





# POEMS,

CHIEFLY SACRED,

BY

JAMES COMLEY.

---

SEVENTH EDITION,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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BOURNEMOUTH :

W. MATE & SONS, 62, COMMERCIAL ROAD.

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IN MEMORIAM.

JOSEPH JAMES COMLEY,

Who Died in his 45th Year.

*Written by his disconsolate Father, the Author of these Poems,  
in his 70th year.*

Dark the morning,  
Brief the warning,  
Fierce the stroke that laid thee low ;  
What the horror of thy thinking,  
While that hour thy life was drinking,  
God and thou alone could know,  
My son, my son !

Death has maimed thee,  
Earth has claimed thee,  
Closed thy grave, and barred the door ;  
So that I, before it wailing,  
Offering tears all unavailing,  
Never, here, may see thee more,  
My son, my son !

Hard the parting,  
Keen the smarting  
Of this heart that bleeds for thee ;  
But I know the gladdening story  
Of a meeting place in glory,  
And the thought sufficeth me,  
My son, my son !

I shall meet thee,  
I shall greet thee,  
I shall clasp thee to my breast ;  
And, where sorrow entereth never,  
I shall dwell with thee for ever,  
And for ever be at rest,  
My son, my son !

## RESIGNATION.

O Thou from whose mandate no pleadings can save ;  
 Whose breath builds a life, and whose word fills a grave,  
 O let me, I pray Thee, one favour implore,  
 Ere Thine Angels have passed me, to meet me no more.

I plead not for gold, or a glittering name :  
 I have lived without wealth, I can die without fame :  
 Be my home ne'er so homely, if Thou, Lord, art there,  
 It never can starve me, it cannot be bare.

I ask not releasement from sorrow and pain,  
 I have borne them long years, I can bear them again ;  
 If Thy will has ordained that more tears must be mine,  
 And a heart ever bleeding, my will shall be Thine.

I seek not a shelter from venomous hate,  
 Or the pangs found where heartlessness closes the gate ;  
 If, surrounded by perils, all pierced I must plod,  
 I will bow to Thy guiding, and lean on my God.

Let the tempest o'ertake me, the night block my way ;  
 From the reach of a friend send me far, far away ;  
 Despairing all else bid me helpless depart,  
 But save me, O save me from hardness of heart.

---

 THE STARVED ONE'S CRY FOR COALS.

*(Written in 1874, and respectfully dedicated to a peacefully slumbering  
 coal-distribution Committee.)*

Christians, dear Christians, send coals to us now,  
 For cinders and sweepings we've none ;  
 You promised, dear Christians, a cart-load should come,  
 As soon as your talking was done.  
 The frost is in doors, all our bed things are gone,  
 And mother is dreadful to see,  
 With poor brother Billy so cold in her arms,  
 And nothing to warm her but me.  
     Send coals ; send coals ;  
     Please Christians, dear Christians, send coals.

Christians, dear Christians, send coals to us now  
 The clocks through the city strike two ;  
 The night's getting colder, and Billy is worse,  
 And O how I'm thinking of you.  
*Indeed* he is worse, mother says he will die,  
 And that's why she told me to run ;  
 And this is the message she gave me to bring,  
 "Send quickly, or else he'll be gone"  
     Send coals ; send coals ;  
     Please Christians, dear Christians, send coals.

Christians, dear Christians, send coals to us now,  
 The clocks through the city strike three ;  
 Our garret is lonely, the night is so long,  
 For poor starving mother and me.  
 We're now by ourselves, for poor Billy is dead,  
 And gone with the Angels of light ;  
 And these were the very last words that he said,  
 As the ice gathered up the thick dew on his head,  
 "Tell the Christians I bade them good night."  
     Send coals ; send coals ;  
     Please Christians, dear Christians, send coals.

---

 'T WILL BE BETTER BY-AND-BYE.

Sad was I, my pathway dreary ;  
 Pain had made me wan and weary ;  
 Mingled woes oppressed me sore,  
 As their gathering weight I bore,  
 When an angel (such my deeming,  
 For her eyes had heavenly beaming),  
 Whispered, as I heaved a sigh,  
 "'T will be better by-and-bye."

While all else was calmly sleeping,  
 My long nights were spent with weeping  
 And the dawn's immensity  
 Brought no cheering ray for me ;  
 But the angel, not unheeding,  
 Knowing that my heart was bleeding,  
 Said, while paused her pitying eye,  
 "'T will be better by-and-bye."

New-born hours, with pace distressing,  
Daily came, but brought no blessing ;  
Came like lamps, with spell-bound eyes,  
Curs'd outside a Paradise :  
But the angel (such her mission),  
Driving back the near perdition,  
Breathed, as breathes the Elysian sky,  
"T will be better by-and-by."

Day by day, those words repeating,  
I have seen the clouds retreating ;  
And though, still, few stars appear,  
I have checked the rising tear ;  
For kind echoes, round me falling,  
Tell me there's an angel calling,  
Sweetly, as the moments fly,  
"T will be better by-and-by."

Well I know my steps are tending  
Where my days will soon be ending,  
Where this frame, engirt with rust,  
Shall be crumbled into dust ;  
Yet will I shake off my sadness,  
And put on the garb of gladness ;  
For those words are fixed on high,  
"T will be better by-and-by."

---

NELLIE.

There came from heaven a gift for me  
That bore the name of Nellie ;  
I gave my thanks on bended knee—  
My thanks to heaven for Nellie.

The bliss which Love's young morning sips,  
Was mine when clasping Nellie ;  
And Angels' kisses, on her lips,  
Gave my first kiss to Nellie.

Within my soul's most guarded shrine,  
I placed my little Nellie ;  
And felt her heart's warm beat in mine,  
As if myself were Nellie.

Her hand in mine its love did lay,  
When I gave mine to Nellie ;  
And round my neck her arms would stay,  
While mine enfolded Nellie.

Her eyes on mine would pour the light  
That came from heaven with Nellie ;  
And darkness fled the darkest night,  
When my bright star was Nellie.

Her voice to music lent the strain  
That sweetness gave to Nellie ;  
And ne'er was heard the sad refrain,  
When echoes answered Nellie.

Her fragrant breath perfumed the flowers  
I plucked and gave to Nellie ;  
And all day long came gladsome hours,  
When all day long was Nellie.

Her gentle spirit calmed the strife  
That crossed the path of Nellie ;  
And friendships dead came back to life,  
Where friendship's name was Nellie.

So on, and on, till bathed in death,  
I'll sing the name of Nellie ;  
And then, in Heaven, with holier breath,  
Sing, evermore, with Nellie.

---

BABY'S EPITAPH.

It seemed as if the Angels, ere they left it,  
Of all its mortal craving so bereft it,  
That when, toward heaven, it saw those bright ones rise,  
It fled, at once, and joined them in the skies.

---

SPRING.

Spring is a damsel surpassingly fair,  
With blossoming gems in her golden hair ;  
And the light that was born of an Eden sky,  
Dwells in the bliss of her beaming eye.



All that of loveliness heaven could spare,  
Thron'd on her brow, groweth lovelier there ;  
And winds that have tasted her peerless lips,  
Add wealth to the cup whence the dewdrop sips.

Swiftly, before her, unkindliness flies ;  
Winter surrenders, and nakedness dies ;  
Caught by her foot-prints the sunbeam is led  
Where Verdure's lost harmonies rise from the dead.

Hers are the keys which unprison the showers  
That bathe in the thirst of the soon-fading flowers ;  
Which nourish the buds that are bursting with bliss,  
As they thrill to the search of the damsel's deep kiss.

Music, enchanted, awakes at her voice ;  
The songs that were frozen dissolve and rejoice ;  
And Death-serving silence in loneliness lies,  
While many-tongued Melody leaps to the skies.

Spring spreads the canvas on which are displayed  
Fair Flora's chaste daughters, in meekness arrayed  
And hers are the tints that in multitudes meet,  
All burdened with sweetness, to lie at her feet.

For her come the minstrels on Ecstasy's wings ;  
To her chants the thrush, and the nightingale sings ;  
The lark, searching heaven, maketh richer his lays,  
And a wide-spreading orchestra echoes with praise.

Wrapped in her skirts are the robes we behold  
When Summer comes forth in her vesture of gold ;  
And those worn by Autumn, who garners the store  
That banishes Hunger from Industry's door.

Life-giving gladness, with faith-helping hand,  
She flings in profusion o'er ocean and land ;  
All nature baptising, its worship she gains,  
And captive Idolatry blesseth her chains.

Meekest of maidens, Virginitv's child ;  
Gentle as dawn, yet untamably wild ;  
Birth of all sweetness which fragrance can bring,  
Come, let me crown thee, bright, beautiful Spring !

### THE LAND OF LOVE.

O tell me where that Eden lies  
Where pain and conflict cease,  
Where sin decays and sorrow dies,  
And all is rest and peace?  
Where do the sad no longer weep—  
Tell me, ye stars above?  
Where are the fields the Angels reap?  
Where is the land of love?

Where eyes, that meet, no partings know,  
Nor lips release the kiss ;  
Where pulses join that have their flow  
From hearts dissolved in bliss ;  
Where mutual natures closer creep,  
As creeps the endearing dove,  
*There* are the fields the Angels reap,  
*There* is the land of love.

### THE WIDOW AND THE ANGEL.

'Twas the day of her deepest, her heaviest woe,  
And she was a widow, Ah! where should she go?  
Her children were buried, her kindred all dead ;  
The loving were scattered, the helpers had fled,

And the load on her memory was galling to bear,  
For the record of many a sorrow was there ;  
And the walls of her spirit gave way with the strain,  
As the last of her hopes disappeared with the slain.

But her cry of distress rang aloud through the air,  
As it went up to God from the jaws of despair ;  
And the Angel came down, and she gave him her hand,  
And he led her away to the happier land.

### THE BLISS OF BYGONE DAYS.

O let me, on some sunny bank,  
My life's young hours recall,  
And bind about my wintry brow,  
A garland of them all.

O take me back, fond memory,  
To all those dear delights  
Which gave their wealth to childhood's days,  
And cheered their kindred nights.

Yes, lead my withering spirit back  
To lanes with countless bowers,  
To echoing woods, and rippling streams,  
And meadows clad with flowers ;

To tops and tip-cat, hoops and balls,  
And arrows leaping high ;  
To plain and coloured marbles,  
And the kites that kissed the sky.

I don't forget the snowballs,  
In the mighty tug of war ;  
The frozen rivers, lakes, and pools,  
And what the ice was for.

'Twere likest Heaven once more to taste  
The summer-evening's glee ;  
Be sporting in the Moon-lit hours,  
Just as I used to be.

For those were times of topmost bliss,  
And I was careless then ;

'Twas well I spent them merrily,  
They'll never come again.

---

#### TO A DAUGHTER'S FIRST BABE.

"In the beginning," sweet babe! there thou art,  
Faultless in form, and unsullied in heart ;  
Virgin thy consciousness, ample that breast ;  
Blissful thy Paradise, peaceful thy rest.

