



THE
Smitten Household:

OR,
THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

BY
S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.
W. B. SPRAGUE, D.D.
G. W. BETHUNE, D.D.
J. B. WATERBURY, D.D.
C. M. BUTLER, D.D.

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The Death of a Parent.

BY

REV. J. B. WATERBURY, D.D.

Words of Scripture.

HE that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked.
1 JOHN 2 : 6.

Wherefore let us run with patience the race that is set before us: looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.—HEBREWS 12 : 1, 2, 3.

Because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.—1 PETER 2 : 21, 22, 23.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.—ISAIAH 53 : 7.

Though He were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.—HEBREWS 5 : 8, 9.

For it became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.—HEBREWS 2 : 10.

For in that He himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.—HEBREWS 2 : 18.

The Death of a Parent.

“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”

It is the expectation that children will survive their parents. The reverse seems to do more violence to nature; and is an exception to a law of vitality, which necessitates death in the latter case. Yet who can contemplate without pain an event which separates us from those venerated forms whose looks of love were the first conscious images pictured on our infant souls; and whose care over us, and interest in us, were neither extinguished nor lessened by our ingratitude or our follies.

In childhood, we scarcely realize our indebtedness to parental kindness and care. It seems as if the provision made for our wants, and the self-denial practised for our benefit, were a mat-

ter of course ; and when the parent wonders at our unreasonable murmurings, or drops a tear over our disobedience and ingratitude, we stare, as if unconscious of what it all can mean. Selfishness is apt to rule in the young heart, and under its influence we are prone to indulge expectations which are unreasonable, and to exhibit an ingratitude that is monstrous. But as time rolls on, and experience takes the place of youthful impulse and emotion, we begin to discern more clearly our obligations to parental love, and appreciate more correctly the care and self-denial which had been practised for our good. It takes but a few years to bring the child and the parent into close sympathy, and thus, whilst filial affection is not lessened, there is combined with it the additional element of respect. We mix not long with society ere we learn the hollowness of its professions, the fickleness of its attachments, and the selfishness of its aims. Our sanguine expectations are disappointed, and we revert to home scenes and domestic affections, as furnishing a more reliable basis of hope and of confidence. Especially are we convinced that there is in the whole world of affection nothing so enduring, so reliable as the love that beats in the parent's heart.

How then can we look forward to their demise without feeling that in depriving us of their presence and their care, death is inflicting on us a most grievous visitation?

The child of true affection will watch with no ordinary emotions, the signs of increasing decrepitude; will sigh in his secret bosom to discover the traces of age in the hoary locks and the wrinkled brow; and looking upon these admonitory tokens, will lift the silent prayer, that God would long spare him the trial, which eventually he knows he must encounter.

When the time actually arrives in which the silver cord—now attenuated to a thread—must be loosed, and the aged form must pass away, oh! how will memory array in one complex group the images of tenderness and affection which had been accumulating from infancy through a long succession of years! Then will be realized and felt the obligations which in childhood could not be appreciated; and the sorrow will be deepened by the consideration that the loss is irreparable. It is said of one of the kings of England, that, on losing an only son and heir almost simultaneously with the death of his father, he mourned much more grievously over the latter than the former. Surprised at this, his courtiers said to

him: "Sire, you seem more inconsolable at the loss of your aged father than of your only son and heir." "True," replied the King; "and for good reasons. God can give me another son; but he can not give me another *father*."

But the father and the mother, in the ordinary course of nature, must forsake us. The words "forsake us," according to Bishop Horne, and other commentators, are not intended to mark any thing like a criminal desertion, but may, and probably were intended to, refer to their departure at death. The parental care and watchfulness are then withdrawn, and the orphan children must look elsewhere for counsel, for sympathy and for help.

Where shall they look? Perhaps they have kind relatives who will be guardians to them; and happy will these orphans be if such put themselves in the place of a parent. But others will have no such human succor; and what will *they* do? There is one thing they *can* do—they can cast themselves on His care who "careth for them." In the absence of all human help, they may still say, using the language just quoted: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Great and Precious Promises.

