A Pleasing Discovery.—"Entering the dry goods store of a respectable merchant one day," says a correspondent in the New York Observer, "I saw the owner looking intently into the money drawer. I naturally thought that in the absence of customers he was counting his gains. But when he raised his head, I thought there was an expression in his countenance more noble than that of avarice. It did not seem like the lustre reflected from coin, but, as was beautifully expressed by one, there seemed to shine 'a beam from heaven, which may be supposed to have accompanied the thoughts back to earth that had just been expatiating above.' Requiring some change after I had made my purchase, my curiosity induced me to cast a glance into the drawer, and there, in one apartment, lay an open Bible. While I felt a reproof from the monitor within, the thought also struck me, that I had now discovered the cause of this brother's eminent attainments in piety, that in the most afflicted bereavement, he had been favoured to 'rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of his salvation.' His Bible is cherished and loved, and read in the midst of business; and though it may be surrounded with what the world worships, he yet sees in it the pearl of great price, beholds a treasure that will never fail, a sweetener of toil, an earnest of an inheritance in reversion, of happiness not to be interrupted, never to end."

"EVENING TIME."—ZECH. XIV, 7.

At evening time let there be light:
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose,
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheer'd the way.
O for one sweet, one parting ray,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light;
For God hath spoken—it must be:
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me:
Mine eyes shall his salvation see:
'Tis evening time, and there *is* light!

J. Montgomery.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

The following hymn, written by Mrs. Sigourney, was sung at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Colonization Society, held on the 10th of March, 1834.

Oh! Afric, fam'd in story,
The nurse of Egypt's might,
A cloud is on thy glory,
And quench'd thine ancient light.
Stern Carthage made the pinion
Of Rome's stern eagle cower;
But brief was her dominion,
Lost is her trace of power.

And thou the stricken-hearted,
The scorn'd of every land,
Thy diadem departed,
Dost stretch thy fetter'd hand:
How long shall misery wring thee,
And none arise to save?
And every billow bring thee
Sad tidings from the slave?

Is not thy time of weeping,
Thy night of darkness o'er?
Is not Heaven's justice keeping
Its vigil round thy shore?
I see a watch-light burning
On lone Liberia's tower,
To guide thy sons, returning
In freedom's glorious power.

The pyramids aspiring,
Unceasing wonder claim,
While every age admiring,
Demands their founder's name:
But more enduring glory
Shall settle on his head,
Who blest salvation's story

A HYMN FOR THE NEGROES' JUBILEE,

Aug. 1, 1834.

Ye saints who rais'd the fervent prayer,
The loud triumphant song prepare;
Shout to our God, who brake in twain
The injur'd Negro's galling chain.

On Slavery's dark, terrific night,
See Mercy's beams shine pure and bright;
Sublime through Afric's gloomy skies,
Freedom, triumphant Freedom, flies.

A million eyes salute the ray,
A million voices bless the day;
With hope the bondmen lift their head,
And joyful on their fetters tread.

Shout, Britain! shout with ecstacy!
Hail Mercy's glorious Jubilee;
Creation shall your songs resound,
And angel harps your notes rebound.

O'er all the earth your palm-branch wave,
That every man who was a slave,
May Mercy's warning voice attend,
And from his limbs the fetters rend.

Almighty God, accept our lays,
Thine was the work — be thine the praise:
To thee we bend th' adoring knee;
Thanks to thy love, the slave is free!

To Thee we breathe our humble prayer,
Take the poor Negro in thy care;
Renew his heart, from sin set free,
Bless him with Gospel liberty.

Bid truth through every region fly;
Let tyranny and slavery die;
Thy blessing on the Gospel pour,
Till every land thy name adore.

Woolwich. J. C.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

How deep the sorrows of the Son of God,
When in Gethsemane baptiz'd in blood,
He in the anguish of his spirit prayed
The vengeance sin deserv'd might be delayed!

"Father, let this cup pass!" the sufferer cried,
"These horrors which afflict my soul be gone;
But, if thy justice may not be denied,
Then, O my Father! let thy will be done."

THE WESTMINSTER FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

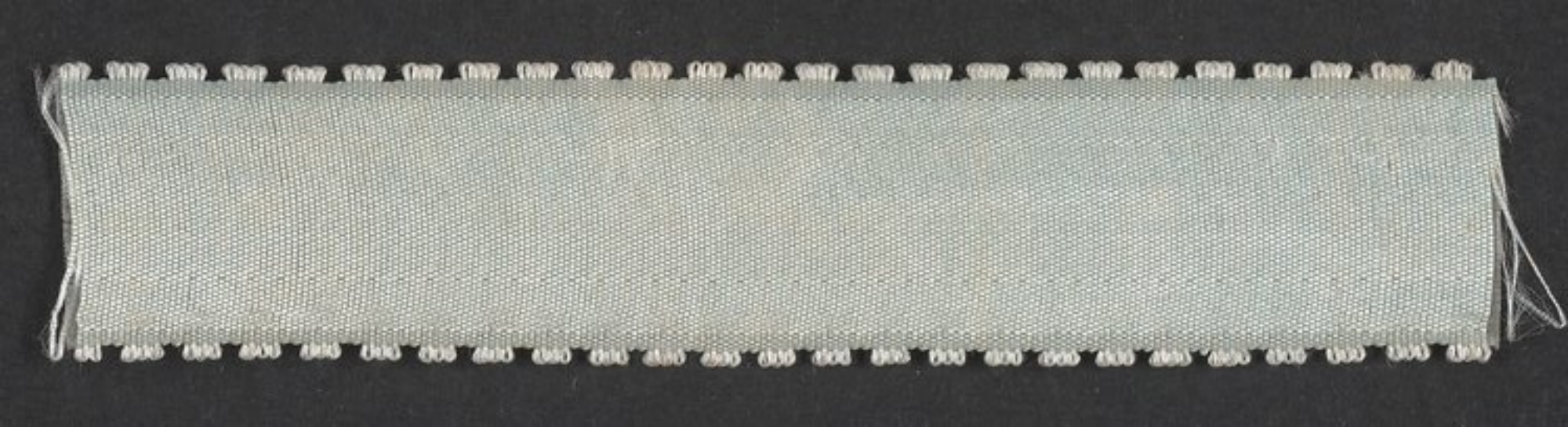
Geo. Shaw
15 Nelson St
Liverpool

The Sylphs Song

Oh! have you not seen,
The Ocean Queen,
As she pass'd in her fairy boat,
She left her bower
At the twilight hour,
O'er the tremulous waves to float.
Her boat, her boat was a Nautilus shell
And she sweetly smiled as she wav'd fare well
To the corall bowers below,
And she wander'd away in the evening hour,
The bride of Love a sweet sea flower,
Wherever the tide might flow;
A Zephyr alone hath wafted the bark
And a fire-fly lent its beautiful spark
To light her where-er she might go.
Then have you not seen,
The Ocean Queen,
As she pass'd in her fairy boat,
She left her bower,
In the twilight hour
O'er the tremulous waves to float.

The Jovial Sexton

A droll old Sexton went to buy
A mattock and a spade,
But when a public-house was nigh,
He quite forgot his trade.
He minded nought on earth
So much as good strong beer;
If he had that, and joiful mirth,
Death never movid his fear.
This was his song, when favorite drink
Had drove his care away:-
"If people will of quackery think,
"My drade will neer decay
"For 'tis the greatest friend I know,
"The best I ever tried,
"For oft it makes my cups o'erflow,
"When I've its work to hide.
"Who is a warrior great as I,
"A mighty hero too?
"For dukes and princes, popes, and kings,
"Beneath my weapons bow.
"So bring the froth-crowned quart, my boy,
"Let care before it fall,



"For ale was ever my best joy,
"And shall untill death call.
"Then some must earth the Sexton up,
"And do what I have done,
"And oer me take a cheerful cup,
"When my last sand is run.