Sleep, little sinless one, dream thy sweet song ;  
Soon flies the dawn, but the day tarries long ;  
Drink, while it lingers, a fond mother's love ;  
Then, by her side, sing thy birth-song above.

#### THE HEBREW CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

By the waters of Babylon, goaded with sadness,  
We sat down and wept, shedding tears of despair ;  
For there we remember'd, O Zion, the gladness—  
The joys of thy courts, and the God that was there.

While as for our harps, with their chords lost in slumber,  
We hung them on trees that o'er-shadowed the stream ;  
Yea, the harps that had sung with us, times out of number,  
We gave to the willows, and left them to dream.

For they that had carried us thither to perish,  
Now bade we should sing them a song for their mirth—  
A song of our Zion, whose memory we cherish—  
A melody learned in the land of our birth.

But how shall we sing the Lord's song by the waters  
That flow through a strange and unpitying land,  
All to please haughty Babylon's chieftains and daughters,  
While wearing the galling, the infamous brand ?

O Jerusalem, holy, bid curses o'ertake me  
If e'er I forget thine unperishing name ;  
And let my right hand, with its cunning, forsake me,  
Pull down all my glory, and bring me to shame.

If I do not remember thee, slighting thee never—  
Preferring thee e'en to my chiefest delight,  
To the roof of my mouth let my tongue cleave for ever,  
Walled in by the darkness and silence of night.

In the day of Jerusalem's re-kindled glory,  
Remember the children of Edom, O Lord ;  
Let thy wrath overtake their iniquities hoary,  
Their scorn of Thy name and contempt of Thy word.

O remember their fury—that cry, so repeated,  
Of "Down with it, down with it, e'en to the ground!"—  
When Justice and Mercy and Truth were unseated,  
And Hope, 'mid the tumult, could nowhere be found.

O daughter of Babylon, shameless and cruel,  
Soon, soon shall destruction have measured thy fate ;  
Then, wasted with misery, gathered for fuel,  
Thy gain shall be ruin, thy recompense hate.

And the blood of thy children shall flow to give pleasure  
 (The God of our fathers ordaineth it thus),  
 To those who shall render thee measure for measure,  
 And serve *thee*, O reptile, as thou served'st us.

---

THE XIX. PSALM.

The Heavens repeat the story  
 Of God's unfading glory,  
 And firmamental plains reveal  
 His wond'rous works where angels kneel.  
 Days of a heaven-born mother  
 Tell it to one another;  
 And all the sisterhood of night  
 Their certifying strains unite.  
 Wherever speech has wandered,  
 Or journeying language pondered,  
 The sky-born choruses descend,  
 And Heaven and Earth's glad voices blend.  
 Their sounding notes, undying,  
 Through every clime are flying;  
 And echos bid their words rebound  
 As far as Earth's broad realms are found.  
 Amid the scene so telling,  
 There towers a princely dwelling—  
 A Tabernacle for the Sun,  
 Made peerless by the Holy One.  
 Thence, as a bridegroom glorious,  
 Or Giant thrice victorious,  
 He cometh forth, with gladsome face,  
 To run his world-encircling race.  
 The farthest Heaven he reacheth;  
 To Seraphim he preacheth,  
 And, scattering warmth with liberal hand,  
 Gives new-born life to every land,  
 God's law, with lustre beaming;  
 With rich instructions teeming,  
 Transforms the soul, and bids it rise,  
 On Wisdom's wings, to hallowing skies.

The statutes of His forming,  
 All trusting hearts are warming;  
 And His Commandments, ever pure,  
 A diadem of light ensure.  
 His fear knows no offending;  
 Its days are never-ending;  
 His Judgements with His throne abide  
 Where Truth and Love walk side by side.  
 These yield a richer pleasure  
 Than piles of golden treasure;  
 Are sweeter, far, and worthier home,  
 Than juice of loveliest honey-comb.  
 For they, from Heaven's lips reaching,  
 Are goodliest lessons teaching;  
 And whoso heedeth, saith the Lord,  
 Shall reap Heaven's heavenliest reward,  
 Man to transgression tendeth,  
 And many times offendeth;  
 O cleanse Thou me from faults concealed—  
 From sins that slay unless revealed.  
 From guilt that is presuming,  
 And crimes that are consuming,  
 O keep thy servant undefiled,  
 A humble, watchful, holy child.  
 Guide Thou my lips in seeking  
 Words Thou would'st have them speaking;  
 And let my heart's beat ever be  
 Where meditation turns to Thee—  
 To Thee, first throned in story—  
 Thou King of deathless glory;  
 My stay through life, my every breath,  
 And my redeeming strength in death.

---

SOWING IN TEARS, AND REAPING IN JOY.

And the famine was sore in the Israelite's land;  
 And the hurrying seed-time was now close at hand;  
 And fathers and mothers, o'erburdened with fears,  
 Drew their children around them and bathed them with tears.

For the scant little remnant of corn must be sown,  
Or the joy of the harvest could never be known ;  
And the thought of surrender came laden with dread,  
For to bury the grain meant the burial of bread.

And the pleadings of nature fought hard in the strife,  
Setting now 'gainst the future, and life against life ;  
Until faith, all-prevailing, the victory gained,  
And the word of the Lord God Omnipotent reigned.

And the seed, all so precious, was born to the field ;  
And the Earth's kindly bosom the treasure concealed ;  
And the weeper kneeled down, and the sower looked up,  
And a prayer went to heaven while Hope filled the cup.

And Courage was constant, and Patience held on ;  
And soon half the burden of anguish was gone ;  
For the blade had sprung up, and the stalks now appear,  
To bear proudly, ere long, the full corn in the ear.

And then came the dawning, and then came the day  
When weepings were o'er, and the tears far away ;  
And the sickle was busy, and songs filled the air,  
For the famine had fled, and the harvest was there.

And the Father of mercies looked down from above,  
And His blessing went home with the gifts of His love ;  
And the temple is crowded, and choruses rise,  
Till their multiplied echos are lost in the skies.

#### THE BEGGAR-WOMAN'S DEATH BED.

Faster, to its depths below,  
Faster fell the stifling snow ;  
Fiercer, as its howlings passed,  
Fiercer blew the bitter blast.

Swifter, chafed by many a goad,  
Fled the steed which Darkness rode ;  
Heavier, as they crushed the light,  
Rolled the death-clogged wheels of night.

Colder, in that fearful storm,  
Grew a woman's wasted form ;  
Pleading, as it fenced with death,  
Gasping for sustaining breath.

" Beggar " branded, spurned, and starved ;  
Ruin's form by hunger carved ;  
Fate's inexorable plea,  
Shaped in helpless misery.

Long she struggled, long she cried ;  
Many a pleading tear she dried ;  
While her kindred, passing by,  
Left the homeless one to die.

Feeble, to un pitying skies,  
Hand in hand went prayers and sighs ;  
Hand in hand, and feebler they,  
Hope and Patience fought their way.

Still she craved, in Heaven's dear name ;  
Still from Heaven no answer came ;  
While to each yet feebler sigh,  
Only blackness gave reply.

Thinly veiled, with ravenous maw,  
Grim Despair that sad one saw ;  
Saw, and strove to hasten by ;  
Struggled, fought, but could not fly.

On the snow's unkindly bed,  
Sank the cold one's weary head ;  
Frozen, to the frozen bound,  
Ice its twin-companion found.

Then, half dead and half interred,  
Music's voice that sad one heard—  
Heard in strains that solaced her—  
Calling from the sepulchre,

" Come to me, O soul distressed,  
" Come to me, and sweetly rest ;  
" Come where care and trouble sleep,  
" And the wretched cease to weep.

" Come where pains are swept away ;  
" Come where agonies decay ;  
" Where the helpless and oppressed  
" Lay their griefs on Mercy's breast.

"Come where cold neglect retires ;  
 "Come where wasting want expires ;  
 "Where lean hunger lifeless lies,  
 "And where thirst, exhausted, dies.  
 "Come where Shame and Terror hide ;  
 "Come where sins are cast aside ;  
 "Where no strifes were ever sown ;  
 "Where no discord e'er was known.  
 "Come where waits the gentle Dove  
 "(Native of the land of love),  
 "That shall guide, through pitying skies,  
 "Thy sad soul to Paradise."

Then the minstrel ceased to play ;  
 Then the chanting died away ;  
 For, o'er-mastered by the storm,  
 Speechless lay that wasted form.

Slumber, sweet, had soothed her sighs,  
 Pressed her lips and closed her eyes,  
 Lulled the throbbings of her breast,  
 Stayed her tears, and bade them rest.

Hands unseen her shroud complete,  
 Made from Winter's winding sheet,  
 While from out the storm there fell,  
 Murmurings of the "passing bell."

Thus, without one earthly friend,  
 Thus she reached her journey's end ;  
 Thus, with Angel's by her side,  
 Wrapped in snow, the beggar died.

#### THE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

O be joyful all ye lands ;  
 Shout, ye nations, clap your hands ;  
 Harp your gladness, dance and sing ;  
 Laud and magnify your king.

Be ye sure that Israel's Lord  
 Spake the all-creating word ;  
 Made the flocks he loves to keep.  
 Nor forgets the wandering sheep.

At His gates your voices raise ;  
 Make His courts resound with praise ;  
 All His acts of love proclaim ;  
 Give Him thanks and bless His name.  
 For His gracious hands bestow  
 Mercies more than angels know ;  
 And His truth, a boundless store,  
 Shall endure for evermore.

#### LITTLE NED.

A child was weeping o'er a grave,  
 Calling, with drooping head,  
 "Sweet mother ! O, my mother dear !  
 "Come back with Little Ned."

No other accents left her lips,  
 No other word she said,  
 But "Mother ! O, my mother dear !  
 "Come back with Little Ned."

In pity of a sight so sad,  
 Where sad ones laid their dead,  
 I paused awhile beside that grave—  
 The grave of Little Ned.

I asked her had she brother else,  
 Besides the brother dead ;  
 She meekly sobbed a mournful "Yes,  
 "But not a brother Ned."

I quickly all her suffering scanned,  
 And all her sorrows read ;  
 And heard, with deep emotion told,  
 Her tale of Little Ned.

She said—"When mother's baby came,  
 "We had an extra bed,  
 "And Dick was put to sleep with Tom,  
 "And I with Little Ned."

"'Twas rather early when we woke,  
 "And I was dressed and led  
 "To mother's room, where baby was,  
 "And so was Little Ned."

"My father put the breakfast then,  
 "And this is what he said—  
 "Be careful not to make a noise,  
 "And look to Little Ned."  
  
 "My mother she was very ill,  
 "And had to keep her bed ;  
 She couldn't put the place to rights  
 "Nor dress her Little Ned."  
  
 "A neighbour came to tidy up  
 "And do the work instead ;  
 "She brought a pretty toy for me,  
 "And one for Little Ned."  
  
 "By mother's bed she said her prayers,  
 "And mother's Bible read ;  
 "Then held me up for mother's kiss,  
 "And lifted Little Ned."  
  
 "And then she told me to be good,  
 "And not go near the bed,  
 "But keep away outside the house,  
 "And play with Little Ned."  
  
