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POEMS

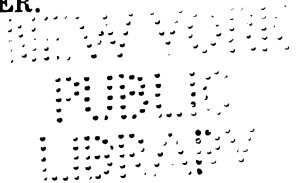
BY

FREDERICK WING COLE:

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

BY

REV. S. W. FISHER.

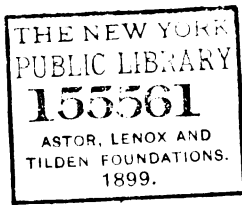


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Cole



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W. BRADLEY COLE
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## MEMOIR.

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FREDERICK WING COLE was the youngest son of William Cole, of Duanesburgh, Schenectady county, New York. He was born in that place the 19th of September, 1815. In early youth he enjoyed the inestimable blessing of pious parental instruction; while his means of obtaining a sound elementary education were limited to the common schools of the county. As early as the year 1827 we find him engaged in the store of a friend in Cobleskill, Schoharie county; and from this time forward to the close of his life, he seems to have relied upon his own energies for support. Thus early did he begin life's great conflict. The strong desire to be and act the man was already ripe within him. We are informed that even at this period,

ere boyhood began to swell into incipient manhood, he panted to be *at work*. He was ambitious to effect something that would not shame ripe manhood. The sentiment of the poet, which afterwards found its realization in his life, was even then not imperfectly defined in his boyish impressions :

“ Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is life's destined end and way ;  
But to *act*, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.”

During the three years spent in this place, he began to manifest a taste for literature, and a peculiar aptitude for composition. His productions at this period revealed the bent as well as the promise of his genius. The spirit of the poet was even then strong in him; but the spirit of the *man*, tolerant only of what was manifestly useful, soon mastered it, and consigned these early efforts of his muse to the flames. The desire to enlarge his field of action, and a somewhat restless disposition—restless until it had found a situation in harmony with its own impulses—led him to leave the family of his employer, by whom he was greatly

beloved, and a society in whose affections he had established himself as a general favorite. He came to Albany in 1830, and at first engaged as a clerk in a dry goods store in Market street; but subsequently, during the course of three years, was employed in several different establishments.

At the close of this period he became the subject of an experience which, of all others, is most vital to the peace and perfection of the soul. The seed scattered broadcast by a tender and devout mother was now to germinate and mature its fruit. It had lain long, but it was buried deep, and in due time heavenly influences quickened and gave it growth. There is usually in the lives of men a brief season when the reflective powers develop themselves most rapidly, occurring generally when the child is passing into the man. Often, at this period, there is a fierce conflict between faith and skepticism. We question ourselves respecting the *purpose* of our creation. We catechise reason, and plead with it to unfold the intent of our being, and solve the various phenomena that distract and puzzle the laboring

brain. We are dissatisfied with authority—with the teachings of the past. We must feel our own lead strike the bottom, or there is no faith for us. We are seduced by the charms of philosophic speculation. We feel as if the very secret processes of all life and all nature must reveal themselves to our sharpened vision. It was not strange, therefore, that Mr. Cole for nearly a year should be thus tossed about on the unquiet waves of a heart yet a stranger to the peace of a renewed mind, and in the darkness of one yet blinded by sin. A constant attendant upon the preaching of the gospel, he was brought under the influence of those sublime and affecting truths which constitute our only sure guide to spiritual life and final salvation. The conflicts which took place in his heart in consequence of these serious impressions, he has himself described in an unpublished poem written at the time, and called the "Wanderer's Prayer." At its close he thus gives vent to his agitated feelings:

"Then comes my doubting hour. I ask  
Why is it so? Then dark, dark despair,  
Despondency, distrust—dread of a task  
So different, so fraught with toil and care—

Then *wishes* almost *hopes* allure my gaze,  
And sink to leave me in a dubious maze—  
Then patience leaves her post, and frenzy takes her place  
And reigns awhile triumphant—then a space  
Of blank, calm unbelief”——

From this state of conflict and darkness he at length emerged into the clear sunshine. The change wrought in him by the grace of God was deep and permanent. He came forth a renewed man—a Christian in his emotions, his faith, and his life. His new principles were soon put to the test, and triumphantly vindicated their power. As clerk in an establishment where the trade in ardent spirits was carried on, he felt himself implicated in the guilt of abetting a traffic which yields to no other single cause of human woe in the extent of the misery it has effected. With no other prospect of employment open to him, he abandoned his situation: an enlightened conscience triumphed over the pleadings of self-interest, and trusting in God for the future, he quietly waited the issue. He did not wait long. On the 20th of July, 1834, he was appointed to a vacant post in the Argus office. On the re-

tirement of Mr. Burt, a few years after, he succeeded that gentleman as cashier and book-keeper of the same establishment. This appointment was every way grateful to his feelings. It brought him into daily association with those whose tastes, so far as it respects literature, were in harmony with his own; it delivered him from the thralldom of a mercantile life, toward which he had acquired a strong repugnance; and although his time was mainly occupied in the discharge of its duties, there yet remained to him larger opportunity and richer materials for the prosecution of his favorite studies than he had previously enjoyed.

The position he had now reached was the point from which his life acquires a brighter aspect. His heart was at peace, reposing in calm faith on his Redeemer; his mind found on all sides materials for its nourishment and expansion. There was but one thing wanting to complete the circle of his earthly aspirations. His heart was formed for the quietude and affection of domestic life. And when, on the 20th of June, 1836, he was united in marriage with Miss Rebecca Fuller of this city—

a companion every way adapted to render him happy—he seemed to have attained the summit of his desires in respect to this world. In the bosom of his family he found refreshment and repose. From this time he seems to have applied himself with increased energy to intellectual pursuits. His reading went beyond the ordinary range of polite literature. He revelled in the products of the ancients of our English lore; Chaucer's wild luxuriance of fancy; Herbert's quaint style, beneath which lies the pure gold in ingots; Bacon's massive prose, with its noble sense and profound reason standing out ruggedly and bold amid his cotemporaries, like Alpine ranges beside the plains of Italy; and Milton, crowned monarch, whether he sing of *Paradise Lost*, or declaim against the hierarchy; whether offering incense at the shrine of Apollo or Hermes, were all to him fountains sparkling and pure, at which he loved to drink deeply. At the same time he read history extensively, and from thence derived that deep abhorrence of monarchical institutions which distinguished his political opinions. He studied the ancient classics to

some extent, and made himself familiar with the Greek chiefly that he might go directly to the original scripture, and investigate its meaning for himself. He took an early and deep interest in the Young Men's Association, and it is due to that excellent institution to remark, that its various literary exercises, and its well furnished library, contributed not a little to whatever mental ripeness our young poet may have reached. One of the longest of his poems—on "Eloquence"—was written as one of the exercises of that institution.

After his marriage, his life glided on so smoothly as to present little of variety or incident. He was fully employed in the discharge of the duties of his office during the day, and portions of the evening. In the church with which he was connected he found a large field for the exercise of his benevolence as a Christian; while in literature and the society of his young family, his intellect found expansion, and his heart a refreshing stimulus to effort. Most of the poetry in this volume, together with his prose writings occasionally contributed to the "Argus," were the fruit of these



closing years of his life. He was cut down at the very moment when his genius, improved by reading and meditation, and chastened by experience, was in a state to produce fruit more delicious and admirable than any he has left behind him. He died suddenly at Long Branch, New Jersey, on the 13th of August, 1845, while on an excursion for the improvement of his health, leaving a widow and four children.

In order rightly to appreciate the character of Mr. Cole, it is necessary to look at it from different points of view. It is to be remembered that he was a man of daily toil. He had no hours of learned nor unlearned leisure. From early youth he had struck out for himself in the sea of life. He was not a passive subject up-borne by the appliances of wealth, but a sturdy swimmer, relying confidently upon his own vigorous arms. He had never dwelt within the walls of college or academy. Whatever intellectual maturity; whatever rich mental furniture; whatever grace of language and fascination of thought he possessed, were all the results of *moments* improved, which to

the multitude are lost amid the hurry of their busy life. Whatever he undertook, he prosecuted with all the energy he possessed. In his office he gave himself up wholly to its duties; when the moment for it arrived he threw himself with equal ardor into his work as a Christian, or his reading as a scholar. This economy of time—this entire devotion of himself to the business in hand, combined with the right direction of his powers, is undoubtedly the secret of his success. The rule of the orator "*totus in illis*," was the habit of his life.

He was a man of much independence. There are men who are by natural constitution gifted with a seeming independence, which amounts to nothing more meritorious than inveterate obstinacy, and a love of opposition. They are your impracticable men—the porcupines of society. Approach them as you may, they have always some points of repellency. But in the subject of this sketch, the independence that distinguished him had a just character and solid basis. It was the independence of thought and principle. He loved to investigate for himself, and see, if possible,

what were the real grounds on which the opinions he held were based. Such thorough reflection, the farther it was carried, the more it brought him into harmony in his views with the good and great of the age. In the expression of his opinions, his language often received its shape from his energetic feeling, and vivid imagination. But this vehemence of expression did not for a moment deceive those who knew him well. With all this vigor of language and independence of thought, there was associated the modesty of true and elevated principle. If he thought little of mere etiquette and form, it was simply because he had grand objects before him, beside which they sank into insignificance. In all things it was his aim to understand for himself, and act not according to the shifting impulse of the hour, but in obedience to a high and holy law of feeling that knew no change. Even his most burning invectives, hurled against the various tyrannies of the world, are not an exception to this remark. He had studied man through the medium of history; he had scanned human governments, not in their mere outward great-

ness and visible splendor, but in the people below the throne, hidden from the superficial by the gorgeous drapery that dazzled unpracticed eyes. He had a poet's eye for the beautiful and the grand forms of life and monuments of art that enthroned power gathers about itself; but he had a Christian's heart of sympathy for the myriads oppressed to give the crown its lustre. What to a generous heart are palaces and castles and courtly splendor and the luxurious ease of royalty, when this splendid elevation of the few rests on the writhing forms of groaning and degraded millions? The ancient seer revealed the institution of the throne as the wrath of Jehovah. And despotism—the centralization of great power over the race in a single hand—thus rose up before our poet dripping with the life blood of the world. Wherever he saw its semblance in the throne or the hierarchy, he took a poet's license and struck at it with all the force of genius. Wherever he found men seemingly oppressed, whether Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Christian, their wrongs became his own; and if at times his words seem

flung forth blazing with too fierce a heat, we find it easy to lose sight of the excess of the poet in our admiration of the deep sincerity and generous sympathy of the man.

With all this vivid apprehension of the misery that misgovernment had inflicted upon the race, he had a most hopeful eye for the future. He looked upon all things as in progress toward a state in which the "reeking brow of toil" should "preside upon its own domain," and the brawny arm of labor be uplifted as a sign of richer benediction than the sceptre of a king.

"The grandest glory of the past  
Is but a beam of promise, cast  
Like Iris on the cloud, to show  
How bright the future day shall glow."

He regarded the best form of civil government as intimately associated with this approaching elevation of the masses of men; but he had no confidence in it as a sufficient instrumentality to effect that consummation of human hopes. The mighty impulse must come forth from a pure Christianity. Governmental forms might fling down the toll-

gates and pave the highway—but religion alone could furnish the force that could impel the people up the ever rising steep from the murky vale below.

