the air  
Which I loved to gaze on in life are there,  
And my eye can trace  
A smile on that face,  
Though to you, my friends, it seems empty  
space. J. EDMESTON.

## 30. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid !

Star of the east the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle, the dew drops are shining,

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the  
stall !

Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,

Maker and monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,

Odours of Edom, and off'ings divine ;

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the  
mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;

Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,

Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-  
ing,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid !

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

HEBER.

31. TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep !  
 Not in thy cradle bed,  
 Not on thy mother's breast,  
 Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
 But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,  
 Baby, thy rest shall be ;  
 Oh ! many a weary wight,  
 Weary of life and light,  
 Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling,  
 Flee to thy grassy nest ;  
 There the first flowers shall blow,  
 The first pure flake of snow,  
 Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! peace ! the little bosom  
 Labours with shortening breath ;  
 Peace ! peace ! that tremulous sigh,  
 Speaks his departure nigh ;  
 Those are the damps of death.



I've seen thee in thy beauty;

A thing all health and glee,

But never then wert thou

So beautiful as now

Baby thou seem'st to me.

Thine upturned eyes glazed over,

Like harebells wet with dew,

Already veiled and hid,

By the convulsed lid,

Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,

Thy soft lips quivering,

As if (like summer air

Ruffling the rose leaves) there

Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!

Young spirit! haste, depart!

And is this death? Dread thing!

If such thy visiting,

How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever

Upon that waxen face:

So passionless! so pure!

The little shrine was sure

An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!

Aye weep—'twill ease thine heart!

He was thy first born son,  
 Thy first, thy only one,

'Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling  
 Deep in the damp cold earth;

His empty crib to see,

His silent nursery,

Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber

His small mouth's rosy kiss;

Then, wakened with a start

By thine own throbbing heart

His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)

A dull, heart-sinking weight,

Till memory on thy soul

Flashes the painful whole,

That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,

And think the live-long night,

Feeding thine own distress

With accurate greediness,

Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways

His pretty, playful smiles,

His joy at sight of thee,

His tricks, his mimicry !  
 And all his little wiles !  
 Oh ! these are recollections  
 Round mothers' hearts that cling,  
 That mingles with the tears,  
 And smiles of after years,  
 With oft awakening.  
 But thou wilt then, fond mother,  
 In after years look back,  
 (Time brings such wondrous easing)  
 With sadness not unpleasing,  
 E'en on this gloomy track ;  
 Thou'lt say, " My first born blessing !  
 It almost broke my heart,  
 When thou wert forced to go ;  
 And yet, for thee I know  
 'Twas better to depart.  
 " God took thee in his mercy  
 A lamb untasked, untried,  
 He fought the fight for thee,  
 He won the victory !  
 And thou art sanctified !  
 " I look around and see  
 The evil ways of men,  
 And oh ! beloved child !  
 I'm more than reconciled  
 To thy departure then.

“ The little arms that clasped me,  
 The innocent lips that prest,  
 Would they have been as pure  
 Till now, as when of yore  
 I lull'd thee on my breast ?

“ Now (like a dew drop shrined  
 Within a crystal stone)  
 Thou'rt safe in heaven my dove !  
 Safe with the source of Love !  
 The everlasting One.

“ And when the hour arrives,  
 From flesh that sets me free ;  
 Thy spirit may await,  
 The first at heaven's gate,  
 To meet and welcome me.”

ANON.

### 32. THE BURIAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
 And thy saintly soul is flown  
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
 And sorrow is unknown.  
 From the burthen of the flesh,  
 And from care and fear released,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,  
 And borne the heavy load,  
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
 To reach his blest abode ;  
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus  
 Upon his father's breast,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,  
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,  
 And the Holy Spirit fail :  
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth,” and “ dust to dust,”  
 The solemn priest hath said,  
 So we lay the turf above thee now,  
 And we seal thy narrow bed :  
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
 Among the faithful blest,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.      MILMAN.

33. LINES WRITTEN FOR THE  
WEIGENLIED CRADLE HYMN,  
AIR OF MOZART, "SCHALF-  
HIND SICH HIER."

GEM of my soul ! soft be thy slumbers,  
And sweet thine infant dreams of air,  
That little heart no grief encumbers,  
No thorn surrounds the roses there ;  
Then sweetly sleep, but not for ever,  
Soft as to-day thy couch may be,  
But years, my love, will roll and sever,  
My babe, perhaps, from home and me.  
Then rest thee light—thy mother singing,  
Is all the sound that meets thine ear,  
She, to whom all thy heart is clinging,  
She, whom thou lovest best, is near ;  
And if a tear fall gently on thee,  
'Twas not the drop of bitter pain,  
'Twas but a love gem dropped upon thee,  
And smiles shall make it bright again.  
Oh, rest thee, then ! thy heart so simple,  
Thinks all is safe when I am by ;  
Repose appears in every dimple,  
And quiet in that closing eye ;

Oh, might this season last for ever—  
 But time will fly, it cannot be,  
 And years, my love, will roll and sever,  
 My babe, perhaps, from home and me!

J. EDMESTON.

### 34. SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple have been  
 On the day of its first dedication;  
 When the cherubim's wings widely waving  
 were seen  
 On high, on the ark's holy station;  
 When even the chosen of Levi, though  
 skilled  
 To minister, standing before thee,  
 Retired from the cloud which the temple  
 then filled,  
 And thy glory made Israel adore thee;  
 Though awfully grand was thy majesty  
 then,  
 Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,  
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,  
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.  
 And by whom was that ritual for ever re-  
 pealed,  
 But by him unto whom it was given,

To enter the oracle where is revealed  
 Not the cloud, but the brightness of hea-  
 ven ?

Who having once entered, hath shown us  
 the way,

O Lord ! how to worship before Thee ;  
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,  
 But in spirit and truth to adore Thee !

This, this is the worship the Saviour made  
 known,

When she of Samaria found him  
 By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,  
 With the stillness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage  
 he taught

To her who inquired by that fountain,  
 If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be  
 sought ;

Or adored on Samaria's mountain !

Woman ! believe me, the hour is near,  
 When He, if ye rightly would hail him,  
 Will neither be worshipped exclusively here,  
 Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a spirit ! and they, who aright  
 Would perform the pure worship he lov-  
 eth,



In the heart's holy temple will seek, with  
 delight,  
 That spirit the Father approveth.

BERNARD BARTON.

### 35. ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

WITH what unknown delight the mother  
 smiled,

When this frail treasure in her arms she  
 pressed !

Her prayer was heard—she clasped a liv-  
 ing child,—

But how the gift transcends the poor re-  
 quest !

A child was all she asked, with many a  
 vow ;

Mother—behold the child an angel now !

Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;

Or if to earth she take a transient flight,

'Tis to fulfil the purpose of his grace

To guide thy footsteps to the world of  
 light ;—

A ministering spirit sent to thee,

That where she is, there thou may'st also be.

JANE TAYLOR.

### 36. VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURES.

I QUIT the world's fantastic joys ;  
 Her honours are but empty toys,  
     Her bliss an empty shade ;  
 Like meteors in the midnight sky,  
 That glitter for a while and die,  
     Her glories flash and fade.

Let fools for riches strive and toil,  
 Let greedy minds divide the spoil,  
     'Tis all too mean for me :

Above the earth, above the skies,  
 My bold and fervent wishes rise,  
     My God, to heaven and Thee.

A source of glory, life, and love !  
 When to thy courts I mount above,  
     On contemplation's wings,

I look with pity and disdain  
 On all the pleasures of the vain ;  
     On all the pomp of kings.

Thy beauties rising in my sight  
 Divinely sweet, divinely bright,  
     With rapture fill my breast ;  
 Though robbed of all my worldly store,

In thee I never can be poor,  
But must be ever blest.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

37. TRUE LOVE.

Oh ! 'tis a blessed thing to know,

'Tho' but beloved by few,

That there is one in weal or woe

Who 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.

ANON.

38. REPLY TO STANZAS BY ALARIC A. WATTS, "THERE IS A THOUGHT," &c.

WHAT is that thought that lifts the soul  
 Above the woes that cling around it?  
 And bids the wheels of triumph roll  
 O'er each unhallowed wish that bound it  
 From hopes and communings sublime,  
 To perishable things of time?

The star that flung her lonely ray  
 Across its earthly path may perish;  
 And one by one into decay  
 May sink the hopes it loved to cherish;  
 But heaven's undying light hath shed  
 "Eternal sunshine on its head."

The pilgrim-spirit owns that here  
 His path is strewed with thorns of sor-  
 row;

And hails with joy, a beam appear  
 To guide him to a brighter morrow;  
 The same unfading beam from high,  
 That lit his sorrows to the sky.

Love warms his breast, and lights his eye,  
 While thoughts of heaven within are  
 springing,

And holy hopes that cannot die,  
 Around his inmost soul are clinging ;  
 His Saviour's love hath filled his breast,  
 To light his path to realms of rest.

This is the thought that lifts the soul  
 Above the miseries that bound it,  
 While joys unutterable roll

Their hues of mantling glory round it ;  
 And sprinkle on the bursting tomb,  
 The brightness of immortal bloom.

W. S. M.

### 39. THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my  
 eye ;

Than if day in its pride had arrayed it ;  
 The land breeze blew mild, and the azure  
 arched sky

Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed  
 On the shadowy wave's playful motion ;  
 From the dim distant isle, till the beacon  
 fire blazed,

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast  
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers ;

The sea bird had flown to her wave-girdled  
nest,

The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle  
slope ;

All hushed was the billow's commotion ;

And I thought that the beacon looked love-  
ly as hope,

That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,

Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,

Will memory sometimes rekindle the star

That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling  
soul flies,

And death stills the heart's last emotion,

O then may the seraph of mercy arise,

Like a star on eternity's ocean.

P. M. JAMES.

#### 40. THE POWER OF GOD.

THOU art, O God, the life and light

Of all this wondrous world we see :

Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Are but reflections caught from Thee !

Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that mark the sun decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night with wings of stormy gloom  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine !

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower that summer wreathes,  
Is born beneath that kindly eye ;—  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair, and bright, are Thine !

MOORE.

#### 41. CONSOLATION.

PEACE, spirit, peace ! why shouldst thou  
weep

O'er earthly joy that soon must fade ?

Shall not thy God his promise keep  
 To cheer thy soul when light is fled?  
 In secret gloom thy tears may fall—  
 Thy God is near, and sees them all.

Peace, spirit, peace! why shouldst thou  
 mourn

The loss of all that blessed thee here?  
 Life, light, and joy, shall yet return,

With heavenly smiles thy breast to cheer;  
 And love, and hope, and righteousness,  
 Shall bloom along thy path to bliss.

Peace, spirit, peace! immortal life

Dawns on the darkness of the tomb;  
 E'en in the last—the parting strife

Thy God shall guide thee through the  
 gloom;

Trust thou in Him—and thou shalt prove  
 Redeeming grace—eternal love.

W. S. M.

## 42. DESTRUCTION OF SENNA- CHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on  
 the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple  
 and gold;



And the sheen of their spears was like stars  
on the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep  
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer  
is green,

That host with their banners at sunset were  
seen,

Like the leaves of the forest when autumn  
hath blown,

That host on the morrow lay withered and  
strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings  
on the blast,

And breathed on the face of the foe as he  
passed,

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly  
and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and for  
ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all  
wide,

But through it there rolled not the breath  
of his pride ;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on  
the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating  
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on  
 his mail ;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners  
 alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
 And the widows of Ashur are loud in their  
 wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of  
 Baal ;  
 And the might of the Gentile unsmote by  
 the sword,  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the  
 Lord.

BYRON.

#### 43. DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME Disappointment, come !  
 Not in thy terrors clad ;  
 Come in thy meekest saddest guise,  
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
 The restless and the bad,  
 But I recline  
 Beneath thy shrine  
 And round my brow resigned thy peaceful  
 cypress twine,

Though fancy flies away,  
 Before thy hollow tread,  
 Yet meditation in her cell  
 Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell  
 That tells her hopes are dead.

And though the tear  
 By chance appear,  
 Yet she can smile and say, my all was not  
 laid here.

Come disappointment, come!  
 Though from hope's summit hurled,  
 Still rigid nurse thou art forgiven;  
 For thou severe, were sent from heaven,  
 To wean me from the world.

To turn my eye  
 From vanity,  
 And point to scenes of bliss, that never  
 never die.

What is this passing scene?  
 A peevish April day,  
 A little sun,—a little rain,  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away;  
 Man (soon discussed)  
 Yields up his trust,  
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him  
 in the dust.

Oh! what is beauty's power?

It flourishes and dies;

Will the cold earth its silence break,  
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek,  
Beneath its surface lies?

Mute mute is all,

O'er beauty's fall,

Her praise resounds no more when mantled  
In her pall.

The most beloved on earth

Not long survives to-day;

So music past is obsolete,

And yet it was sweet, 'twas passing sweet,  
But now it's gone away.

Thus does the shade

In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved  
Is laid.

Then since this world is vain,

And volatile, and fleet,

Why should I lay up earthly joys,

Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,  
And cares and sorrows eat?

Why fly from ill

With anxious skill?

When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing  
Heart be still.

Come disappointment, come !

Thou art not stern to me !

Sad monitress, I own thy sway,

A votary sad in early day,

I bend my knee to thee ;

From sun to sun

Thy race will run,

I only bow and say—" My God, thy will,  
be done."

H. KIRKE WHITE.

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#### 44. FROM THE MINSTREL.

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YET such the destiny of all on earth ;

So flourishes and fades majestic man ;

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings  
forth,

And fostering gales a while the nursling  
fan.

O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mil-  
dews wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy  
prime,

Nor lessen of his life the little span.

Borne on the swift, though silent wings  
of time,  
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the  
clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their  
doom,

Whose hope still grovels in this dark so-  
journ;

But lofty souls, who look beyond the  
tomb,

Can smile at fate, and wonder how they  
mourn.

Shall spring to these sad scenes no more  
return?

Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?

Soon shall the orient with new lustre  
burn,

And spring shall soon her vital influence  
shed,

Again attune the grove, again adorn the  
mead.

Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,  
When fate, relenting, lets the flower  
revive?

Shall nature's voice, to man alone un-  
just,

Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope  
to live?

Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive  
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?  
 No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet  
 arrive,

And Man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 Bright through th' eternal year of love's  
 triumphant reign.

BEATTIE.

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#### 45. LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

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CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,  
 Your pilgrim path pursue,  
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,  
 To God's high calling true;

Why move ye thus—with lingering tread,  
 A doubtful, mournful band?

Why faintly hangs the drooping head?  
 Why fails the feeble hand?

Oh! wish to know the Saviour's power  
 To feel a father's care;  
 A moment's toil, a passing shower  
 Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of Light, though veiled awhile,  
 He hides his noontide ray,  
 Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,  
 To gild the closing day ;

And bursting through the dusky shroud,  
 That dared his power invest,  
 Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,  
 And guide you to his rest.

BOWDLER.

#### 46. THE MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

*On the Death of the Infant Son of Mr. and  
 Mrs. Judson at Ava.*

HUSHED be the murmuring thought !  
 Thy will be done,  
 O Arbiter of life and death, I bow  
 To thy command. I yield the precious  
 gift  
 So late bestowed, and to the silent grave  
 Move sorrowing yet submissive. O sweet  
 babe !  
 I lay thee down to rest. The cold, cold  
 earth,



A pillow for thy little head. Sleep on  
 Serene in death. No care shall trouble  
 thee;

All undisturbed thou slumberest; far more  
 still

Than when I lulled thee in my lap, and  
 soothed

Thy little sorrows till they ceased.

Then felt thy mother peace; her heart was  
 light

As the sweet sigh that 'scaped thy placid  
 lips,

And joyous as the dimpled smile that  
 played

Across thy countenance. O, I must  
 weep

To think of thee, dear infant, on my knees  
 Untroubled, sleeping. Bending o'er thy  
 form

I watched with eager hope to catch the  
 laugh

First waking from thy sparkling eye a beam  
 Lovely to me, as the blue light of heaven,  
 Dimmed in the agony of death, it beams no  
 more!

O, yet once more I kiss thy marble lips,  
 Sweet babe! and press with mine thy  
 whitened cheeks;

Farewell, a long farewell ! Yet visit me  
 In dreams, my darling ! Though the vi-  
 sioned joy

Wake bitter pangs ; still be those in my  
 thoughts,

And I will cherish the dear dream, and  
 think

I still possess thee. Peace my bursting  
 heart !

O, I submit. Again I lay thee down,  
 Dear relic of a mother's hope. Thy spirit,  
 Now mingled with cherubic hosts, adores  
 The grace that ransomed it, and lodged  
 thee safe

Above the stormy scene.

REV. J. LAWSON.

47.

REVIEW.

WHEN nightly, as I rest me on my bed,  
 I trace in memory how the day has sped,  
 Recal each erring thought, each idle word,  
 Each gift misused, and warning voice un-  
 heard ;

The world conciliated, the cross denied,  
 The impatient wish, the swelling bosom's  
 pride ;

My spirit shrinks, in terror, from the view,  
 And mourns to think, my God must see it  
 too.

Tremendous thought! and must that holy  
 eye

Look through my bosom's close obscurity,  
 And to all-judging excellence reveal

What I, a mortal, am ashamed to feel?  
 Search every thought—and—no it must not  
 be,

I cannot, dare not meet the scrutiny!  
 Hide me, my Saviour, in that darkness  
 hide,

That veiled creation when its maker died!  
 Cast o'er my soul the mantle of thy love,  
 And veil its blackness from the spirits  
 above.

Let me, my Saviour, know the guilt I  
 prove,

As more than cancelled by thy dying love!

CAROLINE FRY.

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48. TRUST IN GOD.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,

On thee my hopes remain;

And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.

In early years Thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend ;  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.

I know the power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age  
And evil days descend ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death will sing thy praise  
When time shall be no more.

LOGAN.

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49. WHAT IS TIME ?

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, “ Oh  
tell

The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it  
well.”

I asked the ancient, 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, e'er 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 bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,  
Which beautify, or desolate the ground ;  
And they replied (no oracle more wise)

“ 'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom'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 road to hell.”

I asked my Bible, and methought 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 swiftly past,

His chariot was a cloud—the viewless wind

His noiseless steeds—which left no trace be-  
hind.

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.”

REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

## 50. THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

LIGHT will not break below  
 Upon the spirit's gloom ;  
 Save one lone glimpse to show  
 The glory yet to come :  
 O for the pinions of a dove  
 To bear us to the realms above !  
 Through endless years how sweet  
 In memory's glance will be  
 The hour that set our feet  
 From weary toilings free,  
 And " Peace ! " the heavenly watchword fell  
 From many an angel sentinel.  
 Lamb of the sacrifice,  
 Eternal and divine,  
 To thee we lift our eyes,  
 For all our hearts are thine,  
 And, guided by thy tender hand,  
 We travel on, a pilgrim band.  
 Frail as the fleeting clouds  
 That hide the ethereal blue,  
 Is that light veil which shrouds  
 Eternity from view ;  
 O for the pinions of a dove  
 To cleave those skies—and mount above !

W. S. M.

## 51. THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.  
 Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given,  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.  
 Can all that optics teach, unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow?  
 When science from Creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws.  
 And yet, fair bow, not fading dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky.  
 When o'er the green undelug'd earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
 How came the world's grey fathers forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign!



And when its yellow lustre smil'd  
 O'er mountains yet untrod,  
 Each mother held aloft her child  
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
 The first made anthem rang,  
 On earth deliver'd from the deep,  
 And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the muse's eye,  
 Unraptur'd greet thy beam;  
 Theme of primeval prophecy,  
 Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When glittering in the freshen'd fields  
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast  
 A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,

Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

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52. FROM THE MINSTREL.

---

AND from the prayer of want, and plaint of  
woe,  
O never, never turn away thine ear.  
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,  
Ah ! what were man should heaven refuse  
to hear !

BEATTIE.

---

53. FUNERAL HYMN.

---

THOU art gone to the grave !—but we will  
not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb ;  
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals  
before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide to  
the tomb.

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer  
 behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world  
 by thy side,  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
 unfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope since the sinless  
 hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave ! and its man-  
 sion forsaking,  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lin-  
 gered long :  
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright  
 on thy waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st was  
 the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but 'twere  
 vain to deplore thee,  
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,  
 and guide ;  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will  
 restore thee,  
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour  
 hath died.

HEBER.

## 54. TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless minstrels of the sky !  
I marvel not in time gone by

That ye were deified ;

For, even in this latter day,

To me oft has your power or play

Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power ! when by your might  
You leave the wild waves crested white

Like mountains in your wrath ;

Ploughing between the vallies deep

Which to the seamen rous'd from sleep

Yawn like death's opening path.

Graceful your play ! when round the bower,  
Where beautyculls spring's loveliest flower,

To wreathe her dark locks there ;

Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe

The leaves between, flit round that wreath,

And stir her silken hair.

Still thoughts like these are but of earth,  
And you can give far loftier birth ;

Ye come—we know not whence !

Ye go ! can mortals trace your flight ?

All imperceptible to sight

Though audible to sense.

The sun—his rise and set we know ;  
 The sea—we mark its ebb and flow ;  
     The moon—her wax and wane ;  
 The stars—man knows their courses well ;  
 The comet's vagrant path can tell ;  
     But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things,  
 Who mock all our imaginings,  
     Like spirits in a dream ;  
 What epithet can words supply  
 Unto the bard who takes such high  
     Unmanageable theme ?