 "At night we heard a bitter cry,  
 "And trampling over head,  
 "And father never spoke, but sat  
 "And nursed his Little Ned."  
  
 "I heard him, in the morning, say  
 "His darling Jane was dead ;  
 "That mother's lips had ceased for aye  
 "To bless her Little Ned."  
  
 "The pretty babe no longer lay  
 "With mother on the bed ;  
 "And mother neither spoke to me,  
 "Nor kissed her little Ned."  
  
 "They said a coffin always came  
 "For people that were dead,  
 "That one would some day come for me  
 "And one for Little Ned."

"The coffin came, and Tom and Dick  
 "Were each by Father led,  
 "While Uncle Ben took hold of me,  
 "And carried Little Ned."  
  
 "And here they put poor mother down—  
 "Down in this damp, cold bed,  
 "And left her lying, all alone,  
 "Without her Little Ned."  
  
 "The journey home was wet and cold,  
 "We'd nothing overhead ;  
 "And I'd a fever, after that,  
 "And so had Little Ned."  
  
 "I very soon got better, but,  
 "Before a month had fled,  
 "They came and dug the grave again,  
 "And buried Little Ned."  
  
 "Of course its very hard to bear ;  
 "And that's what father said :—  
 "How very cruel death must be  
 "To take our Little Ned."  
  
 "He tells us we must trust in God,  
 "Who hungering ravens fed ;  
 "Who took dear mother's cares away,  
 "And cares for Little Ned ;"  
  
 "Whose Angels come, with dove-like wings,  
 "To fetch us when we're dead,  
 "And take us up where mother is,  
 "And where they've carried Ned."  
  
 "O sir, if angels really come  
 "To fetch us when we're dead,  
 "I hope the same will come for me  
 "That carried Little Ned,"  
  
 "For then I'll tell them how I've cried,  
 "And how my heart has bled,  
 "And ask them, when they reach the place,  
 "To put me down with Ned."

“And then I'll never cry ~~again~~,  
 “But sing and smile instead ;  
 “For ever stay where mother is,  
 “And cling to Little Ned.”

My tears no longer bore control ;  
 I turned away my head,  
 And wept for that afflicted child—  
 For her and Little Ned.

Beside the grave I gently knelt,  
 And, looking upward, said—  
 “Sustain, O God, this drooping lamb  
 “That mourns her little Ned.”

“Protect her while her tender feet  
 “The flints of time shall tread,  
 “Nor let eternity divide  
 “Her soul from little Ned,”

“But grant that when the trump shall speak,  
 “She, rising from the dead,  
 “May meet her mother's blest embrace,  
 “And soar with Little Ned.”

Then when from looking upward thus,  
 While thus the prayer was said,  
 My streaming eyes turned back to her  
 Whose life was Little Ned.

A flower, all fragrant, on the grave  
 Had laid its withering head ;  
 The lips were dumb that “Mother !” called—  
 That begged for little Ned.

But soft and sweet as Angels breathe,  
 And far above my head,  
 Her voice I heard, and hear it still,  
 Pronouncing “Little Ned.”

For Heaven had sent the Angel down,  
 Who back to Heaven had fled,  
 And bade the mother's clasped one, there,  
 Embrace her Little Ned.

### COLLECT FOR THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord of all power and might ;  
 Author of life and light ;  
 Giver of all good things,  
 Graft in our hearts Thy Name ;  
 Teach us to love the same,  
 With all its music brings.  
 And, of Thy mercy, still  
 Help us to do Thy will,  
 Through Christ, whom Saints adore,  
 Our Lord for evermore.

### COLLECT FOR THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord, we pray Thee, let Thy grace,  
 As we run the heavenward race,  
 Hinder when our thought misleads ;  
 Follow when our weakness pleads.  
 Grant the spirit that inspires  
 Goodliest works and pure desires,  
 Through Christ Jesus, crowned in story,  
 Lord of life and King of glory.

### COLLECT FOR AID AGAINST ALL PERILS.

Do Thou, O Lord, amid the gloom of night,  
 Pour on our souls bright beams of heavenly light ;  
 And, of Thy mercy, through each perilous hour,  
 Shield us from danger with Thy mighty power.  
 This for the love of Jesus we implore—  
 Thine only Son, our Saviour, evermore.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Thou loving Father, ever near,  
 Unchangeably the same,  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling place, and here,  
 Thrice hallowed be Thy name.

“Thy Kingdom come” to every land ;  
 Thy sovereign will be done,  
 Till heaven and earth join hand in hand,  
 And God and man be one.

“Give us this day our daily bread ;”  
 Our trespasses forgive ;  
 That we the heavenward path may tread,  
 And, clothed in pardon, live.

Forgiveness on our hearts engrave ;  
 Thine image there renew,  
 That we, when suppliant brothers crave,  
 May learn to pardon too.

Conduct us where temptation’s power  
 Is conquered by Thy grace ;  
 And help us, in the evil hour,  
 Thy guiding steps to trace.

For kingdom, throne, and realm are Thine ;  
 All might belongs to Thee ;  
 The glory, power, and grace divine,  
 And endless majesty. Amen.

#### LIFE AND DEATH.

Life and death, like night and day,  
 Move upon the same highway,  
 Travelling, like sea and land,  
 Side by side, and hand in hand ;  
 Onward, ever onward pacing,  
 Never once their steps retracing.

Where the cradle claims a space,  
 Nature plants a burial place :  
 Bliss of life and pain of death  
 Interblend with every breath ;  
 Buds to-day are boughs to-morrow,  
 Green with joy, then brown with sorrow.

Death is not life’s enemy,  
 But it’s brief Gethsemane :  
 Destiny assigns to birth

Fellowship with pregnant earth ;  
 Tis from graves fresh life is leaping,  
 Death is only pleasant sleeping.

Life would worse than lifeless lie,  
 Had it not been born to die—  
 Were it not that all its rust  
 Finds recovering strength in dust.  
 As life’s day, which endeth never,  
 So is death’s long, long for ever.

#### HERE BELOW.

Humility, to speak with God,  
 Will bow the head and greet the sod ;  
 Kneel where the lowliness of earth  
 For ever chants its heavenly birth.

By painting heaven far, far away,  
 The dreamer leads himself astray :  
 Felicity is not a place,  
 But wealth of God’s indwelling grace.

Peace for the bosom ne’er was found  
 Where paths for wandering thirst abound ;  
 The prodigal came back to tell  
 How, seeking bliss, he found a hell.

God’s tabernacle is with man,  
 (And has been since the world began,)  
 Where Seraphim their censers raise,  
 And Angels tune the lips of praise.

No howling wilderness is found  
 Where worship consecrates the ground ;  
 No curse can flourish where the air  
 Is clothed with song, and fed with prayer.

The farthest heaven is ever near  
 Where melts the heart and falls the tear ;  
 Where penitence and pardon meet,  
 And love upholds the mercy-seat.

Then let me only care to see  
 The heaven that comes from heaven to me ;  
 Be still, upon the Father’s breast,  
 And learn the everlasting rest.



## TYPICAL COMFORTERS, No. I.

[MR. CONCEIT.]

His Bible under his arm ;  
 "Importance" is writ in his face.  
 He's going to sound an alarm,  
 And stir up a dangerous case.  
 He feels that he must n't be long,  
 For the season of grace may be short ;  
 And he pines to be putting it strong,  
 In a well-chosen word of a sort.  
 He soon does "the big" at the door,  
 Then, wrapped in discomforting gloom,  
 With somebody marching before,  
 He reaches the reprobate's room.  
 The lost one he findeth in bed,  
 And pelts him with pitying brag ;  
 Says "the works" are all wrong in his head,  
 And his righteousness not worth a rag.  
 And now he uplifteth his eyes,  
 And gives him this comforting text—  
 "The soul that's impenitent dies,  
 "In this, and the world that comes next."  
 His theme takes him back to "The Fall";  
 "The Fall" sends him on to "The Flood";  
 From whence, through quotations from Paul,  
 He works his way round to "The Blood."  
 Then he tells how the planets will fall,  
 And give him some terrible knocks ;  
 How the mountains won't care for his call,  
 Any more than the hard-hearted rocks.  
 He dwells on "The wrath of the Lamb";  
 His own rises higher and higher,  
 Till nothing is left him to damn,  
 But Beelzebub's brimstone and fire.  
 Then down on his knees he goes thump,  
 Right over the fountains of prayer ;  
 And mightily works at the pump,  
 Till not a remainder is there.

Having pretty well made himself hoarse,  
 By keeping his voice on the strain,  
 He states his opinion, of course,  
 That his labours have not been in vain.

A brief admonition ensues,  
 His fingers repose on his chest,  
 The stairs get a creak from his shoes,  
 And the patient exclaims—"Well, I'm blest !"

## TYPICAL COMFORTERS, No. II.

[OLD BETTY GILES.]

She quietly opened the door,  
 And something as quietly said ;  
 Her basket she placed on the floor,  
 Then quietly leaned o'er the bed.  
 "You've had a poor night I can see ;  
 "And mine has been nothing to boast ;  
 "I shall get you a fresh cup o' tea,  
 "And make you a nice bit o' toast."  
 "You must have in a breath o' fresh air,  
 "And a smell o' them lillies outside ;  
 "And I'll just put the comb through your hair" ;  
 Which she did, as she quietly sighed.  
 "There's a drop o' beef tea in that jar ;  
 "This brick I've made warm for your feet ;  
 "Them eggs be from old Susan Farr,  
 "And Tom sent this bit o' cold meat."  
 "You had'nt much bread left, I know ;  
 "So, as Martha was going to bake,  
 "I worked up a handful o' dough,  
 "And made you this morsel o' cake."  
 "I mustn't stop more than an hour,  
 "For they thinks Betsy Jones 'll soon die ;  
 "But I'll do all as lays in my power,  
 "To come in again by-and-bye."  
 "I'll soon put your bed-things all right ;  
 "A change 'll refresh you you'll find ;  
 "And to deaden that dazzling light,  
 "I'll pin up this old musliu blind."

"You needn't take on about Sam,  
 "For Sarah looks well after him ;  
 "And Annie—the dear little lamb—  
 Her's got quite a pet wi' our Jim."

"That wipe o' the towel's done you good ;  
 "And now that I've squared a bit here,  
 "I'll go down and break up some wood,  
 "And put things to rights a bit there."

'Tis done ; and she just takes a peep,  
 Where a song of the heavenly stream  
 Glides along on the bosom of Sleep,  
 And whispers a beautiful dream.

Then she quietly turns from the bed ;  
 Her basket is raised from the floor ;  
 "God bless her !" is quietly said,  
 And she quietly closes the door."

And *she*, who has lessened the thirst,  
 And softened the strokes of the rod ?  
 Well, twas just as I thought from the first,  
 She was one of the Angels of God.

### THE FAULTLESS PHARISEE IN THE TEMPLE.

[ADDRESSING HIMSELF.]

Look at that publican ! Notice his face !  
 Image of infamy ! Isn't it base !  
 What made him enter here ! Who let him in,  
 Bringing defilement, and reeking with sin ?