From the numerous promises which respect a state of orphanage, I am led to conclude, that God, as a pitiful Father, has a very special regard to the wants and necessities of such as are thus bereaved. Express provision was made for the fatherless under the Levitical economy. "Ye shall not afflict any fatherless child." In Deuteronomy 10 : 18 : "He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless." In Ps. 10 : 14 : "Thou art the helper of the fatherless." Jeremiah 49 : 11 : "Leave thy fatherless children ; I will preserve them alive." Hosea 14 : 3 : "For in thee the fatherless find mercy." It is made also a distinctive mark of true religion, under the New-Testament dispensation, that we "visit the widow and the *fatherless*."

In these promises, we recognize a deep sympathy on the part of God with those inexperienced and dependent children whom his providence has brought into a condition of orphanage. It is evident that whensoever the earthly parent, by death, shall forsake them, God, the great parent of all, may take them up. Turning then from the grave in which the tears of filial affection are

dropped, and whilst the heart sinks under a sense of its desolateness, the bereaved ones can look up and say, "Thou art a Father of the fatherless." This guardian care of Heaven, expressed in so many passages, and confirmed by the usual course of providence, has had a very marked effect in creating a public sentiment in behalf of orphans, which is a sort of a general guarantee that they will some how be cared for. Benevolent hearts are all alive to their condition, and where relatives prove indifferent—as, alas! in some instances, is the case—God will raise up those whose kindness and attentions shall more than compensate for the neglect. But, after all, the great point to be kept in view is, that these bereaved ones should put their trust in God, making him, by a voluntary recognition, their Father and their Friend.

The words, "The Lord will take me up," seem to imply that God will do for the orphan what, from instinctive affection, or from a sense of duty, the parents usually are accustomed to do. If this be so, a very interesting train of thought will be suggested, encouraging hope and imparting strong consolation.

"The Lord will take me up," is the language of *confidence*. It argues a degree of trust in the

young heart which can hardly be attributed to one who has no sense of religion. I imagine it to be the utterance of a youth who has enjoyed the smiles not only of an earthly father, but who has experienced also the light of God's reconciled countenance. He has the spirit of adoption, and can without presumption say, "Abba, Father."

What shall we do? What will now become of us? Who will now befriend us, or take an interest in us? are questions which a family of bereaved ones would naturally propose, as they surveyed the desolate hearth and household! They have lived long enough possibly to discover that human professions, even when sincere, are apt to be superficial—that tears which mingle with their own are but a momentary gush of sympathy, and that, in the rough encounters of this life; they will have to rely for help more on *themselves* than on their *friends*; and more on *God* than on *man*. All this is not only true, but it is well perhaps that it is so. The very necessity for self-reliance, combined with trust in God, is one means of eliciting energies which otherwise might have lain dormant; and of imparting a force of character which might not have been developed under less trying circumstances. How many of the noblest characters which have adorn-

ed the annals of the world, have been shaped and matured under the pressure of an early orphanage!

The Orphan's Trust.

I would say to the orphan, Have confidence in *God*. The night which has gathered around your early path and obscured so sadly the first part of your earthly journey, is not *all* darkness. God will be to you a sun; and you may hope that this darkness will give place to a serene and cloudless day. Put your trust in Him who has said, I will be a "Father of the fatherless."