But one :—to me, when fancy stirs,  
 My thoughts seem heaven's messengers,  
     Who leave no path untrod ;  
 And when as now at midnight hour  
 I hear your voice in all its power—  
     It seems the voice of God !

BERNARD BARTON.

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## 55. BLESSED BE THY NAME.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,  
 Thou of life the guard and giver ;  
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;  
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

God of stillness and of motion,  
 Of the desert and the ocean,  
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
 Blessed be thy name for ever,  
 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,  
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;  
 God of evening's parting ray,  
 Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,  
 That rises from the azure sea,  
 Like breathings of eternity.  
 God of life, that fade shall never,  
 Blessed be thy name for ever.

HOGG.

56. HEAVENLY REST.

LORD, I believe a rest remains  
 To all thy people known ;  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 And thou art loved alone.  
 Celestial spirit, make me know  
 That I shall enter in ;  
 Now, Saviour, now, thy power bestow,  
 And wash me from my sin.  
 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
 This unbelief remove ;

To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of thy love.

Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
Into my soul descend ;  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My author and my end.

WESLEY.

57. CHRISTIAN CALMNESS DIS-  
TURBED.

WE walked by the side  
Of the tranquil stream,  
That the sun had tinged  
With his parting beam.

The water was still,  
And so crystal-clear,  
That every spray  
Had its image there.

And every reed  
That o'er it bowed,  
And the crimson streak,  
And the silvery cloud,  
And all that was bright,  
And all that was fair,  
And all that was gay,  
Was reflected there.

And they said it was like  
 'To the chastened breast,  
 That religion soothes  
 To a holy rest ;  
 When sorrow has tamed  
 The impassioned eye,  
 And the bosom reflects  
 Its expected sky.  
 But I took a stone  
 That lay beside,  
 And I cast it far  
 On the glassy tide ;  
 And gone was the charm  
 Of the pictured scene,  
 And the sky so bright,  
 And the landscape green.  
 And I bade them mark,  
 How an idle word,  
 Too lightly said,  
 And too deeply heard ;  
 Or a harsh reproof,  
 Or a look unkind,  
 May spoil the peace  
 Of the heavenly mind.  
 Though sweet be the peace,  
 And holy the calm,



And the heavenly beam  
Be bright and warm ;

The heart that it gilds  
Is all as weak  
As the wave that reflects  
The crimson streak.

You cannot impede  
The celestial ray,  
That lights the dawn  
Of eternal day ;

But so may you trouble  
The bosom it cheers,  
'Twill cease to be true  
To the image it bears.

CAROLINE FRY.

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58. THE SNARES OF THE WORLD.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,  
The world to our unpractised hearts  
A flattering prospect shows ;  
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes  
Of gay delights and golden dreams,  
And undisturb'd repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,  
 By magic power produced in haste,  
     (As ancient fables say,)  
 Castles, and groves, and music sweet,  
 The senses of the traveller meet,  
     And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,  
 The charm dissolves, the vision dies,  
     'Twas but enchanted ground ;  
 Thus if the Lord our spirits touch,  
 The world which promised us so much,  
     A wilderness is found.

At first we start and feel distressed,  
 Convinced we never can have rest  
     In such a wretched place ;  
 But he whose mercy breaks the charm,  
 Reveals his own almighty arm,  
     And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,  
 When from our sin and bondage freed  
     By this beloved Friend,  
 We follow him from day to day,  
 Assured of grace through all the way,  
     And glory at the end.

COWPER.

## 59. THE FLIGHT OF FAITH.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,  
 Returning fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam.  
 But high she shoots through air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.  
 So grant me, God, from earthly care,  
 From pride and passion free,  
 Aloft through faith and love's pure air,  
 To hold my course to thee.  
 No lure to tempt, no art to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs;  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

## 60. RETROSPECTIVE THOUGHTS.

To childhood's joys I bid adieu,  
 Though still to memory dear,  
 And as past seasons I review,  
 I drop a silent tear.

A thousand tender painful thoughts  
 Arise within my breast,  
 As fond imagination floats  
 O'er pleasures once possess'd.

Sweet were the days of infancy,  
 And swiftly did they glide,  
 Stamp'd on my mind indelibly,  
 Their image must abide.

O where is now the sprightly band,  
 With whom I oft have strayed  
 Through flowery fields, or hand in hand,  
 Sought out the leafy shade?

Some low beneath the valley's clod  
 Are early laid at rest ;  
 And some with sad affliction's load,  
 Are heavily oppress'd ;

Whilst I by this almighty friend  
 In pleasant paths am led,  
 And showers of mercy oft descend  
 On this unworthy head.

Jesus! in thee will I confide,  
 A worthless worm regard !  
 And let thy gracious spirit guide  
 My progress heavenward.

MARY. A

## 61. ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish  
 brings  
 His dearest earthly treasure to these springs,  
 Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and  
 pain,  
 Shall court these salutary springs in vain ;  
 Condemned, like me, to hear the faint reply,  
 To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,  
 From the chill brow to wipe the damps of  
 death,  
 And watch in dumb despair the shortening  
 breath :  
 If chance should bring him to this humble  
 line,  
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were  
 mine ;  
 Ordained to lose the partner of my breast,  
 Whose virtue warmed me, and whose beau-  
 ty blessed,  
 Framed every tie that binds the heart to  
 prove,  
 Her duty friendship, and her friendship  
 love ;

But yet, remembering that the parting sigh  
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,  
 The starting tear I checked—I kissed the  
 rod,  
 And not to earth resigned her, but to God.

LORD PALMERSTON.

## 62. CONSCIENCE.

SUCH stuff the world is made of, and man-  
 kind  
 To passion, interest, pleasure, whim resign-  
 ed,  
 Insist on, as if each were his own pope,  
 Forgiveness and the privilege of Hope.  
 But conscience, in some awful silent hour,  
 When captivating lusts have lost their power;  
 Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful  
 dream  
 Reminds him of religion, hated theme!  
 Starts from the down on which she lately  
 slept,  
 And tells of laws despised, at least not kept;  
 Shows with a pointing finger but no noise,  
 A pale procession of past sinful joys,  
 All witnesses of blessings foully scorned,  
 And life abused, and not to be suborned.

Mark these, she says, these summoned from  
afar

Begin their march, to meet thee at the bar,  
There find a judge inexorably just,  
And perish there as all presumption must.

COWPER.

### 63. THE BIBLE A GUIDE.

WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,  
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways  
Her victims to ensnare;

All broad and winding, and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,  
Bearing their baubles or their loads  
Down to eternal night.

One humble path that never bends,  
Narrow, and rough, and steep ascends  
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?  
The Bible—he alone who hath  
The Bible need not stray.

But he who hath and will not give  
That light of life to all who live,  
Himself shall lose the way.

MONTGOMERY.

## 64. EPITAPH ON A BELIEVER.

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,  
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this;  
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee  
 here,  
 And staid thy progress to the realms of bliss.  
 No more confined to grovelling scenes of  
 earth,  
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,  
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious  
 flight,  
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

MRS. STEELE.

## 65. MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
 Thy daily stage of duty run;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.  
 Thy precious time mispent, redeem;  
 Each present day, thy last, esteem;  
 Improve thy talent with due care,  
 For the great day thyself prepare.



In conversation be sincere,  
 Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear,  
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,  
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.  
 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part ;  
 Who all night long, unwearied sing  
 High praise to the eternal King.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.  
 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP KENN.

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66. EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light.  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thy own almighty wings.  
 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done ;

H

That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live—that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die—that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KENN.

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## 67. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone, the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark ;  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death struck ! I ceased the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.  
 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The star ! the star ! of Bethlehem.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

## 68. THE SABBATH.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,  
 When village bells awake the day !

And by their sacred minstrelsy,  
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me, the winged hour,  
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord,—  
To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud amen  
Which echoes through the blest abode,  
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the simple melody,  
Sung with the pomp of rustic art ;  
That holy, heavenly harmony,  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,  
And still the anxious tear would fall ;  
But, on the sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands  
Has bound me in its six days chain,  
This bursts them, like the strong man's  
hands,

And lets my spirit loose again.

Then, dear to me, the Sabbath morn,  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice,  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
 Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;  
 Ours are the prophet's car of fire,  
 Which bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

## 69. THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT- EOUS.

O HAVE you not marked on the lip of the  
 dying,  
 When praises have fluttered in life's  
 latest gale,  
 When the blood streams of life in their  
 fountain were drying,  
 And the cheek once so blooming was  
 death-like and pale,  
 That the righteous hath hope in his  
 death ?

For the brightness of joy on his spirit is  
 beaming,  
 The lights of heaven's splendour his  
 bosom illumine,  
 And visions of bliss on his rapt soul are  
 streaming,

The visions that gild the dark vale of  
the tomb,—

For the righteous hath hope in his  
death.

And hark ! o'er his pillow to sooth him  
while dying,

Angelic harps welcome his spirit away ;

'Tis past,—and his soul now enfranchised  
is flying

On the wings of swift seraphs, to regions  
of day :—

Oh ! the righteous hath hope in his  
death.

W. S. M.

70.

TRUTH.

Oh how unlike the complex works of man,  
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan !

No meretricious graces to beguile,

No clustering ornaments to clog the pile :

From ostentation, as from weakness, free,

It stands like the cerulean arch we see,

Majestic in its own simplicity.

Inscribed above the portal, from afar,

Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,

Legible only by the light they give,  
Stand the soul-quickenings words,—believe,  
and live!

Too many shocked at what should charm  
them most,

Despise the plain direction, and are lost.

Heaven on such terms! (they cry with  
proud disdain)

Incredible, impossible, and vain!

Rebel because 'tis easy to obey;

And scorn for its own sake the gracious  
way.

These are the sober, in whose cooler brains,

Some thought of immortality remains;

The rest too busy, or too gay, to wait,

On the sad theme, their everlasting state,

Sport for a day and perish in a night,

The foam upon the waters not so light.

COWPER.

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71. FAREWELL.

THE first farewell to home and friends,—

That word, though fond, which burns and  
rends,

Hangs on the lips with long delay,

'The all that grief and love can say.

O God forgive! 'twas English earth  
 That gave the fugitive his birth ;  
 Forgive that he could kiss the clay  
 He sanctified to thee that day.

'Twas as a dream, confused and dark,  
 To see the waves, the unmoored bark,—  
 The sadness of a sister's tear,  
 As though she stood beside his bier.

How vain the sigh—the earnest glance,  
 The silent speaking countenance ;  
 The stifled sobs that load the heart  
 That loved, yet could consent to part.

'Twas love of home that made him grieve,  
 A nobler passion made him leave ;  
 Then let sweet charity attend  
 His foreign grave, and silent bend.

Where he a wanderer through each clime,  
 Found refuge from the strife of time ;  
 Though frail as autumn's leaf, and sere,  
 Yet leaving all his frailties there ;

In life, a cloud before the blast,  
 Yet calm with setting hope at last ;  
 Mourn what he was, sing what he is,  
 A child of woe, an heir of bliss.

REV. J. LAWSON, 12

Missionary at Calcutta.



## 72. THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet  
 is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
 prove,  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on  
 the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in  
 the grove :  
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain  
 afar,  
 A hermit his song of the night thus began,  
 No more with himself or with nature at  
 war,  
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.  
 " Ah! why thus abandoned to darkness and  
 woe,  
 Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad  
 strain ?  
 For spring shall return and a lover bestow,  
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune re-  
 tain.  
 Yet if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy  
 lay,  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee  
 to mourn ;

O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine  
pass away—

Full quickly they pass, but they never re-  
turn.

“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the  
sky,

The moon half extinguished, her crescent  
displays ;

But lately I marked, when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her  
blaze.

Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness  
pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendour  
again.

But man's faded glory no change shall re-  
new,

Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no  
more :

I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for  
you,

For morn is approaching your charms to  
restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glitter-  
ing with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering  
 urn !

O when shall it dawn on the night of the  
 grave !

“ 'Twas thus by the glare of false science  
 betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind ;  
 My thoughts went to roam from shade on-  
 ward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 O pity, great Father of Light,” then I  
 cried,

“ Thy creature who fain would not wander  
 from thee !  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only  
 canst free.

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying  
 away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,  
 So breaks on the traveller faint and astray,  
 'The bright and the balmy effulgence of  
 morn.

See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph  
 descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first  
 bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and  
 roses are blending,  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the  
 tomb." BEATTIE.

### 73.      LOOKING UPWARD.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
 When the great water floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.  
 Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
 Where but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?  
 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
 Does not that word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?  
 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
 But a prayer-hearing answering God  
 Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me,  
 I have an advocate with thee ;  
 They whom the world caresses most,  
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

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#### 74. DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

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CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
 Fair spirit ! rest thee now !  
 E'er while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath !  
 Soul to its place on high !  
 They that have seen thy look in death,  
 No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

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#### 75. CHRISTIAN PURITY.

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On for that purity of heart !  
 The gospel only can impart  
 To those who gratefully receive  
 Its teachings, and its word believe.

This is the purity whose power  
 In dark temptation's trying hour,  
 Can still unchangeably endure,  
 And, pure itself, make all things pure.

Stainless appears the mountain snow,  
 Transparent seems the brook below ;  
 Taintless the opening flower, the dew  
 Which gems it, as unsullied too.

But rains soon dim the mountain hoar,  
 The troubled stream runs clear no more,  
 The floweret in the dust is soiled,  
 The dew drop by the sun despoiled.

Yet mountain snows, and crystal streams,  
 And flowers which ope to morn's bright  
 beams,

And dew drops, which those sunbeams dry,  
 Are types of nature's purity.

While that which God alone can give  
 Life's trifling changes shall outlive ;  
 And give the "pure in heart" through  
 grace,

To see their maker "face to face !"

BERNARD BARTON.

76. PART OF 6TH CHAPTER OF  
MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive  
care,  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling  
tear,  
While all my warring passions are at strife,  
Oh let me listen to the word of life !  
Raptures, deep felt, his doctrine did impart,  
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping  
heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores af-  
ford  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe ap-  
pears,  
While on the roof the howling tempest  
bears ;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs  
again,—  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?  
And the frail body its investing weed ?

Behold and look away your low despair—  
 See the light tenants of the barren air :  
 To them, nor stores nor granaries belong,  
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing  
 song ;

Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his  
 eye

On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
 To him they sing, when spring renews  
 the plain,

To him they cry, in winter's pinching  
 reign :

Nor is their music nor their plaint in  
 vain ;

He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lilies snowy grace,

Observe the various vegetable race ;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless  
 grow,

Ye see how warm they blush, how bright  
 they glow !

What regal vestments can with them com-  
 pare !

What king so shining, or what queen so  
 fair !

If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he  
 feeds,

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,



Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say!  
Is he unwise, or are ye less than they?

THOMSON.

## 77. VICTORY OVER DEATH AND THE WORLD.

I'm going to leave all my sadness,  
I'm going to change earth for heaven;  
There, there all is peace, all is gladness,  
There pureness and glory are given.

Come quickly then, Jesus. Amen.

Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,  
But joy that my time here is o'er;  
I go the good part to inherit,  
Where sorrow and sin are no more.

The shadows of evening are fleeing,  
Morn breaks from the city of light—  
This moment day starts into being,  
Eternity bursts on my sight!

The first-born redeem'd from all trouble,  
(The Lamb that was slain, in the throng,)  
Their ardour in praising redouble;  
Breaks not on the ear their new song!

I'm going to tell their great story,  
 'To share in their transports of praise ;  
 I'm going in garments of glory,  
 My voice to unite with their lays.

Ye fetters corrupted then leave me ;  
 Thou body of sin droop and die :  
 Pains of earth cease ye ever to grieve me ;  
 From you 'tis for ever I fly.  
 Come quickly then Jesus, Amen.

CÆSAR MALAN.

78.

SEPARATION.

FRIEND after friend departs,  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end !  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.  
 Beyond the flight of time,—  
 Beyond the reign of death,—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath ;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire  
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.  
 There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown ;

A long eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines  
 Till all are past away;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day:  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

## 79. BENEFIT OF PRAYER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to the mercy seat!  
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-  
 draw,

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side ;  
 But when through weariness they failed,  
 That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words ? Ah, think again,  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,  
 With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Your cheerful songs would oftner be,  
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

COWPER.

## 80. EVENING HYMN.

WATCH of Israel, we shall rest  
 Calmly if thy voice hath blest,  
 If thou sayest " all is well,"  
 Ever wakeful sentinel.

If in sleep our spirits dream,  
 Still, Oh ! still, be thou the theme,  
 Heavenly let our spirits be—  
 Even in dreaming, dream of thee.

But if sleep be far away,  
 And we watch till dawning day,

Let thy spirit still impart  
Calmness to each aching heart.

H.

81. ON SEEING AN INFANT  
SLEEPING.

How sweet that infant sinks to rest,  
How balmy her repose ;  
No grief invades her gentle breast,  
No mental tempest blows.

That power who shed the opiate balm  
Around that couch of peace,  
In mercy breathes a mental calm,  
But knows that calm must cease.

Those eyes receive the hand of sleep,  
That heart receives its seal :  
But oft those eyes shall wake to weep  
At what that heart must feel.

Then seek, sweet babe, that guardian  
power,  
Whose whispers can impart  
A balm to soothe each future hour,  
A solace for the heart.

C. S. DUDLEY.

82. TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
REV. J. LAWSON, LATE MISSION-  
ARY AT CALCUTTA.

OH ! then a Howard's self-devoting zeal  
In its full force is felt and understood ;  
The spirit comprehends its pure appeal,  
And o'er its hallowed influence loves to  
brood,

Until his meek example prompts a mood  
Of kindred feeling, a resolve as high,  
Like him to sacrifice for general good  
Each individual and social tie,  
For all mankind to live, or for mankind to  
die.

Nor less resistless the appeal awoke,  
By his example who can all resign,  
To take upon himself a Saviour's yoke,  
And bear the Cross once borne by Love  
Divine ;

Who climbs the bark which far o'er ocean's  
brine,

Wafts him from country, home, and  
friends beloved,

In polar latitudes, o'er tropic line ;

His only hope, by fears, by toils un-  
 moved,  
 Men's souls to win to God, and be by God  
 approved.

Shall such unnoticed, mingle with the  
 dust ?

Forbid it human nature ! Gospel love !  
 The Church their hallowed memories takes  
 in trust,

Their honoured names are registered  
 above ;

Where'er its wings, expanding like the  
 dove,

The Holy Spirit takes its flight untired,  
 Where'er the name of Christ the heart can  
 move,

Where'er the Cross is borne, the Crown  
 desired,

Their labours should be owned, their Chris-  
 tian zeal admired.

Amid these votaries of a glorious cause,  
 Lawson, thy name shall hold its blame-  
 less right,

And owned, or slighted by the world's ap-  
 plause,

Be traced in characters of cloudless  
 light :

For like the firmament, serenely bright,  
 Shine forth the wise; and they who  
 numbers turn  
 To righteousness—like stars which gem  
 the night,  
 All eyes with gratitude shall long dis-  
 cern,  
 Nor shall their memories need pride's mo-  
 numental urn.

BERNARD BARTON.

83.

PEACE.

WHY should sorrows, why should woes,  
 E'er disturb our sweet repose!  
 Prayer through Jesus Christ shall rise  
 To our Father in the skies.  
 Yes, God of goodness! in distress,  
 Thy praying children thou wilt bless.  
 "Let your souls," so dost thou speak,  
 "From my Spirit comfort seek."  
 Thou wilt dissipate our fear,  
 Thou the softest sigh wilt hear.  
 Every hour, in every place,  
 Thou wilt answer in thy grace;



Let thy hope my soul assure.  
My deliverance is secure.

Father, bid my fears to cease,  
Give me to enjoy thy peace.  
Tranquil let my spirits be,  
Through thy Son invoking thee.  
Yes, God of goodness, on thy child,  
Thy look of love from heaven hath smiled.

CÆSAR MALAN.

#### 84. COMFORT IN DEATH.

LET reason vainly boast her power,  
To teach her children how to die;  
The sinner, in a dying hour,  
Needs more than reason can supply;  
A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,  
Alone can cheer him in the end.

When nature sinks beneath disease,  
And every earthly hope is fled,  
What then can give the sinner ease,  
And make him love a dying bed!  
Jesus! thy smile his heart can cheer,  
He's blest even then, if thou art near.

The Gospel does salvation bring,  
 And Jesus is the Gospel theme;  
 In death, redeemed sinners sing,  
 And triumph in the Saviour's name.  
 "O death, where is thy sting?" they cry,  
 "O grave, where is thy victory?"

Then let me die the death of those  
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood,  
 Who on his faithfulness repose,  
 And know that he indeed is God.  
 Around his throne we all shall meet,  
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

KELLY.

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## 85. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

NOT clothed in purple or fine linen—stood  
 The wilderness apostle! he was found  
 O'ercanopied by wild rocks fringed with  
 wood.

Where nature's sternest scenery darkly  
 frowned,  
 There stood the seer, his loins begirt  
 around,  
 With outstretched hand, bare brow, and  
 vocal eye,

His voice with sad solemnity of sound,  
 More thrilling than the eagle's startling  
 cry,  
 "Repent! repent!" exclaimed, "Christ's  
 kingdom draweth nigh!"