In regard to this one great subject, religion, his character has a beautiful consistency, that like the glow of tender affection—the charm of a varied and beauteous landscape, must be felt and seen to be fully appreciated.* From the time when he emerged from the darkness already mentioned into the light of a christian hope, his course has been not unlike the opening day. Religion was to him an animating spirit—a pervading life. It shed a solemn cheerfulness over all his existence. His temper naturally quick and impetuous, owned the invisible but powerful sway of this new principle of action. It elevated—it happily modified and moulded his whole nature. While it gave to all the generous and lofty impulses—to all the moral and mental energies of his nature stimulus and scope worthy their immortality, it curbed the will of pride and

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* He made a public profession of religion in the Fourth Presbyterian Church, February 16, 1834.

bowed him as a penitent sinner low at the feet of Christ. Those who only heard him when, burning with indignation at the wrong and suffering, he poured forth his eloquent appeals on the side of suffering humanity, knew not the man as viewing his own imperfections he wept in the dust before the Invisible. In his brief addresses to his brethren in their social meetings, there was always an ardor—a depth of humility—a true christian charity which, clothed in pointed and beautiful language, affected all hearts. His social prayers were the free and full outgushings of a heart broken for sin, and impressed with the amazing responsibilities of an existence born for immortality, in close yet awed communion with the great Being who sits enthroned above us. To him religion was not merely a form, but an inward, elevating, renewing power, through which alone our impure race could find a fitness for heaven. To him Christ crucified was not a moral enigma—not a mere martyr—not a mere exemplar. The cross was the central power of all true life. There hung the grand redemption—there suffered the Divine Son in-

carnate. Of this evangelical faith he was not ashamed. He professed it boldly—he lived according to its high dictates; and what he thus cherished as his own hope—this atoning Redeemer—he loved to commend to others. For years he was a faithful teacher in the Sabbath School. Prompt, thorough, gentle, persuasive, he was beloved most deeply by those to whom he thus opened the word of God. He has left more than one poem evincing his deep interest not only in his own class, but in this noble institution of modern benevolence. His studies into the meaning of the sacred scriptures were such as admirably qualified him for this work. He made the Bible his lifelong study. He honored it by going deeply into its precious mines of knowledge; and to his associate teachers he thus became the very life of their circle. At the same time no object of benevolence appealed in vain to his heart, and no labor of love for the prosperity of the church and the salvation of men, but that received his cordial aid. In all this there was no obtrusiveness—no undue elevation of himself. Modest and retiring rather, he seemed to



count himself among the least of the flock. Taken altogether, his character as a Christian was one of a solid and uniform consistency that attracted the respect and love of all who knew him.

Such a character it is well to hold up in this age—it can never be amiss in any age. There is abroad among many of our literary men, a great deal of poetic religion—the glorification of architecture and music—of the temple and the organ, mixed with no little contempt of the deeper life of evangelical piety. There has been the cant of the Puritan—but there is a far more despicable cant of the Cavalier. If the one offends against poetry, the other offends against the majestic prose of Divine Truth. And, if we must choose between them, give us rather the homely simplicity of the first with his deep hopes and lofty faith based upon the true word of life, than the elegant drapery and outward beauty of the last, with his spirit yet a stranger to the vital power of the gospel. Our youthful poet had too deep and rich experience of the humbling and yet elevating power of a simple faith, to be en-

chanted or deceived by the illusions of a poetic fancy. To him the dazzling hierarchies of the past, with all their monumental temples, were in the main but splendid tombs within which immortals lay fast bound, in the arms of corruption; while, in the liberalism of the present, he saw but another form in which the same anti-christian spirit developed itself in opposition to the rigid yet ennobling truth of God. His faith, so powerful, so constant, as it lived in his life, so it triumphed in his death. It had a power then that the semblances of religion can never gain. Far from his home—his dearest companion away—among strangers—writhing under the agony of a terrible disease, he rejoiced in his Redeemer, and peacefully, even triumphantly, resigned himself into the arms of death. This was the seal of heaven to a devoted christian life.

Of Mr. Cole as a poet, this volume will speak more, intelligibly and truly than any words of ours. He was most signally a poet by nature. By no "*Ars Poetica*"—by no academic rules—by no long process of literary incubation was this exalted power created in his bosom. The

true poet may be polished by literature, and his power enlarged by communion with science; but learning or no learning, he has within him, derived directly from the great fount of mind, a glorious gift as far above the creative energy of science, and the loftiest success of education, as the gems of our blue night-vault, or the silent symphony of their involved yet unjarring marches are beyond the largest force of human genius. All men, in a measure, may be gifted with poetic sensibility; but it is only when the heart overflows with it that the true poet appears. Then he comes forth with a double gift. His very mind itself is a fine toned lyre whose strings, swept by the fingers of the invisible Creator, as he breathes over it in the winds—as he chases the trembling chords by means of all, silent or vocal, still or animate nature—as he touches them, sadly or joyfully, in his stern or his glad providences, give forth responsive and varying music, making the soul one great palace hall, that ever vibrates and echoes with the sounds of this living orchestra. And then he hath a tongue—a pen to give full utterance and body forth to

other ears this pent up music of the inner sphere. This gift of inward harmony and outward expression—this deep sensibility from which the scenes of life inevitably evoke true harmony, and this gift of utterance, whereby the soul seizes and daguerreotypes that harmony so that other hearts may feel its power, are always found combined in the true poet. This high power is nature, first and last, original, God-sent. You cannot create it—as well try your hand at making suns and systems. Our poet came forth thus visibly invested with this divine gift. He felt its enchanting power in early childhood, ere he knew its name or its glory. Hear him thus trace out in after life the secret workings of this strange influence in his childish heart:

“ I knew a spirit, when, a careless child,  
I wandered by the stream and climbed the hill—  
    A spirit blandly beautiful and mild,  
But full of joy, and hope, and cunning skill  
To build an airy castle, or to thrill  
    The soul with ecstasy most sweet and wild.  
I worshipped her, 'till each seductive grace  
Wore in my soul a deep enduring trace,  
Then told my mates with joy—they laughed me in the face.

"Then weeping, wondering, wandering to the stream  
 Where voiceless converse we were wont to hold,  
 I asked her why mankind alone should seem  
 To scorn her sacred presence, and with cold,  
 Dark sneers connect her name † 'Twas then she told  
 Her heavenly history, and then a gleam  
 Of hope shone through the cloud upon her brow,  
*Like winds o'er waving fields of grain that bow*  
*Now dark as if with thought—all sunny gladness now."*

Here is the young spirit itself a lyre communing, apart from others, with the very music drawn from its own sensibilities, as if it were an outward being—a spirit form.

This poetic power reveals itself after a time in numerous productions before childhood has fairly merged into youth. But, for years after this, a mean opinion of the utility of his art prevented him from giving a permanent form to the emotions that stirred within him. With scarcely an exception, the poems in this volume are the products of a few past years. His poetry has very much the form which the circumstances of his life would lead us to expect. His time was not his own. Snatching a moment here and there from the hours devoted to his daily toil, he gave it to literature and occa-

sionally to poetry. Hence he never attempted any extended work. Distrustful of his own power and cramped for room, he felt that he must be about other if not higher business. His poems evince great harmony of versification, and present to us vivid pictures of his own impressions; but they have neither the stately tread of the tragic, nor the measured flow of the epic. We seem to listen to some sweet singing bird, warbling from the pure fervor of its spirit, and the overflow of its musical life, rather than to the measured rhythm, the involved and artistical harmony of the master musician. Had he passed through the discipline of the scholar, and enjoyed leisure for the full development of his great gift, we doubt not he might have blazoned his name in letters of light on the sky of time, and in companionship with those crowned poets of world-wide homage. As it is, we think there are some pieces in this unpretending volume the world will not let die. To those who knew the author we send forth these remains, assured that they will be cherished with a lover's solicitude; that, like some fine portrait of the lost,

they will recall to us a form buried from sight, but enshrined in memory's selectest chancel—a spirit with whom it was sweet and ennobling to commune on earth, and whose life, now exalted by death, shall ever remain an eloquent preacher of the power and glory of the cross. To those who knew him not, if into such hands this volume should fall, we trust it has an intrinsic excellence that will render it not unprofitable. The galaxy is not composed of stars of equal lustre; some blaze forth in flame, while others emit from their distant depths only a ray of new born light; yet the ray and the flame both join to create the glory of the sky. In the firmament of time, permit us to fix, beside the mightier geniuses of the past, one mind whose single ray may contribute something to the grandeur of the final effect. Criticism cannot reach *him*; praise or blame will not breathe a ruffle on the calm of his perfect rest. It is his glory, not that he wrote poetry, but that he lived and died a christian. Yet in the hope that his spirit, embalmed in these sweet utterances, will abide in fuller remembrance, and exert a wider and

happier influence—especially that young men, who like him are to be the architects of their own fame and fortune, may by his example be stimulated to nobler efforts intellectually, and to a higher life spiritually, these remains are given to the public.



# POEMS.

# POEMS.



## ELOQUENCE.



A Pilgrim wends his weary way  
From Gallia's northern coast  
To where the infant smile of day  
Is seen to paint the cloud, or play  
Among the heavenly host.  
His slender form is wasted more  
By abstinence than age, and o'er  
His pallid brow is thrown a spell  
That all who see remember well;  
For Thought will gild its mystic grace,  
And Passion burn its ardent trace  
Upon each furrow of the face.

His woolen mantle, coarse and mean,  
The signal of his errand bears ;  
And in his large, dark eye is seen  
A token, that as plain declares  
The past occasion of his present cares.  
That eye ! how falls its sneering glauce  
Upon those craven souls in France  
Whose Palmer-scrips hold pedlar's wares,  
And proud Amalfi's merchandise  
As high as holy relics prize.  
That eye ! how lights its eagle glance  
Within the flash of sword or lance—  
The humble pilgrim staff, his hand  
Clasps as it did his trusty brand  
Before he cursed its fatal light,  
And wept in weeds, an Anchorite.

That eye can melt to softer glance  
Where maidens hold their merry dance—  
Now smiles are wakened by his gaze,  
And now he sighs and turns.  
Oh ! what shall cheer his joyless days  
Who thinks of beauty as a blaze  
That sheds no healing, soothing rays,  
But only blasts and burns.

Oh ! who shall tell his keen despair  
 Who feels within his warring breast  
 The love that God has planted there,  
 And thinks it an unholy guest !  
 What child of Hell may not come in,  
 When Love is banished thence as sin !

That eye bespeaks a giant soul  
 Too late in learning self-control,—  
 It tells of sated pride and lust—  
 Of noble faith, and holy trust  
 Betrayed, and turning to disgust—  
 Of burning thoughts that seek release,  
 And penitence that brings no peace.

'Tis done. He rests his weary feet ;  
 His lips have pressed that sacred sod  
 Which once the feet of Jesus trod ;  
 From those lone hills where Jesus prayed,  
 His prayer is rising to his God.  
 And now, his pilgrimage complete,  
 He only waits to kneel and greet  
 The tomb in which his Lord was laid ;  
 But there a turbaned stranger stands,  
 And gold, insultingly demands ;

And spurns, with curses deep and fell,  
The "Christian dog"—the "Infidel."

Ah! haughty Turk, that bitter sneer  
Shall cost thy cruel nation dear!  
Thy nation! yes, the world shall feel

    An earthquake answer to that word—  
A wound is made that may not heal,  
'Till steel shall clash with murderous steel,  
And Famine set his ghastly seal

    Upon the remnant of the sword.  
The Seljuk and the Ortokite,

    In hordes from northern wilds may sweep,  
May visit Salem with their blight,

    In Christian blood her soil may steep;  
And Pope Sylvester, with his train,

May seek redress by arms in vain;

Nay, Gregory his faithful throng

May muster, fifty thousand strong,

And still the growing Moslem host

May laugh in scorn, and louder boast—

But this poor monk, this friendless man,

Will do what no mere monarch can.

Aye, heap thy curses, haughty Turk,

Upon the crowned and mitred head;

But not on him, for he can work  
A spell that shall awake the dead !  
No sign of cold command alone,  
    Persuasion sits upon his brow,  
    And from his eye is flashing now  
A power no sceptre, mitre, throne,  
Or artificial rank, may ever own !  
His is the spirit-strength that God  
    Has made to mould and move the will—  
'Tis his to govern by a nod—  
    Each word of his will be a spark  
    Of nervous thought, that in the dark  
And torpid mind, will burn and thrill.

The Hermit seeks the setting sun,  
But not as if his work was done—  
His face is flint-like to the west,  
But not in search of home or rest.  
His village chapel, old and calm,  
Shall never boast his branch of palm,—  
    That emblem once of victory,  
A sign of strife, will wildly wave  
    From Ægean to Northern Sea,  
    And wake the pomp of chivalry,  
To glut the all devouring grave.

Through France, and through the Land of Song,  
Now prelate, prince, and peasant throng  
Around his steps, with eager ear,  
His fervid eloquence to hear :

## I.

“Ho! why do these C athedrals mockingly rise,  
With turrets profanely saluting the skies?  
Why raise ye the cross by the side of the way?  
Why kneel ye before it, as if ye would pray?”

## II.

“Do ye claim to be Christians? O honor the name  
By renouncing at once the presumptuous claim;  
For ye sit at your ease, while a Saracen horde  
Are profaning the city and tomb of the Lord.