The condition of orphanage, which I am considering, is that wherein the children are young and dependent; and where in place of the parental oversight and care, must be interposed necessarily the agency of friends and guardians. Other circumstances might be imagined, and not unfrequently occur, where the death of parents leaves no such solicitude, and orphanage has no such shadows thrown upon it. This is the case where the parents have lived to a good old age, have seen their children settled in life, and are ready with Simeon to say: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" I do not say there is not grief in this case; nor that, at any

period or under any circumstances, the death of parents is not a heavy and heart-rending blow; but that the pang is less severe, and the event less calamitous, than when a whole family of dependent children are made orphans. Yes; the loved form of parents in old age, we would gladly retain, and endeavor to pay back even to second childhood, the debt which our own juvenile experience has incurred. And when the moment arrives that the pilgrim-staff must be broken, and the dim eye closed in death, we would esteem it a sad but grateful privilege to render every possible alleviation under an event mournful at all times, but in old age inevitable. Far different is the scene where a dependent group of children surround the dying bed, and by their helplessness, give intensity to the pang of death! It is no easy thing, under such circumstances, for even a Christian parent to say, "Thy will be done." I know of one such scene where the father's faith was put to a severe test, as he saw his wife and six little children about to be cast upon the world, bereft of his care and support. The trying point with him was, that he must leave these orphans and this widow in such a world as this! He thought, however, of God's covenant and God's gracious promises. These he studied until

his faith rose to the needful point, and then calling them to his bed-side, he deliberately took leave of each of them, and commending them to God's protection, he said calmly: "Now, I am ready to go. I feel assured that God will take care of my wife and little ones." From that moment all was peace until he closed his eyes in death. The events proved that his faith was well-founded. The group was cared for. The Lord took them up: all of them attained to respectability, and some of them to great influence and usefulness in the Church and in the world.

I knew another instance where the father having died, left his widow with thirteen children, most of them very young; and soon the mother died also. What a group of orphans! But that mother was a true saint, and she had given these children to God; and when father and mother forsook them, the Lord took them up. They are now men and women; most of them with flourishing families, and all of them respectable, whilst quite a number of them are consistent and active members of the Church of God. Is there not good ground to trust in God when the earthly parent is separated from us by death?

If God will be to orphans in the place of the departed parent, if he will take them up where

the parent left them, and be their father and their friend, what more or what better could they desire? It implies that he will care for their *temporal* wants. The parent, by the force of instinctive love, labors for the good of his children in all respects. Their welfare and happiness make not only a part of his very life, but furnish powerful motives to labor for their support. In this respect, "parents lay up for their children, rather than children for their parents." But when death separates them from their offspring, how are they to get food and clothing? "He that heareth the cry of the ravens" will attend to theirs. A providence that looks after the sparrows, and clothes the grass of the field, will not usually, if ever suffer, "the seed of the righteous to beg their bread."

Again, God will care for their *spiritual* wants. And here the Heavenly Father may do for orphans much better than the earthly father shall have done. It is not *always* that a parent's anxiety is expended on the *highest* good of his children. Many think if their children are fed and clothed and educated in mere human learning the parental obligation is fully discharged. Not having themselves any deep sense of religious obligation, they take no pains to im-

plant it in the minds of their children, and when these parents die, this anxiety in the departing hour respects chiefly the dependent state of their children in regard to what is seen and temporal. But God may have something better in reserve for them. He may overrule this very orphanage, and make what is considered one of the greatest of earthly calamities, a means of everlasting good to the soul. The indulgence and the worldly training which might have issued in the ruin of its eternal state, may be counteracted by an affliction which makes personal effort obligatory, and personal self-denial a matter of necessity. The orphan may get into an atmosphere of healthful moral influences, so that by losing his earthly father, he may actually gain a place in the love of his heavenly Father.

Very different, however, are the feelings of *pious* parents who are called to leave their little ones behind them in a world like this. Their principal anxiety is not as to whether bread will be given to them, but it respects their exposedness to temptation, their spiritual necessities, and the possibility that they may, even amid great worldly prosperity, lose their immortal souls. Who will look after these precious interests? is the inquiry of the dying parent. We answer, "God