BERNARD BARTON.

86. FROM THE PERSIAN.

ON thy mother's knee a naked new-born  
 child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around  
 thee smiled;  
 So live that, sinking into death's long  
 sleep,  
 Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around  
 thee weep.

HAFIZ.

87. PERSEVERANCE.

HE who would endless glory reap,  
 Must here the word of patience keep;  
 'That word which gives the eye to see,  
 The glorious harvest yet to be.  
 The husbandman, his seed who sows,  
 Must wait with patience while it grows;

And he who would the oak uprear,  
Must cherish hope from year to year.

The architect who lays the while  
The basement of a lofty pile,  
By slow laborious toil alone,  
Can reach the turret's topmost stone.  
Nor must the Christian hope too soon,  
Faith's more sublime immortal boon ;  
None win by slight or brief emprise,  
The rich reversion of the skies.

Meek pilgrim Zionward ! if thou  
Hast put thy hand unto the plough,  
O look not back, nor droop dismayed,  
At thought of victory delayed.  
Doubt not that thou, in season due,  
Shalt own his gracious promise true ;  
And thou shalt share their glorious lot,  
Whom doing well hath wearied not.

BERNARD BARTON.

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## 88. YOUTH'S ASPIRATIONS.

HIGHER, higher, will we climb  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our name may live through time,  
In our country's story ;

Happy when her welfare calls  
 He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil  
 In the mines of knowledge ;  
 Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,

Win from school and college ;  
 Delve we there for richer gems,  
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press  
 Through the path of duty ;

Virtue is true happiness,  
 Excellence true beauty ;  
 Minds are of celestial birth,  
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit  
 Hearts and hands together,  
 Where our fireside comforts sit  
 In the mildest weather ;

Oh they wander wide, who roam  
 For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer, bands of love

Draw our souls in union,  
 To our Father's house above  
 To the saint's communion.

Thither every hope ascend,  
 There may all our labours end.

## 89. THE HOUSE OF MY GOD.

THERE'S a refuge of peace from the tem-  
 pests that beat,  
 From the dark clouds that threaten, from  
 the wild wind that blows ;  
 A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,  
 A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.  
 'Tis the house of my God,—'tis the dwell-  
 ing of prayer,—  
 'Tis the temple all hallowed by blessing  
 and praise ;  
 If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me  
 there,  
 My heart to the throne of his grace I can  
 raise.  
 For a refuge like this, ah what praises are  
 due !  
 For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair ;  
 Ah why are the seasons of worship so few ?  
 Ah why are so seldom the meetings of  
 prayer ?

JAMES EDMESTON.

## 90. THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

THE first thing in the morning light,  
 The chief thing through the busy day,  
 And the last thing ere you sleep at night,  
 Should be to watch, reflect, and pray.

C.

## 91. THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,  
 Waiting to hear the rustling wing  
 Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave  
 Its virtue to that holy spring ;  
 With patience and with hope indued,  
 Were seen the gathered multitude.  
 Among them there was one, whose eye  
 Had often seen the waters stirred ;  
 Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,  
 The bitter sigh of hope deferred ;  
 Beholding while he suffered on,  
 The healing virtue given and gone !  
 No power had he ; no friendly aid  
 To him its timely succours brought ;  
 But while his coming he delayed,  
 Another won the boon he sought,

Until the Saviour's love was shown  
Which healed him by a word alone !

Had they who watched and waited there

    Been conscious who was passing by,  
With what unceasing, anxious care,

    Would they have sought his pitying eye,  
And craved with fervency of soul,

His power Divine to make them whole ?

But habit and tradition swayed

    Their minds to trust to sense alone ;

They only hoped the Angel's aid,

    While in their presence stood unknown

A greater, mightier far than he,

With power from every pain to free.

    Bethesda's pool has lost its power ;

    No Angel by his glad descent

Disposes that diviner dower,

    Which with its healing waters went,

But he whose word surpassed its wave,

Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,

    Religion's outward forms remained,

With living virtue only crowned,

    While their first freshness they retained ;

Only replete with power to cure

When spirit-stirred their source is pure.



Yet are there who this truth confess,  
 Who know how little forms avail,  
 But whose protracted helplessness  
 Confirms the impotent's sad tale.  
 Who day by day, and year by year,  
 Sad emblems of his state appear.  
 They hear the sounds of life and love,  
 Which tell the visitant is nigh ;  
 They see the troubled waters move,  
 Whose touch alone might health supply  
 But weak of faith, infirm of will,  
 Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still !  
 Saviour ! thy love is still the same  
 - As when that healing word was spoke ;  
 Still in thine all-redeeming name  
 Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke !  
 Oh be that power, that love displayed,  
 Help those whom Thou alone canst aid !  
BERNARD BARTON.

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## 92. THE LORD'S PRAYER VERSIFIED IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

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OUR Father, which in heaven art,  
 Lord ! hallowed be thy name ;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,  
 In heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread ;  
 Our trespasses forgive,  
 As we for other men's offence,  
 Do freely pardon give.

Into temptation lead us not,  
 But deliver us from ill,  
 For thine all kingdom, glory, power,  
 Is now and ever will.

HENRY LOK.

### 93. THE FALLING LEAF.

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears  
 Some trembling insect's little world of cares,  
 Descends in silence, while around waves on,  
 The mighty forest, reckless what is gone !  
 Such is man's doom—and ere an hour be  
 flown

Reflect, thou trifler, such may be thine own !

MRS. HEMANS.

### 94. THE CAPTIVES' SONG.

WE sat us down by Babel's streams,  
 And dreamed soul saddening memory's  
 dreams ;

And dark thoughts o'er our spirits crept  
 Of Sion—and we wept, we wept !  
 Our harps upon the willows hung  
 Silent, and tuneless, and unstrung ;  
 For they who wrought our pains and  
 wrongs,

Asked us for Sion's pleasant songs.

How can we sing Jehovah's praise  
 To those who Baal's altar raise ?  
 How warble Judah's freeborn hymns,  
 With Babel's fetters on our limbs ?  
 How chant thy lays dear Fatherland  
 To strangers on a foreign strand ?  
 Ah no ! we'll bear grief's keenest sting  
 But dare not Sion's anthems sing.

Place us where Sharon's roses blow ;  
 Place us where Siloe's waters flow ;  
 Place us on Lebanon, that waves  
 Its cedars o'er our father's graves ;  
 Place us upon that holy mount,  
 Where stands the temple, gleams the fount ;  
 And love and joy shall loose our tongues,  
 To warble Sion's pleasant songs.

If I should e'er, earth's fairest gem,  
 Forget thee, O Jerusalem !  
 May my right hand forget its skill,  
 To wake the slumbering lyre at will !

If from my heart, e'en when most gay,  
 'Thy memory e'er should fade away,  
 May my tongue rest within my head  
 Mute as the voices of the dead!

Remember, O remember, Lord,  
 In that day Edom's race abhorred;  
 When once again o'er Salem's towers,  
 The sun of joy its radiance pours,  
 Forget not them whose hateful cry  
 Rose loud and fiend-like to the sky,—  
 "Be that unholy city crushed,  
 Raze, raze it even with the dust!"

Daughter of Babylon, the hour  
 Is coming that shall bow thy power,  
 The Persian sword shall make thee groan,  
 The Mede shall fill Belshazzar's throne;  
 Blest shall he be who bids thee sip  
 The cup thou heldst to Salem's lip,  
 And mocks thee, weeping o'er the stones  
 Red with thy children's bleeding bones.

HENRY NEILE.

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## 95. OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

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ABOVE—below—where'er I gaze,  
 Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,

Traced in the midnight's planets blaze,  
 Or glistening in the morning dew;  
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,  
 Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,  
 That turns the ocean wave to foam;  
 Nor less thy wondrous power I find,  
 When summer airs around me roam;  
 The tempest and the calm declare  
 Thyself, for thou art every where.

I find thee in the noon of night,  
 And read thy name in every star  
 That drinks its splendour from the light  
 That flows from mercy's beaming car;  
 Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem  
 Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light  
 Hath tipped the mountain tops with gold,  
 Smote with the blaze my weary sight  
 Shrinks from the wonders I behold;  
 That ray of glory, bright and fair,  
 Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,  
 The twilight eve—the dewy morn;  
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright,  
 Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.

Thy glory walks in every sphere,  
And all things whisper, "God is here."

Ιακωβ.

96. FAITH.

WHEN light and joy have passed away,  
And gloom has chilled our heavenly day :  
When springs that cheered our heart are  
dry,

And peace is far and grief is nigh ;

How sweet to own a father's rod,

Calling his children back to God ;

How sweet the faith, that though we mourn,  
Grief shall depart, and joy return.

Like Israel's leader, as he died,

The desert past,—on Jordan's side

Faith guides us till our rest is given,

Then dies upon the verge of heaven.

W. S. M.

97. THE BETTER LAND.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,

Thou call'st its children a happy band ;

Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?—

Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?—

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire flies dance through the myrtle  
boughs ?”

“ Not there, not there my child !”

“ Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under many  
skies ?—

Or 'midst the green islands on glittering  
seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds, on their starry  
wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of  
gold ?—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral  
strand,

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !”

‘ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there :

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless  
bloom,

For beyond the clouds, and beyond the  
tomb,

It is there, it is there, my child !"

MRS. HEMANS.

98.

HOME.

WHERE the hearth of our childhood was  
sparkling and bright,

And our earliest footsteps trod gaily and  
light ;

Where we offered our prayers to the Fa-  
ther above,

With a father's blessing and mother's love ;

Where in seasons of trial and tempests of  
pain,

We long to take shelter from trouble again,  
Like mariners 'scaped from a stormy sea ;

The home of the wandering frame should  
be.

Where the stars in beauty and brightness  
roll

Through clear blue ether around the pole ;

Where nature works in her wondrous ways

Through depths concealed from the vulgar  
gaze ;



Where aught of the wonderful, beautiful,  
 new,  
 In heaven or earth, may be brought to  
 view,  
 That the mind may grasp or the eye may  
 see ;  
 There, there the home of the soul should  
 be.

Where the voices of mighty multitudes roar,  
 Like the boom of the sea on the sandy  
 shore,  
 And mixed with hosannas loud and long,  
 Arises the everlasting song ;  
 Where the Lamb that was slain in the  
 midst of the throne  
 Has honour, and glory, and power, alone ;  
 At the feet of the undivided Three,  
 The home of the deathless spirit should be.

W. S. M.

99.

## EPITAPH.

LET no proud stone with sculptured vir-  
 tues rise,  
 To mark the spot wherein a sinner lies ;

Or if some boast must deck the sinner's  
grave,  
Boast of his love who died lost man to  
save.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

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100. COMFORT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few;  
On Him I lean, who not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain.  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.  
If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way:  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do:  
Still He who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.  
If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Despised by those I prized too well;  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;  
 Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear  
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry  
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend ;  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while ;  
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O ! when I have safely past  
 Through every conflict but the last ;  
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.

R. GRANT.

101.

LIFE.

WHAT is life ? 'tis all a vapour ;  
 Soon it vanishes away ;  
 Life is like a dying taper ;  
 O, my soul, why wish to stay ?  
 Why not spread thy wings and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy ?

See that glory, how resplendent !

Brighter far than fancy paints,  
There, in majesty transcendent !

Jesus reigns, the king of saints.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,  
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,

Sing with rapture of his love,

Through the heavens his praises sounding,

Filling all the courts above.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy.

Go and share his people's glory ;

Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;

Thine a joyful wondrous story :

One that angels love to hear.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy.

KELLY.

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## 102. POWER OF GOD.

SHALL mortal man, a child of earth,

Who yesterday received his birth

From God's all-bounteous hand ;

Shall he, whilst sojourning below,

Presume the Almighty's plans to know,

His ways to understand ?

He rides upon the stormy deep,  
His watchful eyes that never sleep,

Wide o'er creation roll ;

And from his high empyreal throne,  
Views, with one glance, the torrid zone,  
And ice surrounded pole !

His paths the trackless waters are,  
The winged whirlwind is his car,

His wheels the hurricane ;

His fiery coursers, bounding, fly,  
Borne rapid through the ethereal sky,  
As o'er the foaming main !

Earth, as he passes, shakes with fear ;

The infernal spirits, when they hear,  
To deeper caverns fly ;

Fierce blasting lightnings mark his way,  
Behind him pealing thunders play

Their dread artillery !

His wisdom, infinite and vast,  
Shall through eternal ages last,

Unchangeably the same !

While in the dreary shades of hell  
His justice, so inflexible,

Proclaims his awful name.

Before the earth or worlds were made,  
His vast eternal plans were laid

In wisdom and in love ;

And what the Almighty then design'd,  
Is finish'd in the eternal mind ;

His purpose cannot move.

Ah ! then suppress each rising sigh,  
Nor dare to ask the Almighty why,

Or what his hands perform ;

Submit to his all-wise decrees,

Whose power can calm the raging seas,

Or raise them to a storm !

RAFFLES.

### 103. THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

THE Sabbath light was lingering still  
Upon the brow of Judah's hill,

'Though far behind the sun had set,

And high in heaven the stars had met,

Like angels of the world above,

Communing on their thrones of love.

Two wearied pilgrims who had trod

Together to the house of God,

With hope to meet, by praise and prayer,

Jesus, their dear Redeemer, there ;

Return'd with toilsome steps and slow,

Together to their homes of woe.

They spoke of all their hopes o'erthrown,

And all they cherish'd, as their own  
 Bright visions of celestial light,  
 Vanish'd for ever from their sight ;  
 For he whose dear and sacred head  
 Was laid among the sleeping dead,  
 His risen light had not imparted,  
 And they were lone and broken hearted.  
 Upon his head their hopes were laid,  
 Till He arose, their hopes were dead ;  
 They trusted that this had been He  
 Whom kings and prophets long'd to see,—  
 That healing spirit, who should bring  
 Mercy and peace beneath his wing.

They little deem'd that He they loved  
 So near their side a stranger moved ;  
 When One they knew not, asked them—  
     why

Their converse sad and tearful eye ?  
 To Him whose heart alone could know,  
 They told the story of their woe ;  
 The hopes they nurs'd, the love they bore,  
 And now,—those blissful dreams were o'er.  
 His spirit mark'd each feeling rise,  
 Of love and grief, half choked with sighs,  
 And to his heavenly lips there came  
 Language of life, and words of flame ;  
 He chid their doubts, inspired their hopes,  
 And led their wondering vision up

The list of prophecies, that told  
 Mysteries which ages might unfold.  
 With kindest love His bosom glow'd,  
 With sweetest sounds His lips o'erflow'd,  
 All he had suffer'd and had bought  
 He told them ; yet they knew him not ;  
 Till as he brake the bread, they knew  
 Him whom their doubts had hid from view.  
 They sought in vain on holy ground  
 With worshipping disciples round :  
 But in their lowliness of mind,  
 When earthly cares were all resign'd  
 To one absorbing thought, that swell'd  
 The hopes of heaven their bosoms held ;  
 Then He who hears and answers prayer,  
 Who dwells where'er His people are,  
 Came from the darkness of the grave  
 To comfort, to confirm, to save ;  
 And as their hearts within them burn'd  
 He bless'd them and to heaven return'd.  
 Sweet hours of bliss ! transcending high,  
 What earth can give, or honours buy,  
 When o'er the cloud of unbelief  
 The Saviour comes to our relief ;  
 His cheering and inspiring breath  
 Can brighten life, can sweeten death ;  
 He shows the path His feet have trod,  
 He leads the wanderer back to God ;



And while His spirit from above,  
 Descends with words of peace and love,  
 Faith plumes her eagle wing, and flies  
 Away to unrevealed joys ;  
 Hope with a joyful angel throng  
 Hymn on their harps a heavenly song ;  
 While from the bosom's inmost shrine,  
 Enkindled by a hand divine,  
 Love, like a pure and vestal flame,  
 Ascends to heaven, from whence it came.

W. S. M.

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#### 104. COMPLAINT OF SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low  
 That bids this silent tear to flow ;  
 It is not grief that bids me moan,  
 It is that I am all alone.  
 In woods and glens I love to roam,  
 When the tired hedger hies him home ;  
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
 When pale the star looks on its breast.  
 Yet when the silent evening sighs  
 With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
 My spirit takes another tone,  
 And sighs that it is all alone.

L

The autumn's life is sear and dead,  
 It floats upon the water's bed,  
 I would not be a leaf to die,  
 Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,  
 Tell all the same unvaried tale ;  
 I've none to smile when I am free,  
 And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
 That thinks on me, and loves me too.  
 I start, and when the vision's flown,  
 I weep that I am all alone.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

105.

REPLY.

CHILD of the dust, I heard thee mourn :  
 Will God forsake, and not return ?  
 " Unheal'd my wounds, my woes unknown,  
 Down to the grave I sink alone."

But art thou thus indeed alone,  
 Quite unbefriended and unknown ?  
 And hast thou then His love forgot,  
 Who form'd thy frame and fix'd thy lot !

Who laid his Son within the grave  
 Thy soul from endless death to save,

And gave his spirit to console,  
And make thy wounded bosom whole?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?

Beams not in him the star so pale?

Is there a leaf can fade or die,

Unnoticed by his watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,

Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,

To thine Almighty Friend are known,

And sayst thou, thou art all alone?

CONDER.

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106. IMMORTALITY.

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THE vision of eternal rest

Is sweetest to the wearied breast;

The sun-light of unfading day

Beams brightest on *his* lonely way,

Whose path below is chill'd with gloom—

Whose hopes are all beyond the tomb.

The harp his trembling hand has strung

To echo back his pilgrim song,

Is hung upon the willow tree;

Yet hark that sound! the passing breeze

Hath woke its spirit; soft and slow.

It breathes of earth—it breathes of woe!

That strain is o'er, and higher, higher,  
 Swell its triumphant notes of fire,  
 And as its spirit-tones increase,  
 It breathes of heaven, it breathes of peace !  
 Pilgrim of life ! awake, arise !  
 Thy cynosure is in the skies.  
 The dawn of heaven is beaming now  
 Upon yon untrod mountain's brow,  
 That Pisgah of thy faith shall be  
 A gate of endless bliss to thee,  
 Where angels linger to convey  
 Thy spirit to its home of day.  
 Cheer up, cheer up, long days and bright  
 Shall rise upon thy raptured sight ;  
 That hill of death, the best, the last  
 O'er which thy feet shall e'er have passed,  
 Shall know thy bosom's latest sigh,  
 And view thy parted spirit fly,  
 With angel-pinions round thee furled,  
 To bear thee to a brighter world.

W. S. M.

107.

SABBATH.

Is there a time when moments flow  
 More lovelily than all beside ?

It is of all the times below  
A sabbath eve in summer tide.

O then the setting sun smiles fair,  
And all below, and all above,  
The different forms of nature wear  
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,  
The life of grace, the death of sin,  
With nature's placid woods and streams,  
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,  
A God all love, no grief nor fear,  
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,  
A scene so heavenly sure as this  
May cause a heart on earth to know  
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will night  
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;  
And morrow's quick returning light  
Must call us to the world again.

Yet there will dawn at last a day,  
A sun that never sets shall rise ;  
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,  
The heavenly Sabbath never dies !

EDMESTONE.

## 108. THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

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 the 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 calm profound,  
The sunset's heaven of gold ;  
And the still midnight bears 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.

MRS. HEMANS.

## 109. DESPONDENCY.

WHEN night more dark than of the tomb  
Appears to veil our sky,  
Satan oft whispers through the gloom,  
Now "curse thy God and die."

Why thy integrity retain,  
When he hath cast thee off,

And left thee to thy foes disdain,  
Or still more cruel scoff ?

Thou tried and tempted ! hast thou heard  
A voice like this within ?

Be one unfailing prayer preferred—  
“ Lord ! save me from this sin.”

Seek for that patient faith which lives  
Dependent on His will,  
Whose hand, while every good it gives,  
Dispenses needful ill.

Still thine integrity hold fast,  
The tempter's counsel spurn ;  
“ Hope against hope !” and God at last  
Will for thy help return.

He never yet abandoned one  
Who strove to him to cleave ;  
And watched, and waited, through his Son  
Salvation to receive.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 110. ANTICIPATION.

YES, I shall behold his bright face,  
Myself in his brightness shall glow,  
And sing to the praise of his grace,  
In strains never uttered below ;



Which in harmony sweet shall roll on,  
 As ages on ages shall run,  
 And though these long ages have gone,  
 The chorus is only begun.

And what if my soul sometimes bend,  
 With sorrows that press on life's hour,  
 They are but as dews which descend  
 To wipe off the stain of the flower.  
 They fit me for soaring on high,  
 And shake off earth's clogs from my  
 wings ;  
 Then rise, spirit, rise to the sky,  
 And sing as a ransomed one sings.

J. COBBIN.

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### III. TO MY INFANT SON.

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THY mother bade me weave a lay,  
 A lay of love for thee ;  
 And I with willing mind obey  
 Though tuneless all it be ;  
 Though words but mark the fond excess  
 Of love, of hope, of tenderness,  
 Which thou hast wrought in me ;  
 And though my harp's degenerate chords  
 Faint echoes yield to powerless words.