What makes him quiver so ? Heavens, what a blow !  
 What could that breast have done ? What doth it know ?  
 Nowhere toward heaven durst he lift up his eyes,  
 Knowing that guilt bears its tale to the skies.

There goes that fist again, banging his chest :  
 (Woe to the conscience thus banished from rest !)  
 What are his lips about ? What do they seek ?  
 Blasphemous boldness, he's going to speak !

What's that he says, "Lord, have mercy on me,  
 Vilest of sinners that sin against Thee ?"  
 Sanctified rubbish ! I'd strangle the wretch !  
 Mercy on *him* indeed ! Yes, with a stretch.

[ADDRESSING THE ALMIGHTY.]

God, how I thank Thee that I have been found  
 Blamelessly walking on holier ground ;  
 No vile extortioner, never unjust,  
 Clear of adultery, stranger to lust.

Tithes I pay promptly on all I possess ;  
 Fast twice a week, and give alms to excess ;  
 Am not like this publican—bother his rant !—  
 Adding to vices his impious cant.

[SEQUEL]

And yet that same publican, going to rest,  
 Found balm for his conscience and peace for his breast ;  
 While the dream of the Pharisee stumbled and fell ;  
 And the dreamer awoke in the temple of hell.

### TO MAMMA'S LITTLE MAN.

Go on, my little man.  
 Though life be but a span,  
 Make it a life worth living ;  
 Toil at thy mother's breast ;  
 Weary thyself to rest,  
 Thy drowsiness forgiving.

Then, to some new surprise,  
 Open thy wondering eyes,  
 Nor let their light be wasted ;  
 Spur the uplifting aim ;  
 Thirst for the deathless fame  
 Heaven's greatest-born have tasted.

Think that the land and the sea,  
 And the star-covered skies are for thee ;  
 That the dreams which come down from the Angels  
 are thine ;

The song of the morn, evening's whisper divine,  
 And a prayer from the lips that are purer than mine,  
 All for the little man.

## THE XCV. PSALM.

O come let us bring, in the praises we sing,  
 A song of thanksgiving, and joyfully raise,  
 To God our Salvation—The Lord of creation—  
 Before His bright presence an anthem of praise.  
 Valleys, mountains, and hills, His Omnipotence fills :  
 All gods fall before Him, the kings of all lands ;  
 O'er the ocean He reigns, puts its billows in chains,  
 And lifteth its fathomless depths in His hands.  
 O come let us bow, let us kneel to Him now ;  
 At His feet let us gather and worshipping fall ;  
 For Israel He leadeth, His people He feedeth,  
 And lives the preserver and Saviour of all.  
 O be it our choice to give heed to His voice,  
 Nor wantonly vex Him with hardness of heart,  
 As in the temptation—that great provocation—  
 When Vengeance went forth with its death-dealing dart.  
 Let the wilderness tell of the thousands who fell,  
 Of the sons of our fathers who angered Him sore—  
 Generations long dead, who to judgment were led,  
 And who tasted the manna of mercy no more ;  
 Who, for forty long years, never suffered the tears  
 Of contrition to fall on a penitent breast,  
 Till the wrath of the Lord thundered forth in His word,  
 And scattered and slew them in sight of His rest.

## THE DUST OF THE GROUND.

Dust of the ground are we ;  
 Dust are the things that we see.  
 Birds that so sweetly, so joyously sing ;  
 Monarchs whose roar makes the wilderness ring ;  
 All the strange creatures that people the deep ;  
 All the odd shapes that have business with sleep ;  
 Wars that have shaken the world in twain ;  
 Tears that, in streams, have been bitter in vain ;  
 All that in temples conspire to impress ;  
 All that is costly or worthless in dress ;

Chariots and horses, and regal displays ;  
 Armour that shields, and the weapon that slays ;  
 Riches and poverty, weakness and power ;  
 Boyhood's bright morning, and manhood's dark hour ;  
 The cold hand of Winter, the sweet song of Spring ;  
 The Summer's last word bidding Autumn-bells ring ;  
 The buds in the cradle, the stalks in the grave ;  
 The screams of the timid, the deeds of the brave ;  
 The gold we bow down to, the silver we store ;  
 The jewels we worship, the gems we adore ;  
 The mirror we flatter, the portrait we prize ;  
 The lips that forgive and the merciless eyes ;  
 Pleasure's thin universe, riddled with pain ;  
 The thunder's loud laugh, 'mid the lightning and rain ;  
 The robes of the rainbow, the wings of the gale ;  
 The fragrance which dwells in the charms of the vale ;  
 Books the most holy, and pens the most vile ;  
 Frowns that forewarn, and the snare-hiding smile ;  
 The bread in the basket, the wine in the bowl ;  
 The pains of the body, the sores of the soul ;  
 All that the brain has bestowed upon thought ;  
 All that the hand's inspiration has wrought ;  
 All that the brightest of sunbeams have shown ;  
 All that the numberless ages have known ;  
 All had their birth in a handful of clay ;  
 All turn to earth at the end of their day ;  
 All intervolve, in one infinite round,  
 And God is the life of "the dust of the ground."

## THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

(written in 1880.)

Ye are changing, ye are changing,  
 And your summer-smile is gone ;  
 While a hand is disarranging  
 All the beauty ye had on ;  
 And the hunger of a sorrow  
 Ye had never known before.  
 Leaves but little for to-morrow  
 Of the gladness that ye wore.

Ye are fading, ye are fading  
 Into sickness and decay ;  
 And your shattered bloom is wading  
 In the tide that ebbs away :  
 On your golden-tinted vesture  
 Falls the desecrating breath,  
 While a paralysing gesture  
 Marks the purposes of death.

Ye are falling, ye are falling,  
 Like the thunder-shaken rain ;  
 And a thousand voices calling  
 Bid you back to earth again—  
 To the cheerless isolation  
 Where forgotten things are spread ;  
 Where a boundless desolation  
 Marks the dwellings of the dead.

Ye are speaking, ye are speaking ;  
 They are mystic words I hear,  
 And their meaning I've been seeking  
 Through a vision-shaping tear ;  
 But I need not strive to reach it,  
 For, as round my path ye lie,  
 Your pale expressions preach it,  
 Saying " *You* must fall and die."

But I know I shall not perish  
 In corruptions dismal deep,  
 For a promise I shall cherish  
 When at last I fall asleep ;  
 And I know that He will cheer me  
 Who shall fix my fading eyes ;  
 And that angels, ever near me,  
 Will convey me to the skies.

#### THE WOMAN OF NAIN.

A widow, bowed by burdening years,  
 And shedding, fast, her helpless tears,  
 Went lonely out of Nain ;  
 The only joy her soul possessed—  
 The only child her life had blest—  
 Went on before her, slain.

With many a wail a crowd was led—  
 A crowd that mourned the dear one dead—  
 While Pity walked with her.  
 And on they went, with heavy heart ;  
 On, on, to pause where all must part,  
 And sought the sepulchre.

But He who came from heaven to bear  
 Our heaviest burdens, journeying there,  
 Marked how the loved one slept ;  
 How anguish pierced the widow's breast,  
 Rending the heart with woes oppressed,  
 And how the mother wept.

And straight the startling word was given ;  
 And Death's contending jaws were riven  
 By Jesu's matchless might ;  
 While He who bade the dead one rise,  
 Unveiled a mother's beamless eyes,  
 And gave them new-born light.

Cold funeral turned to festal fire ;  
 While, rising higher, still, and higher,  
 Acclaiming tongues declare  
 How mortals left their earthly wine,  
 To quench their thirst from streams divine,  
 And how the Lord was there.

#### EZEKIEL'S VISION.

By the hand of the Spirit the Prophet was led,  
 Where a valley encompassed the bones of the dead—  
 Unsepulchered refuse from battle's red plain—  
 The *débris* of glory—the bones of the slain.

And the valley he entered, the bones he beheld ;  
 Round about them he moved, by the spirit impelled ;  
 He saw they were many—the Golgotha deep—  
 Where thousands on thousands were piled in their sleep.

" Son of Man," said the Spirit, " O Prophet," he cries,  
 " Can these from their death-fastened slumbers arise—  
 " These bones that in wasting abandonment lie ?"  
 " Thou knowest, O Lord," is the Prophet's reply.

“Son of Man,” said the Spirit, “O Prophet, proclaim :—  
 “Hear the word of the Lord, O ye bones of the slain ;  
 “The Holy hath spoken, Jehovah hath said  
 “Your breath shall return, ye shall rise from the dead ;

“I will bind you together, your sinews restore ;  
 “With skin I will cover your flesh as before ;  
 “And then shall ye know, by the strength of his word,  
 “That God is your Saviour, that He is the Lord.”

So the Prophet proclaimed as the Spirit required,  
 His tongue was anointed, his lips were inspired,  
 And echoes repeated the words that he spoke,  
 Till the bones from their death-fastened slumbers awoke.

Like the clatter of arms 'mid the din of a gale,  
 The noise of confusion broke forth in the vale ;  
 Each bone to its fellow instinctively fled,  
 As it sprang from the depths of its battle-made bed.

And the Prophet beheld as the sinews appeared—  
 As the flesh and the skin, at his bidding, adhered ;  
 Though pulses yet were not, nor life-stirring breath ;  
 For still were those vanquished ones loyal to death.

“Son of Man,” said the Spirit, “the mandate send forth  
 “To the east, to the west, to the south, to the north,  
 “Where the bones in the slaughter-fed valley have lain,  
 “Bid the winds come together and breathe on the slain.

As the Prophet obeyed, lo ! the heavens were stirred ;  
 The swift-winged winds in the valley were heard ;  
 And from Golgatha's depths, in an instant, arose  
 An exceeding great army prepared for its foes.

“Son of Man,” said the Spirit, “these bones are the name  
 “Of a people whose children are covered with shame—  
 “The perishing children of Jacob, who say,  
 “‘Our hope is cut off, God hath cast us away.’

“Therefore prophesy, saying, O captives oppressed,  
 “The God of your fathers will yet give you rest ;  
 “Your graves He will open, the prisoners release,  
 “And bring them to Zion, the mountain of peace.

“He will give you His Spirit, your glory restore ;  
 “Oppression and famine shall waste you no more ;  
 “He will cause you to flourish and help you to raise,  
 “From desolate ruins, a temple of praise.

“And then shall ye learn, when your sepulchres rend,  
 “That God is your Father, that He is your Friend ;  
 “Coming forth from your graves ye shall bow to His word ;  
 “Confess to Jehovah, and worship the Lord.

“And from harps that were dumb when the desolate wept,  
 “And from timbrels and lutes that in banishment slept,  
 “And from trumpets and cymbals the anthem shall rise,  
 “When a nation's thanksgiving ascends to the skies.”

#### THE XV. PSALM.

What man, O Lord, of all the human race,  
 May find a home within Thy dwelling place ?  
 Or who shall gain that mount of holiest rest,  
 Where Zion's walls embrace the ever-blest ?

Tis he who guides his life, each new-born day,  
 Where no corrupting footprints taint the way ;  
 Whose righteous deeds unveil the good man's part ;  
 Who loves the truth, and speaks it from his heart.