The Nun

A beautiful Girl at the age of sixteen
Has never been distressed so as lately I've been
I now and declare I dont know what I've done
But my Mother she says she will have me a nun
But I wont be a nun no I wont be a nun
For my heart it loves folly too well for a Nun.
But is not it a Pitty such a pretty Girl as I
Should be shut up in a nunery to pine and to cry.
To be shut up in a nunery I should surely be undone
For my heart it folly too well for a Nun.
But I wont &c
Perhaps tis to threaten me my Mother tell me so
If she tells me so again faith I'll stoutly answer no
But if she is in earnest I from her will run
And I will get married in spite of her fun
But I wont &c

Praise of Brandy

Brandy is good, at matin prime;
At mid day is a very good time;
A glass at eve; nor be it said
Without a glass you go to bed

Village Sounds

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose!
There as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;
The sober herd that lowd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playfull children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind;
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Love in a Cottage for me

Oh the air of a city with poor little Love
I'm certain will never agree
He'll sigh for the hill and the vale and the grove
So Love in a Cottage for me!
He'll pine if confin'd to a square or a street,
And look round for an evergreen tree
Then give me oh give me a rural retreat
Oh Love in a Cottage for me
Love in a Cottage Love in a Cottage
Oh! Love in a Cottage for me.
I very much fear Love loses in town
In heart what he gains in esprit;
And the form that he doats upon most is his own
So Love in a Cottage for me
I'll rove with my Love on the path by the lake
Or the sands that are washed by the sea
And I give up all else in the world for his sake
So love in a Cottage for me
Love in a Cottage Love in a Cottage
Oh! Love in a Cottage for me.

Mrs Emily Lockwe Harlington.

Emily

ringing

O, it was not for me that I heard the bells

I went to the Fair with a Heart all so merry
Sing hey down ho down derry down dei;
And I bought a gay ribbon as red as a cherry
For the girl I loved best and who vowed to love me
I returned from the fair gaily whistling and singing
My true lovers Knot I in triumph was bringing
O, it was not for me that I heard the bells ringing
Sing hey down ho down derry down dei
O, it was not for me that I heard the bells ringing
Sing hey down ho down derry down dei.

Emily ~~Povah~~

Human Life.

They tell me life is like a dream a
bright brief dream & o'er
They tell me life is like a stream that
seeks the ocean shore
They tell me life is like a flower that
bloom's but to decay
If so then life is only death in
holiday array.

For 1933

Tell Jhon to set the kettle on
I mean to take a drive
I only want to go to Rome
And shall be back by five.
Tell cook to dress those humming birds
I shot in Mexics.
They have been killed at least two days
They'ill be Un peu trop haut
And Tom take you the gold leaf wings
And start for Spain at three
I want some Seville Oranges
Twixt diner time and tea
Fly round by France I bring a new
Prepetual motion Gun
Tmorrow with some friends I go
A hunting in the sun
The trip I took the other day
To breakfast in the moon
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire
He spoiled my new baloon
For steering thro' the milky way
He run against

The Blind Girls Lament.

It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring,
Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy unknown thing:
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and sparkling sky,
Nor oceans foam, nor mountains frown
That ever I weep or sigh.

They tell me that they birds, whose notes
Fall rich, and sweet, and full—
That those who listen to, and love,
Are not all beautiful!
They tell me that the gayest flowers,
Which sunshine ever brings,
Are not the ones I know so well,
But gay and scentless things!

My little brother leads me forth
To where the violets grow;
His gentle, light, yet careful step,
And tiny hand I know.

Brought forward

My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
Like music on my ear;
The very atmosphere seems love
When these dear ones are near.

My father twines his arms around,
And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor, blind helpless girl,
He says he loves the best.
Yes then I ponder unknown things,
It may be — weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
To meet Affection's eye!

Miss Cornelia Goulson

Sorrow

Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feathered choirs combining
With gently murmuring streams,
And winds in concert joining
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.

They tell me she's no longer fair

They tell me she's no longer fair,
that time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow, her
beauty's blooming pride
But if her heart is still the same,
still gentle as of yore
Then is she beautiful to me, more
lovely than before.

They tell me that her cheek is pale
as in the twilight hour,
And that her eye has lost its light,
her glance its former power,
But if her soul is still as chaste
still gentleness is there
Then is her eye to me still bright
her cheek to me still fair
For oh! tis in the shrined soul
where beauty purely dwells
Where virtue lives, and truth exists
like pearls in ocean shells

Give me a feeling faithful heart
perfections richest prize
This is the temple of all love where
beauty never dies.

Anon

A Riddle

I know not what these lines will be
I know not who these lines may see;
But since a word in seasons sent,
As from a bow at hazard bent,
May reach a roaving eye, or dart
Conviction thro a careless heart
Oh! that an arrow I might find
In the small quiver of my mind
Which, with unerring aim should strike
Each who encounters it alike!
Reader attention! — I will sing
A wondrous thought; — tis on the wing
Guard well your heart; — your guard in vain
The wound is made yet gives no pain
Surprise may cause your cheek to glow
Yet courage now but you shall know

The thought awakened by my spell
Is more than I my self can tell
Now? search the secrets of your breast
And think of that which you love best
Then ask within:— "What will this be
A thousand ages hence to me?"
And — if it will not pass the fire
In which all nature shall expire
Think ere these rhymes aside are cast
(As tho that thought might be your last)
"Where shall I find below, above,
An object worthy of my love?"
Now hearken! and forget it never
Love that which you may love for ever.

J Montgomery

The Bridemaid

The bridal is over the guests are all gone
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now

With smiles & caresses she decked the fair bride
And then led her forth with affectionate pride
She knew that together no more they shd dwell
Yet she smiled when she kiss'd her, & whispered farewell

She wd not embitter a festival day
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away;
She hears the bells ringing she sees her depart
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart

She thinks of each pleasure, each fair days that
The gentle companion of happier years
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now

Joanna Baillie

Prayer, the Christians Privilege

The breeze swept o'er the billows & the sun
rose in the sky
The lark had left her dewy nest the
stream let murmurs by
The linnet sang upon the thorn the
bee rushed thro the air

When the child of God was on his knees
to breathe his morning prayer

II

Far from the haunts of busy man he
sought a lonely spot
Where the world with all its vanities
might sweetly be forgot
And Natures voice, with all her tones
so eloquent & rare
Might mingle with the breathings of
his early morning prayer

II

The sun had gained his middle course &
all the azure sky
Shone like a lake of liquid light while
to the ravished eye
The earth, with all her woods and
streams seemed beautiful and fair
When the child of God was on his knees
to breathe his morning prayer

II

He praised the God of nature for the
blessings of this grace
For the kindness of this Providence the
smilings of this grace

For the glories of the firmament the
earth, the sea, and air
But chiefly for the privelege to breath
his soul in prayer

The evening star began to smile the
moon was in the sky
The nightingale commenced her song the
owlet hooted nigh
The peasant sought his lowly hearth
the lovers her lair
When the child of God was on his knees
to breath his evening
prayer

And oh! twas sweet to hear his voice
of humble ardent love
Seek the goodness & the blessedness proceeding
from above; —
And gleams of heaven fell on his soul
& God himself was there
To listen to the breathings of his servants
evening prayer

Rev. F. Tumble

Summer.

'Tis summer! 'Tis summer! the wild birds
are singing;
The woods & the gems with their sweet
notes are ringing;
The sky's are all glowing with crimson
and gold,
And the trees their bright blossoms
be gin to unfold
The is breathing his murmurs
of love,
The stars are adorning the blue
skies above
While the moon in her beauty is
shining on high
And soothing the heart while she
pleases the eye

'Tis summer! 'Tis summer! — and
winter no more
Is heard in the winds or the oceans
wild roar
Nor so calm are the waves over all
the great deep

That their murmurs might lull a
young infant to sleep
The streamlets are gilding all lovely
and calm
And the zephyrs come laden with
fragrance & balm
Then oh! let us bow to the merciful
power

Who lives in the sunbeam the tree
and the flower
Who stills the wild tempest and bids
the vast sea
Unruffled & calm as a placid
lake be
Let us bow to that God who gave
summer its birth
And who scatters his treasures all
over the earth
Anon.

GOOD BOOKS AND THE BEST BOOK.

I HAVE many books that I cannot sit down to read: they are indeed good and sound; but like half-pence, there goes a great quantity to a little amount. There are *silver* books; and a very few *golden* books: but I have one book worth more than all, called the Bible; and that is a book of *bank-notes.* — *Newton.*

My Wife

I chill affliction's dreary hour
When Fortune's frowns & tempests lower
Who soothes me with her gentle power
My wife

Where various cares disturb my rest
By sickness or by pain oppressed
Who bids to peace my troubled breast
My wife

When absent long and far away
Who thinks of me the live long day
And who for me to Heaven doth pray
My wife

And when in all her matron charms
My safe return her bosom warms
Who flies to clasp me in her arms
My wife

Who guides my children's infant day
With cultivation's dawning ray
And points to heaven & leads the way
My wife

And when perhaps by grief oppress
Some childish want disturbs thine rest
Who lulls thee on her snowy breast
By wife.