O, could my heart flown to my tongue  
 Dissolve itself in sound ;  
 Or did my harp, now all unstrung,  
 With dulcet tones abound :  
 Then would I strike a chord should chain  
 The mind, and draw forth tears like rain,  
 When I am in the ground ;  
 But thou, should heaven thy life prolong,  
 Mayst value e'en this rugged song.  
 But it may be, my boy, thy life,  
 Is in its spring to cease.  
 It may be that ere manhood's strife,  
 Thou'lt find eternal peace ;  
 And ne'er should wish of mine be lent,  
 Were wishes potent, to prevent  
 Thy happy soul's release ;  
 He metes thy days, my little one,  
 Who gave thee life—His will be done !  
 And this world many a peril hath,  
 If thou shouldst tarry here ;  
 Toils, cares, and griefs, lie in the path,  
 And manhood's rough career  
 Will dash the gladness from thy brow,  
 The freshness from thy cheek, and thou,  
 Perchance, mayst shed the tear,  
 O'er all thou lovedst, as earth receives  
 Them one by one, like autumn leaves.

But ever pure may be thy breast,  
 In grief—in joy the same ;  
 And never may dishonour rest  
 Its cloud upon thy name ;  
 But may'st thou early learn to prize  
 The plaudits of the good and wise  
 Alone as real fame ;  
 Nor let the race absorb thy soul,  
 But keep thine eye fixed on the goal.  
 Thy mother!—never may her eye  
 Be damp with tears for thee,  
 Save for those little ills that try  
 Thy tender infancy ;  
 And may'st thou to man's sterner worth  
 Join her warm heart—her guileless mirth,  
 Her frankness—constancy ;  
 Her love, which time cannot estrange,  
 Which knows no ebb, and knows no change.  
 And when at length into thy breast  
 Death's chilling tremors creep,  
 O may'st thou sink into its rest,  
 As to a gentle sleep !  
 Unreached by doubt—unchafed by pain,  
 Leaving behind thee not a stain  
 O'er which the good may weep ;  
 But with thy spirit plumed to rise  
 To that pure world beyond the skies.

## 112.            THEY WEPT.

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THEY wept—those aged patriots wept
 The fame of vanished years ;
 And burning thoughts which long had slept
 Now melted them to tears ;
 They well remembered Salem's state,
 Ere Babel laid it desolate.

They saw the second temple rise,
 But oh less fair and bright !
 And e'en their age-enfrozen eyes
 Dropped sorrow at the sight ;
 They thought of many a long-past scene,
 Of what they were and what had been.

Captivity had been their lot
 For many a lonely day,
 Yet Salem cannot be forgot—
 Or memory pass away—
 And memory told the tale too well,
 For which their bitter tear-drops fell.

H.