## III.

“The crescent o'er Christians in Antioch waves,  
And the city that named them now holds them as slaves;  
Yea, westward the Paynim host come on their way,  
Armenia yields! will ye bow to their sway?”

## IV.

“ Do ye claim to be Christ’s? Then remember He gave  
Himself as a victim, that you He might save ;  
And there where He died, and arose from the dead,  
Your brother is bleeding, aye, long has he bled.

## V.

“ Oh ! if ye are Christ’s ye will fly to his aid,  
Ye will go in His strength, and in armour arrayed  
Ye will rescue your brother, or die for his sake,  
And thus the reward of your Master partake.

## VI.

“ Sell your castles for armour. The day is at hand  
When the glare of His coming shall cover each land,  
Then woe to the worldling who loves their renown,  
For their battlements hide not His withering frown !

## VII.

“ But peace to the man who in armour appears  
On the olive-crowned hill that was wet with His tears ;  
Let him who is needy, and hath not a sword,  
Sell his garment and buy one, for thus saith the Lord.



## VIII.

“Awake ye! Arouse ye! The summons is late,  
His crown is in danger who ventures to wait—  
Who lingers for love, or for friends, or for gold,  
Another his palm leaf in triumph shall hold.”

First breathless stand the countless crowd,  
Then murmur, then applaud aloud—  
And now with rapture they exult,  
And shout in chorus “*Deus vult.*”

See Europe moving in a mass  
That blends each nation, rank, and class;  
E'en maiden forms, by mail concealed,  
Are foremost urging to the fray;  
And mothers' bosoms, doubly steeled,  
Are fired with zeal as wild as they.  
As billows on the ocean's strand,  
Which tempests wildly sweep,  
Rush o'er the devastated land,  
Or mount the rocky steep—  
So rushes on this living wave,  
Thus madly do they foam and rave  
To find in Asia's sand a common grave.

When Phæton in Phœbus' car,  
    Drove reckless through the frightened sky,  
And terror struck to every star—  
When icebergs rose around the pole,  
    And deserts desolate and dry  
    Spread from old Atlas' summit high  
To where the Nile's rich treasures roll—  
Though he deranged and marred so much,  
There is a world he could not touch.  
But man may sear the mind of man  
    With words of fierce, fanatic fire—  
May blight affection with his ban,  
    And make the peaceful world a pyre.

High, heavenly gift! Mysterious art!  
By speech to touch the human heart.  
Without it man is but a clod—  
It is an attribute of God,  
And in its suasive might is shown  
A power the likest to His own!  
Ye who may wield this mighty power,  
Ye who may hold this priceless dower,  
Wake mind—move men—but move them right,  
Oh! speak to bless, and not to blight.

## THE PRINTER'S MISSION.

---

To hold and trim the torch of Truth  
And wave it o'er the darkened earth ;  
To sway the yearning heart of youth,  
And give the earnest thought its birth ;  
Abroad upon thy way to fling,  
From off thy never-resting wing,  
Upon the clouds that blindly grope  
In blank despair, a spray of hope,—  
This is thy mission to thy kind,  
Thou mighty Mercury of Mind.  
What though thy torch be often fed  
From fanes where Falsehood sits enshrined ;  
And poison mingles with the bread  
Thou givest to the hungered mind ;  
What though the Press prolific teems  
With idle trash and skeptic dreams ;

Give open field, and humbly wait  
'Till thou shalt see their final fate.  
Truth needs to aid her giant blows,  
No vantage-ground above her foes.

The patient scribe struck long ago  
Upon his slowly yielding race,  
And iron custom felt the blow,  
And after years its mark could trace.  
Think not that thou shalt leave behind  
Upon the Protean public mind  
The image that thy choice would make,—  
A shape unknown to thee 'twill take—  
But strike! thy arm shall help to mould  
This mental mass, no longer cold.  
Who sent thee forth! Thou herald ray  
Of dawning brightness, which so soon  
Has taught us that was far from day  
Which boasting Athens thought was noon!  
Was it from Faustus' brain alone  
Thou hadst thy being? Hast thou grown  
In skill so wise, in strength so great,  
To sport with fools, or sway the State?  
I see thy brightening path, it tends  
From higher source to nobler ends.

Thou art the child of Him who brings  
From man's device His own decree ;  
A minister of holy things

His providence will make of thee.  
The Gospel Angel, far and wide  
O'er earth will find thee at his side.  
And while he sends in cadence clear  
His message to the heedless ear,  
Thine is the mission from on high  
To hold it to the steadfast eye.

Then speed the Press! It is the heart  
From which the mental pulse is fed ;  
Then speed the Press! Its throbbings dart ,  
Where all would else be cold and dead.  
It gives a form to moral strife  
And struggles of the inner life,  
Where errors meet and clash and fall,  
And Truth shouts triumph o'er them all ;  
Its weary work is all designed  
By one great mind-controlling Mind.

## THE NORTHERN PINE.

---

### I.

WHEN the mournful wail of the autumn gale  
Was heard in the pathless wood,  
And its golden pride o'er the hills strewn wide  
Fell round me where I stood—  
The same strong hand that so harsh could seize  
And wring such woe from the leafless trees,  
Brought tones as soft as the zephyr breeze  
From a harp of a happier mood.

### II.

'Twas the brave Old Pine that disdained to whine  
For the loss of the summer sheen—  
Through the sultry heat and the driving sleet  
He can keep his tranquil mien.

The winter may come, it will not alloy  
His dreamy song of contented joy,  
And he smiles at the frost that can never destroy  
His robe of perennial green.

## III.

Unblenching Pine ! be thy courage mine  
In the whirl of a changing time,  
That the chilling breath of approaching death  
On my heart-strings soft may chime.  
Let my springs be not in an earthly clod  
By the step of the dark despoiler trod,  
But by holy trust may I dwell with God  
In His pure and changeless clime.

## EDUCATION.

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AN OLD MAN'S VALENTINE FOR PARENTS.

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### I.

How can ye call such softness Love?  
Ye pimps of pampered youth,  
Whose present ease is prized above  
Their future good, and Truth.

### II.

Why do ye shrink to leave a child  
With that which God has given?  
How can you think that treasure piled  
Will help it on to Heaven?



## III.

Not so the mother-bird ; she's pledged  
To nurse a helpless brood—  
Her wings shall warm them while unfledged—  
Her mate shall bring them food.

## IV.

But if, when grown, one laggard clings,  
In mean dependency,  
And fears to try its virgin wings,  
She'll push it from the tree.

## V.

With men as well as birds, the best,  
The most admired and bright,  
Were thrust in kindness from the nest,  
And forced to early flight.

## L A W.

---

### I.

It throws its spirit chain  
Through boundless space where shining systems roll,  
And governing no less the smallest grain ;  
Breathes music o'er the whole.

### II

It is a spirit sway,  
But all material agents hear its voice  
And haste to do its bidding. To obey  
Is their instinctive choice.

### III.

What binds the human soul ?  
Has God, who moves and governs all beside,  
In his swift progress to his final goal  
Left Man without a guide ?

## IV.

Law claims dominion there  
By awful sanctions sent in tones that thrill,  
But not by force. It never can impair  
The freedom of the Will.

## V.

But one discordant string  
Jars harshly through creation. But one part  
Of this vast realm is faithless to its King—  
It is the Human Heart.

## VI.

Shall Mercy speak of peace  
And whisper pardon to the stubborn ear?  
No! Hope is meek, and Crime will never cease  
To nurse suspicion's fear.

## VII.

But even gloomy guilt  
Relaxed into repentance, when it saw  
How on a spotless throne by Justice built,  
Love lifted up the Law.

## ROYALTY AND THE BIBLE.

[The Toronto Patriot presents at its head the Crown and Sceptre as resting upon the Holy Bible.

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### I.

AH! wisely ye close up and cover that book,  
Lest your people, oppressed, in its pages should look,  
Ah! well do ye shut it and fasten it down;  
With your world-blighting sceptre, your blood sprinkled  
crown—

But woe to that crown when the beam of its light  
Shall awake the down-trodden to rise in their might.

### II.

Oh! grandly your sceptre o'er famine can wave  
And tax all the corn the starving ones crave;  
And smite, if the Catholic falters the least  
In the tithes that it claims for the Protestant priest,  
And the priest says "Amen!" While her coffers ye fill,  
By the church ye are licensed to plunder and kill.

## III.

That crown! Oh how proudly its gems are displayed,  
On the dignified brow of—a little Dutch maid—  
How sad that the boys in their reprobate fun,  
Should see in it only a mark for a gun—  
How quick with alarm should the nation's heart beat,  
When pipe stems are poked at their Queen in the street.

## IV.

Oh! Royalty! hide from the glare of that day,  
That shall sweep all thy pomp and thy playthings away—  
Like Uzziah of old, in thy pride thou hast trod  
With an impious foot in the temple of God;  
And while thou art clasping the altar to stand,  
E'en thy forehead is leprous, and palsied thy hand.

## POEM,

[Pronounced before the Young Men's Association, July 4, 1841.]

---

A filial care was that which sought  
The martyrs' grave in Scotia's land,  
And back from cold oblivion brought  
The mem'ry of that hunted band,  
Whose Bethel spots were fields and caves  
Which persecution's murderous hand  
Has marked and hallowed with their graves :  
A pious hand that yearly came  
To deepen on the mossy stone  
The ever-venerated name  
Of each good Cameronian  
Who Church and Court corrupt withstood,  
And conscience kept at cost of blood.  
We love the man who thus could keep  
The spots where Covenanters sleep,

For they were privileged to be  
The Pioneers of Liberty.

We love his work : We meet to-day  
Our fathers' monuments to view,  
To sweep the cumbering dust away  
And touch each epitaph anew.

We need not seek them on the height  
To which Aurora's car of light  
First ushers the exulting day  
Fresh born from Massachusetts Bay ;  
Nor do we see them over those  
Who met our infant country's foes,  
Where boasting Britain bowed again,  
On Saratoga's sandy plain.

We need not on their ashes rear  
Like serfs of old, a senseless stone,  
For monuments to them are here—

Yes here ! nor are they here alone :  
Their names and deeds with graphic art  
Are traced upon the Nation's heart.  
Not wrought upon a summer's day  
For Time's gray wing to brush away,  
No—he may toil with restless care  
This spirit sculpture to decay,

But millions yet to come shall swear  
Each year to grave it deeper there !

The men who Freedom's battle fought,  
And with their blood for us have bought  
The right of liberty and life,  
From manly sires their spirit caught,  
Who won the priceless right of thought,  
Amid the Reformation's strife.  
That blood which the invader's steel  
Drew forth, the Patriot pledge to seal,  
And which our fathers freely gave,  
Through centuries, from sire to son  
Knew not the pulses of a slave,  
But coursed through Freemen's veins alone.  
Who were those Freemen ? Men who fled  
A church and state Procrustean bed.  
The Brownist, by the Mayflower borne ;  
The Huguenot, from Gallia torn ;  
The follower of fearless Fox ;  
The non-conforming son of Knox ;  
The Catholic ; all sought the west,  
By Persecution's hellish ire,  
By pillory and rack and fire  
Weaned from their mother country's breast.



The church that needs the civil arm  
As her support and shield from harm,  
Might well in such bold spirits see  
A source of trouble and alarm:  
The light of truth had made them free.  
From those—like a Millennial morn  
Our nation springs, Minerva born.

What though the Pilgrims in their turn  
Inflicted torture they had known,  
And what they taught refused to learn;  
The truth they planted had not grown.  
Penn, Williams, Calvert nursed the shoot,  
The Revolution was its fruit.  
Behold it now! The noble tree  
Of our religious liberty.  
Its branches are our bulwarks made,  
The Christian graces love its shade,  
And near its root, where they have grown,  
Our civil rights its shelter own,  
While Europe hears, beyond the seas,  
When it is swept by Freedom's breeze,  
Its boughs a triumph song rehearse  
O'er Priestcrafts' conscience-binding curse.  
Who whispers that this tree will fall,

Or trembling says it must decay?  
His coward heart is fit for thrall,  
He has no part with us to-day.  
Who in this exiled stranger's land,  
As in derision of our hope,  
With bigot heart and faithless hand  
Points a suspicion at the Pope?  
For shame! Forgetting Maryland,  
He loads with his oppressive hate  
The memory of Baltimore;  
And in the act we celebrate  
O'erlooks the part that Carroll bore.