will take them up." We might put the question to this anxious dying parent, and say: What would you do for these children if you were to live and train them? You would, of course, teach them what is right and forbid them what is wrong. You would inculcate God's law, and hold up continually the duties which the Gospel enjoins. Your watchful eye would be upon them, and your beating, anxious heart would be lifted up to Heaven continually in their behalf. All this you would do and feel; but still, unless God blessed your efforts and answered your prayers, those efforts and those prayers would be in vain. Now, God, in separating you from them by death, and suspending a direct parental influence, seems to say—actually *does* say—by this very providence, "Leave thy fatherless children to me." "I will now take them up." "Their spiritual interests, no less than their temporal well-being, you may trust to my hands. Having been *your* covenant God and father, why can you not trust me to be also *theirs*? for the promise is to your children as well as to you." If we compare the spiritual conditions of orphans with that of those whose parents still live, we shall find, I apprehend, quite as many instances of hopeful conversion in the one case as in the other. The

orphan, from the very nature of the circumstances, is led to feel his dependence on an all-controlling providence. The eye of the earthly parent being closed in death, there comes the thought of God's presence and God's guardian care, prompting the prayer, "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

Being Dead they yet speak.

There is, moreover, the influence which death imparts to parental counsels and parental example, over and above what is felt while the parent is present. Who does not know, and what orphan has not realized the fact, that memory and conscience suggest a thousand things over the grave of the venerated one, which occurred not, or which made but little impression, whilst that parent was living?

There is a tenderness of feeling closely allied to moral exercises and religious emotions, which stirs in the soul and moistens in the eye, whilst we think of the love that blessed us, the patience that bore with us, and the wisdom that instructed us. Not only do the looks of remembered affection visit our sleeping and waking thoughts, and paint themselves on the memory and imagination ·

but the counsels and warnings which once fell almost upon heedless ears, now recur with vividness ; whispering as with angel voice, in the conscience, and leaving there a sense of obligation, which it were filial impiety to disregard. May not God make use of such feelings in leading the soul to those religious considerations, and to that conviction of sin, so necessary a preliminary to the acceptance of salvation ? I have no doubt that He often does ; and if the parent is permitted to see such a result growing out of the very calamity which seemed so distressful ; if in that world of spirits, he is made acquainted with it—as there can be little reason to doubt he is—how will he extol, in his praises, the grace of God ; and feel more fully than he ever felt on earth, that “behind a frowning providence, God may hide a smiling face.”

Who will protect the orphans ? Is *that* the anxiety of him who leaves them, and of them who are left ? The answer again is : The same who has promised to *provide* for them. The parent, if *living*, can not ward off calamity from his dear ones. Sickness invades the loved circle ; and death makes breach after breach, which no love nor care nor watchfulness can foresee and prevent. The drowned or mangled body is

brought and laid at the feet of the horror-stricken parents ; and even *moral* dangers, worse than exposures to death ; dangers which threaten the character and the soul ; even these, parental watchfulness can not always avert. After all, the living parent must take shelter under the wing of a protecting Providence ; and lay hold, by prayer, of the promised protection of heaven. But is not that same Providence, with ever-watchful eye, pledged, as it were, to overlook and guard the orphans when he takes out of sight the natural guardian ; and thus renders his almighty care, so to speak, the more needful ? “ I have now no earthly parent,” may the orphan say, “ to look after me ; but have I not God to take me up and carry me along the path of life ? Beset as it is with dangers, and exposed at every step as I am to temptations, who so able as *He* to point out those dangers, to warn me against them ; or who can so effectually neutralize the power of the tempter, and make a way for my escape ? Can He not cause his angels to encamp around me, and peradventure commission even the glorified spirit of my departed parent, to act unseen, as a spiritual body-guard around my exposed career ?”

Gone, but not Lost.

In the death of our friends, the idea, I have no doubt, is too prominent that they are for ever lost to us—that a sort of eternal separation has taken place—that never more shall their sympathies be felt, or their presence be enjoyed; and this may be true under certain circumstances; but on these painful circumstances we do not wish at present to dwell. It is *not* so, however, if the hopes of a Christian have been realized, and the life of faith has been enjoyed. We suppose the parents to have departed under these hopeful circumstances; to have slept in Jesus; and we indulge the expectation also, that the faith which dwelt in them may, through their prayers and their counsels, dwell in their surviving children; in which case, death is only a temporary separation, to be followed by a reünion in a region where blessed recognitions will take place, but where “adieux and farewells are a sound unknown.”