As over the cold sepulchrial stone
Some name arrests the passer by,
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye:

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

Beauty is vain, Engendering Praise,
When it can nothing boast beside:
Tis but a Flower of transient Praise,
By Sickness Spoil'd deform'd by time

The finest form, the fairest face
Devoid of inward mental grace,
May as a modall be admir'd
But never as a mate desire'd.

On Comeliness

That is the bloomy tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within,
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply
Can comeliness of form or shape or air
With comeliness of words or deeds compare
No! these at first the memory heart may gain
But these, these, only can the heart retain

Forget me not

To flourish near my native bower
And blossom round my cot
I'll cultivate a little flower
They call forget me not

Tho oceans may between us roll
Far distant be our lot
Dearest tho we meet no more
Do thou forget me not.

Lines

Written in "Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman: by J. J. Rousseau: founded on facts."

"Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving"

Answer to the foregoing

Dear simple

Long on thy Name I did reflect
and now, I charge: thee with Theft.

Thou robb'st my days of buss'ness and delights
of Sleep thou robb'st my nights
Ah! lovely thief: what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heaven too!
Thou even my prayers dost Steal from me,
And I, wild idolatry
Begin to God and end them all to thee

No, to what purpose Should I speak:
No, wretched heart, Swell till you break
She cannot love me, if she would:
And to say truth, 'twere pity that she should
No to the grave thy sorrow bear,
As silent as they will be there:
Since that loved hand this mortal wound does give
So handsomely the thing contrive
That she may guiltless of it live
So cherish that her Killing thee
May a chance-medley, and as murder be.

Fragment

Hills of Ashesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood strayd,
How the northern tempest warring
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more the hours beguiling
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

Remember me

Say if no more in converse sweet
The blissful hours shall flee
Say if no more that we may meet
Wilt thou remember me.

No time shall change my firm regard
Nor banish thoughts of thee
And I shall feel a sweet reward
If thou'lt remember me

Affection's type the brightly
blushing rose
A friend now bids upon this
page repose
With that fair flower which haunts
each lonely spot
And gently whispering sighs
"Forget me not"

"What is Friendship? — Not an expression that costs us little trouble. Not a look that costs us less — But a Heart of sympathy a Heart that vibrates at every touch of sorrow — a Heart that beats high and strong when a suffering Friend presses against it — and which would, cheerfully forgo its other sources of gratification for the more refined enjoyment of attempting to share the grief which it may not be able totally to assuage" —

We have been Friends together
In sunshine and in shade
Since first in Greengate
In Infancy we play'd
But coldness walls within thy heart
A cloud is on thy Brow
We have been Friends together
Shall a light word part us now.

"

We have been Gay together
We have laugh'd at little jests
For the found of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our Breast
But laughter now hath fled thy lips
And sullen gleams thy Brow
We have been Friends together
Shall a light word part us now

"

We have been sad together
We have weep'd with bitter tears
Ov'r grass grown graves were slumber'd
The hopes of early years
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy Brow
We have been Friends together
Oh what shall part us now

The Adieu

Yes – while affection has dominion here,
That sound will softly vibrate on the ear
The Scene though distant far, will still be new
Where the last words were heard – "dear friend – Adieu"

But is there not a balm to soothe the mind
And cause the stubborn will to be resign'd?
O yes Religions power assists a few
To be submissive, though the bid – "Adieu"

For when the steam of time is ebbing fast,
And all the sails of life are nearly past,
Their heavenly home faith will present to view
Where never will be heard the sound – "Adieu" –

An old gentleman being smitten with a young Lady sent her a glove with the following lines

Take G – from glove and there remains love
And that I send to thee – — her answer
Take D from page and there remains age
And that wont do for me. — 1840

The rose the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree its torn,
Is like the charm which Beauty shews.
In lifes exulting morn.

But oh! how soon its sweets are gone
How soon it withering lies,
Just as the Eve of life comes on
Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess relief that never will fade
The Beauties of the Mind.

The Parting

How hard to part from those we love
Tho sure to meet tomorrow
We still a kind of anguish prove
And feel a pang of sorrow.

But ah how bitter are our tears
When from those friends we sever.
Perhaps to part for months, for years
Perhaps to part for ever!

My Album

In truth it is not every book
Thats suited to the mind
In some we may for ever look
Yet no amusement find

But seldom does an album fail
To please both grave and gay

Something may be learned every time a book is opened.

The ways of superiors are generally copied by inferiors & evils.
Parents affection is best shown by teaching their children industry & self-denial.

May peace be ever round thy dwelling
And all thats good on thee attend;
And may each morn, with pleasure smiling,
Hail thee still, my lovely Friend.

And whether in the bustling town,
Or in the country's calm retreat,
May fortune never on thee frown,
Nor envy grudge thy better fate.

May slander's darts fall far behind thee,
Or recoil back against thy foe
Still may the Honest Heart befriend thee,
And guard you wherever you go.

Oh may you never drop a Tear,
Except for sorrows not thy own,
Or for the Friend you loved so dear,
In tribute to the worth thats gone.

And even free from rude alarms,
In happiness long may you live;
Blest with a faithful Lovers arms,
With all that worldly wealth can give.

May guardian Angels still protect thee,
Wheresoever you chance to roam;
And should the base World ever vex thee,
Oh! make my Bosom still your Home.

Remember Me

Remember me when loneliness
Shall heavy on thy bosom press
When none are nigh to soothe thy woe
And bid the tear drop cease to flow
When nought but grief encircles thee
Then dearest friend remember me.

Remember me when thou shall fly
To pleasure's haunts and ear and eye
Enchanted own her magic spell
And rapture in thy bosom dwell's
When nought but bliss encircles thee
Then dearest friend remember me.

When smiling fortune spreads her golden ray
All crowd around to flatter and betray
But when he thunders from the angry sky
Our friends our flatterers and lovers fly.

1840

The Rose of Eden-dale and her
Hothouse Flowers.

II

They were so beautiful this morn —
The lily's graceful wand
Hung with small bells, as delicate
As from a fairy's hand.
The Indian rose, so softly red,
As if in coming here
It lost the radience of the south
And caught a shade of fear.
The white geranium vein'd with pink
Like that within the shell
Where, on a bed of their own hues,
The pearls of ocean dwell.
But where is now the snowy white,
And where the tender red?
How heavy over each dry stalk,
Droops every languid head!
They are not worth my keeping now —
She flung them on the ground —
Some strewed the earth, and some the wind
Went scattering idly round.
She then thought of those flowers no more,
But oft in after years,

When the young cheek was somewhat pale
And the eyes dim with tears —
Then she recalled the faded wreath
Of other happier hours,
And felt life's hope and joy had been
But only Hothouse flowers.

The old Arm Chair

I love it — I love, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize —
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat, with listening ear;
And gentle words that no other would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered—my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the earth can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm chair.

'Tis past!—'tis past!—but I gaze it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she cursed me—'twas there she died
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops dart down my cheek
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

1840

Something

Attend, my good friends, for I've learnt something new
And something now prompts me to sing it to you;
Folks are eager for something wherever you go,
And something is better than nothing we know;
All here for a something are wishing, no doubt
And something, perhaps, they are better without
A something all over the world is required;
That something obtained, something else is desired.

Little Miss thinks there's something so hard in her lot
And something would give if a sweetheart she got;
When obtained there's a something about him too cold,
He's something too ugly, or something too old,
He's something too tall, or something too poor,
There's something that makes him a very great bore;
There's something that makes her of necklace afraid
So somehow through something she dies an old maid.