Our hearts, these high and holy themes  
Warm with a constant genial glow,  
But Luxury's delusive dreams  
May weave a web of future woe.  
Soon, where our banner courts the wind,  
A hundred stars shall greet the eye,  
A hundred states our Union bind,  
And, Eden like, its centre lie  
Where mixing with Missouri's tide  
The Mississippi's waters boil,  
And with majestic swiftmess glide  
To glut the hungry sea with soil.

Then we may need for Freedom's sake  
The echoes of this day to wake—  
This band that holds the sacred past  
In union close, and firm, and fast  
To all that faith the most sublime  
Can hope for man in coming time—  
Who, if we break this precious chain  
Will weld its magic links again?  
No! Freemen still this feast shall keep,  
    And guard in love, from year to year,  
The places where our heroes sleep—  
    Not with the mourner's sigh and tear,  
But with a high and honest pride  
In holding that for which they died.  
Not darkly will they view the past  
    As if to find perfection there,  
But holding all its lesson fast  
    Improve the good with grateful care,  
And errors mark with honest pen  
    Of every age.—Aye, even this!  
They'll grant to no frail, erring men  
    A fulsome apotheosis;  
Nor yet ungrateful will they prove  
    To those who benefit the state,

For they shall learn from us to love  
The nobly good, and truly great :  
These badges shame such idle fears ;  
And we, alas ! have seen of late  
The witness of the nation's tears  
That none of all her good and brave  
Shall sink unhonored to the grave.

No beaten path Columbia treads  
Of Europe's time-worn precedent,  
Her feet are now above the heads  
Of those to whom old sages bent ;  
And still she rises, still her track  
Is upward, like her eagle's flight—  
Nor shall she turn in weakness back  
'Till from that undiscovered height  
Where man is man, and all his wrongs  
From fellow man are turned to right,  
She sheds on earth's unnumbered throngs  
Her dew of love and beam of light.  
No conquest marks this brilliant way—  
Our eagle is no bird of prey ;  
He screams to wake no slavish fears,  
Nor wets his crest with woman's tears ;

His high ambition is to bring  
Balm for the nations on his wing.  
And he is strong! Ah yes to drag  
The serpent from his mountain crag!  
Shall he not guard his nest as well  
As when first breaking from his shell?  
He loves the olive's gracious bough,  
And fondly clasps it even now;  
But let no haughty foe forget  
He firmly holds his arrows yet.

The grandest glory of the past  
Is but a beam of promise, cast  
Like Iris on the cloud, to show  
How bright the future day shall glow.  
Let not our eyes, bedim'd with night,  
Shut out the flood of coming light,  
But with a glad and grateful gaze  
Hail each precursor of its blaze;  
And dare to hope that social grief  
May here receive its full relief.  
Here shall the reeking brow of toil  
Preside upon its own domain,

Which now too long has been the spoil  
Of idle pomp and greedy gain.

Here labor shall be seen to be  
Too big with blessings to be sold,  
And sloth be stamped with infamy  
Though glittering in ancestral gold.  
And here Religion, modest maid,  
Now sickly from her recent thrall,  
In panoply of truth arrayed  
Shall sway the willing hearts of all.  
Unhappy maid, of heavenly birth!  
How sad her history on earth.  
With flowing robe, with trumpet voice,  
And mien to make the heart rejoice,  
Her only trust Messiah's name,  
Forth from the wilderness she came.  
But Prince and Priest must needs engage  
To dress her for a courtly cage—  
She spurned their care, and wild with fright,  
West o'er the waters took her flight  
To bring her precious boon to us.  
Thus Dauphin fled from Delius,  
And as the god, when he had found  
His love transformed to laurel, bound

The smooth and ever verdant bough  
As Glory's guerdon to his brow ;  
So did Columbia in youth  
Win the rich crown of Christian truth—  
Nor shall it ever cease to shed  
Its sacred halo round her head.

## JEFFERSON'S DEATH BED.

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"NAY, calm thy troubled soul, beloved Sage,  
Thy country now is past the dire alarm  
And dreadful struggle, of that trying age ;  
She smiles at Despotism's wish to harm."  
The Patriarch spoke, though faint, distinct and slow,  
"Warn the Committee—bid them watch the foe."

Yes, we will warn them, for his piercing eye  
Still saw him linger, when his troops withdrew ;  
And felt his presence in the council nigh ;  
And treach'rous souls, and tyrants' hearts he knew  
Who sought, through Hamilton's ingenious plan,  
To fix their yoke upon the neck of man.



He met them there, and brought to open day,  
The cunning schemes in dark seclusion born,  
The Funding System's mask he tore away,  
And held it writhing in the public scorn—  
Yet knew the battle ceased not with that hour,  
For wealth gets pride, and pride will lust for power.

Ye who revere the name of Jefferson,  
Ye who still love the cause that he espoused,  
Ye who would cherish what his firmness won,  
Be warned! be vigilant! and be aroused  
To meet the foe that now has stooped to win,  
And thinks to crawl to power by courting sin.

Arm for the contest! In the field you'll find,  
The purse-proud bigot and the cringing slave,  
The wily demagogue and zealot blind,  
The office-holding and the convict knave,  
All leagued the cause of Freedom to retard—  
“**WARN THE COMMITTEE TO BE ON THEIR GUARD!**”

## JACKSON.

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I.

THE Soldier Sage in peaceful sleep  
Has bowed his honored head,  
But still his deeds and words we keep  
Secure. He is not dead.  
His fearless heart, his iron will,  
His earnest love of truth,  
They guide the acts of Freemen still  
And live in changeless youth.

II.

No braver arm in battle heat  
For Freedom dealt its blow ;  
No clearer mind in council seat  
Our land will ever know ;

And yet, through all his bright career  
No glory seems to vie  
With that meek Faith, so calm and clear,  
That lit his closing eye.

## III.

His grateful country long has sealed  
His service with its praise,  
And all the honors earth could yield  
Adorned his latest days.  
He rests from all his toils and cares ;  
His high unsullied brow,  
That never turned from duty, wears  
A brighter laurel now.

## THE NEW STATES.

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### I.

THE Bird of Freedom spreads his wing  
Above the mighty West ;  
His pennons, as they flap, shall fling  
The dew of peace on all who cling  
Around his standard. Empires spring  
Where'er he lifts his crest.

### II.

No bloody conquest marks his flight—  
His talons never tear—  
They hold the olive with delight ;  
But they who seek his mountain height,  
And ask him to maintain their right,  
Shall find a shelter there.

## III.

The sister States have but begun  
    Their constellated sway ;  
The Constitution, like a sun,  
Attracts and blends them into one ;  
While all harmonious, they run  
    Their ever brightening way.

## IV.

Where now their arms extending wide,  
    Invite the newly wed,  
With orange-blossoms for the bride ;  
See Florida ! and at her side  
Young Iowa, with maiden pride,  
    Erects her new crown'd head.

## V.

Then let the tide of Freedom roll  
    Across from main to main ;  
And from the Isthmus to the Pole  
Though countless States arise, one soul  
The whole pervading, binds the whole  
    With voluntary chain.

## THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.

---

### I.

How blandly bright is the softened light  
Of the dying autumn day,  
As the golden west by the sun is drest  
In the robes of a regal sway !  
All the birds are gone, and the winds are still,  
And there floats no sound on the woodland hill,  
Save the dreamy buz of the distant mill,  
And the murmuring streamlet's play.

### II.

How richly fraught with the themes of thought  
Is the dying autumn grove ;  
Now the woof of its pall is the brightest of all  
That the varying year has wove.

E'en the jocund glance of the dewy Spring,  
As she brushed the earth with her fragrant wing,  
Brought no such smile as these death hues bring  
    To the pride of the quiet cove.

## III.

In the thoughtful grace of her dying face  
    Is the glory of Nature seen,  
And the autumn leaf in its glory brief  
    Has more than its boasted green ;  
'Tis the highest lesson of earth's cold clime,  
And the soul must soar, with a flight sublime,  
Afar from the mists and the tears of time,  
    To know what its beckonings mean.

## IV.

'Tis a time of hope when the buds first ope  
    To the south winds quickening kiss,  
And the teeming plain with its waving grain  
    Has a burden of healthy bliss ;  
But a higher and holier hope may rise  
    From the fading leaf as it smiles and dies—  
More dear than life to the truly wise,  
    Is the scene of a death like this.

## V.

In life's first start thus the youthful heart  
Is the home of the singing bird,  
And with wild delight does it feel the might  
Of its plumeless passion stirred.  
The summer gives wing to the chainless dove,  
But the frost of affliction must chasten its love,  
To find its fruition in climes above,  
Where the song of the seraph is heard.

## VI.

When the ransomed soul from the base control  
Of its earthly bonds shall break,  
If thou shed'st a tear o'er the burdened bier,  
Let it be for the living's sake.  
Oh! Death is more beautiful still than all  
Of the beautiful things that must finally fall,  
As it summons the soul from its sensual thrall,  
In its angel strength to awake.



## OCEAN HYMN.

---

### I.

THE Sun, the Sea,  
Are like to Thee,  
Oh Light! Oh Love! Oh Mystery!  
My soul leaps out  
With joyous shout  
To clasp the thought—Infinity!

### II.

How darts the bright  
Exhaustless light  
To wake and warm the hemisphere!  
But in Thy face,  
Oh God of Grace,  
Is love more warm, and light more clear.

## III.

How fathomless  
The green abyss !  
How deep its vast unstudied lore !  
But in Thy mind,  
Oh God we find  
A richer depth, without a shore.

## IV.

But less like Thee  
Is Sun or Sea,  
Than that which Thou hast placed in me :  
The Sea shall fail,  
The Sun grow pale,  
But I can never cease to be.

## V.

Still not like Thee  
Is aught in me,  
Oh Holiness ! Oh Purity !  
Let Thy rich grace  
My guilt efface,  
That I may all Thy glory see.

## THANKSGIVING ODE.

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I.

Nor 'till the Head in haughty scorn  
Can hold itself erect,  
And boast that from itself is born  
Its soaring intellect,  
Should it refuse to bow in prayer  
To Him who makes the mind His care.

No! while the Head as Reason's throne  
Surveys the teeming sod,  
And sees around our dwellings strown,  
The bounty of a God,  
It sanctions all our hearts essay,  
With gratitude and joy to-day.

## II.

Not 'till the Heart its pulse creates  
    With independent skill ;  
Not 'till its precious crimson gates  
    Are hinged upon the will,  
Should it refuse its praise to give  
To Him by whom it learns to live.

No! while our Hearts the flowing tide  
    Of grateful love can feel,  
No cold neglect nor stubborn pride  
    The salient fount shall seal.  
Cool Reason's rays and Love's warm blaze,  
Blend in this Festival of Praise.

**“ IS IT SUCH A FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSEN ? ”**

---

WHAT fast hath he chosen ? The pomp of the proud,  
Where the ban of the bigot is frequent and loud ?  
Where the lewd in the lap of vile luxury roll  
And cover with sackcloth the sin of the soul ?

What fast hath He chosen ? The spoiler's delight  
Who feasts upon fraud, robs the poor of his right,  
Who his hands filled with plunder will mockingly spread,  
And bow like a bulrush his mischievous head ?

Will ye call it a fast, to abstain for a day,  
While the many are fasting perforce in your way ?  
The sins of the Nation with care will ye scan,  
While ye stifle the voice that says “ thou art the man ? ”

Nay, the fast of the Lord is a penitent heart—  
To the outcast and friendless thy bounty impart ;  
The rich gifts of thy God as his steward employ,  
And thy fast shall be crowned with thanksgiving and joy.

## L I F E .

---

### I.

OH Life is strange ! Its meanest grade  
Is fraught with mystic awe.  
The swelling germ, the spreading blade,  
The flowery sod, the forest shade,  
Obey its silent law.  
The sun's warm kiss, the rain drop's fall,  
The south-wind's secret whisper, all  
Are but the minor works of One  
Whose love is warmer than the sun,  
Whose soft descent refreshes more  
Than showers that summer clouds may pour ;  
Whose breathings o'er the heart are sweet  
As winds that lilac clusters greet.