113. CONFESSION.

~~~~~

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,  
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn !  
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,  
 O leave me, leave me not to die !

O pleasures past, what are ye now,  
 But thorns about my bleeding brow !  
 Spectres that hover round my brain,  
 And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul ;  
 Now, justice, let thy thunders roll,  
 Now, vengeance, smile, and with a blow  
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,  
 I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing ;  
 I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,  
 Even me, Oh bliss ! his love may spare.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

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#### 114. UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

LIKE crowded forest trees we stand,  
 And some are marked to fall ;  
 The axe will strike at God's command,  
 And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay tree, ever green  
 With its new foliage on ;  
 The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen ;  
 I passed and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,  
 With which I charge my page;  
 A worm is in the bud of youth,  
 And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure  
 For yet an hour to come;  
 No medicine, though it oft can cure,  
 Can always balk the tomb.

Then let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
 Whose powerful arm can save;  
 So shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.

COWPER.

## 115. THE BIBLE.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and medicine, shield and sword;  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this I need no more.

Food to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloy;

On a dying Christ I feed,  
He is meat and drink indeed!

When my faith is faint and sickly,  
Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
Cordials to revive me quickly,  
Healing medicines here I find;  
To the promises I flee,  
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation,  
Satan cannot make me yield;  
For the word of consolation  
Is to me a mighty shield:  
While the scripture truths are sure,  
From his malice I'm secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,  
When I take the Spirit's sword;  
Then with ease I drive him from me,  
Satan trembles at the word:  
'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

Shall I envy then the miser  
Doting on his golden store?  
Sure I am, or should be wiser,  
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:  
Jesus gives me in his word,  
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

116.

## TRINITY.

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GIVE glory unto God on high,  
 To him who arched the vaulted sky ;  
 Who mighty earth's circumference spanned,  
 And weighed its waters in his hand ;  
 Who formed the countless orbs that gem  
 Dark night's resplendent diadem ;  
 Gave life unto each living thing,  
 Created man their earthly king ;  
 Then gave his Son for man to die,  
 Give glory unto God on high.

Give glory to the Son who came  
 Clothed in our fleshly mortal frame,  
 Who bore our sins, vouchsafed to give  
 Himself to die that we might live ;  
 Was holy, harmless, undefiled,  
 Patient when spurned, dumb when reviled ;  
 Who in the agonies of death,  
 Poured for his foes his parting breath ;  
 Was perfect God and man in one,  
 Give glory to the incarnate Son !

Give glory to the Holy Ghost !  
 Who on the day of Pentecost,  
 From heaven to earth in mercy came,  
 Descending as in tongues of flame ;



The promised comforter and guide,  
 Through whom the soul is sanctified ;  
 Who still is manifest within,  
 To prompt to good, convict of sin ;  
 Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,  
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost !

Join all on earth, in heaven above,  
 In honour, blessing, glory, love !  
 Sing praises to the great I Am,  
 Sing praises to the spotless Lamb,  
 Sing praises to that power divine,  
 Who sanctifies the inner shrine,  
 That so the Father's glorious name  
 All creatures hallowed may proclaim ;  
 And through the Spirit shed abroad  
 Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord !

Though reason gives not finite man  
 Divine infinitude to scan ;  
 Yet man may his Creator own,  
 May bow before a Saviour's throne ;  
 The Comforter with awe receive,  
 Their true divinity believe ;  
 And while he chaunts a Father's love,  
 Who sends the Spirit from above,  
 To win dominion for the Son,  
 With joy confess that God is one !

BERNARD BARTON.

## 117. ENCOURAGEMENT.

O God ! my heart within me faints,  
 And pours in sighs her deep complaints ;  
 Yet many a thought shall linger still,  
 By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,  
 The Olive mount my Saviour trod,  
 The rocks that saw and owned their God.

The morning beam that wakes the skies,  
 Shall see my matin incense rise ;

The evening seraphs as they rove,  
 Shall catch the notes of joy and love,

And sullen night with drowsy ear,  
 The still repeated anthem hear.

My soul shall cry to thee, O Lord,  
 To thee, supreme incarnate word,

My rock and fortress, shield and friend,  
 Creator, Saviour, source, and end ;

And thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,  
 Though death and darkness speak despair.

Ah ! why by passing clouds oppressed,  
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?

Turn—turn to him in every pain,  
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;

Thy strength, in joy's extatic day ;  
 Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

BOWDLER.

## 118. ODE TO THE STARS.

How beauteous ! how wondrous ! fain, fain  
 would I see  
 Your myriads unrobed of their mystery ;  
 Fain would I cleave the dark dome of the  
 night,  
 Soaring up, like a thought, to your islands  
 of light ;  
 Fain would I rifle your secrets divine,  
 With what forms ye are peopled, and  
 wherefore ye shine ;  
 By what laws ye are governed, and framed  
 on what plan,  
 I would know, but I may not, this is not  
 for man !  
 Great, glorious the day, when the Author  
 of all  
 Having spake ye from nought, and ye  
 sprung at the call !  
 Through the myriads of space from his  
 hand ye were hurled,  
 Dark myriads of atoms—each atom a world !  
 When each sped to his point in the bound-  
 less expanse,  
 And ye caught your first light from the  
 light of his glance !

His power in one moment fixed each in his  
spot,

One moment remitted—ye sink and are not.

What a dot is this earth, 'mid yon orbs of  
the sky!

And, compared with this earth, what a no-  
thing am I!

Yet I with my mind's cobweb plummet  
would sound

That mind that hath known nor creation  
nor bound;

Would fathom the depths of his wondrous  
decree!

Can the fly grasp a world—a shell compass  
the sea?

No, this to weak man is allowed and no  
more—

He may wonder and worship, admire and  
adore. Θ.

## 119. BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

HARK! a voice it cries from heaven,

Happy in the Lord who die;

Happy they to whom 'tis given

From a world of grief to fly!

They indeed are truly blest,  
From their labours then they rest.

All their toils and conflicts over,  
Lo they dwell with Christ above,  
O ! what glories they discover  
In the Saviour whom they love !  
Now they see him face to face,  
Him who saved them by his grace.

'Tis enough, enough for ever,  
'Tis his people's bright reward ;  
They are blest indeed, who never  
Shall be absent from the Lord !  
O ! that we may die like those  
Who in Jesus then repose !

KELLY.

## 120. ON THE NEW YEAR.

BLEST opening of another year !  
Thy cheerful sounds dispel the fear  
That presses down my soul ;  
When launching on an unknown sea,  
That skirts a near eternity,  
I see the billows roll.  
How darkly roll ! though snowy crests  
Edge the blue waves, their gloomy breasts

Heave heavily along ;  
 And vainly scans my feeble thought,  
 What the year's changes will have wrought,  
 If God my life prolong.

How low my joys may ebb, my woe  
 How high its rising tide may flow,  
 I leave to thy command ;  
 This, this shall silence all my fears,  
 In bliss or grief, in smiles or tears,  
 My times are in thy hand.

J. F.

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121.                    LINES

*Written by Lord Byron, a few weeks before  
 his death, on the blank leaf of a Bible.*

---

WITHIN this awful volume lies  
 The mystery of mysteries ;  
 Happiest they of human race  
 To whom their God has given grace  
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
 To lift the latch, to force the way ;  
 And better had they ne'er been born,  
 Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

## 122. A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe

That cannot speak its woe ;

To see the infant tears gush forth,

Yet know not why they flow ;

To meet the meek uplified eye,

That fain would ask relief,

Yet can but tell of agony—

This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,

To trace the march of death ;

To hear the faint and frequent sigh,

The quick and shortened breath ;

To watch the last dread strife draw near,

And pray that struggle brief,

Though all is ended with its close—

This is a mother's grief !

To see in one short hour, decayed

The hope of future years ;

To feel how vain a father's prayers,

How vain a mother's tears ;

To think the cold grave now must close

O'er what was once the chief

Of all the treasured joys of earth—

This is a mother's grief !

Yet when the first wild throb is past  
 Of anguish and despair,  
 To lift the eye of faith to heaven,  
 And think, "my child is there!"  
 This best can dry the gushing tears,  
 This yields the heart relief;  
 Until the Christian's pious hope  
 O'ercomes a mother's grief.

DALE.

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123.            GOD IS LOVE.

---

Oh! child of grief, why weepest thou?  
 Why droops thy sad and mournful brow?  
 Why is thy look so like despair?  
 What deep sad sorrow lingers there?  
 Thou mournest perhaps for some one gone,  
 A friend, a wife, a little one;  
 Yet mourn not, for thou hast above  
 A friend in God, and "God is love."  
 Was it remorse that laid thee low?  
 Is it for sin thou mournest so?  
 Surely thou bearest a heavy grief,  
 Yet, mourner, there is still relief.  
 There's one on high can pardon give,  
 Who gave his life that thou may'st live;



Seek then for comfort from above,  
 Thy friend is God, and "God is love."  
 Has cold unkindness wounded thee?  
 Does thy loved friend now from thee flee?  
 O turn thy thoughts from earth to heaven,  
 Where no such cruel wounds are given.  
 In all the varying scenes of woe,  
 The lot of fallen man below;  
 Still lift thy tearful eye above,  
 And hope in God, for "God is love."  
 Sweet is the thought—time flies apace,  
 This earth is not our resting place;  
 And sweet the promise of the Lord  
 To all who love his name and word.  
 Then, weeping pilgrim, dry thy tears;  
 Comfort on every side appears;  
 An eye beholds thee from above,  
 The eye of God, and "God is love."

ANON.

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## 124. EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.

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'Tis vain, with eager heart to grasp  
 At earthly joy or earthly treasure;  
 For fate shall still thy hand unclasp,  
 And dash away the cup of pleasure.

Honour is vain—the voice of fame  
 Is changeful as the changeful breezes ;  
 Now fans thy glowing heart to flame,  
 And now thy stream of comfort freezes.  
 And wealth is vain—the evening gale  
 Oft strips the bough that bloomed at  
 morning ;  
 As quickly may thy riches fail,  
 And plausible lips be turned to scorning.  
 Friendship is vain—the human heart  
 Like wave and wind, no power can bind  
 it ;  
 To-day may swear, “ we never part ! ”  
 To-morrow, and where shalt thou find it ?  
 And love is vain—for they so fair,  
 So full of joy, so free from sorrow,  
 So fond, so sweet—thy bliss, thy care,  
 May leave thee for the grave to-morrow.  
 Yet while, through each deceitful thing,  
 Time bears thee like a rapid river ;  
 Oh ! to the Rock of Ages cling—  
 It stands for ever and for ever.

KNOX.

## 125. DISTURBED ELEMENTS.

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,  
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread ;  
 Black as if the day of doom

Hung o'er nature's shrinking head ;  
 Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,  
 God is coming ! God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,  
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?

Nature startles—nature reels,  
 From the centre to the poles ;  
 Tremble !—ocean, earth, and sky,  
 Tremble !—God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms

His mysterious hiding place ;  
 Should he from his ark of storms,  
 Rend the veil and show his face,  
 At the judgment of his eye,  
 All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,

Hail and rain tempestuous fall,  
 Louder, deeper thunders crash,

Desolation threatens all :  
 Struggling nature gasps for breath,  
 In the agony of death !

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 for a while,  
 See thy bow of promise smile !  
 Welcome in the eastern cloud,  
 Messenger of mercy still !  
 Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,  
 "Peace on earth—to man goodwill !"  
 Nature, God's repenting child,  
 See thy parent reconciled.  
 Cool and tranquil is the night,  
 Nature's sore afflictions cease ;  
 For the storm has spent its might,  
 See the covenant of peace !  
 Vengeance drops her harmless rod,  
 Mercy is the power of God.

MONTGOMERY.

126.

DEATH.

DARK river of death, that is flowing  
 Between the bright city and me,  
 Thou boundest the path I am going,  
 O how shall I pass over thee !

When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,  
 And earth disappears from my sight,  
 When a cloud rises thickly before me,  
 And veils all my spirits in night :

When the hands I love dearly are wringing,  
 The eyes all for me wet with tears,  
 The hearts that surround me still clinging,  
 And I all misgivings and fears :

Ere the warmth of that love be departed  
 That binds us so closely below,  
 Could I bear to see them broken-hearted,  
 Nor feel all the sting of their woe ?

O Death ! thou last portion of sorrow,  
 The prospect of heaven is bright ;  
 And fair is the dawn of its morrow,  
 But stormy and dreadful thy night !

O Thou who hast broken the power  
 Of this the last victor of men,  
 Be with me in that solemn hour,  
 O grant me deliverance then !

The glory from Calvary streaming,  
 May shine o'er the cold sable wave ;  
 And the faith that is oftentimes beaming,  
 May burst through the gloom of the grave.

And peace may shine cloudless above me,  
 When I think that my Saviour has said  
 The Father himself deigns to love me,  
 And Jesus has died in my stead!

With the prospect of meeting for ever,  
 With the bright gates of heaven in view,  
 From the dearest on earth I could sever,  
 And smile a delightful adieu!

EDMESTON.

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127. THE JEW.

THOU shalt return, O captive child,  
 To thy own land of rest;  
 Though thou hast been so long exiled—  
 Such is thy God's behest.

The sun of Salem set in night,  
 Yet that once more shall shine;  
 The flowers of Sharon drooped in blight,  
 But they again shall twine.

The chords of Judah's harp were riven,  
 Yet they shall sound again;  
 And, Oh! the auspicious voice of heaven  
 Shall bless the unwonted strain.

Though sorrow hangs upon thy heart,  
 And darkens on thy brow ;  
 Yet that, thou exile, shall depart,  
 Nor weigh thee down, as now.

128. OFT HAVE I THOUGHT.

OFT have I thought, if I should die,  
 And leave the place of love I hold,  
 Oblivion soon the tear might dry,  
 And hearts, now warm for me, grow cold.

How would my inmost soul be chilled,  
 Could it, that back to life I came,  
 And found the seat I left was filled,  
 Myself remembered but in name.

No room for me by hearth or board,  
 No thought for me in head or breast,  
 Felt e'en by those I most adored,  
 An undesired intruding guest.

Well! such may be—yet in my heart  
 Full many a still loved dead one dwells,  
 Them no new loves shall bid depart,  
 Nor e'er usurp their sacred cells.

A smile should light them as they came,  
 (And fain would I their steps recal,)  
 And they should find me yet the same,  
 The kiss for some—the heart for all.

EDMESTON.

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129. ON A MOLEHILL IN A  
 CHURCHYARD.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,  
 Thou dust that once had breath!  
 Tell me how many mortals meet  
 In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil  
 Her subterranean bed,  
 Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,  
 And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground,  
 My kindred earth I see;  
 Once every atom of this mound  
 Lived, breathed, and felt like me;

Like me, these elder born of clay  
 Enjoyed the cheerful light,  
 Bore the brief burden of a day,  
 And went to rest at night.



By wafting winds and flooding rains,  
 From ocean, earth, and sky,  
 Collected here, the frail remains  
 Of slumbering millions lie.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould,  
 Once the warm life blood ran ;  
 Here thine original behold,  
 And here thy ruins, man !

The towers and temples crushed by time,  
 Stupendous wrecks ! appear ;  
 To me less mournfully sublime,  
 Than the poor molehill here.

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath,  
 Ten thousand pulses beat,  
 Tell me—in this small hill of death,  
 How many mortals meet ?

And now their fleeting day is past,  
 Beyond it who can tell ;  
 In what mysterious region cast,  
 Their living spirits dwell ?

I know not—but I soon shall know,  
 When life's sore conflicts cease ;  
 And this warm beating heart lies low  
 In their cold bed of peace.

MONTGOMERY.

## 130. CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
 And silence slept on Zion hill ;  
 When Bethlehem's shepherds through the  
 night,  
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light ;  
 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
 A voice of more than mortal sound,  
 In distant hallelujahs stole,  
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.  
 Then swift to every startled eye,  
 New streams of glory light the sky ;  
 Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour  
 Her spirits to the midnight hour.  
 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
 The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
 High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
 While thus they struck their harps and sung.  
 O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
 The joys of nature rise again,  
 The prince of Salem comes to reign.  
 See, Mercy from her golden urn,  
 Pours a rich stream to them that mourn,  
 Behold, she binds with tender care,  
 The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart,  
 Bids Satan and his host depart ;  
 Again the day star gilds the gloom,  
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
 The joys of nature rise again,  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

131.            LORD OF ALL.

ALL hail ! the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall,  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from his altar call,

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 A remnant weak and small,  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,  
 Who feel your sin and thrall,  
 Now joy with all the hosts above,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall ;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all !

PERRONET.

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### 132. ON THE SEA SHORE.

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IN every object here, I see  
 Something, O Lord ! that leads to thee :  
 Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,  
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,  
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,  
 Thy grace an everflowing tide.

In every object here, I see  
 Something, my heart, that points at thee,  
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,  
 Unfruitful as the barren sand,  
 Deep and deceitful as the ocean,  
 And, like the tides, in constant motion.

COWPER.

### 133. HAPPINESS NOT IN THE WORLD.

No longer I follow a sound,  
 No longer a dream I pursue;  
 O happiness not to be found!  
 Unattainable treasure adieu!  
 I have sought thee in splendour and dress,  
 In the region of pleasure and taste;  
 I have sought thee, and seemed to possess,  
 But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope,  
 The voice of true wisdom inspires;  
 'Tis sufficient, if peace be the scope,  
 And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind  
 That seeks it in meekness and love,  
 But rapture and bliss are confined  
 To the glorified spirits above.

COWPER.

## 134. CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love,  
 His spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorred,  
 Shall ne'er defile again;  
 The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lord,  
 Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly His,  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
 In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own  
 Thy darkness passed away,  
 Because that light hath on thee shone  
 In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light!—and e'en the tomb  
 No fearful shade shall wear;  
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For Christ hath conquered there!

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt be  
 A path, though thorny, bright;  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
 And God himself is light!

BERNARD BARTON.

## 135. PROTECTION.

WHEN Israel to the promised land  
 Through flood and tempest passed,  
 From Egypt's bondage soil at first,  
 To Canaan's hills at last,  
 Their God was with them on their way,  
 In flame by night, and cloud by day.  
 And still where'er his church is found  
 Upon this wider waste,  
 Around his wandering Israelites  
 His guardian arms are placed ;  
 And the Shekinah of his love  
 Beams down upon them from above.  
 And if one fainting sheep among  
 The thousands of his flock  
 Is wounded, tempted, tired, His hand  
 Leads to the refuge rock  
 That lifts amid the wilderness  
 Its shade of purity and peace.  
 And, oh ! how sweet to dwell beneath  
 That everlasting wing,  
 To find a refuge from the storm  
 In its o'ershadowing ;  
 To trust in Him, whose love has made  
 His arm our strength,—his wing our shade !

ANON.

136. LET US COME BOLDLY TO  
THE THRONE OF GRACE.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding place,  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, " Thou hast died ! "

O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

NEWTON.



## 137. SPIRITUAL WARFARE. 181

HE who would win a warrior's fame,  
 Must shun, with ever-watchful aim,  
     Entangling things of life ;  
 His couch the earth—heaven's arching dome  
 His airy tent—his only home  
     The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,  
 Uncumbered by the battle's spoil,  
     No dangers must affright ;  
 Nor rest seduce to slothful ease ;  
 Intent alone his chief to please  
     Who called him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be  
 Worthy that epithet, stand free  
     From time's encumbering things ;  
 Be earth's enthrallments feared, abhorred,  
 Knowing thy leader is the Lord,  
     Thy chief, the King of kings.

Still use, as not abusing, all  
 Which fetters worldlings by its thrall :—  
     With fame, with power, with pelf,  
 With joy or grief, with hope or fear,  
 Whose origin and end are here,  
     Entangle not thyself.

These close enough will round thee cling,  
 Without thy tightening every string  
 Which binds them to thy heart;—  
 Despise them not! this thankless were,  
 But while partaking them, prepare  
 From each and all to part.

BERNARD BARTON.

### 138. CHRISTIAN RACE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigour on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.  
 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.  
 A cloud of witnesses around,  
 Hold thee in full survey;—  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge the way.  
 Blessed Saviour, introduced by thee,  
 We have our race begun;  
 When crowned with victory, at thy feet  
 We'll lay our trophies down.

DODDRIDGE.

## 139. WATCHFULNESS.

ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise,  
 What snares beset my way !  
 Of these, my soul, be still apprized,  
 And lonely watch and pray.

The world, the devil, and the flesh,  
 My feeble soul invade ;  
 I find my own resistance vain  
 Without my Saviour's aid.

Whene'er temptations would allure,  
 Or fill my heart with dread,  
 My God, thy powerful grace impart,  
 To help in time of need.

May fear of Thee, and dread of sin,  
 My watchful soul possess ;  
 And lively faith and joyful hope  
 My vigilance increase.

Help me to pray, and watch, and strive ;  
 O bid the tempter flee !  
 And let me never, never stray  
 From happiness and Thee !

MRS. STEELE.

## 140. RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
 It has no charms for me ;  
 Once I admired its trifles too,  
 But Grace has set me free.

Its pleasures now no longer please,  
 No more content afford ;  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 Now I have seen the Lord.

As by the light of opening day  
 The stars are all concealed ;  
 So earthly pleasures fade away,  
 When Jesus is revealed.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee ;  
 But may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me ?

Yes ! though of sinners I'm the worst,  
 I cannot doubt thy will ;  
 For if thou hadst not loved me first,  
 I had refused thee still.

NEWTON.

## 141. LIBERALITY.

THE willow that droops by the side of the  
 river,  
 And drinks all its life from the stream that  
 flows by,  
 In return, spends that life in the cause of  
 the giver,  
 And shadows the stream from the heat of  
 the sky.

My Creator—my God—it is Thou—I adore  
 thee,

It is thou art this life-giving fountain to  
 me ;

But I am all weakness—a suppliant before  
 thee,

I cannot return this protection to thee !

But, ah, Thou hast many a loved one in  
 sorrow,

Who wanders along this bleak world all  
 alone ;

For such, from the good thou sent'st would  
 I borrow,

And this thou hast said, thou wilt look on  
 and own.

In sadness, in poverty, sickness, or danger,  
 I would succour each child of my God that  
     I see;  
 And the aid thus bestowed in the world on  
     its stranger,  
 One day thou wilt say was bestowed upon  
     thee!

EDMESTON.

142.                   ADVERSITY.

AH! why this disconsolate frame?  
 Though earthly enjoyments decay,  
 My Jesus is ever the same,  
     A sun in the gloomiest day.  
 Though molten awhile in the fire,  
     'Tis only the gold to refine;  
 And be it my simple desire,  
     Though suffering, not to repine.  
 What can be the pleasures to me,  
     Which earth in its fulness can boast?  
 Delusive its vanities flee,  
     A flash of enjoyment at most.  
 And if the Redeemer could part,  
     For me, with his throne in the skies;  
 Ah! why is so dear to my heart  
     What he in his wisdom denies?

Though plenty to others be given,  
 Their harvest and vintage abound ;  
 Yet if I have treasure in heaven,  
 Where should my affections be found ?  
 Why stoop for the glittering sands  
 Which they are so eager to share,  
 Forgetting those wealthier lands  
 That form my inheritance there ?

Dear Jesus ! my feelings refine,  
 My wandering affections recal ;  
 Then, be there no fruit in the vine,  
 Deserted and empty the stall,  
 The long-laboured olive may die,  
 The field may no harvest afford,  
 Yet under the gloomiest sky  
 My soul shall rejoice in the Lord.

Then let the loud tempest assail,  
 The blasts of adversity blow,  
 The haven, though distant, I hail,  
 Beyond this rough ocean of woe ;  
 When safe on its beautiful strand,  
 I'll smile on the billows that foam,  
 Kind angels will hail me to land,  
 And Jesus will welcome me home.

MISS TAYLOR.

## 143. RESIGNATION.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at the throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise :

" Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessing of thy grace impart,  
 And let me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
 My life and death attend ;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end."

MRS. STEELE.

## 144. AFFLICTIONS NEEDFUL.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
 Leads to the land where sorrow is un-  
 known,  
 No traveller ever reached that blest abode,  
 Who found not thorns and briars on his  
 road.



For He who knew what human hearts  
 would prove,  
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love ;  
 That hard by nature, and of stubborn will,  
 A life of ease would make them harder still,  
 In pity to the souls his grace designed  
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,  
 Called for a cloud to darken all their years,  
 And said, " Go spend them in the vale of  
 tears."

O balmy gales of soul-reviving air !  
 O salutary streams that murmur there !  
 These flowing from the fount of grace  
 above,  