The sacred writers speak of death as a *sleep*. It is not, in their view, an extinction, only a temporary repose—a sort of recuperative process, by which, according to the beautiful analogy, even

the body will put on new vigor, and shine in a lustre all divine. And the soul! Oh! that will be enjoying its true, proper life; expanding its wings in the celestial atmosphere, or using them on errands to the loved pilgrims left behind. "I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ." What means the Apostle by this aspiration? Surely death is not an extinction of the being—not even a *suspension* of the active powers of the soul. The body sleeps, but the soul awakes in the image and the likeness of God. The last pulsation

"Unbinds its chain, breaks up its cell,
And gives it with its God to dwell."

Such are the views which we ought to take of the departure of Christian friends. Religion forbids not the tear to flow; nor rebukes the rising sigh. By his own example, Jesus our Lord has sanctified grief. The tears which dropped at the grave of Lazarus were a sacred tribute to humanity. But sorrow is not the only emotion which love should beget at the graves of the departed. Hope should mingle her bright songs and rainbow hues with the tears we shed; and we should listen, as we hear our Lord saying on the occasion alluded to, "Thy brother shall rise again." Yes, the Christian shall rise again. Death shall yield

up its prey, and the grave give back its treasured dust; and the song shall be, from welcoming angels and rising saints: "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

Words of Comfort.

There is, therefore, every reason to be comforted in view of the death of those who have walked with God on earth. If a beloved parent has left you, and joined that "part of the host which has crossed the flood," we may say to you: "Be comforted; God will take you up!" Have confidence in him! The stroke which has severed you from the earthly parent should drive you to take refuge in the bosom of your Heavenly Parent. Do you feel lonely now? Do you miss the sympathy of the loved sire or matron? Remember God offers you *His* sympathy and succor. Do you ask, Where now shall I look for counsel? Who will guide my inexperienced footsteps? The answer comes from the sacred oracles: "I will guide thee by my counsel;" "I will lead thee in paths which thou hast not known. I will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto thee, and not forsake thee." "In all thy

ways acknowledge me, and I will direct thy paths." Ah! but my home is desolate; the protecting wing of parental care is no more over me! How can I meet the perils and temptations which everywhere beset the path of life? Again I hear a voice saying: "I will be a Father of the fatherless." "My providence is over all, and through all, and in all. My eye is upon thee, and my unseen arm will be around thee; and if need be, I will give my angels charge over thee to keep thee; lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Where canst thou go, where I am not? "If thou takest the wings of the morning, and dwellest in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall my hand lead thee, and my right hand shall hold thee."

Dwell, therefore, "in the secret places of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Say of the Lord: "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust." "Call upon him, and he will answer thee; He will be with thee in trouble; He will deliver thee and honor thee. With long life will he satisfy thee, and show thee his salvation."

Thus making God thy refuge, and walking in his ways, thou shalt escape a thousand evils to which otherwise thou wouldst be exposed, enjoy

a peace which on no other conditions could be realized ; and sustain the trials of life with a patience which nothing else could impart. And when the end shall come ; when thy feet shall touch the brink of the land of shadows, and the great question is, shall the gate of death open to the gates of glory ? shall I go up to be with the loved ones who have entered within the veil ? it will be no small consolation to be able to say : “ Yes, I am going to join them ; to enjoy once more an intercourse with them which had been interrupted in sorrow, but which is now to be renewed and perpetuated amid the bliss of heaven ! ”

P o e m s .

THERE is a world of death beneath our feet ;
There is a world of life above our heads :
Here ruins, graves, dry bones, fallen blossoms meet ,
There God, in light and air, his glory spreads.