## II.

Oh Life is joy ! Its pulses play  
So buoyantly and warm.  
The earth, the air, the ocean spray,  
The quiet hills, the crowded way,  
With animation swarm.  
The insect in the sunset beam,  
The finny tenant of the stream,  
The cattle grazing on the hill,  
And man, who moulds them to his will,  
In sun and sky, in earth and air,  
A common lot rejoice to share—  
A common race—its goal is nigh,  
They flourish, falter, fade and die.

## III.

Oh Life is hidden ! Who can tell  
Where all its yearnings go ?  
Where is death's limit ? Where the spell  
That mocks his utmost power ? Where dwell  
The loved and lost below ?  
To these high questions, Oh my Soul,  
All Nature's varied echoes roll  
A sound uncertain, dim and dread—  
All throw thee back upon the dead.

But that which Nature dare not scan,  
The Lord of Life reveals to man—  
He is the hidden fountain—bear  
Thy life to Him, and leave it there.

## IV.

Oh Life is Love ! Before the light  
Diffused its cheerful bloom,  
It brooded in creative might  
Upon the boundless mists of night,  
And warmed the murky gloom.  
The Life that paints the herb of earth,  
Gave Seraphim celestial birth.  
All Life is One ! He fans the whole  
Who lighted up thy torch, my soul !  
A bright career hast thou to run,  
But—there is Death for thee to shun.  
Then curb the Sense, aspire above,  
And thou shalt live, for Life is Love.



## HYMN TO DEATH.

— !

ALL hearts are formed to love ; and all that lives,  
Though hateful to the superficial sense,  
Has elements of beauty, and but waits  
For some unfolding of its hidden worth  
To challenge the affection. But to thee  
Sublime transformer ! turn the only hearts  
Whose love is worth possessing.

They who paint  
Thy likeness in the skeleton, and give  
Malicious darkness to thine eyeless brow,  
Have never known thy beauty. But the wise  
See love directing thy relentless dart,  
And trace in all thy harshest attributes  
The presence of a calm benignity.

He lacks the rudiments of Nature's love  
Who calls thee a destroyer. When thy breath  
Has brushed the fragrance from the garden shrub,  
And blanched the cheek of summer—when thy kiss  
Has left a blush of beauty on the hill,  
And clothed the oak in crimson—when the wood  
Has banished all the warblers from its shade,  
And hushed the very pulses of its heart  
To hear the solemn music of thy step,  
'Tis not for dissolution, but a sleep  
Upon the couch of autumn, hung around  
With thine own drapery, its gorgeous hues  
Brought from the golden chambers of the sun.  
It is not for destruction, but a sleep  
Like that of the enthralled somnambulist,  
Whose thoughts, too high for earth's interpreters,  
Are lost if sense is loosened. From that sleep  
And from the wildest dream of winter's night,  
Each particle shall wake to bolder life,  
Deriving energy, and gaining strength,  
From contact with thy coldness.

Thou didst take  
The infant from a youthful mother's breast,  
And left her torn heart bleeding ; but the wound

Relieved her from a thrall of selfishness,  
And woke new aspirations in her soul.  
Nor did she lose her babe ; thou didst engrave  
Upon her memory its sweet fix'd smile,  
In more enduring likeness than the work  
That gives a soul to marble, and in dreams  
She still heard whispers of its angel voice.

I had a friend ; companion of my walks,  
Our mingled laugh oft woke the grey old wood  
To merry echoes, and our mingled hearts  
Have throbb'd responsive to the glowing line  
Trac'd by the poet and the seer of old.  
Him didst thou summon to thy cold embrace  
In freshest youth. We laid him in the tomb,  
And then I went and wept 'till I was calm ;  
But now I know that I have nothing lost  
Of all his loveliness, for thy strange work  
Has hallowed all his virtues in my heart,  
And thou hast taught me lessons of his worth  
That life could not reveal.

'Tis thine, Oh Death !

To pass o'er earth's perfection, and to print  
The seal of thy solemnity upon

Her richest, ripest treasures. By the side  
Of all unearthly beauty thou art near,  
And 'tis the faint reflection of thy smile  
That makes its glory.

Messenger of God !

Last link in that bright chain that runs between  
High faith and its fruition ! Why have men  
Fled from thy face in fear, and made thy name  
A formless terror ? Why have they transferred  
The horrid lineaments of doubt to thee ?  
Doubt is the soul's thick darkness. Born of sin  
And breeding hate, he haunts the human heart,  
And hovers like a spectre round thy steps  
To make his victims fear thee. Doubt alone  
Can make thy doings dreadful, while he cheats  
The soul to hug destruction in distrust,  
And shun the life to which thy portal leads.

**“WHAT IS THY TREASURE?”**

---

**I.**

**WHAT** are the treasures I may say  
With fond exulting joy, are mine?  
What, as I marked it fade away,  
Would soonest tempt me to repine?  
In what choice good have I part,  
That lost, would leave a bankrupt heart?

**II.**

I have a brother, sister, friend,  
Whose sweet communion still I crave ;  
But life, if not their love, will end,  
Nor can they keep me from the grave :  
My heart's best tendrils may not cling  
To any frail uncertain thing.

## III.

I have a mother; thanks to God !  
That such a mother o'er me prayed ;  
I love her—but I know the sod  
Must soon upon her form be laid.  
Gray-headed saint ! I could not pray  
To keep thee from thy crown one day !

## IV.

I have a wife—a tender wife,  
Who lives and loves for me alone ;  
My hope of youth, my joy of life,  
My daily partner near the Throne ;  
But if a nearer place she fill,  
I have my own chief Treasure still.

## V.

I have a Saviour, on whose arm  
My faith rejoices to recline ;  
Not Death, nor wreck of worlds can harm,  
Or fright my soul, while He is mine.  
Be earth one tomb, the sky one pall,  
I still am rich, for Christ is all !

# CHERUB AND SERAPH, OR KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE.

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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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### I.

WHEN the flashing orbs of light  
Rolloed from the Creator's hand ;  
When their bosoms green and bright,  
Lifted through chaotic night,  
Heaved with life at His command ;  
Angel hymns of exultation  
Swell'd along the vast creation,  
World to world convey'd the shout ;  
For the Cherub minds progressive  
In each work of power successive,  
Saw JEHOVAH shining out.

II.

When old Horeb bow'd his head  
 As the clouds in solemn awe,  
 God's pavilion, round him spread,  
 And the people, filled with dread,  
 Heard the thunder speak His law ;  
 Cherub guards to heaven returning,  
 Learning still, forever learning,  
 As they clave the ambient air,  
 With their songs of praise and wonder  
 Echoed all of Sinai's thunder ;  
 GOD was manifested there.

III.

But a brighter glory waits  
 In a more mysterious guise,  
 Come to Bethlem's humble gates—  
 Where the beast of burden baits,  
 There the young INCARNATE lies.  
 Cherub wisdom never scan'd it,  
 Seraph hearts can understand it,  
 Seraph anthems make it known—  
 " Earth rejoice ! Thy GOD is nearer,  
 Brighter shines His face and clearer  
 In the Heir of David's throne."



## IV.

Earth ! in gladness hail the hour  
That received from worlds above,  
In this mystery of power,  
Round which shadows still may lower,  
Greater mystery of love.  
Can we treat Man's form with loathing?  
God has worn it as His clothing  
In His condescending grace !  
KNOWLEDGE drops his wing in weakness—  
LOVE soars on in trustful meekness,  
And beholds Him face to face.

## CHARITY.

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Galatians, chapter 6, verse 1.

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### I.

I spoke in harsh and hasty tone  
Of caustic censure and reproof,  
Against a frail and sinning one,  
And proudly stood from him aloof.  
From such a fault my hands were pure,  
And in my strength I felt secure.

### II.

The Serpent came, but in the guise  
Of one well fitted to be loved.  
My soul was filled with sweet surprise,  
And springs before unknown were moved;  
Though conscience checked me with alarm,  
I could not wish to break the charm.

## III.

I gazed in love ! I shook with fear !  
My brain was whirling in the strife ;  
I felt a strengthening angel near  
But spurned the hand that offered life.  
I drank the sweet delight—I fell—  
Wild laughter shook the vaults of hell !

## IV.

Brother, be warned ! If guilt appear,  
In kindness to the sinner speak ;  
Drop in his path compassion's tear,  
And let thy faithfulness be meek ;  
Nor let thy virtue feed thy pride,  
Nor trust thyself—thou mayst be tried.

## FAITH.

---

SAD, struggling soul, beset with sin,

Why fades thy faith? Why swells thy fear?  
Press on the peaceful goal to win,

Where Hope's glad sun shines warm and clear.  
Though Hell's thick gloom may quench the day,  
Christ is thy light. Press on thy way!

Has Satan, tempted by thy case,

Usurped thy closet's holy place?  
And when thou there would'st bend thy knees,  
Dares he to laugh thee in the face?  
Resist him in the place of prayer;  
Yield not that post. Thy way is there.

Or has thy foe with poison'd dart,

From thine own pampered lust obtained,  
Pierced thy perplexed and doubting heart,  
And fearful vantage o'er thee gained?  
Christ is a Conqueror no less.

Rise! Grasp thy shield, and onward press!

What ! Can the Lion's rampant rage  
Thus tempt thee to retrace again  
The narrow path thou didst engage  
To tread unswerving ? See his chain !  
Press on ! Strike manfully ! And know  
Thou fightest with a vanquished foe.

## TRIAL.

---

### I.

MARY, stricken as thou art,  
Sifted, smitten, sorely tried,  
Does thy fond and faithful heart  
Still in holy trust abide ?  
When the cloud of doubt comes o'er thee,  
When the Tempter hinders prayer,  
He who bore the cross before thee  
Asks thy burden. Cast it there.

### II.

Let thy cheerful patience thrive,  
Fed and nourished by thy pain ;  
Christ will give thee strength, O strive  
Such a victory to gain !

Mary, Jesus sits above thee,  
Knowing all thy heart's desire,  
And I know that He must love thee,  
Thus to try thy faith with fire.

## III.

Though with fiercest anguish wrung,  
While you love the Saviour's name,  
Praise may dwell upon your tongue  
For each pang that rends your frame;  
And at last, your trial finished,  
Shining with its rich impress,  
You would think your joy diminished,  
Had your suffering been less.

## INCENSE.



WHEN the crowd at Salem's shrine  
Came to offer prayer and praise,  
Priests of Levi's sacred line  
Kept their censers in a blaze ;  
Spicy odours then were flung  
Round the altar where they swung.

Now those courts no more are trod  
By the gloomy Pharisee ;  
But each humble heart to God  
May a burning altar be,  
While our Intercessor's prayer  
Is a golden censer there.



## THE BOY OF SHUNEM.

---

21 Kings—Chapter 4.

---

ON Tabor's forehead, rising from the plain  
To catch the breezes of the western main,  
Where Kishon's waters start upon their race,  
With their cool flood to lave old Carmel's base,  
From the proud apex of that lofty cone  
Which stands a mountain, severed and alone,  
Might Shunem's towers be seen, when Israel's glory shone.

With weary steps and fainting heart, there trod  
Through Shunem's streets, a holy man of God ;  
His vesture coarse a leathern girdle bound,  
Nor notice sought, nor resting place he found,  
'Till woman's eye his needy state espies,  
And woman's care his every want supplies:  
Then grateful tears bedew'd the faithful prophet's eyes.

Oft when he passed, the ruler's board was spread,  
 And there his weary frame obtained a bed ;  
 With pious care a room for him they made,  
 And "make you here a home" the couple said.  
 The prophet answered : "Hence full many a mile  
 My God commands. My home is in His smile ;  
 What token shall I give to cheer your hearts the while ?

"From love to God you helped me in my need ;  
 Think ye that God will not such succor heed ?  
 What honors from the crown would ye possess ?"  
 "Nay courts, than this our home, would please us less,"  
 The woman answered, rich in wisdom grown,  
 "We need no more, we live among our own ;  
 But though contented here, we still are here alone."

* * * * *

Shunem rejoiced ; for to the favored one  
 Of all her rulers, now was born a son.  
 Though peaceful still and happy was their home,  
 Joy ! a new joy with this new gift has come :  
 An infant prattles, and a father hears,  
 A mother sheds a mother's grateful tears ;  
 New cares attend the pair, with novel hopes and fears.