Tis he whose cautious tongue will not repeat  
 The words ordained by craft and vile deceit ;  
 Who injures not his neighbour, nor, for shame,  
 Lets loose the slander that would blast his name.

Tis he who, rather than himself bepraise,  
 Will humbly kneel where conscious weakness prays  
 Whose eye discerns, and brightens at the sight,  
 Them that fear God and make Him their delight.

He who hath sworn, and ne'er the oath belies  
 On which his neighbours trusting soul relies,  
 E'en though its keeping empties many a shelf,  
 And brings the crash of ruin on himself.

He who ne'er tradeth where the usurer's gain  
 Fills blasted homes with bosoms rent in twain ;  
 Who pours contempt upon the tempter's gold—  
 The price for which the innocent are sold.

He that so doeth, saith the Lord of all,  
 Shall tread the King's highway, and never fall ;  
 Shall reach His courts, find welcome at the door,  
 And share the Father's home for evermore.

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TO A MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Blessed and holy, and happy for ever,  
 Mother, dear mother, inherit thy rest;  
 Nothing from safety thy spirit can sever,  
 Daughter of paradise, happy and blest !

One with all saints and all angels united,  
 Now and for ever thy sorrows are o'er ;  
 Clad in the bliss that shall never be blighted,  
 Earth and its cares will distress thee no more.

Dearest of loved ones, while mine is the sadness—  
 Braving the tempest and still on the sea—  
 Thine is the fulness of glory and gladness ;  
 Blessing and blessedness wait upon thee.

Sadly I gaze on the dust that must perish ;  
 Mourning, I think of thy measureless love ;  
 Sweetly the hope of embracing, I cherish,  
 All that was mother, in mansions above.

Meekly I bow, and suppress my complaining ;  
 Longing, I gaze, through the tear-stricken eye,  
 Up where Jehovah—the Father—is reigning ;  
 Up where the song is to Jesus on high ;

Up where the Cherub and Seraph are singing ;  
 Up where the sanctified spirits ascend ;  
 Up where the loud Allelulias are ringing ;  
 Up where the chorus is "World without End."

Stored where affection its memories treasure,  
 Sacred each thought of thy love shall remain,  
 Till, in the day of our Father's good pleasure,  
 Angels invite me to clasp thee again.

NATHAN'S PARABLE OF THE EWE LAMB.

From off the harp a gifted hand  
 Had swept the lingering chord,  
 Where he who reigned o'er Israel's land  
 Had worshipped Israel's Lord.

The sacred hour, now softly closed,  
 Had soothed the monarch's breast ;  
 And David, where he oft reposed,  
 Had laid him down to rest.

But scarce to sleep, serenely sweet,  
 The dream its charm had lent,  
 Ere David, stirred by hurrying feet,  
 Had left the tranquil tent.

The prophet Nathan, freshly charged  
 With news of scandalous wrong,  
 Before the King at once enlarged,  
 And bore the tale along.

"Two men," said he, "no great way hence,  
 "In the same city dwelt :  
 "The one could boast his affluence,  
 "The other, purseless, knelt.

"The rich man's cattle, o'er the plain,  
 "With flocks and herds were spread ;  
 "The poor man bought, with all his gain,  
 "One lamb his floor to tread.

"That one ewe lamb, with gentle bleat,  
 "Was fondly nourished up ;  
 "It shared the poor man's daily meat,  
 "And drank from out his cup ;

"It mingled with his children's play,  
 "And, like a babe caressed,  
 "Found comfort in his arms by day,  
 "And slept upon his breast.

"One ill-born hour that way there came  
 "A traveller, seeking rest ;  
 "His bent I know not, but the same  
 "Became the rich man's guest.

"And he, the rich man, spared to take  
 "From flocks his own to slay,  
 "And thus the preparation make  
 "To feast his guest that day,  
  
 "But seized the poor man's lamb to dress—  
 "The only lamb he had ;  
 "Did thus his neighbour's soul distress,  
 "To make a stranger glad."  
  
 "Nathan, enough ; No more I'll bear !"  
 "Was David's fierce reply ;  
 "Who this has done, at once I swear  
 "By heaven and earth, shall die.  
  
 "But four-fold he shall that same ewe—  
 "That poor man's lamb restore ;  
 "Then, since his heart no pity knew,  
 "That heart shall beat no more."  
  
 "Thy will be done," was Nathan's word,  
 "On *thee* guilt's crimson lies ;  
 "On David falls the avenging sword ;  
 "The King of Israel dies.  
  
 "Thus saith the Lord, and thus to thee,  
 "Who didst this evil thing,  
 "From Saul I took the majesty,  
 "And thee anointed King.  
  
 "His house and wives I made thine own ;  
 "With peoples that were mine ;  
 "And more, had more thy cravings known,  
 "Would I have known as thine.  
  
 "Then why hast thou thy God despised,  
 "And trifled with his word ;  
 "Uriah, without cause, chastised,  
 "And slain with Ammon's sword ?  
  
 "Forth from thine house a keener blade  
 "Shall never more depart ;  
 "The sword thine infamy has made.  
 "Shall rust in David's heart.

"Troubles and ills thy house shall know,  
 "Long as thy reign shall run ;  
 "Thy wives become thy neighbour's fare,  
 "Before the gazing sun ;  
  
 "For thine was trading secretly ;  
 "But I this thing will show  
 "As far as peoples worship me,  
 "Or suns mine empires know."

Then David, cursed by slaughtering lust,  
 His heinousness confessed ;  
 Lay, self-abhorred, in pitying dust,  
 And smote upon his breast.

His kingly courage took its flight,  
 Like chaff before the wind ;  
 And Echo, through the live-long night,  
 Repeated "I have sinned."

And Nathan saw how guilt-born grief  
 A monarch's heart could wring,  
 And said (O, infinite relief !)  
 "God pardons thee, O King."

#### THE LONGEST DAY.

'Tis not the day that comes in June,  
 With far-extending hours ;  
 'Tis not the day that plants its noon  
 Amid the regal flowers ;  
 'Tis not the earlier start from sleep,  
 Nor pondering Time's delay,  
 Nor yet the evening's farthest leap,  
 That makes the longest day.  
  
 'Tis when suspense the pain prolongs,  
 While tears distress the eye ;  
 When fainting Hope forgets her songs,  
 And tears refuse to fly ;  
 When disappointment's maddening goad  
 Makes heart-wounds all the way,  
 And grim Despair completes the load—  
*Then* comes the longest day.

## ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP

Soon as dawn has risen  
 From her melting prison,  
 And the sunbeam hies,  
 Chanting as it flies,  
 Whither, through the air,  
 Full of morning prayer,  
 Sounds their chariots lend,  
 As the psalms ascend,  
 Countless creatures mark  
 How the soaring lark,  
 Higher still, and higher—  
 Like unbridled fire—  
 Panting, all athirst,  
 Striving to be first,  
 Straight from off the sod,  
 Leaps at once to God.

Soon the service ends,  
 And the lark descends ;  
 While the morning rings  
 To the joy she sings ;  
 Then, beside the nest  
 Where her yearnings rest,  
 Lesser hymns are sung  
 While she feeds her young ;  
 And as moments glide  
 Which the hours divide ;  
 Or as labour stays  
 Worships longer lays,  
 Canticles are heard,  
 Leaping from the bird,  
 Swelling, as they rise,  
 Till they flood the skies.

Then companions lend,  
 And Orisons blend,  
 Strains of holiest praise  
 Plume-clad saints can raise :  
 For the warbling race,  
 Blest with deathless grace,  
 All the live-long day,  
 Trill devotion lay ;

Where their mingling choirs  
 Worthiest faith inspires,  
 Work and worship ride,  
 Always, side by side :  
 Sabbaths pour their oil  
 On the wheels of toil,  
 And employment, blest,  
 Crowns the day of rest.

## COLLECT FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

God Almighty, give us grace  
 Wisdom's guiding steps to trace ;  
 That from darkness we may flee,  
 Break from sin, and cleave to Thee.

While this earthly life we bear,  
 Which Thy Son was born to share ;  
 Clad with truth, and armed with light  
 Make us valiant for the fight ;  
 That, when He shall come again,  
 Visiting the Sons of men  
 (Lamb all spotless, Christ, the same,  
 Wearing Thy thrice-glorious Name ;  
 And, for judgment keenly scanned,  
 Quick and dead before Him stand),  
 We may gain, and wear with Thee,  
 New-born immortality.

This we beg, through Christ Thy Son,  
 Who, with Thee, all-blessed One,  
 And that Spirit we implore,  
 Lives and reigns for evermore.

## LONGING FOR DEATH.

A cloud o'er the star of my day,  
 Has all its unkindliness cast ;  
 Its morning was taken away,  
 Its noon into nothing has passed.



Dull Solitude sits at my door,  
 And Loneliness lies by my side ;  
 Companionship knows me no more,  
 But only the place where it died.

Worn Patience, the intimate friend  
 Whose nursing my spirit sustained,  
 No longer assistance can lend,  
 For she has a paradise gained.

No longer the dream I pursue  
 That painted a prospect so fair ;  
 The journey I ne'er shall pursue,  
 But give myself up to despair.

An angel I long to embrace,  
 In whispers invites me to fly ;  
 I know 'tis an angel of grace ;  
 I know it is better to die.

So the flickering lamp I dismiss,  
 That lent my devotion it's aid,  
 Since Hope, with it's vision of bliss,  
 Is now in the sepulchre laid.

And all that the hand has caressed,  
 And all that the soul has adored,  
 And all that the spirit has blest,  
 Is now in abandonment stored.

Sweet slumber has taken my fears ;  
 I've buried the last of my sighs ;  
 Resignation is drinking my tears,  
 And Silence is wiping mine eyes.

So now I am ready to start,  
 And wait but the summoning knell—  
 The sound that, in treaking my heart,  
 Shall ring the eternal "Farewell."

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#### I AM WEARY, O JESU.

I am weary, O Jesu, and fainting with fear,  
 For the darknes pursues me, and dangers are near ;  
 Unprotected, unsheltered, I cry, Lord, to Thee,  
 "Son of David, have mercy, have mercy on me."

I am friendless, O Jesu, I journey alone ;  
 My bed the bleak mountain, my pillow a stone :  
 Where no voice comes near me, nor path can I see,  
 "Son of David have mercy, have mercy on me."

I am hung'ring, O Jesu, for Famine's lean hand,  
 Pioneered by Destruction, has emptied the land ;  
 Thou Thyself did'st once hunger, let that be my plea,  
 "Son of David, have mercy, have mercy on me."

I am thirsting, O Jesu, no stream can I find ;  
 On before lies the desert, and Death comes behind ;  
 By the thirst thou did'st suffer, when nailed to the tree,  
 "Son of David, have mercy, have mercy on me."

I am naked, O Jesu, the sky is o'ercast,  
 And a storm rides apace on the night-bringing blast ;  
 By Thy mercy to those who ungarmented Thee,  
 "Son of David, have mercy, have mercy on me."

I am sinking, O Jesu, cold sweat on my brow  
 Tells my soul 'tis with Death I am struggling now ;  
 By the cry thou did'st utter, when Death came to Thee  
 "Son of David, have mercy, have mercy on me."