BEND not thy light-desiring eyes below—

There thy own shadow waits upon thee ever ;
But raise thy looks to heaven, and lo !

The shadeless sun rewards thy weak endeavor.
Who sees the dark, is dark ; but turn towards the light,
And thou becom'st like that which fills thy sight.

Poems on the Death of a Parent.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

OH! that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see—
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic chain
To quench it) here shines on me till the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly as the precept were her own :
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah! that maternal smile! It answers—yes
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But though I less deplore thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,

'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced :
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionery plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone, and glowed ;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall—
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humor interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.

But no—what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the flood, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
' Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed ;
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh ! the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell ! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine :
 And while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

A Ministering Angel.

ORPHAN, thou most sorely stricken
 Of the mourners thronging earth,
 Clouds half-veil thy brightest sunshine,
 Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
 Yet although that gentle bosom,
 Which has pillowed oft thy head,
 Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
 Can not rest among the dead.
 Still her watchful eye is o'er thee
 Through the day, and still at night
 Hers the eye that guards thy slumber,
 Making thy young dreams so bright.
 Oh! the friends, the friends, we've cherished,
 How we weep to see them die!
 All unthinking they're the angels
 That will guide us to the sky!

EMILY JUDSON.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

How blest is our mother, bereft
Of all that could burden her mind !
How easy the soul that has left.
This wearisome body behind ;
Of evil incapable thou
Whose relics with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain :
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex her again,
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain :
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

The lids she so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

C. WESLEY.

The Healing Hand.

As when some fair temple is o'erthrown
By earthquake, or by hostile hand laid waste,
At first it lies, stone rudely rent from stone
A confused, ruinous heap, and all defaced ;

Yet visit that fallen ruin by and by,
And what a hand of healing has been there,
How sweetly do the placid sunbeams lie
On the green sward which all the place doth wear.

And what rich odors from the flowers are borne—
From flowers and flowering weeds, which even within
The rents and fissures of those walls forlorn
Have made their home, yea thence their sustenance win !

So Time no less has gentle skill to heal,
When our fair hopes have fallen, our earth-built towers
How busy wreck and ruin to conceal
With a new overgrowth of leaves and flowers.

Nor time alone—a better hand is here,
Where it has wounded, watching to upbind ;
Which when it takes away in love severe,
Doth some austerer blessing leave behind.

Oh ! higher gifts has brought this mournful Time,
Than all those years which did so smoothly run ;
For what if they, life's flower and golden prime,
Had something served to knit our hearts in one ;

Yet doth that all seem little now, compared
With our brief fellowship in tears and pain—
To share the things which we have newly shared,
This makes a firmer bond, a holier chain ;

To have together held that aching head,
To have together heard that piteous moan,
To have together knelt beside that bed,
When life was fitting, and when life had flown ;

And to have one of ours, whose ashes sleep
Where the great church its solemn shadow flings ;
Oh ! love has now its roots that stretch more deep,
That strike and stretch beneath the grave of things.

Oh! more than this, yet holier bonds there are,
 For we his spirit shall to ours feel nigh,
 And know he lives, whenever we in prayer
 Hold with heaven's saintly throng communion high.

Then wherefore more?—or wherefore this to thee,
 A faithful suppliant at that inner shrine,
 At which who kneel, to them 'tis given to see
 How pain and grief and anguish are divine?

TRENCH.

“Whosoever shall confess Me.”

O JESUS! Lord—the way, the truth,
 The life, the crown of all
 Who here on earth confess thy name;
 Oh! hear us when we call.

We bring to mind, with grateful joy
 Thy servants, who of old
 Withstood the snares of earth and hell,
 And now thy face behold.

Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,
 And that communion knew,
 Which saints and angels share above
 With those who seek it too.

Vouchsafe us, Lord, we pray thee now,
 To us it may be given
 Like them to live and die in thee,
 And with them rise to heaven.

The Only Refuge.

SHADOWS are faithless, and the rocks are false ;
 No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls ;
 Poor cots are even as safe as princes' halls.