But who can say that earth has seen that good  
Which man may not make evil, if he would ?  
E'en so the blessing granted to this pair,  
Becomes at once their trouble and their snare.  
Pleased with their boy, they would almost forget  
That God who gave him, claims their love as yet ;  
And he in mercy then, their stray affections met.

When to his father's field the boy had sped,  
The sun with fatal power salutes his head ;  
Now borne, his fair locks lifted by the breeze,  
He's placed, fit couch, upon his mother's knees.  
How anxious, and how kind the mother's care !  
How eloquent in grief the mother's prayer !  
'Tis noon. His hand is cold ! A childless mother's there

How oft, O woman ! has the poet sought  
To show the LOVE with which thy heart is fraught—  
Be ours to view the source from whence it springs,  
Thy FAITH, the holy faith which trusts all things.  
Though bending to each breath of sympathy,  
In time of need a more than hero she,  
While faith supports her bark on life's tempestuous sea

To Carmel's mount with dangerous speed she rides,  
And Carmel's seer scarce for her coming bides;  
Anticipating now her tale of wo,  
With hasty step he bids Gehazi go  
To lay his staff upon the stiffened clay:  
Gehazi goes ; revolving on the way  
The marvellous command, he hastens to obey.

The mother knows too well the errand vain,  
And now her anguished spirit pleads again,  
Until the seer the weary way has sped,  
And kneels in prayer beside the infant's bed.  
For stricken hearts the prophet intercedes,  
And for the child of prayer and promise pleads ;  
A condescending God the prayer and promise heeds.

Mother in Israel, is it well with thine ?  
To wisdom's ways wouldst thou their feet incline ?  
Then pray in Faith, nor doubt, nor dare to fear ;  
Thy Intercessor 's stronger than the seer.  
Now let the sequel of this tale revive  
Your drooping powers more earnestly to strive :  
Shunem is glad. The boy was dead, and is alive.

## THE MISSION OF JEHU.

---

DOWN from Ramoth he comes with his glittering sword  
As a red bolt of wrath in the hand of the Lord ;  
And the wind may but follow the track of his wheel,  
As it flies o'er the wide-spreading plain of Jezreel.

Who will stay, and the stroke of his fury abide?  
Wo to Ahab's blood-reeking Zidonian bride,  
Lo the vultures of Carmel are now on the wing  
For the flesh of the house of the Baal-bought King !

Though Jehoram may flee from his withering sight,  
Yet the arrow of vengeance is quicker of flight ;  
And the timid may pour their importunate breath,  
But their power is unheeded—the answer is “ Death !”

As the Lion from Jordan he leaps to his prey,  
And sweeps like a whirlwind the strong one away ;  
Grim and ghastly the trophies his triumphs that wait,  
While the heads of the princes are piled at his gate.

Let the heralds proclaim unto Baal a feast,  
And collect his communion, each prophet and priest ;  
They are seated and slain, nor can mercy be shown,  
For the idol must feast on the blood of his own.

Now his work is accomplished, his fury allayed,  
For the price of the vineyard of Naboth is paid ;  
And—the fate by the prophet predicted to seal—  
Stained with Jezebel's blood is the wall of Jezreel.

## THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

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### I.

MILDLY in the autumn sun  
Shines the roof of Salem's pride,  
Where the high and Holy One  
Condescends in love to bide ;  
And with Autumn's choicest hoard  
Smokes the altar of the Lord.

### II.

Regal hall and humble home,  
Crowded mart and quiet way,  
Palace wall and princely dome,  
All are decked in green array ;  
Salem is a town of trees  
Waving in the autumn breeze.

## III.

In their booths beyond the wall,  
And beneath the olive's shade  
Where the Kedron's waters crawl  
And the father's bones are laid ;  
They are still Jehovah's care—  
Pilgrims as their fathers were.

## IV.

Lo they come ! The gathered throng,  
Bearing palm and myrtle bays ;  
God's deliv'rance is their song,  
And his providence their praise.  
Up Moriah's sacred steep  
See the vocal forest sweep.

## V.

Happy Temple ! Holy fane !  
Favored few, thy courts who crowd !  
Glory gilds thee now again  
Brighter than Shekinah cloud.  
Zion, let thy arches ring  
With the welcome to thy King !



## VI.

No! What means it? There He stands  
Who has been thy hope so long;  
Gracious are His words, His hands  
Stretched to bless the gazing throng.  
Few with joy around Him wait,  
Many look with lowering hate.

## VII.

Can the lips that praise the Lord  
Curl with scorn at his command?  
Can they think they love his word  
Who in proud rebellion stand?  
Lord, my soul with love imbue  
Lest my heart deceive me too.

## TO LAURA.

---

### I.

I saw a tender cedar shoot  
Its head above a beetling rock,  
And cling with most tenacious root,  
That seemed to fear some future shock,  
To chinks within the slaty stone  
On which it stood, and stood alone.

### II.

And when the thirsty earth had drank  
The rain, 'till it could drink no more,  
A down that barren rocky bank  
The torrent rushed with sullen roar,—  
While low within the torrent's bed  
The stricken cedar bent its head.

## III.

In that dread strife the power was won  
To rear a higher, prouder form—  
Erect and smiling in the sun,  
And smiling still in every storm  
That sought in rage to waste and spoil ;  
But only fed its roots with soil.

## IV.

Thus, Laura, shall thy heart's best ties,  
Though nursed in no congenial sod,  
Clasp with a vigor warm and wise,  
The precious promises of God—  
And in temptation's fiercest blast,  
Find Christ a refuge firm and fast.

## V.

And thus the clouds that dim thy day,  
And make thee fear with sin to cope,  
Shall break before thy brightening way,  
And beam with Iris hues of hope.  
Thou art not weak, nor yet alone,  
While Adonai is thine own.

## THE LATE E. D. ALLEN.

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### I.

**BEWAIL** the flock so soon bereft  
Of him they loved so well,  
And weep for those whose hearts are left,  
With sorrow's surge to swell ;  
But shed no tear for him whose way  
Has passed through death to endless day.

### II.

**Bewail** the stricken hearts that bleed  
Beneath the stroke severe ;  
A mother, wife, and sister need  
The sympathetic tear ;  
But why lament his morning ray  
Now melted into endless day ?

## III.

Oh ! weep for those whose keen regret  
For words that grieved his love,  
Would hear him speak forgiveness yet,  
And call him from above  
To witness how they mourn, and crave  
To gather meekness from his grave.

## IV.

But why lament that he should bear  
His branch of palm so soon ?  
The morning of his life shall there  
Become eternal noon ;  
And each injunction that he gave  
Comes now re-echoed from his grave.

## V.

Mourn not for him, ye little band  
Who loved to hear his voice,  
But bow beneath your Father's hand  
Submissive, and rejoice  
In hope that this dissevered chord  
May bind you closer to the Lord.

## VI.

Mourn not, although with modest mien,  
And faithful, fervent speech,  
No more within your desk he's seen,  
And heard to warn and teach ;  
But in your hearts his name record  
'Till you shall meet him with the Lord.

## TO MY SABBATH SCHOLARS.

---

APOLLOS brought to Asia's shore  
All Egypt's richest, purest lore ;  
In flowing words, with fervor fraught,  
The living truth of God he taught—  
His grace of speech, and grace of mind,  
With grace more precious still combined,  
Commend to crowds that round him press  
The warning from the wilderness ;  
And yet Apollos, angel toned,  
A woman for a teacher owned ;  
Nor did this noble preacher spurn,  
While teaching others, still to learn.

So would I have my girls to read—  
So on the precious Gospel feed,  
So to its deepest meaning reach,  
So learn, that they in turn may teach ;  
For, like Priscilla, theirs may be  
The task to aid the ministry.

**O D E.**

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**Sabbath School Celebration, July 4, 1840.**

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**ASSEMBLED** by Thy favor,  
Our Father and our Friend,  
Like holy censer's savor,  
O let our praise ascend.  
We come with hearts o'erflowing  
With gratitude to Thee,  
That Thou art still bestowing  
Thy mercies full and free.

We thank Thee for the wonders  
Wrought for us by Thy hand,  
When war's terrific thunders  
Resounded o'er our land.



We thank Thee, God of Nations,  
For Freedom's gentle sway ;  
O may we in our stations,  
Her sweet behests obey.

No tyrant here invading,  
Disturbs this tranquil hour,  
With brutal force degrading  
The minds that near him cower !  
O Lord we now implore Thee  
To break th' oppressor's chain,  
Let all in peace adore Thee,  
And earth rejoice again.

Now let the Nation praise Thee,  
Our God, our father's God,  
And supplications raise Thee  
To break the spoiler's rod.  
Now let salvation round us  
Dispense a healing flood,  
And all the sins that bound us  
Be cleansed in Jesus' blood.

## H Y M N.

---

**HOLY FATHER**, help us praise Thee  
For the Book that guides our youth—  
Grateful songs we seek to raise Thee,  
For Thy word of saving truth.  
Let us hold it as a treasure,  
Precious, priceless, pure and bright ;  
Let its study be our pleasure,  
Let us love its holy light.

Born of mists that leave the ocean  
Are the streams that feed its tide,  
And they all with ceaseless motion  
To their common source will glide.  
So the streams of human science,  
From the Bible though they roam,  
Cannot bid Thy laws defiance,  
Thou wilt bring their tribute home.

Thou didst call the light to being—  
    Treasured it within the sun;  
Thou didst form the eye for seeing  
    When creation's work was done.  
So of this Thy new creation,  
    All the light is in Thy word,  
And for its elucidation  
    Faith is thus by Thee conferr'd.

Holy Father, hear us praise Thee  
    For this light to guide our way,  
And accept the songs we raise Thee,  
    Gathered in Thy courts to day.  
Grant Thy Spirit with this treasure,  
    Precious, priceless, pure and bright,  
Then its study will be pleasure,  
    Then our hearts will love its light.

## DOXOLOGY.

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### THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

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#### I.

God of all the hosts above,—  
    Father of the tribes of earth,—  
From Thy heart of boundless love,  
    This reform has had its birth.  
Thou didst light its dawning day,  
Smile upon it still, we pray.

#### II.

SAVIOUR of a fallen race,—  
    Ransom of the captive soul,—  
Thou whose all sustaining grace  
    Gives the power of self-control—  
Keep their feet in wisdom's way,  
Who have turned from sin, we pray.

## III.

HOLY SPIRIT! breath divine,—  
Mover of the hearts of men,—  
On this work benignant shine,  
'Till the earth is pure again.  
GOD! our trust, our hope, our stay,  
Smile upon this cause, we pray.

## THE ORPHANS' FESTIVAL.

---

WHAT melting sound—what moving sight—  
What grand array—what gorgeous show,  
Has drawn this listening crowd to-night?  
Are these the eyes to overflow  
At silly tale of fancied woe?  
Come these to waste an irksome hour  
On idle sounds or gaudy sights?  
Ah no! Here Truth asserts her power,  
And Love extends her rich delights.  
The father from the cheerful home,  
Which still his smiles and labors bless,  
Has brought his Father's gift, and come  
To share it with the fatherless.  
The mother leaves awhile to-night,  
The watch that love alone can bear,  
That love to strengthen by the sight  
Of those who have no mother's care.

Mayhap the stranger too is here,  
Whose glad return his child may wait;  
Oh let him yield compassion's tear,  
For homes forever desolate—  
In his own child's well cherished name,  
That father as a friend we claim.  
Ye whose warm love has shown its proof  
In raising o'er the orphan's head  
A spacious wall, and sheltering roof—  
Ye who have long our table spread—  
And ye who with instruction kind  
Have loved to feed the orphan's mind,  
Come ye to claim your meed? 'Tis due,  
And we have no reward for you,  
Unless it be the tear that starts  
With gushing thanks from grateful hearts.  
But at the final judgment bar,  
Our Advocate will mildly speak  
A benediction, better far  
Than this poor voice, unlearned and weak.  
May you, in that avenging day,  
Meet each bright deed of charity,  
And hear His voice, as He shall say  
Of each—"Ye did it unto me."

## THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

---

THE widow, toiling for her helpless charge,  
With modest fear, and noble self-respect  
Still hides her want, 'till her exhausted frame  
Sinks with a wasting sickness to the tomb.  
Where was the widow's God ? Did He forget  
His promise and her prayer ? Or has He thrown  
Her children to the sport of chance ?