If married a something there's still to perplex,
Her husband will ever do something to vex;
She's something too cross, and he's something too bad;
He's something too gay, she's something too sad;

He's something too rude, shes something uncivil;
For something each other they wish at the devil
Till something occurs, and to end all the strife
They part, and he something allows her for life

Theres something about the prim Quaker so arch
Something of buckram, or something of starch;
Though something is peeping in drawers or clothes
He knows something of love but its under the rose,
A medley of something soon makes a man ill,
The doctor sends something in shape of a pill;
He talks about sending a something to save
But something soon physics him into the grave

Take something from nothing there's nothing remain
Take something from something and something youll gain
For something youll ever I have kept you thus long,
And there's something you all must admit in my song.
But something now tells me tis time that I close
Or something may lead you my friends to suppose
That something too long in your presence I keep,
And of something shall sing, till youre all fast asleep

Encore verse

Well really to me it appears something queer,
That you want something more, and have called me back here

A great deal of something you've had I am sure
And stile it appears that you want something more
Of your generous applause as I something receive,
I'm happy when I have a something to give;
Believe me for something you'll never wait long
Whilst I've something to give in the shape
of a song.

1840

Prince Leeboo

From the mighty Pacific, with soft swelling waves,
That a thousand bright island eternally laves,
And rocks of red coral, with shell-fish abounding
The notes of the parrot and pigeon resounding,
Crown'd with groves of bandana and taper bamboo,
Rise the gay sunny shores of the the Isles of Pelew

From China returning with silk and with tea,
The tall English vessel sails over the sea;
Ah! look how she heaves! on the rock she is stranded!
But the boats are thrown out, and the sailors are landed.
What black men are those in their slender canoe,
Who gaze with such wonder? The men of Pelew

How kindly they welcome the sailors on shore!
And yams and sweet cocoa-nuts bring from their store,
But vain every effort to soften their anguish;
For home, distant home, the poor Englishmen languish,
They build a stout ship, the sail off from Pelew,
And away with the strangers sails young Prince Leebo.

O what is his rapture, and what his surprise,
When in gay busy London he opens his eyes!
"Fine shops, houses, coaches, O joy beyond measure!
Yes, yes, my dear friends shall partake in my pleasure,
Fine clothes, coaches, horses, I'll bear to Pelew—
What wonder for them—what delight for Leeboo!"

Fond projects in vain shall his father explore
The wide shipless waves,—he shall see him no more.
O chide not the English thy darling detaining
And chide not thy son 'mid the strangers remaining
Know, death has arrested him far from Pelew
And the strangers have wept o'er the gentle Leeboo!

The Ass and the Lamb

How hard is my fate!
What sorrows await"
Said the Ass to the Sheep "My deplorable state!
Cold, naked, ill fed,
I sleep in a shed.
Where the snow, wind, and rain come in over my head
All this day did I pass
In a yard without grass:—
What a pity that I was created an Ass!
As for master he sat
By the fire with the Cat;
And they both looked as you do contented and fat
Your nice coat of wool
So elastic and full,
Make you much to be envied — my more that the Bull
How can you pretend"
Said her poor cheating friend.
"To complain? Let me silence to you recommend
My sorrows are deep,—
Continued the Sheep
And her eyes looked as if she were ready to weep
I expect,— tis no fable —
To be dragged from the stable
And tomorrow perhaps cut up for the table

Now you with docility
Strength and civility —
Will live some years longer - in all probability
So to envy I beg,
For I'll bet you an egg
You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg

Moral

The situation of those we envy is often much worse than our own 1840

We've left our Home

We've left our home 'Our native home
Amid the greenwood bowers.
We've left those fields we loved to roam
And all our fav'rite flowers.
The birds sang sweetly as we passed
The sun shone brightly o'er us,
To home our last fond look we cast
And trod the path before us.

As hand in hand we took our way,
We spoke of future years
But thoughts of home would ever stray
And then fast fell our tears

We thought of those maternal eyes
At parting dim'd with sorrow
And then we breath'd foreboding sighs
And trembled at the morrow.

"Farewell to home! Farewell to home!
The skies shine bright above us;
Wherever our wand'ring footsteps roam
We've prayers from those who love us!
And soon we'll see those forms again!
And hear the heart felt greeting
While joy sings sweet her rapturous
At that dear hour of meeting!
A Duet written expresly for two children on their first departure from home

---

Distant Relations

Alas! what mortifying things
Some people must endure
What serious inconvenience springs
From being very poor
If towards relations we should move
And ask their kind assistance
Distant relations they will prove
And keep us at a distance. 1840

The unkindness of the World

Why is the world unkind?
Why man to man untrue?
Why is friendship but a name?
Except fortune to few!

Why in the hour of need,
Should man so hasty fly
From Brother, Sister, Friend
In their adversity?

Is poverty a sin
So deadly so degrading
That it must family sit,
And bear the worlds upbraiding?

Farewell to such a world,
To such a world adieu
Since to me thou wilt not
As I would do to you.

1848

Human Life

I stood by the tower of Ardenveile
And the bells rang forth a joyous peal
Loudly and merrily rang they there
O'er field and valley and sylvan glen
And each cheek looked bright as the blush of morn
And each voice sounded gay as the huntsmans horn
And each heart was glad for an heiress was born

And again by those portals proud did I stand
And prancing forth came a gallant band
And there was the priest in his robes of white
And there was a maiden youthful and bright
And a gallant knight rode by her side
And the sounds of joy echoed far and wide
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride

I stood by those time worn towers again
And once more came forth a gallant train
And I saw that same Priest but sad was his face
And I saw that same Knight but he shrouded his face
And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom
But a shroud and a bier and a sable plume
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers tomb

And such is human life at best
A Mother's a lover's the green earth's breast
A wreath that is formed of flowers three
Primrose and myrtle and rosemary,
A hopeful a joyful a sorrowful stave
A launch a voyage a whelming grave
The Cradle the Bridal bed & the grave.

1840

Signs of Rain

There will be rain to-night the shepherd says;
And none better knows — except the sheep.
They are his weather glass. See how they graze
With short, quick snatch; or frisk & butt & leap,
"Quite on their mettle" — such the old man's phrase:
And there are other signs. Cloudless the sky,
And yet the scorching sun shines gloomily,
As if it beam'd through glass that dimm'd its rays.
The village smoke flows downward o'er the eaves;
And now a whispering breeze springs up and sweeps
Each fluttering twig, curls back the white-green leaves
Of quivering ash, and sways the deeper masses
Of stately beech; now longer down it creeps,
Thrills every rustling blade, and robs the powdered
grasses.

1840

Shall I resign thee, lovely Maid

Shall I resign thee, lovely maid,
And quit the strifeless field
No, love; thy love shall be obey'd;
I perish, ere I yield!

The man who would not peril dare,
Should never gain the fair;
The maid who's forward, bold and free,
Is not the maid for me.

Sweet Home

Compelled by misfortune to wander and roam
And leave the endearments of sweet native home
No pleasure awaits me no comforts I find
And nothing but home brings peace to my mind
How sweet Sweet home there is no place like home

Farewell dearest home I have left thee with pain
And fear that I never shall see the again
Thy neat little Cottage and all it holds dear
Are left unprotected for no friend is near
Home sweet home &c

Adieu then dear friends if no more I should
To welcome your smiles & see dear native home
May peace and contentment your bosom attend
And a passport to heaven when this life shall end
Home sweet home &c

48

Isle of Beauty

Shades of evening close not over us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell.
Darker shadows round us over
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to night
Tho' the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those that love us
Breathing sondly, "fare thee well".

When the waves are round me breaking
As I pace the deck alone;
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;

Wheels would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

Minute Gun at Sea.

When in the storm of Albion's coast,
The midnight watch guards his weary post
From thoughts of danger free;
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
He hears amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift from the shore a hardy few,
The life-boat man with gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way
Lost in the foam nor know dismay
For they go the crew to save.

But oh! what rapture fills each breast,
Of the hopeless crew of ship distressed,
When landed safe what joys to tell
Of all the dangers that befel
No more

No more is heard the watch on shore
The minute gun at sea.

A cure for Love

"Take an ounce of sense, half a grain of prudence, a dram of understanding, one ounce of patience, a pound of resolution, and a handful of dislike: intermix them all together, fold them up in the alembic of your brain for twenty-four hours, set them on the slow fire of hatred, then strain them clean from the dregs of melancholy, sweeten them with forgetfulness put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with the cork of sound judgment, and there let them stand fourteen days in the water of cold affection. This receipe, rightly made and properly applied, is the most effectual remedy in the universe and never was known to fail. You may have the ingredients at the house of understanding in Constant Street by going up the hill of Self-denial in the town of Forgetfulness in the country of Love-no-more.

