

Returning Spring,

Another new Caröl, proper for the present Time.

Job xiv. 7. There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

8. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground ;

9. Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.

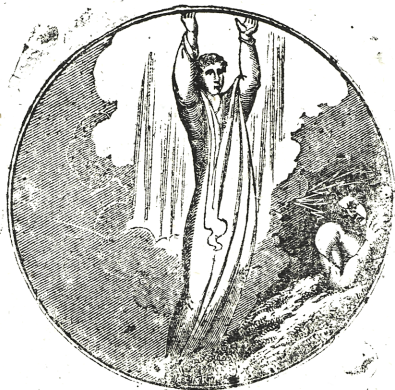
10. But man dieth and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

12. Man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more ; they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

14. If a man die, shall he live again ? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

Job v. 26. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.

1 Cor. xv. 56. That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die



37. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain.

38. But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.

42. So also in the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption.

43. It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.

44. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

John vi. 51. I am the living bread, which came down from heaven, if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever ; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

54. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

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PEEPING from amid the snow,
White as is the frosty scene,
See the snow-drop dares to blow,
With its slender stem of green ;
Clust'ring with a golden show,
Comes the yellow aconite ;
See the edge-bank, all the row
Dotted with the primrose bright.
Cheerily the sight we hail,
Crop the posy while we sing ;
'Tis a sign which will not fail,
Sign of quick returning **SPRING**.
What though fast in fetters bound,
Long the currents ceas'd to flow,
We shall hear their trickling sound,
Well betraying where they go ;
What though hard the stubborn ground,
Mock'd the labourers utmost strength,
Soon the delving plough around,
Straight shall draw its furrow'd length,
Winter stern may yet awhile,
Linger, frowning o'er the vale ;
But 'ere long, with wat'ry smile,
SPRING shall we as conqueror hail.
Sigh we not when winter smites,
Sad, as destitute of hope ;
When fair nature's gay delights
Cuts he down with widest scope :
Nature shall regain her rights,
Claim the landscape wide, and reign :
See already she invites
O'er the daisy-dappl'd plain.
But when wintry hoary age
Strips the man of all his strength :
Who revival can engage,
Who foretell his winter's length ?
Down he drops, like yellow leaf,
Sapless, shrivell'd, brown, and sear,
Mark his sad decay with grief,
His December closing year.
Shall his tomb, as winter brief,
Gaily sprout with verdure new ?
Shall the Spring, of wonders chief,
Show him bright reviving too ?
No ! the place which once he knew,
Never now shall know him more ;
Gone for ever from our view,
Landed on some other shore.

Gone, but whither ? does he cease
Now his body rots away ;
Was his soul a fragile piece
Of the same, but finer clay ?
Where's the soul ?—Obtain'd release
That nor died, nor ever dies :
While the body sleeps in peace,
Far away his spirit flies.
Flies to God, to hear its doom ;
Happiness,—or misery ;
Burn in hell,—in heaven bloom,
Thro' a long eternity !
Do we pity when we see
Withering hoary-headed age,
Stooping with infirmity,
Creeping to life's latest stage ?—
Better plac'd let pity be ;
View his soul in sad decay,
Hasting to eternity,
Yet has never learn'd to pray.
Sins a heavy burden lie,
Weighing down his soul to hell,
Crimson crimes of deepest dye,
Mark him out for veng'ance well.
Ah, if man would once be wise,
Walk in fair religion's road,
He might journey t'wards the skies,
Claim in heaven a blest abode.
Would'st thou, sinner, learn to rise,
Make e'en death itself a friend ?
Toward the Saviour turn thine eyes,
Teach thy knees in prayer to bend ;
Wash thee in his precious blood,
Seek his righteousness divine,
Death shall take thee then to God,
Then shalt thou in glory shine.
Then go view the coming Spring,
See the flowers and herbage bloom,
They may teach thy heart to sing,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb :
"What though death, terrific king,
Lay the body low in earth ;
Comes a day when I shall spring
Joyous into second birth.
E'en this mould'ring flesh shall rise
At the resurrection day ;
Grieve no more at wintry skies,
Bloom and never know decay."