Great God ! there is no safety here below ;
 Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe,
 'Tis thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by thee I fall or stand ;
 Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand
 All tortures, but my conscience, and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself ; I know,
 Just God, thy very self is mercy too ;
 If not to thee, where, whither shall I go ?

Then work thy will ; if passion bid me flee,
 My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
 Stretched out no further than from Thee to Thee.

The Remission of Sins.

WHILE thine avenging arrows, Lord,
 Encompass us around,
What hand but that which caused the smart
 Can cure the deadly wound ?

Depart, vain world, for how canst thou
 Relieve the festering sore ?
Thy comfort is but vanity,
 And irritates the more.

We tremble, Lord, beneath thy rod,
 But we do not despair ;
We see thy good Physician's hand
 In all he bids us bear.

But oh ! so fierce the contest burns,
 Good Lord, no more delay ;
Oh ! yield not to their deadly foes
 Thy people for a prey.

Our prayer is heard ; our foes depart,
 And we once more take breath :
Thy death, O Christ ! relieves the soul
 From all its fears of Death.

All praise and glory be ascribed
 To God who reigns above ;
Who scourges those whom He receives,
 And chastens them in love.

The Restless Heart.

"The heart is restless till it rests in Thee."

DISQUIETED, and desolate and lone,
 My heart within me sinks,
 And filled with bitterness in secret known,
 The cup of trembling drinks :
 Oh ! where, when in mute agony it bends,
 Are love and sympathy of human friends ?

The sorrows of my spirit are enlarged,
 My eyes are full of tears ;
 The grief with which my soul is over-chargèd
 Excites strange doubts and fears :
 Alas ! I seek, I call, in vain, in vain,
 On earthly friendship to relieve my pain !

I faint and fall because the way is dark,
 That I through life must tread ;
 Is there no counsellor within the Ark
 By whom I can be led ?
 Is there no loving voice to whisper rest,
 Unto the heavy-laden and oppressed ?

No ! human sympathy is all too weak,
 To satisfy my heart ;
 And earthly accents have not learned to speak
 Words that can peace impart :
 Thy best support, O poor mortality !
 Would fail to stem the tears of misery.

Oft dost Thou, Jesus, lest from thee we stray,
 Withdraw the helping hand
 Which soothed our wounds, and wiped our tears away,
 That so our souls may stand
 Nearer thy cross, and daily feel and see,
 "The heart is restless till it rests in Thee!"

Sleeping in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever makes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing
 That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests a Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
 Debars this precious "hiding-place :"
 On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MACKA

Æ Cling to Thee.

WHAT though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove ;
 With patient, uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'er grown,
 Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone
 Whispers, " Still cling to ME !"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside :
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to thee !

They fear not Satan or the grave,
They feel thee near, and strong to save,
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb me, what appal,
Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,
Saviour, I cling to thee?

PERHAPS an erring wish I knew
To read my future fate;
And Thou wouldst say: "Thy days are few,
And vain thy best estate!"

Perhaps Thy glory seemed my choice,
Whilst I secured my own;
And thus my kind Reprover's voice
Tells me he works alone!

Oh! silence Thou this murmuring will,
Nor bid thy rough wind stay,
Till with a furnace hotter still
My dross is purged away!

“As one whom his Mother comforteth.”

BENIGHTED on a lone and dreary wild,
Perplexed, exhausted, helpless, in despair,
I cast me down, and thought to perish there,
When through the gloom a face appeared and smiled;
And a sweet voice said: “Courage! rise, my child!
And I will guide thee safely on thy way.”
As to night-watchers comes the morning ray,
So came that voice to me; and on that face
I seemed a loving tenderness to trace,
That soothed and cheered me as, forlorn, I lay;
I felt as feels the child whose throbbing grief
A mother's love assuages in its source;
And asking strength of Him who gave relief,
I straightway rose, and onward held my course.

W. L. ALEXANDER.