A curious Love-letter

Most amiable Madam,

After a long consideration of the great reputation that you have in this nation; for my own preservation I have a great inclination to become your relation and to give demonstration to this my estimation, without equivocation, I am making preparation, by a speedy navigation, to remove my habitation to a nearer situation for to pay you adoration for the sake of conservation. And if this my declaration may but meet your approbation it will impose an obligation without dissemulation from generation to generation, upon

Timothy Observation

To which the lady sent the following answer

Man of Ostentation,

I am filled with admiration and fired with indignation at your fulsome adulation, and deceitful laudation. To your mortification have a great ~~detestation~~ of the

constant tribulation and usual vexation of the conjugal station; and, to Hymen's abomination, love free coegation without reprimation, and have mighty delectation in every recreation, sans secret reservation. You may save your verification devoid of adoration, your intended prerogrisation, or further application for they will meet with frustration.
Know my solemn protestation my firm asseveration, and final adjudication, is to make no stipulation, or dull annexation with a man not worth appellation, of age regeneration. When I incline to fornication, my plan of operation is with a man of penetration, of vigorous corporation, a lover of association, and pleading redintegration and all defamation, ready at vindication without tergiversation. These send my vegation to your confabulation, all manner of replication or any opposition, upon pain of castration, perhaps amputation, or total ruination, and leaving you to meditation, on all words ending in ATION, till you exhaust the termination; I, without abbreviation for

my own conversation, sweet gacification and real consolation, shall continue my fiation, in perpetual aberration while there's any animation in

Constantia O'aviation

The Lover's Mistake

1

Come open your casement my dear,
And fearlessly gaze on the sea;
'Tis tranquil, and why should you fear
To venture upon it with me?
The light clouds are veiling the moon,
No ege your departure will note;
Come down from your chamber, and soon
I'll waft you away in my boat.

2

Thus sung a fond youth to his love,
Who was sleeping — (Love never should sleep,)
Her father was peeping above,
(Oh! fathers you never should ~~sleep~~ peep;)
To his daughter's balcony brought
Her monkey in muslins array'd;
The youth was overjoy'd, for he thought
'Twas the form of his beautiful maid.

He gaz'd on the figure in white,
Whose nods gave new life to his hopes,
His heart throbb'd with love and delight.
As he threw up the ladder of ropes;
His charmer hopp'd down it — and then
The happy delusion was o'er, —
Gils often meet monkey-like men,
But man ne'er wooed monkey before.

4

From the window enjoying the joke,
Her father feared danger no more
And she by the bustle awoke,
Soon made her escape at the door:
"Come, come to your Rosa" she said,
"Unless you prefer my baboon;
"And pray let your next serenade
"Take place at the full of the moon."

Matrimony is a fearful thing
Tis something like that feat in the Ring
And requires good nerve to do it
When one of a grand equestrian troupe
Makes a spring at a gilded hoop
Not knowing at all what may befall
After his getting through it.

Fin

Happy Land

Happy land! happy land!
Whatever my fate in life may be,
Still a-gain! still again!
My thought will cling to thee!
Land of love and sunny skies,
Rich in joy and beauty,
Merry hearts, and laughing eyes,
Still make affection duty.
Oh! Happy land! happy land!
Ne'er from thee my heart can stray,
I would fain! hear again!
Thy merry mountain lay
Li ri la &c. (Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay
Happy land! happy land!
Whatever my fate in life may be
Still again! still again!
My thoughts will cling to thee!
Like that bird of love and song,
Far from its lov'd dwelling,
When into the wild air flung,
What its note is telling
Oh! happy land happy land!
Ne'er from thee my heart can stray,

I would fain hear again,
Thy merry mountain lay
Fi ra la la &c
Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay

June 23rd 1843.

Flow on thou shining river
Flow on thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower & give her
The breath I fling to thee
And tell her thus if she will be mine
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

Dost thou in wandering thither
Then pass the groves my grave,
Then leave those leaves behind
Upon the cold hard turf there;
And tell her thus, when youth is over
Her love & lovely charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weary shore
As those sweet flowers from thee

Written on the Beach in Norfolk

Oh! would I could call back my childhood again!
My heart then was merry and gay,
And life, as I frequently told you before,
Appeared as a bright sunny day —

Oh! would I could call back my childhood again!
Dull care I then knew but by name;
So that feeling how happy, for then I believed
My life would continue the same.

Oh! would I could call back my childhood again!
For now what a change I behold;
I now can discover, and see very clear,
All glittering things are not gold.

Oh! would I could call back my childhood again!
How happy the life I then led,
If ever a tear was call'd forth from its cell,
'Twas forgotten as soon as 'twas shed.

Oh would I could call back my childhood again!
In truth it was too bright to last
But if fears for the future the present overshade
I'll borrow a ~~smile~~ from the past:

All's well.

Deserted by the waning moon,
Whom skies proclaim night's noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution ~~[illegible]~~ marks the guarded way
Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;
A friend! the word? good night! All's well!

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while the thoughts oft homeward bear
Some well-known voice salutes his ear —
What cheer? ho brother, quickly tell,
Above! below! good night! All's well!

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sentest it back to me;
Since, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

Ben Jonson.

Daily Work

In the name of God advancing,
Sow thy seed at morning light,
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labour on with all thy might,
Look not to the far off future,
Do the work which nearest lies,
Sow thou must before thou reapest,
Rest at last is labour's prize.
Standing still is dangerous ever,
Toil is meant for Christians now;
Let there be when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow
And the master shall come smiling,
When work stops at set of sun,
Saying as he pays thy wages,
Good and faithful steward well done.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A, Chuftain to that highland bound,
Cries, boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us over that ferry.

And who be ye who crofs Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water;
Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's Daughter.

And fast before her fathers men,
Three days we fled together,
And should they find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny ~~to~~ bride
When they have slain her lover.

Out spoke the highland hardy wight,
I'll go chief, I am ready,
It is not for your silver bright
But for your winsome lady.

over

And by my word ~~my~~ the bonny bird,
In danger shall not tarry;
So, tho' the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry

By this the storm grew loud apace
The water wraith was shrieking
And in the school of heaven his face
Grew dark as they were speaking

But still as wilder grew the storm,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men
Their trampling sounded nearer

Oh! haste, thee haste the lady cries,
Tho tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.

The boat has left a stormy land
A stormy sea before her
When — oh too strong for human aid
The tempest gathered o'er her

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore
His wrath was changed to wailing

For soon dismayed through storm and shade
His child he discover
One lovely arm she stretched for aid
The one was round her lover.

Come back, come back he cried in grief
Across this stormy water
And I'll forgive your highland chief
My daughter Oh My Daughter

'Twas vain the loud waves lashed the shore
Return or aid preventing
The waters wild went o'er his child
And he was left lamenting. Finis

P. June 7th 1845

Oh! I should like to marry.

1 Oh! I should like to marry,
I that I could find
Any pretty lady
Suited to my mind.

Oh! I should like her pretty,
Oh! I should like her good,
with a little money—
Yes indeed I should!
Oh! I should like &c.

2 Oh! I should like her hair
To taste like the vine,
I should like her eyes
To look like sparkling wine;
And let her brows resemble
Sweet Diana's crescent,
Let her voice to me
Be always soft and pleasant.
Oh! I should like &c.

3 Oh let her feet be nearly
Like to the Chinese,
Who little feet to make,
In Wooden shoes do squeese;
Oh let her form be upright,
Both elegant and fair;
With a gentle temper
Then we shall agree
Oh! I should like &c.

4 Oh now my fair young ladies,
Do not be unkind,
For it would be a favour,
such a one to find;
And now I'll bid adieu,
And bless you all I say;
And if you don't object
We'll meet another day
Oh! I should like &c.

Kiss and be friends.

1 I from childhood to friendship was always inclined,
Which my parents so careful instilled in my mind,
If my playmates would wrangle, I'd say, make amends,
Oh, fie, never quarrel, but, kiss and be friends.

Good use of this lesson, I found I possessed,
My lovers would quarrel of which I loved best,
I'd say to them all, with yourself much depends,
So with peace quite restored why let's kiss and be friends.

Amongst so many lovers, I never was at rest,
So I ran to the church with the man I loved best,
And the parson who joined us, why he recommends,
That comfort each other, and kiss and be friends.

Now a husband to keep, I'll tell you my plan,
Should you meet with life's cares, do the best that you can,
You must strive all to please him, all that much depends,
Should misfortune ever cross him, why, kiss't be friends.