 Those breathed from lips of everlasting  
 love.

The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,  
 Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing  
 joys,  
 An envious world will interpose its frown,  
 To mar delights superior to its own ;  
 And many a pang experienced still within,  
 Reminds them of their hated inmate, sin ;  
 But ills of every shape and every name,  
 Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel  
 aim ;

And every moment's calm that soothes  
 the breast  
 Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

COWPER.

### 145. EPITAPH ON AN INFANT GIRL.

THE cup of life just to her lips she prest,  
 Found the taste bitter, and declined the  
 rest,  
 Averse, then turning from the face of day,  
 She softly sighed her infant soul away.

### 146. CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

THE Lord shall come! The earth shall  
 quake,  
 The mountains to their centre shake;  
 And, withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.  
 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,  
 With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Appointed judge of all mankind.  
 Can this be He, who went to stray  
 As pilgrim on the world's highway,

Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,  
 The Nazarene,—the crucified?  
 While sinners in despair shall call,  
 "Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"  
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
 Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

HEBER.

#### 147. LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

THEY sin who tell us love can die,  
 With life all other passions fly,  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;  
 Earthly, these passions of the earth,  
 They perish where they had their birth,  
 But love is indestructible.  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth,  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times distress.  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 It hath in heaven its perfect rest;  
 It soweth here in toil and care,  
 But the harvest time of love is there.

O ! when the mother meets on high  
 The babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then for all her fears,  
 The anxious day, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrows, pains and tears,  
 An overpayment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.

## 148. HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign :  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.  
 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers ;  
 Death like a narrow sea divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.  
 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Are dressed in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood  
 While Jordan rolled between.  
 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
 And would not cross this sea ;  
 They linger, trembling on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise ;  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes !  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

149. CAMERONIAN MIDNIGHT  
 HYMN.

OH ! thou that dwellest in the heavens so  
 high,  
 Beyond yon star, within yon sky,  
 Where the dazzling fields need no other  
 light,  
 Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night,  
 Though shining millions around thee stand,  
 For the sake of Him at thy right hand,  
 Oh ! think on the souls he died for here,  
 Thus wandering in darkness, in doubt, and  
 fear.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,  
 They own no Saviour ; and they fear no  
 God ;

And we are trembling in dumb dismay,  
 Oh! turn not thou thy face away.  
 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,  
 And if thou turnest thy face away,  
 We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,  
 And have none to look to, and none to  
 trust.

Thy aid, O mighty one! we crave,  
 Not shortened is thy arm to save;  
 Alas from thee we now sojourn,  
 Return to us, O God, return!

HOGG.

150.

STARS.

PENSIVE as I watched the night,  
 Many a star was glittering bright,  
 While their gay, but warmthless rays,  
 Waked the thoughts of other days;  
 Like the joys I knew of old,  
 They were bright, but they were cold;  
 Parting with the parting shade,  
 One by one I saw them fade—  
 Duly as the morning cleared,  
 One by one they disappeared.  
 So, before celestial light,  
 Sink the joys of nature's night;

'Twas but folly made them dear,  
 'Twas but darkness made them fair.  
 As the dawn of grace increases,  
 Earth's delusion sinks and ceases ;  
 Joys that once were all my bliss,  
 Fading into nothingness,  
 Take them wings, and pass away,  
 Lost in everlasting day.

CAROLINE FRY.

### 151. THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

THERE is a family on earth  
 Whose father fills a throne ;  
 But, though a seed of heavenly birth,  
 To men they're little known.  
 Whene'er they meet the public eye,  
 They feel the public scorn ;  
 For men their fairest claims deny,  
 And count them basely born.  
 But this the King who reigns above,  
 That claims them for his own ;  
 The favoured objects of his love,  
 And destined to a throne.  
 The honours that belong to them  
 By men are set at nought ;

Whatever shines not they condemn  
Unworthy of a thought!

But, ah! how little they reflect!

For mark the unerring word!

“That which with men has most respect,  
Is odious to the Lord.”

Were honours evident to sense,

Their portion here below;

The world would do them reverence,

And all their claims allow.

But when the King himself was here,

His claims were set at nought;

Would they another lot prefer?

Rejected be the thought!

No! they will tread, while here below,

The path their master trod;

Content all honour to forego

But that which comes from God.

And when the King again appears,

He'll vindicate their claim;

Eternal honours shall be theirs,

Their foes be filled with shame.

KELLY.



## 152.           SCRIPTURES.

O CHILD of sorrow, be it thine to know  
 That scripture only is the cure of woe !  
 That field of promise, how it flings abroad  
 Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road !  
 The soul, reposing on assured relief,  
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,  
 Forgets her labours as she toils along,  
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song !

COWPER.

## 153.           HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,  
 Far above these lower skies,  
 Fair and exquisitely bright,  
 Heaven's unfading mansions rise ;  
 Built of pure and massy gold,  
 Strong and durable are they,  
 Decked with gems of worth untold,  
 Subjected to no decay !  
 Glad within these blest abodes,  
 Dwell the raptured saints above,  
 Where no anxious care corrodes,  
 Happy in Emmanuel's love !

Once, indeed, like us below,  
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe,  
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

These, alas! full well they knew,  
 Sad companions of their way;  
 Oft on them the tempest blew,  
 Through the long, the cheerless day!  
 Oft their vileness they deplored,  
 Wills perverse and hearts untrue,  
 Grieved they could not love their Lord,  
 Love him as they wished to do.

Oft the big unbidden tear,  
 Stealing down their furrowed cheek,  
 Told, in eloquence sincere,  
 Tales of woe they could not speak.  
 But these days of weeping o'er,  
 Past this scene of toil and pain,  
 They shall feel distress no more,  
 Never, never weep again!

'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,  
 Hark! their songs melodious rise,  
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love!  
 Happy spirits! ye are fled  
 Where no grief can entrance find;  
 Lulled to rest the aching head,  
 Soothed the anguish of the mind!

All is tranquil and serene,  
 Calm and undisturbed repose,  
 There no cloud can intervene,  
 There no angry tempest blows !  
 Every tear is wiped away,  
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;  
 Night is lost in endless day,  
 Sorrow, in eternal rest !

RAFFLES.

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 154. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.
 

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THE grave is not a place of rest,  
 As unbelievers teach ;  
 Where grief can never win a tear,  
 Nor sorrow ever reach.

The eye that shed the tear is closed,  
 The heaving breast is cold ;  
 But that which suffers and enjoys,  
 No narrow grave can hold.

The mouldering earth and hungry worm  
 The dust they lent may claim ;  
 But the enduring spirit lives  
 Eternally the same.

CAROLINE FRY.

## 155. EVENING.

THE sun parts faintly from the wave,  
 The moon and stars are beaming,  
 The corpse is covered in the grave,  
 And infants now are dreaming;  
 But time conveys with rapid power,  
 Alike the sweetest, saddest hour!  
 The rain has showered, the bud has burst,  
 The wind o'er ocean bellowed,  
 Nature the birth of evening nurst,  
 And thought my feelings mellowed;  
 O sacred truth! from heaven descend,  
 Thou art my guardian and my friend!  
 I'll tune my harp—I'll strike its wires,  
 My Saviour's praise to waken;  
 His love refines my warmest fires,  
 And keeps my heart unshaken;  
 And thus melodious chords arise,  
 And tone my feelings to the skies.  
 Though living in the strength of health,  
 Earth's noblest choice possessing,  
 In neither poverty nor wealth,  
 Esteeming every blessing;  
 I know not but the voice of time  
 May call me soon to heaven sublime!

But if uncalled, yet sure at last,  
 Even though with locks grown hoary,  
 That sound will come, and when 'tis past,  
 I shall awake in glory!  
 O dear Redeemer! give me grace  
 To fit me for that happy place!  
 Thou, when the vault shall claim my dust,  
 And God recall my spirit,  
 Eternal love will be my trust,  
 Insured by Jesus' merit;  
 And the triumphant change restore  
 My happiness for evermore!

PRIOR.

156. NOT LOST BUT GONE BE-  
 FORE.

SAY why should friendship grieve for those  
 Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
 Released from all their hurtful foes,  
 They are not lost—but gone before.

How many painful days on earth  
 Their fainting spirits numbered o'er,  
 Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,  
 They are not lost—but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
 And sweet the strain which angels pour ;  
 Oh why should we in anguish weep ?  
 They are not lost—but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,  
 By sin and sorrow vexed no more,  
 Eternal happiness they share,  
 Who are not lost—but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above,  
 In faith triumphant may we soar,  
 Embracing in the arms of love,  
 The friends not lost—but gone before.

On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,  
 And hear the swelling waters roar,  
 Jesus convey us safely home,  
 To friends not lost—but gone before.

ANON.

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157. ELEGY ON A BELOVED INFANT.

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FARE thee well ! thou lovely stranger,  
 Guardian angels take your charge,  
 Freed at once from pain and danger,  
 Happy spirit set at large.

Life's most bitter cup just tasting,  
 Short thy passage to the tomb,  
 O'er the barrier swiftly hasting  
 To thine everlasting home.

Death his victim still pursuing,  
 Ever to his purpose true,  
 Soon her placid cheek bedewing,  
 Robbed it of its rosy hue.

Sealed those eyes, so lately beaming  
 Innocence and joy so mild,  
 Every look so full of meaning,  
 Seemed to endear the lovely child.

In the silent tomb we leave her  
 Till the resurrection morn,  
 When her Saviour will receive her,  
 And restore her lovely form.

Then, dear Lord, we hope to meet her  
 In thy happy courts above,  
 There with heavenly joy to greet her,  
 And resound redeeming love!

ANON.

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 158.            MILLENNIUM.
 

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BUT who shall see the glorious day  
 When throned on Zion's brow,  
 The Lord shall rend that veil away,  
 Which blinds the nations now?

When earth no more beneath the fear  
 Of his rebuke shall lie,  
 When pain shall cease, and every tear  
 Be wiped from every eye ?

Then, Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn  
 Beneath the heathen's chain,  
 Thy days of splendour shall return,  
 And all be new again.

The fount of life shall then be quaffed  
 In peace by all who come,  
 And every wind that blows shall waft  
 Some long-lost exile home.

MOORE.

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159. WRITTEN ON THE BLANK  
 LEAF OF A BIBLE.

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LIVE while you live, the epicure would say,  
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;  
 Live while you live, the sacred penman cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord ! in my view, let both united be,  
 I live to pleasure while I live to Thee.

DODDRIDGE.



## 160. A THOUGHT.

BRIEF as the beauty of the west,  
 With sunset's glories glowing,  
 Is Fancy's brilliant ray confest,  
 When o'er the "sunshine of the breast,  
 Gather the clouds of dark unrest,  
 Each moment darker growing.  
 But steady as the pole-star's light,  
 The watchful pilot cheering,  
 Truth's heavenly lamp, whose radiance  
 bright,  
 In sorrow's dark and stormy night,  
 Can give the weakest pilgrim might  
 To journey on unfearing.

BERNARD BARTON.

161. DESTRUCTION OF JERUSA-  
LEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!  
 Silence is o'er thy plains,  
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
 Thy children weep in chains.

P

Where are the dews that fed thee  
 On Etham's barren shore?  
 That fire from heaven that led thee,  
 Now lights thy path no more!  
 Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem,  
 Once she was all thine own;  
 Her love thy fairest heritage,  
 Her power thy glory's throne.  
 Till evil came and blighted  
 Thy long-loved olive tree,  
 And Salem's shrines were lighted  
 For other gods than thee.  
 Then sunk the star of Solyma,  
 Then passed her glory's day,  
 Like heath that in the wilderness  
 The light wind whirls away.  
 Silent and waste her bowers,  
 Where once the mighty trod;  
 And sunk those guilty towers,  
 Where Baal reigned as god.  
 "Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors!  
 Steep in her blood your swords,  
 And raze to earth her battlements,  
 For they are not the Lord's.  
 Tell Zion's mournful daughter,  
 O'er kindred bones she'll tread;  
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter  
 Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes  
 In brighter vision rise,  
 When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine  
 On all her mourner's eyes ;  
 And on her mountains beauteous stand  
 The messengers of peace,—  
 "Salvation by the Lord's right hand!"  
 They shout and never cease.

MOORE.

## 162. TEMPORALS AND SPIRITUALS.

WHAT is lovelier far than the spring can be  
 To the gloom of dark winter succeeding,  
 When the blossoms are blushing on flower  
 and tree,  
 And the lambs in the meadows are feed-  
 ing,  
 While the earth below and the heavens  
 above,  
 Resound with the anthems of joy and love?  
 'Tis the spring of the soul! when on sin's  
 dark night  
 A ray from above is descending,  
 And the tear of contrition, lit up by its light,  
 With its beauty is silently blending ;

When the heart's broken accents of prayer  
and praise,  
Are sweeter than nature's softest lays.

What is stronger and brighter than summer's sun,

In his noontide effulgence shining ?

Yet gentler than he when his goal is won,  
And his beams in the west are declining ;  
More glorious than summer's most cloud-  
less day,

Whose loveliest splendour soon passes away !

'Tis the Christian's zenith, the summer of  
him

Whose strength to his God is devoted ;  
Who, whether his pathway be bright or dim,  
By mortals admired or unnoted :

From strength to strength, and from grace  
to grace,

Outshines the sun in his glorious race.

What is richer than harvest ? what glad-  
dens the heart

Beyond autumn with bounty o'erflowing ?

What is wealthier than all the proud tro-  
phies of art,

More ripe than the red vintage glowing ;  
Yet majestic and touching as autumn's eve,  
When the sun's calm glory is taking its  
leave ?

'Tis the saint's ripe harvest ; the gathering  
in

To the garner, of thanks and of glory ;  
His prayer and praise for redemption from  
sin,

His hopes now his locks are hoary,  
That the mercy and goodness vouchsafed  
him long,  
May still be his stay and his even song.

What is stiller and fairer than winter's  
night,

When the full moon and stars are un-  
clouded ;  
When earth is bespangled with glory and  
light,

Though its life deep within it be shrouded ;  
When all is so calm and so lovely around,  
That a whisper might startle the ear by its  
sound ?

'Tis the parting hour of the saint, when his  
cheek

Is tinged with delightful emotion ;  
When his eye and his smile in silence speak  
The spirit's sublimest devotion ;  
When his earthly beauty and vigour have  
flown,  
But the brightness of heaven is over him  
thrown.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 163. THE CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's  
path,

Amid the deepening gloom,  
We soldiers of an injured king,  
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
 Shall shed its mildest rays,  
 And the long silent dust shall burst  
 With shouts of endless praise.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

164. HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;  
 The purpose of to-day,  
 Woven with pains into his plan,  
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
 Vice seems already slain ;  
 But passion rudely snaps the string,  
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
 Finds out his weaker part ;  
 Virtue engages his assent,  
 But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
 Through all his art we view ;  
 And while his tongue the charge denies,  
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
 And dangers little known,  
 A stranger to superior strength,  
 Man vainly trusts his own.  
 But oars alone can ne'er prevail,  
 To reach the distant coast ;  
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
 Or all the toil is lost.

165. THE HEART'S MOTTO.

*"Forget me not."*

APPEALING language ! unto me  
 How much thy words impart ;  
 Most justly may they claim to be  
 The motto of the heart,  
 Whose fondest feelings, still the same  
 Whate'er its earthly lot,  
 Prefer alike this touching claim,  
 And say—"Forget me not !"  
 The soldier, who for glory dies,  
 However bright may seem  
 The fame he wins in others eyes,  
 Would own that fame a dream,  
 Did he not hope its better part  
 Would keep him unforget ;  
 The chosen motto of his heart  
 Is still—"Forget me not !"



The sailor, tost on stormy seas,  
 Though far his bark may roam,  
 Still hears a voice in every breeze  
 That wakens thoughts of home :  
 He thinks upon his distant friends,  
 His wife, his humble cot,  
 And from his inmost heart ascends  
 The prayer—"Forget me not !"  
 The sculptor, painter, while they trace  
 On canvas or in stone,  
 Another's figure, form, or face,  
 Our motto's spirit own :  
 Each thus would fondly leave behind  
 His semblance—and for what ?  
 But that the thought which fills his mind  
 Is this—"Forget me not !"  
 The poet, too, who borne along  
 In thought to distant time,  
 Pours forth his inmost soul in song,  
 Holds fast this hope sublime ;  
 He would a glorious name bequeath,  
 Oblivion shall not blot ;  
 And round that name his thoughts enwreath  
 The words—"Forget me not !"  
 Our motto is, in truth, the voice  
 Of nature in the heart ;  
 For who from mortal life, by choice,  
 Forgotten would depart ?

Nor is the wish by grace abhorred,  
 Or counted as a spot ;  
 Even the language of our Lord  
 Is still—" Forget me not !"  
 Within the heart His spirit speaks  
 The words of truth divine,  
 And by its heavenly teaching seeks  
 To make that heart his shrine ;  
 This is the " still small voice," which all,  
 In city or in grot,  
 May hear and live !—its gentle call  
 Is " Man, Forget me not !"

BERNARD BARTON.

166.      THOU ART NEAR.

WHETHER along the mountain bare,  
 Or through the pathless wild I stray,  
 Or o'er the lonely strand, or where  
 The forest's shade excludes the day,  
 May I, though none around appear,  
 Remember, Lord, that thou art near !  
 Nor only 'mid the blaze of light,  
 When human eyes are turned on me,  
 But when concealed in darkest night,  
 When severed from society,

To break thy laws still may I fear,  
 Remembering, Lord, that thou art near!  
 And when the world around I view,  
 This dark wild scene of crimes and woes,  
 And when I think my friends how few,  
 How many and how great my foes;  
 Oh! may it then my bosom cheer,  
 To know, my God, that thou art near!  
 And, Oh! should those who love me, roam  
 The wide blue waste of waters o'er,  
 Or travel to that long last home,  
 Whence traveller shall return no more,  
 Hushed be each sigh, restrained each tear,  
 When I remember, Thou art near!  
 In this dark valley, severed far  
 From the dim ken of mortal eye,  
 Unseen Thou art, as is the star  
 When gathering clouds invest the sky;  
 By me, by all who sojourn here,  
 Thou art unseen, though Thou art near.  
 But yet another land I know,  
 From this drear region far apart,  
 Where Thou, unveiled, Thyself dost show,  
 And angels see thee as thou art;  
 Ere long, Oh! may I there appear,  
 And see thee, Lord, for ever near!

REV. R. BROWN.

167.

## HOPE.

HOPE sets the stamp of vanity on all  
That men have deemed substantial since  
the fall,

Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe  
From emptiness itself a real use ;  
And while she takes as at a Father's hand,  
What health and sober appetite demand,  
From fading good derives, with chemic art,  
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.

Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,  
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth ;  
On steady wings sails through the immense  
abyss,

Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of  
bliss,

And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner  
here,

With wreaths like those triumphant spirits  
wear.

Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast  
The Christian vessel and defies the blast.

Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure  
His new-born virtues, and preserve him  
pure.

Hope ! let the wretch once conscious of the  
joy,

Whom now despairing agonies destroy,  
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,  
What treasures centre, what delights, in  
thee.

Had he the gems, the spices, and the land,  
That boasts the treasure, all at his com-  
mand ;

The fragrant grove, the inestimable mine,  
Were light when weighed against one smile  
of thine.

COWPER.

168. THE IDOL.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between  
The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,  
Causing that brighter world to disappear,  
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear ;  
This is our world, our idol, though it bear  
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

ANON.

## 169. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

THOUGH evil my soul hath defiled,  
 And mercy alone can I crave ;  
 Though sin hath so often beguiled,  
 There's One that is mighty to save.  
 To Him all the nations shall flow,  
 Their souls in His blood they shall lave,  
 And joyfully shout as they go,  
 There's One that is mighty to save.  
 Though sorrow encircle my way,  
 Though I ride on a threatening wave,  
 On the Lord at the helm I would stay,  
 His arm is almighty to save.  
 When called by his voice to my rest,  
 When beckoned to tenant the grave,  
 Like John I would lean on the breast  
 Of Him that is mighty to save.  
 Yes ! fearless this path I shall tread,  
 In Him all its horrors I'll brave ;  
 The member is one with the Head,  
 And the Head is almighty to save.  
 O Jesus, my Saviour, my King,  
 Thy pardon, thy mercy I crave ;  
 And a heart sweetly softened to sing  
 Thy will and thy power to save.

## 170. A SPRING THOUGHT. 281

THE glad birds are singing,  
 The gay flow'rets springing  
 O'er meadow and mountain, and down in  
 the vale ;  
 The green leaves are bursting ;  
 My spirit is thirsting  
 To bask in the sunbeams, and breathe the  
 fresh gale.

Sweet season ! appealing  
 To fancy and feeling ;  
 Be thy advent the emblem of all I would  
 crave,  
 Of light more than vernal,  
 'That day-spring eternal  
 Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night  
 of the grave !

BERNARD BARTON.

171. A FATHER'S REFLECTIONS  
ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

THOU little wondrous miniature of man,  
 Formed by unerring wisdom's perfect plan ;

Thou little stranger, from eternal night  
 Emerging into life's immortal light ;  
 Thou heir of worlds unknown, thou candi-  
 date

For an important everlasting state,  
 Where this young embryo shall its powers  
 expand,

Enlarging, ripening still, and never stand ;  
 This glimmering spark of being, just now  
 struck

From nothing by the All-creating Rock,  
 To immortality shall flame and burn,  
 When sun and stars to native darkness turn,  
 Thou shalt the ruins of the world survive,  
 And through the rounds of countless ages  
 live.

Now thou art born into an anxious state  
 Of dubious trial for thy future fate ;  
 Now thou art listed in the war of life,  
 The prize immense, and, Oh ! severe the  
 strife.

Another birth awaits thee, when the hour  
 Arrives that lands thee on the immortal  
 shore,

(And, Oh ! 'tis near, with winged haste  
 'twill come,

Thy cradle rocks towards the neighbouring  
 tomb,)



Then shall the immortals shout, "A son is  
born,"

Whilst thee, as dead, mistaken mortals  
mourn.

From glory then to glory thou shalt rise,  
Or sink from deep to deeper miseries ;  
Ascend perfection's everlasting scale,  
Or still descend from gulph to gulph in hell.  
Thou embryo angel, or thou infant fiend !  
A being now begun, but ne'er to end,  
What boding fears a father's heart torment,  
Trembling and anxious for the grand event,  
Lest thy young soul, so late by heaven be-  
stowed,

Forget his father and forget his God ;  
Lest while imprisoned in this house of clay,  
To tyrant lusts he fall a helpless prey,  
And, lest descending still from bad to worse,  
His immortality should prove his curse.  
Maker of souls ! avert so dire a doom,  
Or snatch him back to native nothing's  
gloom.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

## 172.                    LINES.

REFLECTED on the lake, I love  
 To see the stars of evening glow,  
 So tranquil in the heavens above,  
 So restless in the waves below.  
 Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
 But earthly hope how bright soe'er,  
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
 As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

## 173.                    THE INFINITE.

SOME seraph lend your heavenly tongue,  
 Or harp of golden string,  
 That I may raise a lofty song  
 To our eternal King.  
 Thy names how infinite they be !  
 Great Everlasting One !  
 Boundless thy might and majesty,  
 And unconfined thy throne.  
 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,  
 And wondrous large thy grace ;  
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,  
 And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
 Which angels cannot sound ;  
 An ocean of infinities,  
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.  
 The mysteries of creation lie  
 Beneath enlightened minds,  
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
 And fly before the winds.  
 Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
 And stretch from pole to pole ;  
 But half thy name our spirit fills,  
 And overloads our soul.  
 In vain our haughty reason swells,  
 For nothing's found in thee  
 But boundless unconceivables,  
 And vast eternity.

WATTS.

174. LINES SUGGESTED BY MRS.  
 FRY'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

FAR nobler subject than the praise  
 Of hero crowned with laurel bays,  
 Invigorates my mind ;  
 I hail the sea—the bark—the oar—  
 The winds of heaven that wafted o'er,  
 From Albion's cliffs to Erin's shore,  
 The friend of humankind.

Welcome, thou messenger of peace,  
 Bring to our captive land release  
 From sin and sorrow's thrall;  
 Bid love and mercy sweetly blend,  
 Urge man to prove to man a friend,  
 That party feuds and strife may end,  
 And Christ be all in all.

How oft within the loathsome cell,  
 When justice tolled the captive's knell,  
 'Midst groans and anguished sighs,  
 Thou hast, like Aaron, quickly sped  
 Between the living and the dead,  
 And pointing to the Lamb that bled,  
 Assuaged the felon's cries.

"Daughter of God and man,"—by thee  
 The slave has tasted liberty.

Nor bolt—nor bar—nor chain—  
 When Christ makes free can ever bind  
 That breath of God—th' immortal mind;  
 To heaven it soars, and, unconfined,  
 Roams through its own domain.

Mother in Israel—time would fail  
 To tell how oft the widow's tale  
 Has moaned upon thine ear;  
 How oft thou'st soothed her deep distress,  
 When want, and woe, and wretchedness,  
 Seemed round her orphan groupe to press,  
 And none to help were near.

Deep in thy comprehensive soul  
 The love of God holds sweet control,  
 And love to man is traced  
 By speech—by writings—and by creed,  