Ah! no—

“Like as a father pitieth” has He  
In kind compassion kept us—and we stand  
To plead not for ourselves alone, but those  
Whom He will yet bereave to try your love ;  
For Sorrow has an angel's form, and holds  
A high commission to the human heart,  
Inviting it to love and sympathy.



We plead for others yet to come. The boy,  
Bereft of his parental guide, may roam  
To pick his scanty pittance in your street ;  
And loose upon the careless flood may float  
Through all the eddies where corrupting crime  
Sits fishing for recruits.

Oh! leave him not  
To run this dreadful race. Oh! leave him not  
To those whose mercies are but cruelty—  
Whose sweetest gifts are gall. Enlarge our home  
And bring him where we learn to worship God.  
Say not our fare is hard, for it is such  
As fits us for the buffetings of life.  
They who withhold the mite that orphans ask,  
To load with luxury their children's life,  
Shall see those children distanced in the race  
To fame and fortune—beaten in the strife  
Of manly conquest—while the orphan wins.

Who holds a charm against Adversity,  
Or meets her with a smile that melts her harshness ?  
For whom does earth bear blessings, and the sky  
Shed down delight as dew ? On whose sick bed  
Does God delight to shed soft soothing slumbers ?  
“ He who considereth the poor.”

Oh leave not this, your city's purest pride,  
To sink with debt, or pine with penury!  
By all your joys of household intercourse—  
By all your feelings of parental love—  
By all your country's hopes—by all your fears  
Of Him who calls the fatherless His own,  
Leave not to hungry want or sinful snare,  
One child that God may cast upon your care.

## THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

---

THOUGH Sorrow is the child of sin,  
She wears an angel's form ;  
The wayward soul she seeks to win,  
The cold with love to warm.

She brings her first and strongest claim  
For infant souls bereft,  
And all who love the Saviour's name,  
Will feed the lambs He left.

Oh ! Lord of life, we pray Thee bless,  
And guide us all above ;  
For they alone are fatherless,  
Who leave the God of love.

## SONG.

---

### I.

WITH a foot like a fawn she wendeth the street,  
With a mild and a modest eye ;  
And the coldest are willing with smiles to greet  
The beautiful girl, if they chance to meet  
Or see her passing by ;  
But lips of pride with scorn will curl,  
For she is only a Sewing Girl.

### II.

Her mother is poor, and her brother is young,  
And her father is in his grave ;  
With penury's grasp their spirits are wrung,  
And the belle's proud taunt her heart has stung,  
Though her lot she does not crave—  
She well may return the scornful curl,  
She's an independent Sewing Girl.

## III.

For the daughters of wealth while her needle flies  
    That they in their pride may move,  
Though to shrink from their haughty glances she tries,  
They envy the power of her moist blue eyes—  
    But she wins them all to love;  
For the callous heart of a crabbed churl  
Has the one who can slight the Sewing Girl.

## IV.

But now has a staid and womanly grace  
    Come over her sylph-like form ;  
And the flashing of thought I am proud to trace  
In her heavenly eye and her Grecian face—  
    But her glance of love is warm ;  
And the dark brown locks still love to curl  
On the beaming brow of the Sewing Girl.

## TO A THISTLE-DOWN IN CHURCH.

---

FLOATING, dancing, restless thing,  
Light and gay as seraph's wing,  
Wafted in the sunny air  
Any where and every where,  
Rising, sinking, whirling, twisting,  
Not the slightest breath resisting,  
Roving round the world for nought,  
Like a careless sinner's thought :  
Now I, by your careless leer,  
Judge you have no business here ;  
None at all, unless to spy,  
With your little wicked eye,  
Why our feet to-day have trod  
Hither to the house of God.  
Go not there !—while Kate is weeping,  
Sue account of dress is keeping ;  
Rest you where the deacon's sleeping—

To the preacher now you're sent,  
Weighty as his argument!—  
Betsey thinks of better things,  
As her fan revives your wings.  
Take your station, if you can,  
Near the unrepenting man;  
You are weighty as his reason  
For delaying virtue's season;  
For the trying hour your use is  
Fitter than his best excuses.  
Where's your breeding? Fie upon it!  
Peeping under Lucy's bonnet!  
Would you sow a thistle there  
On a brow unknown to care?  
Long will be your fairy tread  
O'er each fashionable head,  
If you seek, you little elf,  
One as stable as yourself.

TO THE "CHOSEN ONE,"

WITH A BUNCH OF PINKS.

---

THE Rose, the Queen of flowers they name—

Her fragrance all commend—

She always will precedence claim,

Nor would I her presumption blame,

Or think her less my friend.

But still the Pink I choose to place

The first in Flora's train ;

She smiles with such a modest grace,

Half hides, half shows her blushing face,

Nor seeks applause to gain.

What though for years we've often met,

Reluctant still to part ;

The flame of Love grows brighter yet,

The gem of Truth is deeper set

Within each faithful heart.



These flowers, my chosen one, will fade,  
Their fragrance soon will fly,  
And so will Love, unless 'tis stayed  
With Piety, and always made  
To look beyond the sky.

How apt the emblem—red is Love,  
At least so Florists say;  
And white 's the symbol of the Dove,  
The Purity, that reigns above  
Amidst eternal day!

“What then, all red, all Love?” I ween  
There 's much too great a share,  
Yet there is one pure white one seen—  
Another still!—the red between—  
A graceful, modest pair.

Our earth is full of types to teach  
What faith alone can see,  
Does not by these our Father preach?  
“Each has too much of love for each,  
Too little love for Me.”

## MEMORY.

“The memory of past joys pleasant yet mournful to the soul.”

OSSIAN.

---

### I.

A wond'rous link there is to bind  
The heart to heart, the mind to mind ;  
Who shall investigate its laws,  
Or tell us of the mighty cause,  
That sets our sense and will at naught,  
And cuts a channel for our thought ?

### II.

Myron for many years has lain  
Beneath the surges of the main.  
When last I saw his placid face,  
His look of love and mien of grace,  
No care had crossed my infant brow,  
Yet fancy sees him plainly now.

## III.

I see him bending o'er the page  
That makes the simplest student sage—  
The page that Israel's Psalmist knew,  
And wiser than his teachers grew—  
The page, though still despised by man,  
That angel eyes have wished to scan.

## IV.

I see him, with a look of love,  
The stubborn scorner's pride reprove ;  
I see his polished shaft of wit  
The follies of the thousand hit ;  
And now, in language true and terse,  
I see him weave the classic verse.

## V.

Now when disease has paled his cheek,  
A milder clime I see him seek.  
And now, amid the foaming spray  
And frantic waves of Onslow Bay,  
His helmless bark is roaming free—  
And flesh and blood no more may see.

## VI.

The sea can keep its secret well—  
But Faith the sequel yet may tell ;  
For love like his no floods can drown—  
He bore the Cross and wears the Crown :  
The pearly gates to him unfold—  
He treads the streets of glassy gold.

## VII.

Faith sees the walls of Jasper stand  
Around that glorious spirit land—  
Faith hears the chorus of the sky  
Like ocean's voice when winds are high ;  
And while they one by one rejoice,  
She hears the sound of Myron's voice.

## THE WEEPING WILLOW.

---

IN a verdant dell reposing,  
Where the grouse in safety flies,  
Frowning hills the spot enclosing,  
Mary lies.

Old Schoharie's crazy water  
Rushing o'er the rocks above,  
Seems around her sod to loiter  
As in love.

There is one—and but one other  
Grave with hers communion keeps ;  
Sweetly there beside her mother  
Mary sleeps.

Tell me not of dust decaying  
To the dust from whence it came,  
She in loveliness is staying  
Still the same.

No. I dream ; her form is wasting  
With decay, as mine with care,  
And my stricken soul is tasting  
Deep despair.

Deeply hiding, choicely hoarding  
Grief, men neither feel nor see  
Nature now alone affording  
Sympathy.

Her I sought, when winds were roaring,  
And disturbed the gentle wave,  
That its ceaseless dirge was pouring  
Round her grave.

Then I wept to see the willow  
Toss its arms in wild dismay,  
O'er her cold and humid pillow  
In the clay.

As I wept the wind subsided  
To a murmur faint and low,  
And the troubled waters glided  
Smooth and slow.

Then the cloudy mantle rending  
Showed above the arching blue,  
And the tree beneath was bending,  
Weeping too!

Weeping, for the tears were falling  
Down each lowly pendant leaf,  
As it sought the ground, recalling  
Chastened grief.

Others may, when they are sleeping,  
Fellow-men for mourners crave,  
Let the willow still be weeping  
O'er my grave.

## SALADIN'S SHROUD.

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### I.

COURSERS prancing on the sand,  
Sabres glancing in the sun,  
Show the fierce resistless band  
Of Noureddin's chosen one.  
Turcoman and Bedouin  
Wait their leader, Saladin.

### II.

Wait they for him? Not again  
Shall he lead them in the fight—  
Now he grapples, and in vain,  
With a foe of sterner might.  
Not again shall battle's din  
Know the shout of Saladin.



## III.

From the Sultan's dying bed  
 See! the crowd his herald greet,  
 On his well known lance is spread,  
 Pennon strange!—a winding sheet!  
 Hear him now his speech begin:  
 "See the prize of Saladin!

## IV.

"This the laurel for his brow—  
 This the end of all his bliss—  
 This his power procures him now—  
 Conquered Asia gives him this!  
 All that valor now can win  
 Is a shroud for Saladin."

## V.

Ye who strive for wealth or fame—  
 Ye who bow your souls to sense,  
 What to you will be the name  
 Ye have left, when summoned hence?  
 What more worth is all ye win  
 Than the shroud of Saladin!

## A FRAGMENT.

---

THE woods are never voiceless.—Though their song  
Has passed with summer's freshness, through them now  
The sober autumn whispers solemn thoughts—  
Sighs freight the air with sadness—but they seem  
As sisters unto silence, or as sent  
To help its sanctity. The woods are wise—  
They teem with thought and feeling.—Let me sit  
And learn their spirit language :—

Hark ! a voice  
Comes from the fading maple, and its bough  
Sings to its falling garniture of gold :—

I.

When the sun's fervid kiss, and the bird's downy wing  
Came borne to the grove on the warm breath of spring,  
When I felt with the fullness of pleasure oppressed,  
O why didst thou burst as a bud from my breast !

## II.

When the earth from beneath held its tokens of love  
To the blue sky of June that was smiling above,  
Then to shield from the splendor of summer's bright sheen,  
O why didst thou give me a shadow so green!

## III.

O why, since the full gush of rapture is gone,  
Wilt thou leave me in bleak barren coldness alone!  
O sad is the glory the change-spirit gave,  
It but decks thee for death, and it gilds for the grave.

## SONNETS.

I.

How simple is the cure for hatred's curse !  
When gentle Love is bruised, she turns to shed  
Sweet softening tears upon the bruiser's head :  
But mad Revenge still makes the evil worse ;  
Heaps wrong on wrong ; adds fuel to the flame  
Of blasting malice ; and as if to throw  
Th' advantage to his enemy, the name  
Of mighty Justice suffers him to show  
As God's high warrant for the back-sent blow !  
See ! even unrelenting Justice weeps  
To hear such profanation of her name ;  
While pointed to the Cross her sword she keeps,  
Where He, who as her Great Defender came,  
Meekly endured vile wrong to vindicate her claim.

## II.

## THE BAPTIST.

“ Εκεῖνος ἦν ὁ λύχνος ὁ καιόμενος καὶ φαινων.”

A burning light of Levi's sacred line,  
 He burst upon a sin-beclouded land ;  
 A herald of the dayspring, his meek hand  
 Still points where Light and Love unborrowed shine ;  
 He brings from Heaven no high theurgic sign,  
 But wakes the conscience by the truth alone ;  
 Persuasion and invective both combine  
 To move the multitude and shake the throne ;  
 The hills of human pride before him melt  
 To make a pathway for the King of Kings ;  
 But sense of pardon may be still unfelt,  
 For hope of future hope is all he brings.  
 His strict commission was to wake and warn,  
 And now he fades, a star upon the brow of morn.

## III.

## THE SAVIOUR.

“Εγώ εἶμι τὸ φῶς τοῦ κόσμου.”