A gent whom I spy with a face of delight,
Is a courting that lady, I'm certain I'm right
Her eyes with love sparkle, and she comprehends,
If it was not so publick, she'd kiss and be friends.

Now this is my plan, and I hope I shall find,
All those who are present, are of the same mind,
I hope what I've said, no one present offends
If it is I'm quite willing, to kiss and be friends.

The Ivy Green

Ah! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lonely and cold.

The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To please his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the Ivy green
Fast he stealeth on tho' he wears no wings
And a stannch old heart hath he

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the old oak tree
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves.

As he joyous hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves,
Creeping where grim death hath been

Whole ages have fled and works decayed,
And nations have scattered been
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past
Is the stateliest building man can raise
For the Ivy's food at last.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twas vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! Farewell! —

"

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that never shall sleep again
My soul nor designs nor dares complain
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

Byron the liar

In other folks we faults can spy
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find:
To our own stronger errors blind.

The Deserted Maid

To some gloomy cave will I wander away,
Where waterfalls foam through each cleft,
And there shun the light of the pleasant Spring day
Since I by my lover am left.

There hang, ye dried ferns, in the sad damp shade,
Ye owls, fly around me in scorn,
As ye hoot at a maid by her lover betrayed,
Whose features with weeping are worn.

Let not a flower be seen in the field,
Nor daisies spring up near my feet;
Thou beautiful hill, no more primroses yield
Where my lover and I used to meet.

Ye eglantines, keep your sweet scents in the bud
Nor throw it away to the wind;
Ye hyacinths, blossom ~~no more~~ in the wood,
Where I on ~~thy~~ his bosom reclined.

Get wither like me, every cowslip and rose
Nor bloom in your beautiful charms

As you did when this bosom knew nothing of woe,
Lulled to pease in a false lovers arms.

Ye stockdoves I feel in the cold chilling frost
Let your coorings be accents of pain,
In woe sing, ye birds, that my lover is lost,
Till the grottos re-echo the strain.

The gems that he bought in my bosom I'll bear,
Lonley the jewels will view.
And dim their bright lustre with many a tear
Which springs from a bosom thats true.

When life has ebbed out to the last fatal day,
And this bosom heaves feebly for breath
If then I can speak, for my Edwin I'll pray,
And show that I loved him in death.

February 12th 1842 —

"O when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land of the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection embrace,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains the broad oak above?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of a reed?

When shall I return to that lovely retreat
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,
The lowing and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth."

Montgomery.

To Lastara being to take a journey

What's death more than a departure? The dead,
Like travelling exiles, where compell'd to send
Those regions the heard mention of; tis the art
Of sorrow, says, who die do but depart.
Then weep thy funeral tears: which heaven adore
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morn,
Will rob me of; and then thy tomb shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequies.
Now in these lines, sad music to thy ear,
My sad Lastara, you the sermon hear
Which I preach over my hearse: and read I tell
My own lifes story, being back my own knell.
But when I shall return, know tis thy breath,
In sighs devided, rescues me from death.

November 19th 1848. Habington.

Farewell

Heaven knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life!

Shakspeare.

Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be to morrow.

November 19th 1848. Shakspeare.

Heavier the Cross

Heavier the cross, the nearer Heaven
No cross without, no God within —
Death, judgment from the heart & mind
Banish the worlds false glare and dim
Oh happy he with all his loss
Whom God hath set beneath the cross

Heavier the cross the better Christian
This is the touch stone God applies
How many a garden would be wasting
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes
The gold by fire is purified
The Christian is by trouble tried

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith
The loaded palm strikes deeper root
The vine juice sweetly issueth forth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit
Zeal and courage grows when dangers come
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam

Heavier the cross the heartier prayer
The reeds most fragrant are

If sky and wind blue always fair
The sailor would not watch the star
And David's psalms ~~teach~~ had, ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring
From vales we climb to mountain crest
The pilgrim of the desert tiring
Longs for the cancan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight
And to the ark she wings her flight
Heavier the cross the easier dying
Death is a friendlier face to see
To life's decay one bids defying
From life's distress one then is free
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To him who triumphed over death.

Given crucified, the cross I carry
The longer may it dearer be
And lest I faint whilst here I tarry
Implant thou such a heart in me
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

(A. B.) M. E. Lakewood Oct 10th 1874.
lent me to copy.

To

When we two parted
In silence and tears;
Half broken hearted
To sever for years.
Pale grew thy cheek and cold
Colder thy kiss
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this

II

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now
Thy vows are all broken
And light is thy fame
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame

II

They name thee before me
A knell to mine ear
A shudder comes o'er me
Why wert thou so dear
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well

Long, long shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget
Thy spirit deceive
If I should meet thee
After long years
How should I greet thee
With silence and tears

"A learned rabbi of the Jews, at Aleppo, being dangerously ill, called his friends together, and desired them seriously to consider the various former captivities endured by their nation, as a punishment for the hardness of their hearts, and their present captivity, which had continued sixteen hundred years; 'the occasion of which,' said he, 'is doubtless our unbelief. We have long looked for the Messiah, and the Christians have believed in one Jesus, of our nation, who was of the seed of Abraham and David, and born in Bethlehem, and (for aught we know) may be the true Messiah; and we may have suffered this long captivity because we have rejected him. Therefore, my advice is, as my last words, that if the Messiah, which we expect, do not come at or about the year 1650, reckoning from the birth of their Christ, then you may know and believe, that this Jesus is the Christ, and you shall have no other.'"—*Hill's Six Sermons*, 1648.

A person travelling some time ago in a stage coach with a Jew, who appeared more intelligent and communicative than most he had ever met with before, conversed with him very freely about the opinions of the modern Jews. Among other things, he asked him—"In what light he viewed his expected Messiah?" To which the Jew replied, with great seriousness, "I think so highly of him, I commit my eternal all into his hands, and depend upon him for everlasting life."

Song
by Jesse Hammond

When the gentle morn is breaking,
And the misty shadows flee,
From a dream of bliss awaking,
Then, my love, I sigh for thee.

When the noon-day sun shines yet on me,
Shaded by thy favorite tree,
Fancy brings thy form before me,
Then, my love, I sigh for thee.

When the evening dews are falling,
And the moon-beams smile on me
Memory thy sweet smile recalling,
Then, love, falls the tear for thee.

So through scenes of joy and sorrow,
Mine a chequer'd path must be,
For while from hope a smile I borrow,
Memory prompts a tear for thee.

Unless for knowledge 'tis you roam,
'Twere better for to stay at home.

Far in the Woodlands Lovely

For music by James Benton, Author "Happy Land"

Far in the woodlands lovely,
There stood a humble cot,
And silence, sweet and holy,
Reign'd over that rustic spot.
The woodbine, like a ranger,
Went straggling o'er the thatch;
A welcome found the stranger,
Who chance'd to lift the latch.

"

An aged pair were dwelling
Within that happy place;
A fair girl they'd excelling
All else in wit and grace.
But there came a rover pleading,
Who won her trusting heart;
Then in her bosom bleeding,
He left the rankling dart.

"

Far in the valley vernal,
An old grey church is seen
Near which, in sleep eternal
Three forms now rest serene.

But he who wrought this earth,
To change and distant skies,
To hide from thought pursuing,
The thought that never dies

30th January 1841

The Quakeress Bride

Not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd;
Where all is in beauty and splendour array'd
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she loath
By the alter the mitre-crowned bishop and both
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide

I'll be true to thee. Swiss Air

1

They tell thee to doubt me,
And think of me no more;
They say I have sported
With female hearts before;
But when you hear unkind ones speak,
With venomed tongue, and smiling cheek,
Repel them
And tell them
I have been true to Thee.

2

They tell thee the brightness
Of frost upon the tree,
Which melts in the sunshine,
Is true — compared with me.
But like two leaves, that on the stem
Remain, till winter withers them,
United
~~I'll blighted~~
Thus — I'll be true to Thee.

Long Long Ago

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago:
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long long ago, long ago
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved
Let me believe that you loved as you loved
Long long ago, long, ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long long ago long long ago?
Ah yes you told me you never would forget,
Long long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile is preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word
Still my heart treasures the praises heard,
Long long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long long ago, long long ago
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long long ago, long ago.