 By all we hear and all we read ;  
 Love stamps a seal on every deed,  
 That ne'er can be effaced.

Thou light of womankind—thy name  
 With Howard's shall outlast the fame  
 Of heroes and of kings ;  
 And live when senator and sage  
 Shall be unknown in history's page—  
 Thou'lt die the Dorcas of the age,  
 And rise on seraph's wings.

Priestess of heaven ! when thou shalt rise  
 To claim thy birthright in the skies,  
 Thy mantle drop on earth ;  
 And as thy spirit soars above,  
 May Faith, and Hope, and Heavenly Love,  
 Enlighten every heart to prove  
 The Holy Spirit's birth.

M'COMB.

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175. SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON  
 THINGS ABOVE.

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WHY should our poor enjoyments here  
 Be thought so pleasant and so dear,

And tempt our hearts astray ?  
 Our brightest joys are fading fast,  
 The longest life will soon be past ;  
 And if we go to heaven at last,  
 We need not wish to stay.

For when we come to dwell above,  
 Where all is holiness and love,  
 And endless pleasures flow,  
 Our threescore years and ten will seem  
 Just like a short and busy dream ;  
 And, Oh, how poor we then shall deem  
 Our best pursuits below !

Perhaps the happy saints in bliss  
 Look down from their bright world to this,  
 Where once they used to dwell ;  
 And wonder why we trifle so,  
 And love these vanities below,  
 And live as if we did not know  
 There is a heaven and hell.

JANE TAYLOR.

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176. BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,  
 The satraps thronged the hall ;  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deemed divine—  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless heathen's wine !  
 In that same hour and hall  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand :  
 The fingers of a man ;—  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand.  
 The monarch saw and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice ;  
 All bloodless waxed his look,  
 And tremulous his voice.  
 " Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear,  
 Which mar our royal mirth."  
 Chaldea's seers are good,  
 But here they have no skill ;  
 And the unknown letters stood  
 Untold and awful still.  
 And Babel's men of age  
 Are wise and deep in lore,  
 But now they were not sage,  
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the king's command.  
 He saw that writing's truth.  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view ;  
 He read it on that night,—  
 The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom passed away,  
 He, in the balance weighed,  
 Is light and worthless clay.  
 The shroud, his robe of state,  
 His canopy the stone ;  
 The Mede is at his gate !  
 The Persian on his throne !”

BYRON.

## 177. THE PLACE OF REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
 To mourning wanderers given ;  
 There is a tear for souls distress,  
 A balm for every wounded breast—  
 'Tis found above—in heaven !



There is a soft, a downy bed,  
 'Tis fair as breath of even ;  
 A couch for weary mortals spread,  
 Where they may rest their aching head,  
 And find repose in heaven !

There is a home for weeping souls,  
 By sin and sorrow driven ;  
 When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,  
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
 The heart with anguish riven ;  
 And views the tempest passing by,  
 The evening shadows quickly fly,  
 And all serene in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
 And joys supreme are given :  
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
 Beyond the confines of the tomb  
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

ANON.

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178. TRUSTING IN GOD.

As the pilgrim, faint and weary,  
 Wrapt in darksome shades of night,  
 Fearful roams the desert dreary,  
 Panting for the morning light ;

So the saint may doubtful stray,  
Roving on a gloomy way.

Should some sudden friend appearing  
Lead him with his faithful arm,  
And his drooping spirits cheering,  
Banish every dread alarm;  
Strength would nerve his limbs again,  
And new hope his heart sustain.

Heavenly traveller, who dost wander,  
Knowing not the path to take,  
On thy Saviour's promise ponder,  
"I will never thee forsake.  
I will teach thy steps to go  
In a way thou dost not know."

Doth the darkness gather round thee,  
And the shades of death appear;  
Devious tracks and snares confound thee?  
Still thy friend forbids thy fear,  
He will chase thy foes away,  
And thy darkness turn to day.

Through the flames, or through the rivers,  
Should thy wayward steps proceed,  
Him nor floods nor furnace severs,  
He is still thy help in need.  
Though thy flesh and heart should fail,  
Trust Him, and thou shalt prevail.

He thy Captain is, and Leader,  
 Shepherd, Counsellor, and Guide ;  
 He, thy rearward and preceder,  
 Bids thee in his love confide.  
 Well the sacred names he bears,  
 Wisdom, power, and love declares.

On his mighty arm depending,  
 Soon the desert shall be past,  
 And life's journey safely ending,  
 Thou shalt reach thy home at last.  
 God will watch thy steps below,  
 And the prize above bestow.

ALIQUIS.

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179. THE SAVIOUR.

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SAVIOUR ! when night involves the skies,  
 My soul adoring turns to thee ;  
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On thee my bursting raptures dwell,  
 When crimson gleams the east adorn ;  
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,  
 To thee my soul triumphant springs ;  
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
 Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,  
 To death and thee my thoughts I give :  
 To death whose power I soon shall feel ;  
 To thee with whom I trust to live !

GISBORNE.

180. SACRED MELODY.

COME not, O Lord ! in the dread robe of  
 splendour  
 Thou wor'st on the mount, in the day of  
 thine ire ;  
 Come veiled in those shadows, deep, awful,  
 but tender,  
 Which mercy flings over thy features of  
 fire !  
 Lord ! thou rememberest the night, when  
 thy nation  
 Stood fronting her foe by the red rolling  
 stream ;  
 On Egypt thy pillar frowned dark desola-  
 tion,  
 While Israel basked all the night in its  
 beam.

So when the dread clouds of anger enfold  
thee

From us in thy mercy, the dark side re-  
move ;

While shrouded in terrors the guilty be-  
hold thee ;

Oh ! turn upon us the mild light of thy  
love !

MOORE.

## 181. LIFE.

LORD, what is life ?—'Tis like a flower,  
That blossoms, and is gone !

We see it flourish for an hour

With all its beauty on ;

But death comes, like a wintry day,

And cuts the pretty flower away.

Lord, what is life ?—'Tis like the bow

That glistens in the sky ;

We love to see its colours glow ;

But while we look, they die.

Life fails as soon ; to-day, 'tis here ;

To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have passed away

Since life began at first,

And millions, once alive and gay,

Are dead and in the dust,

For life in all its health and pride,  
Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short uncertain space,  
So foolishly we prize,  
That heaven, that lasting dwelling place,  
Seems nothing in our eyes !  
The worlds of sorrow and of bliss  
We disregard, compared with this !

Lord, what is life ?—If spent with thee  
In duty, praise, and prayer,  
However short or long it be,  
We need but little care ;  
Because eternity will last,  
When life and death itself are past.

JANE TAYLOR.

182.

EPITAPH

*In Brading Church Yard, Isle of Wight, on  
" Little Jane," who died January 1799.*

YE, who the power of God delight to trace,  
And mark with joy each monument of  
    grace,  
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore,  
" The short and simple annals of the poor !"

A child reposes underneath this sod—  
 A child to memory dear ; and dear to God ;  
 Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear ;  
 Jane, “ The Young Cottager,” lies buried  
 here !

183. HOPE.

THERE is a hope of better days,  
 Of sweeter joys, and louder praise,  
 That leads the worldly man through strife,  
 And gilds the path of active life.  
 O how fair ! but O how fleeting !  
 Alluring still, and still retreating !  
 Upon the mourner's weary way  
 It hardly sheds one timid ray ;  
 Or if it shines, it shines afar,  
 Like some little nameless star.

But the hope that dawns from heaven,  
 Rising o'er the world's decay,  
 Cheers the heart by anguish riven,  
 Brightening on to endless day.

PHILONEATOS.

184. THE WEARY INVITED TO  
REST.

COME to Jesus, all ye weary,  
Burdened with the load of sin ;  
Come to Jesus, for he's ready  
To receive such wanderers in.

Come to Jesus, he'll receive you,  
Take his yoke, and learn of him ;  
As your prophet to instruct you,  
As your king be ruled by him.

Come to Jesus, he'll receive you,  
He will cancel all your guilt ;  
'Twas for this he came to save you,  
'Twas for this his blood was spilt.

Come to Jesus, all ye weary,  
Burdened with the load of sin,  
Come to Jesus, for he's ready  
To receive such wanderers in.

W. S. JUNIOR.



## 185. A MORAL REFLECTION.

WHILE spring's fair months the plains  
adorn,

While summer glads the fields,  
While autumn spreads its golden corn,  
And food each thicket yields ;

The fluttering tenants of the grove  
Still wander where they can ;

But when stern winter's dearth they prove,  
They ask the aid of man.

Thus self-plumed riches, youth or health,  
Diverts the thoughtless mind ;

We seek not true, unfading wealth,  
We are to wisdom blind.

But, when affliction's paths we trace,  
Or feel the chastening rod,

On self no further trust we place,  
We then rely on God.

ANON.

## 186. THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Who sleeps below ? who sleeps below ?

It is a question idle all !

Ask of the breezes as they blow,

Say, do they heed, or hear thy call ?

They murmur in the trees around,  
And mock thy voice an empty sound!

A hundred summer suns have showered  
Their fostering warmth, and radiance  
bright;

A hundred winter storms have loured  
With piercing floods, and hues of night,  
Since first this remnant of his race  
Did tenant his lone dwelling place.

Say did he come from east, from west?

From southern climes, or where the pole,  
With frosty sceptre, doth arrest

The howling billows as they roll?  
Within what realm of peace or strife  
Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?

Did grandeur smile upon his lot?  
Or, born to dark obscurity,

Dwelt he within some lowly cot,  
And from his youth to labour wed,  
From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say died he ripe, and full of years,

Bowed down and bent with hoary eld,  
When sound was silence to his ears,

And the dim eyeball sight withheld;  
Like a ripe apple falling down,

Unshaken 'mid the orchard brown?

When all the friends that blessed his prime  
 Were vanished like a morning dream,  
 Plucked one by one by spareless time,  
 And scattered in oblivion's stream ;  
 Passing away all silently,  
 Like snow flakes melting in the sea ?  
 Or 'mid the summer of his years,  
 When round him thronged his children  
 young,  
 When bright eyes gushed with burning  
 tears,  
 And anguish dwelt on every tongue,  
 Was he cut off, and left behind  
 A widowed wife scarce half-resigned ?  
 Or 'mid the sunshine of his spring,  
 Came the swift bolt that dashed him  
 down ;  
 When she, his chosen, blossoming  
 In beauty deemed him all her own,  
 And forward looked to happier years,  
 Than ever blessed this vale of tears ?  
 Perhaps he perished for the faith—  
 One of that persecuted band,  
 Who suffered tortures, bonds, and death,  
 To free from mental thrall the land ;  
 And toiling for the martyr's fame,  
 Espoused his fate, nor found a name !

Say was he one to science blind,  
     A groper in earth's dungeon dark?  
 Or one, whose bold aspiring mind  
     Did, in the fair creation, mark  
 The Maker's hand, and kept his soul  
 Free from this grovelling world's control?  
 Hush, wild surmise! 'tis vain—'tis vain,  
     The summer flowers in beauty blow,  
 And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,  
     O'er some old bones that rot below;  
 No other record can we trace  
 Of fame or fortune, rank or race!  
 Then what is life, when thus we see  
     No trace remains of life's career?  
 Mortal, whoe'er thou art, for thee  
     A moral lesson gloweth here;  
 Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?  
 'Tis doomed that dust shall mix with dust.  
 What doth it matter then, if thus  
     Without a stone, without a name,  
 To impotently herald us,  
     We float not on the breath of fame;  
 But like the dewdrop from the flower,  
 Pass, after glittering for an hour.

Since soul decays not ; freed from earth,  
 And earthly coils, it bursts away,  
 Receiving a celestial birth,  
 And spurning off its bonds of clay,  
 It soars and seeks another sphere,  
 And blooms through heaven's eternal year !  
 Do good ; shun evil ; live not thou  
 As if at death thy being died ;  
 Nor error's syren voice allow  
 To draw thy steps from truth aside ;  
 Look to thy journey's end—the grave !  
 And trust in Him whose arm can save.

MOIR.

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 187. SACRED MELODY.
 

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As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean  
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can  
     see,  
 So deep in my soul the still prayer of devo-  
     tion,  
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,  
     My God ! silent to Thee,  
     Pure, warm, silent to Thee !  
 So deep in my soul the still prayer of devo-  
     tion,  
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee !

As still to the star of its worship, though  
clouded,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,  
So dark as I roam in this wintry world  
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to  
Thee,

My God ! trembling to Thee,

True, fond, trembling to Thee !

So dark as I roam in this wintry world  
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to  
Thee !

MOORE.

188. TO A MOTH FLYING ROUND  
THE FLAME OF A CANDLE.

FOND fluttering insect, cease to urge thy  
fate,

Thy silken wing presenting to the flame ;

Quick, let me save thee ere it be too late,

Ere the false day devour thy filmy frame.

There, take thy chance, poor heedless in-  
nocent,

I catch thee, life and freedom to restore ;

Go, rove at large the unbounded element,

And live thy little life's short period o'er.

Ah! why, like thee, will man destruction  
 brave,  
 With blind temerity provoke his doom,  
 Spurn the kind lifted hand that wants to  
 save,  
 And madly hasten where he must consume!  
 Scorched he returns, the experienced ill de-  
 fies,  
 Rushes on ruin, flutters, flames, and dies!

ANON.

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189. THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf  
 On yonder stately tree,  
 After a season gay and brief,  
 Condemned to fade and flee,  
 I should be loth to fall  
 Beside the common way,  
 Welt'ring in mire, and spurned by all,  
 Till trodden down to clay.

I would not choose to die  
 All on a bed of grass,  
 Where thousands of my kindred lie,  
 And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread

My thin and withered face,  
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,

A mummy of my race.

No—on the wings of air

Might I be left to fly,  
I know not, and I heed not where,

A waif of earth and sky.

Or cast upon the stream,

Coiled like a fairy boat,  
As through the changes of a dream,

To the world's end I'd float.

Who, that hath ever been,

Could bear to be no more ?

Yet who would tread again the scene

He trod through life before ?

On, with intense desire,

Man's spirit will move on ;

It seems to die, yet like heaven's fire,

It is not quenched, but gone.

MONTGOMERY.

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## 190. THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,

While the red light fades away ;



Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
 Ever following silently ;  
 Father, by the breeze of eve,  
 Called thy harvest work to leave :  
 Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
 Far from thine own household band ;  
 Mourner, haunted by the tone  
 Of a voice from this world gone ;  
 Captive, in whose narrow cell  
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
 Sailor, on the darkening sea—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,  
 Breathest now at set of sun ;  
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
 Weeping on his burial plain ;  
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
 Kindred by one holy tie ;  
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

## 191. THE FLOWERING SEASONS.

SAY, what impels, amid surrounding snow,  
 Congealed, the crocus' flamy bud to glow ?

Say, what retards, amid the summer's blaze,  
 The autumnal bulb till pale declining days?  
 The God of seasons, whose pervading power  
 Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower.  
 He bids each flower his quickening word  
     obey,  
 Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

192.

A DIRGE.

“EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!”  
 Here the evil and the just,  
 Here the youthful and the old,  
 Here the fearful and the bold,  
 Here the matron and the maid,  
 In one silent bed are laid;  
 Here the vassal and the king  
 Side by side lie withering;  
 Here the sword and sceptre rust—  
 “Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”  
 Age on age shall roll along,  
 O'er this pale and mighty throng;  
 Those that wept them, those that weep,  
 All shall with these sleepers sleep.  
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,  
 Summer's sun, or winter's storm,

Song of peace, or battle's roar,  
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.  
 Death shall keep his sullen trust—  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,  
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last,  
 It shall come in fear and wonder,  
 Heralded by trump and thunder ;  
 It shall come in strife and toil,  
 It shall come in blood and spoil,  
 It shall come in empire's groans,  
 Burning temples, trampled thrones ;  
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust !  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign ;  
 In the east the King shall shine ;  
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,  
 Thousand thousands round his state ;  
 Spirits with the crown and plume,  
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb !  
 Heaven shall open on our sight,  
 Earth be turned to living light,  
 Kingdoms of the ransomed just—  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,  
 Shine thy mount, Jerusalem ;

Then shall in the desert rise  
 Fruits of more than paradise ;  
 Earth by angel feet be trod,  
 One great garden of her God ;  
 'Till are dried the martyr's tears  
 Through a glorious thousand years.  
 Now in hope of Him we trust—  
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

CROLY.

### 193. THE COMPARISON.

WHEN the wintry blast has blown,  
 And forth the icy gale has flown,  
 When autumn's wreaths have died away,  
 And darkly frowns the cheerless day ;  
 Sweeter will the vernal breeze  
 Whisper through the budding trees,  
 Sweeter will the songster's strain  
 Greet the coming spring again.  
 When temptations gather round,  
 And hellish darts and rage abound,  
 When the inward eye is blind,  
 And fear and darkness throng the mind,  
 Sweeter will redeeming love  
 Light the heart with grace above,  
 Sweeter will those rays divine  
 Bid the darkest vallies shine.

J. P.

## 194. THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

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WILD is the land which gave me birth,
 And barren do its mountains rise ;
 But ah ! more dear to me their dearth
 Than nature's richest luxuries.

The mystic charm which childhood wove,
 Endearing still, fond memory owns ;
 Though distant far from home, I love
 To ramble o'er my native downs.

'Tis there our lovely cottage stands,
 Within whose walls of rugged stone
 I first was taught, with clasped hands,
 To address my heavenly Father's throne.

There, on the Sabbath, I was led
 To worship by my mother's side,
 Where the good man, with hoary head,
 All solemn, told how Jesus died.

And often, where my fathers sleep,
 Intent I linger'd to divine
 (While their still watch wing'd cherubs
 keep)

The time-worn monitory line.

And still I see that cliff so high,
 From whence I watched the breaking day,
 When the grey mist which dimm'd the sky,
 Dissolved beneath its blushing ray.

There from its weather-beaten brow ;
 Oh ! it was sweet, each peaceful night
 To gaze on the blue lake below,
 Streak'd with the sparkling moon-beam
 light.

Dear is that spot ; the winding brook,
 The tall copse, and the water-mill ;
 But the bright scenes to which I look,
 Are dearer, ah ! far dearer still.

Oh ! long or ere that cottage falls,
 Nor leaves one trace of where it stood,
 To mark those venerable walls,
 Where met to pray the humbly good.

May I have reach'd where Jesus reigns,
 And call the eternal heavens "my home ;"
 Have join'd those sweet angelic strains
 That echo round the eternal dome. B.

195. EPITAPH IN ST. SEPULCHRE'S
 CHURCHYARD, NORTHAMPTON,
 ON RICHARD AGAR.

IN youth's gay prime a thousand joys I
 sought,
 But heaven and an immortal soul forgot ;
 In manhood's days affliction's smarting rod,
 And pains, and wounds, taught me to know
 my God.

I bless'd the change with my expiring breath,
 And life ascribed to that which wrought
 my death.

DODDRIDGE.

196. GOD IS LOVE.

My soul has often stretch'd its wings
 O'er nature's varied frame ;
 And search'd the rich though hidden springs
 Whence all her bounties came :
 But still, whene'er its home it sought,
 Like Noah's restless dove,
 One truth from every scene it brought,
 The truth, that God is Love.

And oft by night that soul hath soared
 To yonder spangled sky,
 And every beauteous orb explored
 Which rolls its course on high :
 But while from world to world it flew
 In that bright arch above,
 Still, still from every sphere it drew
 The truth, that God is Love.

And if on life's eventful maze
 The fitful glance I throw,
 Which calls to mind my former days,
 With all their joy or woe :
 Though here the cloud may darkly lead,
 And there the fire may move,
 Inscribed on each I still can read
 The truth, that God is Love.

And oh ! when on the sacred page
 With raptured thought I dwell,
 And mark how Jesus quells the rage
 And curbs the power of hell :
 My spirit towers o'er all the fears
 And wiles by Satan wove ;
 And blazoned broad, and bright appears
 The truth, that God is Love.

But when, from this poor dust relieved,
 I tread the courts divine,
 And to my Father's house received
 On Jesus' breast recline :
 My soul in that ecstatic hour
 Shall higher transports prove ;
 And taste, in all its bliss and power,
 The truth, that God is Love.

197. THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

THE sun of the morning looked forth from
his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead and
the dying ;
For the yell of the strife, like the thunder,
had flown,
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.
And there lay the husband that lately was
press'd
To the beautiful check that was tearless
and ruddy ;
But the claws of the eagle were fixed in his
breast,
And the beak of the vulture was busy
and bloody.
And there lay the son of the widowed and
sad
Who yesterday went from her dwelling
for ever ;
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival
had
On the delicate limb that had ceased not
to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the delicate
child,

To hold up the head that was breathless
and hoary,

And there came the maiden, all frantic and
wild,

To kiss the loved lips that were gasping
and gory.

And there came the consort that struggled
in vain

To stem the red tide, of a spouse that be-
reft her ;

And there came the mother that sunk 'mid
the slain,

To weep o'er the last human stay that
was left her.

Oh ! bloody Gilboa, a curse ever lie

Where the king and his people were
slaughtered together ;

May the dew and the rain leave thy herb-
age to die,

Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to
wither !

KNOX.

198. TO THE STARS.

YE brightly beaming stars !
 Have ye no music as ye roll along ?
 Or is it that to us, earth's discord mars
 Your heavenly song ?

The music of the spheres !
 Was it a fiction of the olden time ?
 Or are there not who hear with wakeful ears
 That strain sublime ?

Let thought still hear you raise
 The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore ;
 And as the sons of God then joined your
 praise,
 Let man adore !

BERNARD BARTON.

199. THE SABBATH.

SWEET is the day of holy rest,
 To earthly pilgrims given ;
 A day for which the Lord is blest,
 By those who live for heaven.

Appointment of thy early grace,
 Thy day, O Lord, we own,
 By faith it points us to the place
 Of rest before thy throne.

Vain creatures of a fleeting hour,
 Conceived and born in sin ;
 We seek thy Spirit's healing power,
 To cleanse our hearts within.
 May thy all-gracious Spirit come,
 And calm our rising fears ;
 Remove our doubts, and guide us home,
 Safe through this vale of tears.
 Teach us a living faith to show,
 In thought, in word, in deed ;
 May every Sabbath here below,
 Increase our heavenward speed.
 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Its holy impulse bring,
 Whilst we in hymns of praise around,
 Proclaim thee Lord and King.
 Direct our thought to realms above,
 Whilst on redemption's plan,
 We sing the mysteries of thy love
 To weak and fallen man.
 And when this tabernacle stands,
 No more beneath the sky,
 We have in heaven, not made with hands,
 One for eternity.

ELIZABETH.

200. THE SKY LARK.

WHEN day's bright banner, first unfurled,
 From darkness frees the shrouded world,
 The skylark, singing as he soars,
 O'er the fresh air his carol pours.

But though to heaven he wings his flight,
 As if he loved those realms of light,
 He still returns with weary wing,
 On earth to end his wandering.

Aspiring bird ! in thee I find
 An emblem of the youthful mind,
 Whose earliest voice should, like thine own,
 be given

To notes of joy that mount to heaven.

But, fettered by the toils of life,
 Its sordid cares, its bitter strife—
 It feels its noblest efforts vain,
 And sadly sinks to earth again.

ANON.

201. THE DEAD.

THINK of all those who erst have been
 Living as thou art even now ;
 Looking upon life's busy scene,
 With glance as careless, light, as thou.

All these, like thee, have lived and moved,
 Have seen—what now thou look'st upon ;
 Have feared, hoped, hated, mourned, or
 lov'd,
 And now from mortal sight are gone.

An awful thought it is to think
 The viewless dead outnumber all,
 Who, bound by life's connecting link,
 Now share with us this earthly ball.
 It is a thought as dread and high,
 And one to wake a fearful thrill,
 To think, while all who live must die,
 The dead, the dead, are living still !

BERNARD BARTON.

202. DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth ! ye have glided away ;
 Hairs of my youth ! ye are frosted and grey,
 Eyes of my youth ! your keen sight is no
 more.

Cheeks of my youth ! ye are furrowed all
 o'er,

Strength of my youth ! all your vigour is
 gone,

Thoughts of my youth ! your gay visions
 are flown.

Ye days of my youth ! I would not recal,
 Hairs of my youth ! I'm content ye should
 fall,

Eyes of my youth ! ye much evil have seen,
 Cheeks of my youth ! bath'd in tears have
 ye been,

Thoughts of my youth ! ye have led me
 astray,

Strength of my youth ! why lament your
 decay ?

Days of my age ! ye will shortly be past,
 Pain of my age ! but a while ye can last,
 Joys of my age ! in true wisdom delight,
 Eyes of my age ! be religion your light,
 Thoughts of my age ! dread not the cold
 sod,

Hopes of my age ! be ye fixt on your God !

SACROPINSCA.

203. HYMN WRITTEN AT SEA.

O THOU who bid'st these ocean streams
 Their primal bounds and limits keep ;
 Who lay'st thy temple's starry beams
 Unshaken on the mighty deep ;

Conduct us o'er the trackless waste

That spurns the print of human feet,

But where thy presence may be traced

In every wind and wave we meet !

And as these liquid plains we rove,

Should stormy winds resistless blow,

O save us from the flash above !

O spare us from the gulf below !

And in those soul-appalling hours

When death rides high on every wave,

Assist, O Lord, our feeble powers,

And save,—when thou alone canst save !

And on those plains of early day,

Where first the star-light was unfurled,

That shed salvation from its ray,

And splendour o'er a 'nighted world ;

Oh shroud us from the scorching beam

That preys on life's diminished spring,

From fever's wild delirious dream,

The tiger's wrath, the serpent's sting.

But teach us,—more than all the rest,—

To bow submissive to thy will,

In all thy tender mercies blest ;

In all thy judgments patient still !

That when life's weary voyage past,
 By favouring gales on tempests driven,
 Our steadfast barks may gain at last
 Their wished-for port,—their port in
 heaven.

ANON.

204. THE LOVE OF LIFE.

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
 Man thinks he fades too soon,
 Though 'tis his privilege to die!
 Would he improve the boon:
 But he not wise enough to scan
 His best concerns aright,
 Would gladly stretch life's little span