BEHOLD the Sun of Righteousness! How clear  
 And soul-reviving are the beams He throws  
 Upon a world of self-inflicted woes!  
 The Perfect Holiness is not austere,  
 For leprous Guilt comes weeping, kneeling near,  
 And feels the touch that heals and sanctifies—  
 The guilty heart alone, with selfish fear  
 Of foul infection from the guilty flies—  
 Light, Life and Love in all their mystic forms  
 Are Thine, O Adonai! When I see  
 Thy face, my fear is gone, my chill heart warms,  
 And as each earth-born shrub and spreading tree  
 Looks longing to the sun, I look, Great Light! to Thee.

## IV.

## THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

No fabled Ægis, with the Gorgon's head  
That turns the flesh to stone, the Christian holds;  
No vengeful feeling weaves its serpent folds  
Upon his armor. From his Shield is shed  
A beam of love to soften and to warm:  
Its melting, moving might—its power to win—  
Its charmed escutcheon is the bleeding form  
Of Him who bore upon the Cross our sin.  
Oh ye, who mid the battle's direst din  
The Spirit's sword most manfully do wield  
On outward wrong, watch well your foes within:—  
The darts of death fly thick, a dreadful storm!  
Oh! keep thy heart, and thou shall keep the field,  
For he fights best who best can hold the Shield.

## V.

## IMMORTALITY.

ALL mortal things have mixture in their worth ;

All bear a part in that eternal fight  
Of good with evil, and of wrong with right,  
The battle field of which has been the earth,  
Since first misshapen chaos gave her birth.

A tinge of sadness has the holiest joy,  
And deepest woe goes hand in hand with mirth.

All have alleviation and alloy—  
E'en Death, at whose approach affrighted flee  
The worshippers of sense, with rapture high  
Is hailed by many, and thus known to be  
Himself a mortal, though the last to die—  
But Love is Heaven's own light, and there shall dwell,  
While Hate forever burns, a searing spark of Hell.





## NEW-YEAR'S ODES.

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MCCCCXLI.

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PAINT Saturn's figure, bald and bent,  
With scythe and serpent ring,  
Upon each ruined monument  
Of glory gone, and vigor spent  
Beneath his wasting wing.  
Past ways and works, a misty brood,  
Were all his children, and his food.

But not in this, our western clime—  
This great and growing land—  
Will we thus picture Father Time ;  
His footsteps here to music chime,  
His face is smooth and bland ;  
And, though he blights full many joys,  
He builds far more than he destroys.

His hands earn richly as his feet  
The meed of industry ;  
He shows us now a work complete,  
On which our city glides to greet  
Her Sister of the Sea ;  
And, ere his social work is done,  
He thus will link all lands in one.

E'en now the thoughts that Bunker Hill  
And Plymouth Rock awake,  
As by the Nation's conscious will,  
On iron nerves, electric, thrill  
Unbroken to the Lake ;  
And Erie's surges hush to hear  
Old Ocean's pulses beating near !

If men, impatient, rave at wrong,  
He teaches to endure ;  
But, though he may indulge it long,  
His arm is pledged to truth, and strong  
To work the needed cure.  
He laughs, as he looks back to-day  
On wrecks of fraud that strew his way.

Old, honest Time ! Revere his worth ;  
    Last night he turned his glass,  
And heralded throughout the earth  
The revolution and the birth  
    Of one more year. Alas !  
How many plans, both old and new,  
Will with that year's quick sand run through !

Another year is with the Past,  
    But say not he is dead ;  
Well may they fear and stand aghast,  
Who have abused him to the last,  
    To see him shake his head,  
And hear him say, " Poor fool ! the Past  
Is all that lives, and all thou hast." •

What though the good old year has fled,  
    His record still is bright,  
For on its page is broadly spread  
In letters that will long be read,  
    A warning not to slight  
The sober judgment of the free,  
Or trust to fraud and revelry.

Then thanks to the departed year  
For his reforming sway,  
And welcome, hearty and sincere,  
To him who comes with wholesome cheer  
To hold his court to-day.  
If wishes move his will, no frown  
Will ever sit beneath his crown.

And though he reckes them not, they bring  
To those who change them now,  
Young buds of love, that blossoming  
May form a fadeless wreath, to cling  
Around each beaming brow.  
Warm friends, warm fires, increasing joys  
To all, still wish the Argus boys.

## MCCCCXLIII.

THE wheels of time from day to day  
Roll swift but noiseless on their way—

Still on, and never back—

But though they steal without a sound  
Upon their steady, ceaseless round,

They leave, alas ! their track.

And wise are they who deign to cast

Their eye along the path they've past,

In calm and thoughtful mood ;

Though hope to mend the Past be vain.

As wish to pass it o'er again,

The retrospect is good.

What though appear within its scope

The withered buds of blighted hope,

Or e'en the stain of guilt ;

The last we thus may learn to shun,

And better hope may thus be won,

On firmer basis built.

Another year! How fast they run!  
How slow when first our life begun,  
    But now they seem to close  
In quick concentric circles round  
That narrow little spot of ground  
    Where all will soon repose.

Well.—Let them speed—but let them bear  
No leaden weight of selfish care,  
    No food for future grief—  
But let them in their ceaseless whirl,  
A record of our life unfurl  
    As beautiful as brief.

MCCCXLV.  

---

STERN visaged Rome was gay awhile,  
And doff'd her dignity severe  
To greet old Saturn with a smile,  
And with his feast to crown the year.

Then, dreaming of the Golden Age,  
The Plebeian found Patrician fare,  
The Slave was for a time the Sage,  
And filled the Philosophic chair.

'Twas wise. At least for once a year  
Some vent should open for the truth,  
Pent up by modesty and fear,  
In heart of unacknowledged Seer,  
Or unregarded youth.

And thus this day of calls and cakes,  
Of wishes warm and fingers cold—  
This modern Saturnalia makes  
The humble news boy wise and bold.



Turn not in scorn from him to-day  
His words have more than Orphic weight,  
Albeit, in a general way,  
He is not named among the great.

As Pythia at Apollo's fane  
Gave forth her prophecy and ceas'd,  
And he who sought her aid to gain  
Through eleven long months would come in vain  
Before the Delphic Priest ;

So once a year our Inky Elf  
The typographic tripod mounts,  
And by a power beyond himself  
The past year's pageantry recounts.

'Twas thus he sat, when yesternight  
He thought he saw, with visage bland,  
The Old Year pass before his sight—  
He shook him warmly by the hand—  
And as his passing footsteps fainter fell  
Gave to his fading form this last farewell!

Year of high deeds, adieu !  
Thy page is written—all thy work is done,  
And time shall hold before the world's wide view  
The laurels thou hast won.

Adieu, Old Year, to thee !

Thou hast erected bulwarks round our shore  
Where long thy fruits shall flourish, and the free  
Remember FORTY-FOUR.

Now stoops Hyperion to the gloomy caves

Where the bruised Titans dream in ceaseless pain,  
And the wing'd Hours flit shadowy round their graves,  
All binding silent links to Saturn's chain.

Old Earth now mourns the most sublime of gods

Dethroned, dishonored by the son she saved,  
And shivers through her sun-forsaken clods,  
To feel the curse upon her breast engraved.

The clouds, her comforters, above her weep,

And cast their snows around her as a shroud  
Most fitting for her sympathetic sleep,

With Saturn's crownless head upon her bow'd.

Hyperion shall ascend his golden car,

And cast on earth his fervid glance again ;  
But shall the son of Cælus wake to war,  
And re-assume his love-inspiring reign ?

Hark, on the wind-gusts walk the weary Hours,

And weep above the work that they have done ;

Their ghosts that roam through old dismantled towers  
 Meet once within the circuit of the sun.

They come ! The doubting but expectant Past,  
 With purpose and with promise unfulfill'd,  
 High fancies and toil-chiseled failures cast  
 Unjoin'd before the Future—" Can they build ?"

'Tis Thea's question. Thus from year to year  
 She calls the Hours around her, and they come ;  
 She views their work, and listens with dim fear  
 To the new-born, for all the old are dumb.

## EARTH.

"Ye whose wings forever cheat  
 Those who to your lingering trust—  
 Ye whose rosy, velvet feet  
 Trample nations into dust!  
 Ye who round my rolling breast  
 Guide Apollo's gorgeous wheel—  
 When shall I receive my rest ?  
 When my anguish cease to feel ?  
 Ye who last around the sun,  
 Clinging to my zone, were whirl'd—  
 What for Freedom have you done ?  
 What new flag of hope unfurl'd."

## FIRST HOUR.

“ Backward o’er the path we fled,  
    Creep the mists of sullen hate—  
Love and Joy have long been dead,  
    Faith and Hope in bondage wait ;  
Force by fraud retains his throne,  
    And his iron rod is strong,  
While his victims writhe and groan,  
    Hope can only weep”—

## EARTH.

“ How long ?”

## FIRST HOUR.

“ Sister of the eager eye,  
    Ever to the Future bent,  
As with hopeful wing you fly  
    Through the dusky firmament,  
Speak”—

## SECOND HOUR.

“ The light is dawning here,  
    Sister with averted face,  
And its beam is warm and clear,  
    On the path we have to trace.

Though the shores of olden time  
 Under shades of error stay,  
 O'er Columbia's mountains climb  
 Rosy tints of coming day."

## EARTH.

"Fraud and Folly, Force and Fear,  
 Hate, Suspicion, Passion, Pride!  
 Will my shores at last appear,  
 Rising o'er their ebbing tide?"

## SECOND HOUR.

"Fraud exhausted all her skill  
 In the struggle lately past;  
 E'en when impotent, she still  
 Whispered treason to the last.  
 But she now is foiled again—  
 Freemen knew her harlot dress;  
 Folly shouting in her train  
 Staked too much on her success.  
 Force is feeble now, he fails  
 On the form his chains to bind,  
 Still he foolishly assails  
 That which scorns his might—the mind."

## FIRST HOUR.

“Through the cloud of Hate and Pride  
Still with weary wing we grope;”

## SECOND HOUR.

“But upon its surface wide  
Iris throws the hue of Hope.”

## EARTH.

“When my children learn to feel  
Fellowship in common woe,  
Then will come the common weal  
That they else can never know.  
When in cunning and in rage  
Men shall cease to strive with men,  
Then shall Saturn's Golden Age  
Glad my inmost heart again.  
Not for favored class or clan  
Teems my wide prolific sod—  
Man! O cherish Faith in Man,  
Next to humble Faith in God.”

## CHORUS OF THE HOURS.

“We are flying, swiftly flying,  
Men may look with longing back,  
They may shrink with fear from trying  
All the hazards of our track;

Still we must not heed their shrinking,  
    Though they fear they cannot stay,  
And the hopeful still are drinking  
    Joy and gladness on the way.  
Haste we on ! our hands are holding  
    Gifts for Man sublimely great ;  
Haste we on ! for our unfolding  
    Bursting buds of beauty wait.  
On we speed ! the merry chiming  
    Fitly marks our bright'ning way,  
O'er Columbia's mountains climbing  
    With the light of Freedom's day."

## EPIGRAMS.

---

MIND meeting mind in acrimonious strife,  
Twin errors spring upon each side to life.  
Antagonists exert repulsive force,  
And urge each other on their reckless course  
Away from truth, and then from distant sides  
Each sees the other's distance and derides;  
While honest men, who cleave to neither throng,  
Must think there is no truth, or truth itself is wrong.

---

WHY now and here most active do we find  
This oscillation of the eager mind?  
The nations all around us have been blest  
With most secure and quiet mental rest—  
This happy people have been fully taught  
That others' brains could do their work of thought—  
And if you rob us of this rightful ease,  
We'll take revengé by thinking as we please.



WHEN Venus arose from the Ocean, she gave  
Half her grace to her sex, and one half to the wave ;  
Thus the dance of our boat where the bright billow curls  
Is equalled in grace by the dance of our girls.

---

THOUGHT, strength and energy are tried  
Upon the oar of manly strife ;  
But woman's hand alone may guide  
The bark of Love, and make it glide  
In safety down the stream of life.

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ARMS that know severest duty,  
Hands with labor firm and hard,  
Best may clasp the form of beauty,  
And be trusted as its guard.

THE END.

OCT 13 1937