But by long absence your truth has been tried
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long long ago, long ago.

June 23rd 1843.

Anna Maria Love!

Anna Maria love up is the sun,
Anna Maria love morn is begun,
Mists are dispelling love birds singing free,
Then up & arouse thee, love Anna Marie.

Anna Maria, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blythe sounds on his horn
The echo rings merry from rock & from tree
Tis time to arouse thee love Anna Marie.

If Mans temper we could see
Written upon his brow
How many women wd single be
Who do get married now
The awful secret if revealed
Of mens hexing way
Wd make their lovers turn their backs
And gladly run away.

M. A. E.

Wilt thou meet me there Love?

Where, as dewy twilight lingers
O'er the balmy air, love,
Harps seem touched by fairy fingers,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?
While the rapid swallows flying,
And each distant murmur dying
Leaves alone around us sighing.
Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Where soft gales from beds of flowers
Fragrant incense bear, love,
Sweet as eastern maidens bowers,
Wilt thou meet me there love?
While the bird of love is singing,
Liquid notes around us flinging,
Rapture to the full heart bringing.
Wilt thou meet me there, love?

The parting hour.

Time around his dial stealing,
Soon has clos'd our happy day,
Hark the curfew slowly pealing,
Calls me from thy arms away.
Sure some airy sounds deceive thee,
Brightly shines the evening ray,
Ah, 'tis not the hour believe me,
Stay oh ~~stay~~ a moment stay.
Touch thy harp, that strain repeating
Sweetest notes, but ah! how fleeting,
Like the moments since our meeting,
Flying swiftly winged by love
Music never sounds so sweetly,
As when lovers fondly sing
Moments ne'er can move so ~~p~~ sweetly
But when Love shall lend his wing.
See the moon is softly glowing,
Far, o'er lake and mountain dim,
Gales their balmy fragrance throwing
Waft the convent's vesper hymn.
Hark the bird of night complaining,
Pours her moan from turret grey,

Let not love thy steps detaining,
Make thee lose thy woodland way
Let the hours be swiftly fleeting,
Till they bring our happy meeting,
Oh tis sweet the vow repeating,
Never more to say adieu
Then no curfew slowly pealing
Nor the owl on turret grey,
Nor the moon her light revealing
Ever shall call my love away.

A Sonnet a Sonnet on Miss Patty's Bonnett
With Roses upon it
Within it without it
And all round about it
There was fancy Ribbon
Jacked on by Miss Gibbon
Whose curious designing
Was past all divining
Especially the lining
It matched the Sun's shining
For Gold silver scarlet
Were all intertwining
And it spoiled the dining
Of many a poor Varlet.

W.L.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

Woodman, spare that tree
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my fore-father's hand
That plac'd it near his cot;
There, woodman let it stand
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree
Whose glory & renown
To spread o'er land & sea
Oh! wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman forbear that stroke
Cut not its earth bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies.

When but a thoughtless child
I sought its grateful shade,
With youthful sports beguiled
Here too my sister played

My Mother kissed me here.
My Father pressed my hand:
I ask and with a tear,
Oh! let that old oak stand.

May 14th
1844

The rose will cease to blow.

The rose will cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove,
The stream will cease to run,
Ere I will cease to love,
Ere I will cease &c
The sun will cease to shine,
The world will cease to move,
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love
Ere I will cease &c

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

The Captain to his Craft

I'm on my Gallant Frigate's deck,
Her flag is waving free,
Her anchors weighed — her sails are set,
We are bound across the sea.
The billows sparkle in our wake,
Our bows are white with spray;
Madly we're dashing through the waves,
Onward! away, away!

Fresh breezes fill our canvas now
The wind is well abaft
And o'er the rolling seas

A man of kindness to his beast is, kind;
But brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember, He who made thee made the brute
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute.

He cant complain; but Gods all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty — He hears his cry.
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge:
And know — that His creator is thy Judge!

A vision of Novr 5th 1854

I've a vision of a Sabbath day
On which we went to sing & pray
In our old parish Church.
The morning it was clear & pleasant
And farmer, trader & peasant
Did in their Bibles search

They pray for a peaceful happy home
Far removed from Popes of Rome
Or Romish practices
To lower down the popish pride
And turn our enemies thoughts aside
And confound their devices

A calm sweet evening closed this day
Devoted then to catch & pray
In this our happy land.
A shading veil spread from above
Soon met in night this day of love
And this religious band.

How delightful it is in unity
To spend the week in probity
And on the Sabbath rest.

To have each day a willing mind
To holy impulses inclined
Is surely to be blest.

Another view I saw afar
And there I saw the British Tar
The English soldier too
But oh! How different was the scene
And thousands of miles are between
But yet I know it is true.

It was in morning's earliest hour
The wind did blow the rain did pour
On Britains noble tows
But faster came the Russian hoops
Silent at first; but soon loud shots
And louder Russian guns

The heaving lines the gallant hearts
Are points at which the Russian darts
Blessed by a fanatic Priest
Is this religious holy cause
To bring the soldier mortal throes
And carrion crows a feast

Should thus the holy Sabbath holy calm
Be heavily cursed with wars alarm
By man's ambitious will?
This never was the divine law
Unforgiving returning blow for blow
Man trying man to kill

For popish treason long remown'd
But now twill be with cancel crown'd
This day of Powder plot
But after these have passed away
Even after the Judgement day
The first won't be forgot.

Man is visionary; yea a dreamer of dreams.

Sarah Lockwood.

July 23rd 1854

I am the youngest I'm the youngest
Everyday said I be the pet
But with us it is so different
Much love I am not in debt
So when father talks of his sons
And he often does so now
He says that I am so stupid
And my brother does all things know

I am weary; I am weary
Of this never changing note
It prevents my feeling the gladness
That this young heart surely ought
I'm unhappy when he tells me
That I do not earn my bread
It makes me dare I say it
Almost wish that I was dead

I am the saddest I am the saddest
Tho the youngest of the five
One is not;- why did she go?
And leave me here alive
But I know that she is happy
Far away in realms above
She was a bright example
That dear sister of my love

Written by Longfellow on the death of his sister

heaven

The Belle

There's a simple little ditty,
Of a damsel young & pretty,
But without a shade of pity. ~~I am sure~~
I am sure.
For she she ~~trims~~ her silky hair
With flowerets so rare,
O'er her brow so fair,
And so pure

And she sings with voice so sweet.
It is really a treat
To kneel at her feet,
And to hear.
For there's love in every tone,
Oh! that I was the one,
To call her all my own,
~~My~~ little dear.

She moves with steps so light
Like queens of the night
In dress of virgin white
Angels dress
Ah the lovely lovely face
So full of cheering grace
Moving in gentle pace Prettiness

And the almost speaking eye
So full of sympathy
But sometimes rather shy
As it glistens.
When the love notes in her ear
And the words that call her dear
She smiles with nervous fear
As she listens.

But at times there is a frown
And I seem to fall down, down,
Or when her wit is thrown
At poor me
But in a little while
She blest me with a smile
Without a shade of guile
Light & free

Then we took a gentle walk
And had a little talk
Cracking a merry joke
Together
I asked if she'd a beau
She replied oh no. no. no.
And never thought to go
With a lover

And the sunny joyous look
Fairest leaf in natures book.
The tempting hymeneal book
Underneath
Cheeks dimpled & rosy
They almost seem to woo me
To call for her lipes posey
In my death.

Oh yes she was the belle
For she dances very well
Light as a gazelle
At the Ball
Ever gentle good & kind
A ~~well tempered beaming~~ happiness designed mind
And unto her she seemed to bind
The hearts of all.

E. J.
E. L.

The wicked after all flourish only "as a green bay tree", which is all leaf and no fruit. The righteous are like the green olive tree, which is fat as well as flourishing. Matthew Henry

Love Not.

Love Not! love not ye hapless sons of clay.
Hopes gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers
Things that are made to fade and fall away.
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours
Ere they have &c
Love not! Love not!

Love not! love not the thing you love may die
May perish from the gay & glad some earth.
~~Beaming on~~ The silent stars the blue & smiling sky
Beaming on its grave as once upon its birth
Love not!

Love not! love not the thing you love may change
The rosy lip, may cease to smile on you
The kindly beaming eye grow cold & strange.
The heart still warmly beat yet not be true
The heart &c — — — Love not!