 To ages—if he might!
 To ages in a world of pain,
 To ages where he goes,
 Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
 And hopeless of repose!
 Strange fondness of the human heart!
 Enamoured of its harm;
 Strange world! that costs it so much smart,
 And still has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power ?

Why deem we death a foe ?

Recoil from weary life's best hour,

And covet longer woe ?

The cause is conscience ! conscience oft

Her tale of guilt renews ;

Her piercing voice sinks deep though soft,

And dread of death ensues :

Then anxious to be longer spared

Man mourns his fleeting breath,

All evils then seem light compared

With the approach of death.

'Tis judgment shakes him—there's the fear

That prompts his wish to stay ;

He has incurred a long arrear,

And must despair to pay.

Pay ! follow Christ, and all is paid,

His death your peace insures ;

Think on the grave where he was laid,

And calm descend to yours.

COWPER.

205. "WHAT MANNER OF MAN
IS THIS?"

'Tis darkness all—no star appears
Upon the dusky brow of night ;
No moon the anxious watcher cheers,
Nor charms him with her gentle light.
But one small ship, its sails all riven,
Abides the furious blasts of heaven.
Loud and more loud the billows roar,
And dash their white foam o'er the deck ;
The wind is louder than before,
And soon that ship must be a wreck.
But who is this that lies asleep,
While all beside in anguish weep ?
The stranger wakes from his repose,
And eyes the storm with looks serene ;
He speaks—the list'ning water flows
Calm as in Eden's peaceful scene.
The winds his high command obey,
And in soft whispers die away.
Who is it ? He whose hand hath made
The heavens too bright for mortal eye,
And given to earth her cooling shade,
And flowers of every varied dye :

He bade the sun's bright axle glow,
And the obedient waters flow.

Who is it? He who meekly laid
His pomp of heavenly glory by,
And in the form of man was made,
T' atone for sins of deepest dye.

His power, his love, are still the same,
And Jesus is the stranger's name.

P. T. M.

206. MOON LIGHT.

Across a trackless sea
I saw the vessel glide—
The pale moon's tranquil beam
Was playing on the tide ;
But the way she came was dark,
Ere she reached the partial gleam,
And dark her way again,
When past the silvery stream.

And is it then so brief
Thy pleasure's golden day?
While all thy path beside
Is a dark and dreary way!
Not so.—Though dark and drear
May seem thy course to me,

As if it loved thy path,
The bright beam follows thee.

And thou art gliding on,
Unmindful of thy gloom;
It all is fair to thee,
For thou art going home.

And be my path like thine
In this world's midnight way,
Where nought but love divine
Can light it into day!

Though seen in shadows oft,
And veiled with many a tear,
My path will still be bright,
If love and peace be there.

Though doomed through many a night
Of anxious care to roam,
It all is fair to me,
For I am going home.

CAROLINE FRY.

207. TRUST IN GOD.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will;
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery,

I cannot, Lord ! Thy purpose see ;
 Yet all is well—since ruled by Thee.
 When mounted on thy clouded car,
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar,
 Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And should I faint a moment—then
 I think of Thee—and smile again.
 So trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on ;
 What though some cherished joys are fled !
 What though some flattering dreams are
 gone !
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
 Why should my spirit then complain ?

BOWRING.

 208. EXPERIENCE.

MIDWAY in life we pause, compare with
 shame,
 Our present progress with our early aim ;
 Look back on years with purpose high be-
 gun,
 In which the task intended was not done,

And see beyond us a declining sun ;
 Fair opportunities for ever fled ;
 The vigorous impulse dying, if not dead ;
 And we in knowledge, habit, temper,
 state,

Nothing superior to the common rate.

How false is found, as on in life we go,
 Our early estimate of bliss and woe ;
 Some sparkling joy attracts us, that we
 fain

Would sell a precious birthright to ob-
 tain.

There all our hopes of happiness are plac-
 ed ;

Life looks without it like a joyless waste ;
 No good is prized, no comfort sought be-
 side ;

Prayers, tears implore, and will not be
 denied.

Heaven pitying hears the intemperate ap-
 peal,

And suits its answer to our truest weal.
 The self-sought idol, if at last bestowed,
 Proves, what our wilfulness required, a
 goad ;

But if withheld, in pity, from our prayer,
 We rave awhile of torment and despair,

Refuse the proffered comfort with disdain,
 And slight the thousand blessings that remain.

Meantime, Heaven bears the grievous
 wrong, and waits,

In patient pity till the storm abates ;
 Applies with gentlest hands the healing
 balm,

Or speaks the ruffled mind into a calm ;
 Deigning, perhaps, to show the mourner
 soon,

'Twas special mercy that denied the boon,
 Our blasted hopes, our aims and wishes
 crost,

Are worth the tears and agonies they
 cost ;

When the poor mind, by fruitless efforts
 spent,

With food and raiment learns to be con-
 tent.

Bounding with youthful hope, the restless
 mind

Leaves that divine monition far behind ;
 But, tamed at length by suffering, compre-
 hends

The tranquil happiness to which it tends ;

Perceives, the high-wrought bliss it aimed
to share

Demands a richer soil, a purer air ;
That 'tis not fitted, and would strangely
grace

The mean condition of our mortal race ;
And all we need, in this terrestrial spot,
Is calm contentment with the common
lot.

JANE TAYLOR.

209. EVENING HYMN.

'Tis sweet at evening's close to stray
Where scented wild flowers skirt the way ;
And from the mountain's summit tall,
To note the shadows as they fall.

'Tis sweet the full-orbed moon to view,
Careering through yon vault of blue ;
Or mark her pale and trembling beam,
Reflected from the silvered stream.

'Tis sweet to raise the kindling eye,
To watch the cloudlets as they fly ;
And, while on friendship's arm we lean,
To muse in silence on the scene.

T

But sweeter far, O Lord! to meet,
 With Christians at thy mercy seat;
 And break that calm that round us
 reigns,

With pure devotion's mellowed strains.

For ah! though fair the robe of light,
 That wraps yon empress of the night;
 And fair the flower, the mount, the rill,
 Yet, Jesus! thou art fairer still.

Thou art the bright, the spotless Lamb,
 The likeness of the great I AM!

And every beauteous form we see,
 Derives its excellence from thee!

Then, ah! what language shall we find,
 To paint thy love to lost mankind;
 When God in human nature came,
 Endured the cross, despised the shame?

Angels the courts of heaven forsook,
 On such a wondrous sight to look;
 Earth, like a helpless drunkard reeled;
 And the sad sun his face concealed.

Strange, that the love which wrought
 such things,

To us no genial influence brings;
 While o'er the tale of fancied woe,
 So oft our soft compassions flow!

O let thy boundless grace constrain
 Our souls to love thee, Lord ! again ;
 Change, Jesus ! change these hearts of
 stone,
 And make us, from this hour, thine own.

H. E.

210. CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN
 SUFFERING.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned,
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs his soul sustained.
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 — There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of Time,
 — God's own sacrifice complete :
 " It is finished ! " hear their cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay,
 All is solitude and gloom,
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ! — He meets our eyes !
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

211. THE MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

WEEP not for the saint that ascends
 To partake of the joys of the sky,
 Weep not for the seraph which bends
 With the worshipping chorus on high.
 Weep not for the spirit now crowned
 With the garland to martyrdom given,
 O weep not for Him, he has found
 His reward and his refuge in Heaven.

But weep for their sorrows, who stand
 And lament o'er the dead by his grave,—
 Who sigh when they muse on the land
 Of their home, far away o'er the wave.—

Who sigh when they think that the
 strife,
 And the toil, and the perils before them,
 Must fill up the moments of life,
 Till the anguish of death shall come o'er
 them.

And weep for the nations that dwell,
 Where the light of the truth never shone,
 Where anthems of praise never swell,
 And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

O weep!—for the herald that came
 To proclaim in their dwelling the story
 Of Jesus, and life through his name,
 Has been summoned away to his glory.

Weep not for the saint that ascends
 To partake of the joys of the sky,

Weep not for the seraph that bends
 With the worshipping chorus on high;

But weep for the mourners who stand
 By the grave of their brother in sadness,
 And weep for the heathen whose land
 Still must wait for the dayspring of glad-
 ness.

212. NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh?
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepared to die.

The world, and worldly things beloved,
 My anxious thoughts employed;
 And time unhallowed, unimproved,
 Presents a fearful void.

Yet Holy Father! wild despair,
 Chase from my labouring breast;
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
 That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine!
 And when thy sure decree
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 O speed my soul to thee!

BISHOP MIDDLETON.

213. FAITH.

FAITH is the Christian's prop,
 Whereon his sorrows lean,
 It is "the substance of his hope,
 His proof of things unseen."

It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll.

Faith is the polar star—

That guides the Christian's bark ;
Directs his wandering when afar,

To reach the holy ark.

It points his course where'er he roam,

And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form

Hung on the prow of heaven ;

The glory of the passing storm,

The pledge of mercy given.

It is the bright triumphal arch

Through which the saints to glory march.

Faith is the mountain rock,

Whose summit towers on high ;

Secure above the tempest's shock,

An inmate of the sky.

Fixed on a prize of greater worth,

It views with scorn the things of earth.

The faith that works by love,

And purifies the heart,

A foretaste of the joys above

To mortals can impart.

The Christian's faith is simply this—

A passport to immortal bliss.

F.

214.

NINEVEH.

IN Nineveh the sound of mirth,
 The song, the dance, prevailed ;
 And all the gay delights of earth
 The outward sense assailed ;
 No fear of God possessed the mind,
 No thought of things to come ;
 For conscience, long to rest consigned,
 Was impotent and dumb :
 When lo ! amidst the public ways,
 A voice was heard to call,
 " Thus saith the Lord, yet forty days
 And Nineveh shall fall."

Then cease the timbrel and the lute,
 The strains of joy subside ;
 The sons of mirth at once are mute,
 The bridegroom and the bride ;
 In sackcloth clothed before the Lord,
 The king hath bent him low ;
 And all around, with one accord
 Put on the garb of woe ;
 The nation mourns, its vows are paid,
 Its prayer ascends to heaven ;
 Jehovah hears, his wrath is stayed,
 And every sin forgiven.

O Israel ! turn thee and be wise,
 Thy flood of folly stem,
 Lest Nineveh in judgment rise
 Against thee and condemn:
 No pause her guilty children made,
 Nor once their crimes concealed ;
 With contrite hearts they turned, they
 prayed,
 And God their pardon sealed.
 Like them this precious hour begin
 Jehovah's name to fear ;
 At Jonah's call they ceased from sin,
 But Jonah's Lord is here.

H. E.

215. TO MRS. HANNAH MORE.

*Written in her album at Cowslip Green by
 the Rev. J. Newton, when asked to insert
 his name previous to seeing her, as was the
 custom.*

WHY should you wish a name like mine
 Within your book to stand,
 With those who shone, and those who shine
 As worthies of our land?

What will the future age have gain'd,
 When my poor name is seen,
 From knowing I was entertain'd
 By you at Cowslip Green?

Rather let me record a name
 That shall adorn your page,
 Which, like the sun, is still the same,
 And shines from age to age:

Jesus, who found me when I stray'd
 In Afric's dreary wild,
 Who for my soul a ransom paid,
 And made his foe a child.

He taught my wild blasphemous tongue
 To aim at prayer and praise;
 To make his grace my theme and song,
 And guided all my ways.

A pattern now of mercy's power,
 Where'er I stand is seen;
 Such as I think was ne'er before
 Beheld at Cowslip Green.

216. "YE KNOW NEITHER THE
 DAY NOR THE HOUR WHEREIN
 THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

HE comes—but not in human form
 To visit earth again ;
 Exposed to sorrow's bitter storm,
 To penury and pain ;
 To bring salvation from on high,
 To die—that man may never die,
 But heavenly bliss obtain.
 Once hath his blood been freely shed ;
 Once hath he died, and left the dead.
 He comes—but not in mercy's voice,
 With fallen man to strive ;
 To bid the penitent rejoice,
 The dead in sin revive ;
 To turn the heart of stone to flesh,
 To mould the stubborn mind afresh,
 And save the soul alive.
 He will not proffer grace again ;
 He will not always strive with men.
 He comes—but not with power, to bear
 His summons to the tomb ;
 And bid the silent dwellers there
 The forms of life resume ;

The dead of ages past to wake,
 The dormant dust of nations break
 From their long night of gloom.
 Yet—shall the grave its tenants keep
 In dark decay, in silent sleep.

He comes—with sudden stroke to smite
 The busy sons of men ;

He cometh as a thief at night,
 And no man knoweth when.

Nor voice is heard—nor warning given,
 That sinners may prepare for heaven,
 And turn to God again.

The bow hath bent—the arrow flown,
 And man must reap as he hath sown.

Watch therefore—since you neither know
 The appointed hour nor day ;

Watch—lest the unexpected blow
 Should find your soul astray ;

Watch, and in patience, faith, and prayer,
 To meet the unknown hour prepare,
 That summons you away ;

Then joyful bid your Saviour come,
 And rise to an eternal home.

W. R. JUN.

217. THE POOR MAN'S HYMN.

As much have I of worldly good
 As e'er my Master had ;
 I diet on as dainty food,
 And am as richly clad,
 Though plain my garb, though scant my
 board,
 As Mary's Son and Nature's Lord.
 The manger was his infant bed,
 His home the mountain cave,
 He had not where to lay his head ;
 He borrowed even his grave.
 Earth yielded him no resting spot,—
 Her Maker, but she knew him not.
 As much the world's good-will I share,
 Its favour and applause,
 As He whose blessed name I bear,—
 Hated without a cause,
 Despised, rejected, mock'd by pride,
 Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.
 Why should I court my Master's foe ?
 Why should I fear its frown ?
 Why should I seek for rest below,
 Or sigh for brief renown ?—

A pilgrim to a better land,
 An heir of joys at God's right hand.

CONDER.

218. THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is up ! how calm and slow
 She wheels above the hill !
 The weary winds forget to blow,
 And all the world lies still.

The wayworn travellers with delight
 The rising brightness see,
 Revealing all the paths and plains,
 And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
 Its little rippling heaves ;
 It falls upon the forest shade,
 And sparkles on the leaves.

So once on Judah's evening hills,
 The heavenly lustre spread ;
 The gospel sounded from the blaze,
 And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
 Its guiding splendour throws ;
 Bright in the opening hours of life,
 And brighter at the close.

The waning moon in time shall fail
 To walk the midnight skies,
 But God hath kindled this bright light
 With fire that never dies.

ANON.

219. THE DREAM.

IN a dream of the night I was wafted away
 To the muirlands of mist, where the mar-
 tyrs lay ;
 Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are
 seen,
 Engraved on the stone where the heather
 grows green.
 'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness
 and blood,
 When the minister's home was the moun-
 tain and wood ;
 When in Welwood's dark valley the stand-
 ard of Zion,
 All bloody and torn 'mong the heather
 was lying ;
 'Twas morning ;—and summer's young sun
 from the east,
 Lay in loving repose on the green moun-
 tain's breast ;

On woodland and cairn-table the clear
 shining dew
 Glistened sheen 'mong the heath bells and
 mountain flowers blue ;
 And far up in heaven near the white sun-
 ny cloud,
 The song of the lark was melodious and
 loud ;
 And in Glenmore's wild solitudes, length-
 ened and deep,
 Was the whistling of plovers, and bleat-
 ing of sheep ;
 And Welwood's sweet valley breathed
 music and gladness,
 And its fresh meadow blooms hung in
 beauty and redness ;
 Its daughters were happy to hail the re-
 turning,
 And drink the delights of a sweet July
 morning.
 But there were hearts cherished far other
 feelings,
 Illumed by the light of prophetic reveal-
 ings,
 Who drank from the scenery of beauty but
 sorrow,
 For they knew that their blood would be-
 dew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with
Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist, where the heath
fowl was crying ;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them
were hovering,
And the bridle reins rung through the thin
misty covering.
Their faces grew pale, and their swords
were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow
was unbreathed ;
With eyes raised to heaven in calm resig-
nation,
They sang their last song to the God of
salvation :
The hills with the deep mournful music
were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were
singing,—
But the melody died 'mid derision and
laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on the
slaughter.
Though in mist and in darkness and in fire
they were shrouded,
The souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded ;

Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm
and unbending

They stood like the rock which the thunder
is rending ;

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords
were gleaming,

The helmets were cleft, and the red blood
was streaming ;

The heavens grew dark and the thunder
was rolling,

When in Welwood's dark muirlands the
mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the
combat was ended,

A chariot of fire through the dark cloud
descended ;

The drivers were angels, on horses of
whiteness,

And its burning wheels turned upon axles
of brightness ;

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and
shining,

All dazzling like gold of the seventh refin-
ing ;

And the souls that came forth out of great
tribulation,

Have mounted the chariots and steeds of
 salvation ;
 On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is
 gliding,—
 Through the paths of the thunder the
 horsemen are riding ;—
 Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is
 before ye,
 A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !
 ANON.

220. TO A FRIEND REQUESTING
 SOMETHING ORIGINAL.

WHAT can I write original for thee ?
 The thing which hath been it is that
 which shall
 In ages yet to come hereafter be ;
 Such seems, in outward things, the lot
 of all !
 The stores of nature,—art's inventive
 power,
 No undiscovered novelty can claim ;
 All have their natal and their mortal hour,
 In every change substantially the same.

But I recal the word, that nothing new
 Remains for tongue to utter, thought
 to trace,

Where God anoints the inward eye to view
 The endless wonders of redeeming grace.

Acquaint thyself with Him, if thou would'st
 know

What He alone can of himself reveal ;
 So shall His spirit to thy vision show

What art and nature never can unseal.

The triumphs of a dying Saviour's love,
 The mysteries of redemption's glorious
 plan,

Are ever new to seraph hosts above ;

Shall they be less to fallen and guilty
 man ?

BERNARD BARTON.

221. THE MISSIONARY.

No longer sleep within your caves,
 Ye gentle winds, but o'er the waves

The freighted vessel bear ;

Nor drive it on the hidden shoals,
 As o'er the deep blue sea it rolls ;

A missionary's there.

Far, far from home, and all that's dear,
He enters on a long career,

Glad tidings to declare;

Waft him along with winged speed,
And O! thou God of mercy heed

A missionary's prayer.

No earthly honour does he crave;

Content to find a peaceful grave

On some unfriendly shore;

If but thy grace his errand give

A power to make the sinner live,

Or fly to mercy's door.

If tempests meet him on the way,

Thy ruling power for him display,

And bid the raging cease;

Or, at thy voice, the thunders roar,

'Mid rocks behind, and storms before,

Shall tune his soul to peace.

And when amidst the list'ning throng,

With moving accents on his tongue,

He speaks of Jesus' name,

Let heathen temples prostrate fall,

And captives freed from Dagon's thrall,

Shall overturn his reign.

J. J. S.

222. SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE week is past!—its latest ray
 Is vanished with the closing day;
 And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
 Its now departed hours to clasp,
 As to recal that moment bright,
 When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past! and has it brought
 Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
 And has it left some memory dear
 Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
 It has not winged its flight in vain,
 Although it ne'er return again.

And who would sigh for its return?
 We are but pilgrims born to mourn;
 And moments, as they onward flow,
 Cut short the thread of human woe,
 And bring us nearer to the scenes
 Where sorrows end, and heaven begins.

ANON.

223. HYMN.

IN vain would I attempt to sing
 The praise of heaven's eternal King;

This feeble tongue no lay could raise,
To speak the great Jehovah's praise.

But let my prayer, in humble guise,
To thee my God, my Father, rise !
To my entreaties lend an ear,
My supplications, gracious, hear !

I ask not power, I seek not wealth ;
I plead not for long life or health ;
Make me contented with my state
Where thou art pleased to fix my fate.

A grateful heart make me to know,
For every gift thou may'st bestow ;
The talent I received from thee,
To use aright enable me.

In strong temptation be my shield !
Firm in thy strength, I shall not yield ;
Though dangers threaten, storms assail,
My trust in thee shall never fail !

Mercy and grace from thee I crave,
The richest boon I could receive ;
This world and all its various joys,
Compared with these, were worthless toys.

O guide me still in wisdom's way,
Nor let my wishes idly stray ;
Nor ever let my footsteps be
In folly's path, forsaking thee !

224. MAN'S OBDURACY.

O MAN, degenerate man, offend no more,
Go learn from brutes thy Maker to adore,
Shall these through every tribe his mercy
own,

Of all his works ungrateful thou alone !
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sovereign goodness charms
the eyes.

Mark even the wretch his awful name blas-
phemes,

His pity spares, his clemency reclaims,
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live,
Recal the fugitive with gracious eye,
Beseech the obstinate he would not die,
Amazing tenderness—amazing most—
The soul on which such mercy should be
lost !

ANON.

225. LET THERE BE LIGHT.

“LET there be light !” the Godhead spake,
And through the realms of chaos brake

A bright, a glorious ray ;
 The startled shades of darkness fled,
 As wide and wider still it spread,
 Till all around was day.

“ Let there be light !” the Saviour said,
 As from the mansions of the dead
 He rose to yonder sky ;
 A sudden earthquake shook the ground,
 Hell heard and trembled at the sound,
 Which showed salvation nigh.

“ Let there be light !” The Spirit brings
 The royal edict on his wings
 To each benighted land ;
 And soon the clouds of doubt and fear
 Break up, and melt, and disappear,
 At his august command.

“ Let there be light !” my soul proclaim ;
 And shout the dear Redeemer’s name
 To all thy kindred round ;
 Tell how, to seek and save his own,
 He left a bright, a heavenly throne,
 And as a man was found.

“ Let there be light !” Before the gale,
 Ye Britons, spread the venturous sail,

And bear the sound abroad ;
 Till distant lands and isles receive
 The gospel tidings, and believe,
 And bless the Son of God.

“ Let there be light ! ” from pole to pole,
 Still let the glorious message roll
 Of grace and truth divine ;
 Till Hermon’s dew and Sharon’s rose
 Support the soul ’midst Greenland’s snows,
 And cheer it at the line.

“ Let there be light ! ” That strain sublime
 Shall echo loud through every clime
 Of this terrestrial ball ;
 Till strife be love, and war be peace,
 And Satan’s dark delusions cease,
 And Christ be all in all. H. E.

226. THE PROPHET’S HYMN.

THOUGH the fig tree my bower that o’er-
 shaded,
 Refuse what it scattered before ;
 Though the vine’s wreathed curtain, all
 faded,
 Refresh with its clusters no more ;—

Though the olive, loved symbol of heaven,
Be guarded and cherished in vain ;

Though the field, for the blessing once
given,

But the thorn and the thistle retain ;—

Though the home where the herd is re-
treating,

Its sweet flowing stores should withhold ;
Nor voice of the flock's tender bleating

Be heard in the desolate fold ;—

These joys are the moon beam that waneth,
While the sun, whence it sprung, is the
same ;

Jehovah my Saviour remaineth ;

And I will rejoice in his name.

Undried is that fountain of pleasure,

Whose drops 'mid this wilderness fall :
Still safe, still untouched is my treasure ;

For mine is the giver of all.

WARING.

227. UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

FROM all that dwell below the skies

Let the Creator's praise arise ;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth is in thy word ;
'Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name,
In every land begin the song ;
To every land the strains belong :
In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

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 7 Memory of Miss Fanny Mitchell,.....*M'Comb.*
 82 Memory of J. Lawson,.....*Barton.*
 9 Moon-light,.....*Newton.*
 206 Moon-light,.....*C. Fry.*
 13 Missionary Hymn,.....*Heber.*
 221 Missionary's Death,.....*L.*
 21 Missionary's Death,.....*J. J. S.*
 20 Messiah,.....*Pope.*
 24 Massacre of the Protestants in Piedmont,.....*Milton.*
 29 Millions of Spiritual Beings walk the
 Earth,.....*Edmeston.*
 46 Mother's Soliloquy,.....*Lawson.*
 122 Mother's Grief,.....*Dale.*
 65 Morning Hymn,.....*Bishop Kenn.*
 169 Mighty to Save,.....*D. B.*
 185 Moral Reflection,.....*Anon.*
 224 Man's Obduracy,.....*Anon.*

Hymns

2	Night,	Montgomery.
10	Name of Jesus,	Newton.
156	Not lost, but gone before,	Anon.
212	New Year's Hymn,	Bishop Middleton.
214	Nineveh,	H. E.
81	On seeing an Infant Sleeping,	C. S. Dudley.
120	On a New Year,	J. F.
129	On a Mole-hill,	Montgomery.
132	On the Sea-shore,	Cowper.
95	Omnipresence of God,	Lazarus.
118	Ode to the Stars,	G.
128	Oft have I thought,	Edmeston.
21	Prayer,	Montgomery.
26	Praise for the Fountain opened,	Cowper.
40	Power of God,	Moore.
102	Power of God,	Raffles.
50	Pilgrim's Song,	W. S. M.
76	Part of 6th chapter of Matthew,	Thomson.
85	Peace,	C. Malan.
87	Perseverance,	Barton.
91	Pool of Bethesda,	—————
135	Protection,	Anon.
177	Place of Rest,	Anon.
217	Poor Man's Hymn,	Conder.
226	Prophet's Hymn,	Waring.
4	Retirement,	Cowper.
38	Reply to Stanzas by Alaric A. Watts,	W. S. M.
105	Reply,	Conder.
47	Review,	C. Fry.
51	Rainbow,	Campbell.
60	Retrospective Thoughts,	Mary.
140	Renouncing the World,	Newton.
143	Resignation,	Mrs. Steele.
218	Rising Moon,	Anon.
1	Sabbath,	M'Comb.
68	Sabbath,	Cunningham.
107	Sabbath,	Edmeston.

Hymn

- 189 Sabbath, *Elizabeth Barton.*
 34 Spiritual Worship, *Barton.*
 137 Spiritual Warfare,
 58 Snakes of the World, *Cowper.*
 67 Star of Bethlehem, *H. Kirke White.*
 150 Stars, *C. Fry.*
 78 Separation, *Montgomery.*
 108 Sound of the Sea, *Mrs. Hemans.*
 162 Scriptures, *Cowper.*
 178 Spring Thought, *Barton.*
 195 Set your Affections on Things above, *J. Taylor.*
 179 Saviour, *Gibson.*
 180 Sacred Melody, *Moore.*
 187 Sacred Melody,
 209 Sky-Lark, *Anon.*
 222 Saturday Night, *Anon.*

 11 Twenty-third Psalm translated, *Addison.*
 37 True Love, *Anon.*
 48 Trust in God, *Logan.*
 178 Trust in God, *Allquists.*
 207 Trust in God, *Bowring.*
 54 To the Winds, *Barton.*
 111 To my Infant Son, *G.*
 188 To a Moth, *Anon.*
 198 To the Stars, *Barton.*
 215 To Mrs. H. More, *Newton.*
 230 To a Friend, *Barton.*
 70 Truth, *Cowper.*
 112 They Wept, *H.*
 116 Trinity, *Barton.*
 160 Thought,
 162 Temporals and Spirituals,
 166 Thou art near, *R. Brown.*
 249 The Dream, *Anon.*

 114 Uncertainty of Life, *Cowper.*
 186 Unknown Grave, *Moir.*
 227 Universal Praise, *Anon.*

Hymns

- 12 Vanity of Life,.....*Newton*
 96 Vanity of Worldly Pleasures,.....*H. More*
 11 Verses,.....*Princess Amelia*
- 5 World passeth away,.....*Moore*
 28 Walking with God,.....*Cowper*
 103 Walk to Emmaus,.....*W. S. M.*
 49 What is Time?.....*Marsden*
 90 Whole Duty of Man,.....*C.*
 159 Watchfulness,.....*Mrs. Steele*
 159 Written on the blank Leaf of a Bible,.....*Doddridge*
 184 Weary invited to Rest,.....*W. S.*
 205 What manner of Man is this?.....*P. T. M.*
- 88 Youth's Aspirations,.....*Montgomery*
 216 Ye know neither the Day nor the Hour,.....*W. R.*

FINIS.

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The first part of the document
 discusses the general principles
 of the system and the
 various methods of
 application. It is
 intended to provide a
 comprehensive overview
 of the subject matter
 and to serve as a
 guide for the reader.

APPENDIX

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