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#### O JESU, SWEET SAVIOUR.

O Jesu, sweet Saviour, Thou fountain of love,  
 Whose blest ones on lost ones look down from above ;  
 Thou Sovereign of mercy, O send one to me—  
 An Angel to bless me and bring me to Thee.

O Jesu, sweet Saviour, whose infinite Name,  
 For my deep transgression, was loaded with shame,  
 O cease to remember how dreadful my sin :  
 I come to beg mercy, O bid me come in.

O Jesu, sweet Saviour, once chilled by despair,  
 When trembling Gethsemane echoed Thy prayer ;  
 Scarce daring Hope's whisper in faith to repeat,  
 I sink, self-abandoned, and lie at Thy feet.

O Jesu, sweet Saviour, once crimsoned with gore,  
 Whose nail-prints and spear-gash the crowned ones adore,  
 All wounded behold me, as helpless I lie,  
 O stay Thou the bleeding, nor leave me to die.

O Jesu, sweet Saviour, once bathed in the flood  
That yielded its waters as Thou didst Thy blood,  
O wash me, I pray Thee, in Golgotha's tide—  
In streams that gave life when Emanuel died.

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### THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

There is a preacher whose transcendent theme,  
Lighting its lamp from Nature's first-born beam,  
Inspired the lips of heaven's melodious lyre,  
And clothed earth, air, and sea with vocal fire.

No clime is known where mortals have not heard,  
And felt the rapture of that preacher's word ;  
No far off sky, nor deeply hidden mine,  
But bears the impress of its power divine.

The waves of ocean learn the inspiring lay,  
And placid streams the alluring strains obey ;  
All creatures living leap to catch the sound,  
And death itself 'mid listeners is found.

Without this preacher temples rise in vain,  
And vested priests o'er dead vocations reign ;  
Altars and censers lack the enhallowing fire,  
And prayers and offerings in their birth expire.

O soul-enrapturing Music, life of love !  
Thou thrice-enthroned Sovereign, crowned above ;  
Source of all sweetness that from heaven has flown,  
And every comfort earth's rent heart has known.

Omnipotent I hail Thee ; for, to me,  
Jehovah's loveliest Name is Melody ;  
Therefore the God whom heaven's vast hosts adore,  
In Music I will worship evermore.

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### THE CASTLE OF DESPAIR.

Just at the point where Hope no longer leads,  
And Fear, with straining gaze, her anguish pleads ;  
Where tracks of Disappointment, thickly spread,  
Are footprint over-crossed by frantic Dread :

Where many a project, born to dreams of bliss—  
Dreams that have strayed from other worlds to this—  
Is rudely slain by fierce, unpitying Fate,  
Ere crowned Success can open wide the gate,

An angry channel, deep and broad as night,  
(Scarce reached by rays of most adventurous light),  
With hindering curves pursues, and turns aside  
The pathway marked for Expectation's guide.

Anon its waters, gathering up their force,  
Beyond obstructing walls re-shape their course,  
Till, deeply merged, or else by Sunderings crossed,  
The tantalizing path at length is lost.

No guide attends where, far as thought can reach,  
Foiled Purpose wanders o'er the boundless beach ;  
Nor where Endurance, long by Courage led,  
Finds worn-out Perseverance cold and dead.

But where a cavern's depths reveal a gloom  
Like only that which dwells within the tomb,  
A wailing echo pale Exhaustion leads—  
The echo that Abandonment precedes.

Within that cavern, vast as Chaos' dream,  
(Where motion sleeps, and silence reigns supreme),  
In numbers unexpressed by words or signs,  
And fancy's utmost phrase but half defines,

There sit, for ever, cold, and mute as death,  
And each one pausing on a half-drawn breath,  
Delusion's victims whom enticements led,  
While onward, still, the goal more swiftly fled.

Before their gaze—a ghastly, spell-bound stare  
That poises walls in unsubstantial air—  
The dream-born canvas yields to fancy's plea,  
And lifts a scene that mocks their misery.

No search but theirs the faintest lines can trace  
Of all that structure which their orbs embrace ;  
Nor mark how Darkness, taugth by ocean's roar,  
Inscribes, all round its base, " For evermore ! "

But they can see—with portal strongly barred,  
 And everlasting thunders keeping guard—  
 How vast its walls, how lost in clouds its height,  
 And where its gables blend with farthest night.  
 And ever, and for ever, fixed as fate,  
 Or Heaven's decrees, or Hell's wide open gate,  
 The pile their dreams have reared will still be there,  
 Its name unchanged—"The Castle of Despair."

#### A NEW YEAR'S INVOCATION.

Now, O God, with soul-prostration,  
 Low before Thy throne we bow,  
 Oil of holiest consecration,  
 Pour on all who seek Thee now.  
 Through the year that dawns before us,  
 While each hour is hurrying by,  
 Let Thy watchful eye be o'er us,  
 And Thy mercy ever nigh.  
 When our days are dark and dreary,  
 And our hearts are cold and dead ;  
 Helper of the weak and weary,  
 May we then by Thee be led.  
 When oppressed by sore temptation,  
 Or seduction's vile embrace,  
 As the God of our Salvation,  
 Arm us with delivering grace.  
 When afflictions, in our dwelling,  
 Strike with anguish and distress,  
 May we hear Thy whisper telling  
 How the blows are meant to bless.  
 And should death, by Thee permitted,  
 Lay some cherished idol low,  
 May we, by the stroke be fitted  
 More of Thee, O God, to know.  
 Then, with many blessings laden,  
 And by many mercies found,  
 May we, in the distant Aden,  
 Be with endless gladness crowned.

#### JUDAH'S INTERCESSION.

O my dread lord ! if, but a moment's pause,  
 The approaches to thine ear may not be closed ;  
 And if the burden of a heart that bears,  
 Besides his own, an aged parent's grief—  
 All Hebrew and abhorred though it be—  
 May enter there, O bid thy servant speak ;  
 And let the current of thy clemency,  
 Mighty as Pharaoh's name, and broad as Nile,  
 Embracing all the dangers of thy wrath,  
 Assuage its thirst. Thus would thy servant speak :—  
 When hunger drove us from our far-off home,  
 And famine found us prostrate at thy feet,  
 My lord inquired, and frankly we replied,  
 " We have a brother, and his father lives.  
 That father who so worthy of our love,  
 Is loved so much the more as he is old ;  
 So much the more our brother, being young,  
 Who had a brother, late-born, like himself.  
 Our father loved them, for they were the fruit  
 Of his most ripe and venerable age.  
 The elder, and the mother of these twain,  
 Are let by death from further intercourse :  
 The younger, and a father's heavier grief,  
 Contend against the soreness of their fate."  
 This did thy servants tell my gracious lord.  
 It then became thy pleasure to require  
 The presence of our brother at our hand ;  
 And our reply, " My lord it cannot be :  
 His father's love confronts my lord's desire,  
 As bars of brass oppose the captive's prayer.  
 If, then, my lord can break the strength of love,  
 Thy word shall triumph, Benjamin shall come ;  
 But never more may Jacob lift his head."  
 Then spake my gracious lord,—" Except he come—  
 Except ye bring your younger brother down—  
 The lad of whom ye spake—this Benjamin—  
 Tis vain for you, ye see my face no more."  
 We hastened home ; and all my lord had said  
 Thy servants told our father, word for word.  
 And when he bade that we should come again,

Thy servants urged with what severe command  
 My lord required the presence of the lad.  
 To disobedience driven, we still refused ;  
 At which the crumbling empire of his life,  
 Shaken by dumb distress, became convuls'd :  
 His fears, his grief, his anger, tears, and love,  
 Ran to the utmost of their ample chain.  
 " Children ! " he cried, " you all remember this—  
 You know that Rachel bore two lovely boys ;  
 And how the elder, in an illborn hour,  
 Went from his home—went, and returned no more.  
 In this ye bear no blame ; but if ye now,  
 Beside the brother ye have sold for grain, *(Simeon)*  
 Barter for Pharaoh's bread my favourite child—  
 The pearl of Rachel's womb, her dying gift—  
 Ye load my hoary hairs with fatal grief,  
 And bring them down with sorrow to the grave."  
 Then did I take the measure of my love,  
 Loving my father far—far more than self.  
 As money counted I put down my life,  
 In pledge and surety of the lad's return.  
 As then my lord is gracious, just, and wise ;  
 And life and death stand waiting thy command,  
 O tell thy servant that his father lives ;  
 That captive Judah, by thy favour bound,  
 Fulfils his oath and every pledge redeems ;  
 And let the balmy tidings of such joy,  
 When Benjamin re-lights his father's home,  
 Perfume the salutation of the lad  
 For when, without the boy, I dare return ;  
 And when his father asks, but asks in vain,  
 " Where is my child, your brother ; where's the lad ?"  
 When gazing still, and still no Benjamin ;  
 When Shame, for shame, hangs down its guilty head,  
 And Death's cold shadow dims the old man's face,  
 The worthless word that robbed him of his child,  
 Hurl'd at my quivering lips, will strike them dumb.  
 O would my lord could see how sad the day ;  
 Would I could tell my lord how dark the hour,  
 When, with no blessing, and a brother lost ;  
 When, with no father, and a name accursed ;  
 Who, pleading now to save a father's life,

Shall then be counted guilty of his death !  
 Thy servant's father's days are full of years ;  
 And as my lord repels the hideous foe—  
 This decimating monster, hunger's plague—  
 Our brother grips a sword and lifts a shield,  
 Striding his father's grave ; remove him thence,  
 And headlong, like the thunder-blasted tree,  
 Our father falls. 'Tis Benjamin or death.

#### IN MEMORIAM CHARLES DICKENS.

To day there's not a home in all the land,  
 From royal palace—where the stricken Queen  
 With sovereign homage bows her loyal head,  
 And gives the day to most imperial grief—  
 Down to the little cabin by the moor,  
 On which the chilling death-shade has not fall'n.  
 Charles Dickens was the universal friend—  
 The ever-welcome guest ; for he had carved  
 The music of his name on every heart.  
 We loved him as a brother born for all,  
 No circle closed that was not round him drawn.  
 'Twas he, with weeping, taught us holier tears ;  
 Who scattered, in the sunshine of his path,  
 The seeds that grew and multiplied our smiles.  
 'Twas his translating hand that gave a tongue—  
 Thrice heavenly in its never-failing power—  
 To all our keen and many-coloured woes.  
 He found a path for Pity when she stood  
 Opposed by cold indifference ; and he led  
 The vindicating angel by the hand  
 Whose flaming sword, against oppression's power,  
 Sustained the helpless victim's trampled claim.  
 Nor less than worthy of a preacher's tongue  
 His homilies ; No sanctimonious whines,  
 No sickening cant, no sour, ungenerous creed,  
 No purse-enlarging " Shibboleth " e'er marred  
 The consecrated office of his lips.  
 He spake as hy that spirit he was taught  
 Which moved, at sundry times in divers ways,  
 By holy men of old, this laggard world.  
 In what set form or fashion matters not ;

He served his generation, and was just ;  
 His words were words of life that have been bound  
 In volumes that shall keep his cherished name,  
 And all the adorning titles he has won,  
 Enshrined in honours lasting as the stars.  
 O, he was worthy of an Angel's love !  
 And that same stroke which, reaching every ray,  
 Brought, all at once, his golden glory down—  
 That shattered its meridian and dissolved,  
 In death's dark deep, this heaven-illuminated lamp—  
 O, that same stroke, like inspiration's thrill,  
 When, lightening like, it speaks to all at once,  
 Shall stimulate our pulses and excite  
 A beat so deathless, in our loyal hearts,  
 That its vitality shall stir the slain—  
 Shall disentomb Death's thrice-illustrious prey,  
 And fix his dwelling, mid inferior flames,  
 Where love and homage lift their loftiest throne.  
 Charles Dickens is no more. What that may mean,  
 What worth can fill the deep and hungry void  
 His exit leaves, or what skill'd hand can heal  
 The nation's wound, will not be soon resolved.  
 We do not weep as when we put away  
 The daily gathering of inferior dust :  
 We only feel how passing strange it is  
 That one so loving, so enriched with life ;  
 Without the intimation of intent,  
 A parting word, or intervening pause,  
 Should give the glory of his gifted hand,  
 With all its wealth, to grasping, "dusty death."  
 O never more, sweet sorrow-tuning muse ;  
 O never, never more shall flow for him  
 Thy many-streaming fount ! O never more  
 Shall clamorous Echo echo sweetly back  
 The music of his most harmonious lays !  
 O never shall the sound again be heard  
 Of that sweet harp which flung from every string  
 And gifted them with never-wearying wings,  
 A thousand heavenly strains ! O never more  
 Shall panting expectation quench its thirst  
 From goblets overflowing with delight,  
 And all supplied by him ; for Death and he,

(Supreme permission being first obtained),  
 With sullen Silence have a bargain made  
 That must not be disturb'd.

We therefore acquiesce ;  
 His loving lips we press,  
 Nor find their sweetness less  
 Than when in flower ;  
 His hallowed hand we kiss,  
 And gather up what bliss  
 Bereavement leaves in this  
 Dividing hour.

In dust his dust we lay :  
 His ashes with the clay ;  
 With earth we fold away  
 His earthly care ;  
 We lift our chastened eyes,  
 From where his body lies,  
 To heaven's unclouded skies,  
 And love him there.

#### HOME.

Say, what is home, that word so tortured here,  
 Where dawn brings grief, and sunset leaves the tear ?  
 Is it an echo, on life's ocean tossed—  
 The echo of an angel's whisper, lost ?

Is it a phrase, a thought scarce half express'd ;  
 A dream, from which the dreamer wakes distress'd ;  
 The grave of music, where the ear has found  
 The crumbling fragments of an empty sound ?

A home on earth ! a joy which none can seize ;  
 A world of pleasure where no pleasures please ;  
 A vaulted Eden where distempers bloom,  
 And palace walls conceal the loathsome tomb.

Degraded nature, cased in blinding rust,  
 Mistakes for heaven dim caves of poisoning dust ;  
 But nature cleansed mounts Inspirations wing,  
 A lovelier sphere, and lovelier tents to sing.

Toward that bright home the poet's full-strung lyre  
Pours from its God-like lips the vocal fire ;  
And minstrel hearts, that catch the inspiring ode,  
Lend all their chords to songs of Love's abode.

Home, sweet, sweet home ! one end of many ways :  
Whose ever-open gates are built with praise ;  
One end of many journeys—mansions blest !—  
Whose entrance gives the weary endless rest.

Thine ample walls Jehovah's love sustains ;  
One welcome, ever, God's own voice ordains ;  
While deep as ever man, corrupted, fell,  
Its echo calls, and shakes the lowest hell.

Home, sweet, sweet home ! let man and angel sing ;  
With home, sweet home ! let all creation ring !  
Till home, sweet home ! that source of boundless grace,  
Shall clasp and shelter all the human race.

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#### IN MEMORIAM LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The Lord of Hughenden has passed away,  
And death has lighted up his crowning day ;  
Bereavement's voice proclaims him peerless now,  
And vallant foes before him bravely bow.

He has not fall'n within that barren span  
Which gives the world not one remembered man ;  
Where Counsellors ne'er caught th' inspiring fire,  
And monarch's, born of emptiness, expire.

All was not over when the crumbling rust  
Fell from his soul and sought the hallowing dust ;  
When Silence bade his lips their toils forsake,  
And Thought its everlasting farewell take.

His onward-reaching glance o'er-leaped the gate  
Where Time's unripe designs await their fate ;  
His wisdom, steered by an unwavering hand,  
Enlarged the greatness of our peerless land.

Far down the future shall his name be sung  
Who taught the aged and inspired the young ;  
Whose pure devotion left a Sovereign blest.  
And gave her people concord, peace, and rest.

But now sore wounded by bereavement's goad,  
An empire bends awhile beneath its load ;  
And all the world unites a grief to share,  
Too much for one afflicted land to bear.

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#### TO SPRING, 1880.

We are longing for the gladness  
Which thy welcome coming brings,  
For a heavy load of sadness  
Needs thy sorrow-lifting wings  
The winter has been wasting,  
Prithee come and bid it go ;  
For many still are tasting  
Its distressing cup of woe.

We are longing for the morning  
When, descending every hill,  
The gold of thy adorning  
Shall acclaiming valleys fill ;  
When Hope, fresh anchors making,  
Shall outride consuming fear ;  
And Faith, from slumbers waking,  
Leap for joy to find thee here.

We are longing for the flowers  
Which thy busy hand supplies,  
And the music that in showers  
Will be falling from the skies ;  
For the sunbeams that shall open  
All the buds thy maidens bring,  
When the merry bells have spoken  
That shall hail thee, lovely Spring !

Come and bless the waiting weeper,  
Who hath sown his precious grain,  
So that, by-and-bye, the reaper  
May take home the sheaves again—  
So that—Autumn's footsteps tracing—  
When the wintry blast shall come,  
Ample barns, thy gifts embracing,  
Shall make glad the reaper's home.

Come and make the dwellings brighter  
 Where affliction spreads its gloom ;  
 Bring for those a burden lighter,  
 Who have dear ones in the tomb ;  
 Banish pain with want and sorrow ;  
 Give new life where hopes are dead ;  
 Bless, O bless our every morrow,  
 Loading it with daily bread.

Come with loving, gentle tending,  
 That, where now contentions reign,  
 Strifes may have their speedy ending,  
 And sweet Peace be crowned again.  
 Teach our lips the grateful measure  
 Which thy holier children sing,  
 Then we'll raise the cup of pleasure,  
 Drinking to Reviving Spring,

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#### UNWORTHY OF REMEMBRANCE.

Let no tear be shed  
 O'er his green turf bed ;  
 Heave no sigh :  
 When the wild flowers bloom  
 Round a nameless tomb,  
 Pass it by.

When the grave-worm sips  
 Death-dew from his lips,  
 Name him never ;  
 Let oblivion's billow,  
 O'er his reeking pillow,  
 Roll for ever.

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#### THE BANKS OF THE BEAUTIFUL WYE.

My mother's warm tears fell apace for the dead,  
 And were followed by many a sigh,  
 As, pressed to her bosom, I nestled my head  
 In nature's unruffled, ineffable bed,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

Amid smiling meadows, whose flooding excess  
 Of enchantments bewildered the eye,  
 A sweet cottage home gave my childhood access  
 To sensations which words were not born to express,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

By the Church, with its mantle of ivy, were placed  
 The graves where the blessed ones lie—  
 The graves that were watered with many a tear,  
 And covered with flowers for many a year,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

By-and-bye, when from infancy's trammels released,  
 Companions that loved me were nigh—  
 Companions that met me at Ectasy's feast,  
 Where we sang till the song of the nightingale ceased,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

And when a new dream all its raptures unbound,  
 And showed what a fortune was nigh,  
 I caught the sweet breath of a saint in the sound  
 Of the voice of a child I had, wandering, found  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

No beam of the morning, no star of the night,  
 No gem with such beauty could vie ;  
 Her infinite grace was a peerless delight ;  
 Her eyes the bright lamps that enkindled the light,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

My soul, in devotion transportingly sweet,  
 Its idol enthroned in the sky ;  
 O'erwhelmed in adoring I fell at her feet,  
 Where love and the lovers of loveliness meet,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

Necessity, stern as a monarch's decree,  
 And poverty, telling me why,  
 Then sent me away—far away o'er the sea—  
 Far away from the angel that heaven gave to me,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

But memory clung to the picture it drew,  
 And clasped, in a desolate sigh,  
 The cottage, the church, and the heart that was true :  
 The meadows, the trees, and the blossoms that grew  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

O'er the breadth of a severing, menacing deep  
 I gazed with a languishing eye ;  
 And I thought of the missing ones, fallen asleep ;  
 And I thought of the waking ones—waking to weep—  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

Though tempters were many, their lurings I spurned,  
 When fled was the banishing tie ;  
 Affection, inflamed, irrepressibly burned—  
 Affection repaid on the day I return'd  
 To the banks of the beautiful Wye.

And now, in that cottage, with one by my side  
 Who sank in the parting " Good-bye,"  
 Domestic affections roll in like the tide,  
 And children a flood of enjoyments divide,  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

And when to the home of the happy and blest,  
 My soul shall be summon'd to fly,  
 I ask that the hand and the lip may be pressed,  
 That the dust of this perishing body may rest  
 On the banks of the beautiful Wye.

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#### I SIGH ALONE FOR THEE.

When o'er the Summer's golden day  
 The Zephyr spreads its wings,  
 And Warblers tune the sweetest lay  
 That answering Echo sings ;  
 When fragrance fills the amorous air,  
 And Heaven's blue paths I see,  
 Then, fairest of the passing fair,  
 I sigh alone for thee.

When light'nings cleave the trembling sky,  
 And thunder shakes the earth ;  
 When tempests bid the pine trees lie  
 Where forests gave them birth ;  
 When Ruin's voice invites Despair  
 To tempt the gale-struck sea,  
 Then, fairest of the passing fair,  
 I sigh alone for thee.

Throned in my heart for evermore,  
 Thine image will remain :  
 Thee, thee alone will I adore  
 Till death itself be slain ;  
 For thee alone my soul shall pine,  
 While earth's dim lights I see,  
 Then, where the stars for ever shine,  
 I'll sigh alone for thee.

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#### THE SHEFFIELD CATASTROPHE, 1864.

The sun had gone down, and the storm had gone by ;  
 The moon was unveiled in the star-sprinkled sky,  
 Her silver-clad beams from the firmament fell  
 On the beautiful river, the beautiful dell.

The murmurings were hushed in the toil-bearer's cot ;  
 For the toiler, when sleeping, remembers them not ;  
 And mansions, uplifted from poverty's care,  
 Gave respite, in slumber, to sorrowers there.

But grief was the brightness that gladdened the eye ;  
 Strange clouds flung a gloom o'er that glittering sky ;  
 And the terrified moon-beams betook them to flight,  
 While the stars, rudely startled, extinguished their light.

For the demon that rode on the terrible blast,  
 When the sea dyed the waves where the fiend feasted last,  
 Has entered the valley, and speeds on his way  
 To the ill-fated homes of his dream-laden prey.

(O danger ! so silent, so secret, so sure ;  
 O ruin ! so restless, yet calm and secure ;  
 Thy footsteps are heard not, thy form is unuseen,  
 While the grave and thy victims thou standest between.)

And he comes where the vale is sustaining, with toil,  
 Deep, sullen, pent waters, and, eager for spoil,  
 Rends asunder its hold with a blast of his breath,  
 And goads the wild waves with the trident of Death.

Like a terrified steed broken loose from the chase,  
 Or as thunderbolts leap from the caverns of space,  
 Neither heeding the helpless nor fearing the strong,  
 Bearing down all before it, the flood sweeps along.



Ere the sleeper is warned by the torrent's loud roar,  
 Destruction advances and enters his door ;  
 With no time for consciousness—all in one breath —  
 He is dreaming, awaking, and silent in death,

The shriek of despair, when half-uttered, is o'er ;  
 Who, gasping for help, ere he speaks is no more ;  
 Who leap from the danger, or fear-stricken stay,  
 Sink at once in the deluge that hurls them away.

The pulse that was warming, the word that was nigh ;  
 The tear that was forming, the half-lifted sigh ;  
 The thought and the anguish, the hope and the fear,  
 The past and the present, all—all disappear.

The bosom by virtue and purity blest ;  
 The conscience in chains and the spirit distressed ;  
 The young and the hopeful, the ruined and grey,  
 The helping and helpless are hurried away.

The love that had grappled with many a woe,  
 And succoured the sinking when Death was the foe ;  
 The arm that was mighty, the heart that was brave,  
 Are as tow in the grasp of the dream-troubled wave.

Nor guilt, nor the breast that repulses its foes ;  
 Nor beauty, nor sex, nor the sufferer's woes,  
 Are spared by the demon-spied, death-ridden wave—  
 The sweeping destruction—the horrible grave.

For when the cold moon again gleamed on the vale,  
 And the stars round about her stood trembling and pale,  
 Desolations in wildest confusion were spread,  
 And those waters, exhausted, lay still with the dead.

#### WHAT IT IS TO DIE.

The soldier sinks amid the surf  
 That goads the crimsoned wave,  
 And finds, beneath the gory turf,  
 A slaughtered hero's grave.  
 His valour by renown is blest ;  
 His hand is held by fame ;  
 His worth is his memorial's guest,  
 And honour carves his name.

Yet, tho' by murderous torturings fed,  
 Each mortal wound profusely bled,  
 Till every ripening pain had fled  
 In one convulsive sigh ;  
 And tho' the vanquished warrior bore,  
 On shattered shell and sundered core,  
 The blows, till blows could do no more,  
 Yet this was not to *die*.

The maiden's bloom dejection steals,  
 And then her steps incline  
 To shores on which the sand reveals  
 The tracks of deep decline ;  
 With silent sadness Hope remains,  
 But slumbers off and long ;  
 While Patience yields to sickening pains,  
 And memories lose their song.  
 On hungry shadows, hourly fed—  
 Which never leave a doomed one's bed  
 Till every flattering dream has fled—  
 She bends her faded eye ;  
 And while the loved ones round her weep,  
 And sad farewells from silence leap,  
 She lights a smile, and falls asleep ;  
 But *this* is not to *die*.

The widow mourns a severing day,  
 And bears a widow's grief ;  
 Her cherished lambs are torn away  
 From fondlings all too brief ;  
 The gladsome hour now calls no more  
 Her waiting cup to fill ;  
 The light that lent her wings to soar,  
 Now leads her down the hill.  
 Around her draws the chilling shade,  
 As friendship's form begins to fade ;  
 While Fear employs the keenest blade  
 The wealth of dread can buy ;  
 Lean Penury becomes her guest ;  
 With famished Want she takes her rest,  
 And sinks, at last, by woes oppress'd :  
 But this is not to *die*.

The old man walks, with slow decay,  
 Adown the darksome road  
 Where faltering memories grope their way  
 To slumber's last abode ;  
 His voice expression's forms forget ;  
 His ear neglects the call ;  
 His orbs, without their glimmering, set ;  
 His withered branches fall ;  
 A freezing hand the brain unseats ;  
 No journeyings, now, the breath repeats ;  
 The languid heart no longer beats,  
 Dead pulses round it lie :  
 The damp which unseen breath supplies,  
 O'er every crumbling feature lies,  
 And rust the chain of life unties :  
 But this is not to *die*.

To reach the point where Friendship tires,  
 And Truth exhausts her store ;  
 Where long-confiding Faith expires,  
 And Hope revives no more ;  
 Where cold Ingratitude supplies  
 The keen and withering blast ;  
 Where only darkness onward lies,  
 And trustings look their last :  
 To note where perjured promise hides ;  
 To mark the steed sham virtue rides ;  
 To see where Falsehood's friend abides,  
 And smiles their treachery buy ;  
 To pass, unslain, where thousands fell,  
 And hear, each day, the churlish bell  
 That will not ring the long-for knell,  
*That's* what it is to *die*.

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#### VEGETABLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

O say not the plant all unthinking proceeds,  
 On the path of its mission by wisdom designed ;  
 That the proud, soaring cedar, unconsciously feeds ;  
 Or that buds, with no cravings, are voiceless and blind ;

That the leaves on the branches ne'er mingle their songs  
 With strains which the forest-harps fling from their strings ;  
 That the brambles ne'er listen while Echo prolongs  
 The music which Nature from paradise brings.  
 The sociable ivy's encircling embrace,  
 Or the grasp of the wine-giving, generous vine.  
 Should all such misleading impressions erase,  
 And teach us to worthily learn the Divine.  
 The meek little daisy that greeted the morn,  
 And fondly the tarrying noon-beam caressed,  
 Will blush when the night-bringing libertines fawn,  
 And carefully cover her innocent breast.  
 The vale-scenting lily will only retain  
 The fragrance which Eve, when in paradise, blest ;  
 Nor suffer a tint on her cheek to remain,  
 But that which the snow-flake let fall from its breast.  
 The liver-wort knows that the sun-beam would smite  
 A framework for sheltering-tenderness made ;  
 It therefore avoids the fierce, vanquishing light,  
 And peacefully dwells in the solacing shade.  
 And the shrewd scarlet-runner, or ere it ceases  
 The death-meaning thrust of the sun's fiercest ray,  
 Will turn on its foe the keen edge of its leaves,  
 Cleave asunder the danger, and cast it away.  
 The violet and primrose prefer a retreat  
 Where Nature a grateful seclusion supplies ;  
 While cowslips and daffodils, not so discreet,  
 Their loveliness bare to the gaze of the skies.  
 So sensitive born, and so slenderly strung,  
 Are the nerves that to some timid plants have been lent,  
 That a sound on their branches may scarcely be hung,  
 Ere all that was vital seems instantly spent.  
 Then say not that Reason declines to reside  
 In the kingdom where many-crowned Loveliness reigns ;  
 But vaunting conceit with mean prejudice hide,  
 And sin-breeding ignorance banish in chains.  
 For all breathing creatures, whate'er be their dress,  
 Their mode of existence, employment, or name,  
 The wisdom of God in their teachings express ;  
 Acknowledge one father, and worship the same.

## THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

O why were many weeping,  
And wherefore did they kneel,  
While sobs, the tears o'erleaping,  
Prolonged the vain appeal ?

O why, confictions hiding,  
Did many turn away,  
And, while their weakness chiding,  
So bow the head that day ?

The close-drawn blind is telling,  
The sable garbs declare,  
While yon church bell is knelling,  
How Death was cruel there.

A damsel, sweet as morning,  
And fair as Eden's bloom,  
The funeral grief adorning,  
Is waiting for the tomb.

Her bridal wreath she beareth,  
And many a flower beside ;  
The ring *he* gave she weareth,  
And waiteth where he died.

Her lips, with kisses laden,  
The hand so much caressed,  
And all that peerless maiden,  
Have gained a deathless rest.

There, where no hope is blighted,  
On Love's untortur'd shore,  
Her pulse, to his united,  
Shall beat for evermore.

## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The year that has fled—the old year that is dead—  
Let it go, with its burden of sorrow,  
And let me commend, to my suffering friend,  
The one that shall greet him to-morrow.

I am not unheeding ; I know thou art bleeding ;  
Thy bruises are many, the gashes are deep ;  
And I do not disdain when I hear thee complain,  
But give thee the tears that would help thee to weep.

Yet let it not seem— for thy life never deem  
That thy case has outlived its redressing—  
Through the big briny tear see a joy-crowning year,  
With its brightness, its balm, and its blessing.

The birds will be singing, the woods will be ringing,  
The sun with an anthem shall rise :  
And the lips of the light shall dismiss the dark night,  
While melodies fall from the skies.

Fling the record away, and forget the dark day  
Where false grew the friend thou didst cherish ;  
Where Forgetfulness walks, and Oblivion stalks,  
Let his name and his memory perish.

Bid thy spirit look up, drink from Hope's cheering cup ;  
Scatter sorrow, and banish despair ;  
Lay thy tears in the grave ; bid thy purpose be brave,  
And I'll pledge thee a happy New Year.

## THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

Let all the notes that rapture knows,  
Embrace the swelling strain ;  
Send forth, ye winds, the song that flows  
Like floods refreshed with rain.

Inspire thy lay, sweet morning's child,  
And bid th' impulsive lyre  
Unloose its chords where bliss runs wild  
Amid melodious fire.

And let the noon-day sunbeam soar  
Beyond its wonted height,  
And still its vocal flames outpour,  
When evening heralds night.

Sing on, ye stars, the spaces fill  
'Twixt blending night and day ;  
Prolong your anthems, vale and hill,  
Till midnight leads the way.

Fill in the chorous, deserts wide ;  
Let echoing mountains ring ;  
On Music's plumes let all things ride,  
And all things welcome Spring.

## THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

(Written about 1862.)

The Autumn leaves—the fluttering leaves—

How frolicsome and gay,  
As one by one they roll and run,  
And aid the children's play ;  
While a mother's bliss bestows the kiss  
That happier makes the day.

The Autumn leaves—the drifted leaves—

On Folly's festal days,  
Of beauty shorn, to tatters torn,  
Serve but to make a blaze ;  
While the swelling joys of the reckless boys  
A frantic anthem raise.

The Autumn leaves—the withered leaves—

Approach and thickly lie,  
Where Love doth sip the ripening lip,  
And drink the gushing eye :  
And then is heard the whispered word,  
"And lovers, too, must die."

The Autumn leaves—the fallen leaves—

In vain a shelter crave ;  
And a nipping frost *their* path has cross'd—  
The beautiful and brave ;  
While corruption sips the withered lips,  
And Death divides the grave.

The Autumn leaves—the hurrying leaves—

To childhood gives delight ;  
But ripening years incline to tears,  
And mourn their busy flight ;  
For the falling leaf reveals the thief ;  
And then, we know, 'tis night.