Love not! love not! oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by
Love flings a halo, round the dear ones head
Faultless immortal 'till they change or die.
Faultless &c Love not! love not!

7

Willie we have missed you

Oh Willie is it you dear
Safe, safe at home,
They did not tell me true, dear,
They said you would not come.
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew your welcome footstep,
And your dear familiar voice,
Making music on mine ear,
In the lonely midnight gloom
Oh! Willie we have missed you
Welcome! welcome! home.

We've longed to see you nightly,
But this night of all.
The fire was blazing brightly,
And lights were in the hall,
The little ones were up,
Till twas ten o'clock and past,
But their eyes began to twinkle,
So they've gone to sleep at last
They listened for your voice,
Till they thought you'd never come!
O! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome! Welcome! home.

The days were sad without you,
The nights long and drear;
My dreams have been a bout you,
So welcome, Willie, dear,
Last night I sat and watched.
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footsteps
Then I wiped my tears away,
But my heart grew sad again.
When I found you did not come.
Oh! Willie we have missed you
Welcome! welcome! home

Pretty star of the night

The daylight has long been sunk in the billow
And Zephyr its absence is mourning in sighs;
Then, quickly, my dearest, arise from your pillow
And make the night day with the light of your eyes
That fairer than you no one ever may prove
The bright model that formed they've
broken my love,
And now you alone can your image renew:
Then, oh! for creation I pray rise dearest do

Pretty star of my soul! Heaven's stars all
burshing, pray your rise:
Sweet dream of my slumbers! Ah! love
Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining,
To my ears you are music, & light to my eyes:
To my anguish you are balm, to my pleasures
you are bliss
To my touch you are joy, there's the world in your kiss
Day is not day if your presence I miss
Ah! no, 'tis a night cold & moonlight as this.
Pretty star of my soul &c.

What I live for.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The nobles of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages;
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted minds foretold;
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold.

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be righted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt Nature's heart & mine;
To profit by affliction
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfilling God's design

I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

copied by E.G.L - June 12th. 1887.

A disastrous ride
by Catharine S Holmes

Some little Drops of water
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But Oh! there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss & grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

June 12th 1887.

Trust your Mother

Trust your Mother little one.
In lifes morning, just begun
You will find some griefs some fears,
Which perhaps may cause you tears;
But a Mother's kiss can heal
Many griefs that children feel
Trust your Mother; seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughtful love.

Trust your Mother, noble youth
Turn not from the paths of truth;
In temptation's evil hour
Seek her, ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong
Trust your Mother; aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your Mother maiden fair
Love will guide your steps with care.
Let no cloud ever come between —
Let no shadow ever be seen,

Hiding from your Mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart
Trust your Mother; seek to prove
Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your Mother to the end
She will prove your constant friend;
If 'tis gladness wings the hour
Share with her the joyful shower;
Or if sorrow should oppress,
She will smile & she will bless.
Oh, be trustful, loving, true,
That she may confide in you.

June 12th 1887
E.G.

President Garfield's favourite Hymn
It was sung in Cleveland at his burial

Ho! reapers of life's harvest
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round ye
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting,
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why stand ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to your Mission,
In service of your Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be your just reward.

Mr Garfield once quoted in Congress the following lines of Tennyson in connection with Abraham Lincoln. They are equally applicable to James Garfield.—

Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breasts the blows of circumstance
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

turn over

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a People's hope,
The centre of a World's desire."

EGL
April 2nd 1882.

"From Log-cabin to White House": a life of President Garfield – all boys shd read the book.

The Grave Worm.

I'm a merry grave worm, & I do as I please,
The earth is my home, where I live at my ease;
None are entrusted Corruption's dark keys,
To escape me the proudest would go on their knees
All that enter my kingdom I claim as my own
For I live like a king on my cold dark throne.

I keep my lone state in the still dark tomb —
No sculptor is paneled, no coslet or plume —
But the funeral pall and the mourner's dark gloom
Are flowers to me that are ever in bloom;
And beauty & youth my power shall own,
For I live like a king on my cold dark throne.

The beggar and prince are both equal with me,
And the slave from his fetters that moment is free;
And whether they die on the land or the sea,
On the pallet or bed, its no matter to me;
I revel with Beauty, because she's my own
For I live like a king on my cold dark throne.

On the maidens pale cheek my kisses are prest
For she is calmly laid out in her grave cloth vest

And I pillow my head on the softest breast
And when I am tired, beside her I rest;
And to my advances no coldness is shown,
For I live like a king on my cold dark throne

I feed on the lips that have late ceased to speak
And I steal the rich flush that Death left on her cheek
To my power they all bend - the proud & the meek
The daring & bold,

Brevity of Life

Just like the passing April shower,
Youth wanes and vanishes away;
And like the transitory flower
It's charms bloom forth and then decay.
Our life is but a sea of trouble,
A sad, a melencholy scene:
A falling star, a transient bubble,
That leaves no trace where it has been.

Religion

Religion! daughter of the skies,
Thee alone true peace is found;
Thy joys in rich progression rise,
And real comforts spread around.
When beauty, wealth, and fame are gone,
When all thier fleeting bliss is past,
Thy transport then has but begun,
And through eternity shall last.

To a star

Thou brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!
How calmly brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine!
I'ere the fare world which thou mayest boast
Was never ransom'd + never lost.
There beings pure as heaven own air,
There hopes, their joys together share:
While heavenly angles touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

The Resolve

Why so long have I been blind,
In thus adoring one so cool;
Whose only aim has been I find,
To make me a most loving fool;
Let pride assist me now to tear
The burning flame so ill requited
From out my bosom never there
Again I hope to be relighted.

Song In the Sylph, a Drama.

Would you the fairy regions see,
Hence to the green-woods run with me;
From mortals safe, the live-long night
There countless feasts the Fays delight.
Where burns the glow-worm's lamp so blue,
One gives each flower its proper hue;
While near his busy housewife weaves
Ribands of grass and mantling leaves;
Some teach young plants with grace to move,
Some lead the woodbine to her love,
Some strew the shores with shell and sand,
While others pilot weeds from land;
By moonlight these thier labours free,
Then follow me, follow me,
And the chaffers bugle our guide shall be.

A Fragment

Who has not droppt,
For childhood's happy hours a tear nor thought
Though bitterness and wormwood mingle there
Such tear is sweet?

MY FRUITFUL VINE IN SEPTEMBER.

How fair is the view of my flourishing vine!
The labour it cost me I ne'er can repine,
In training those branches with delicate care,
Which budded a promise rich clusters to bear;
Or removing stray tendrils which dar'd to entwine,
And were needlessly drawing the sap of my vine.
Yet while I reflect upon acting my part
In the culture of nature by using some art,
I would not forget to give glory to ONE,
Who crown'd all my work by the rays of his sun.
Yes, 'tis God who the increase must certainly give,
By whom both my vine and I constantly live.
This brings to my mind the sweet figure of speech
Our Saviour made use of, his people to teach:
Saying, "I am the Vine, and the branches are ye,
And every true branch that abideth in me,
Shall bring forth much fruit in well ordain'd season;
But the wild branches cannot, 'tis clear to all reason.
Except ye abide in the Vine from above,
Ye cannot produce the divine fruits of love.
The wild branch is lopp'd and contemptuously spurn'd;
It is wither'd, and cast to the fire to be burn'd."
Oh! may I, while life-blood continues to flow,
By the true Vine be nourish'd and constantly grow,
Bearing fruits of the Spirit, faith, hope, and pure love
Which may bud and bloom here, but must ripen above

On seeing friends unexpectedly
What pleasure fill the heart within
What quick sensations rise
When unexpected friends appear
And charms us with surprise.

Let the Jordian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see;
That divine and awful conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

To a Mother

An angel bent his radiant brow
Above a cradle bed of rest,
And gazed, as if he saw below
His image on the streamlet's breast.

"Fair child," whose form resembles mine
He said, "Oh! come away with me
Where joy and peace shall round thee shine
Earth was not made for one like thee!"

"There mirth is never without alloy
And pleasures sear the heart they snare
Wild sorrow stills the shout of joy
And rapture mingles with despair!

"And what? shall greif and sorrow shade
That seraph brow so pure and mild:
Shall those blue eyes of gladness fade
With blightning tears, my angle child?

"Ah! no: with me through realms of air
Thou soon must wing thy way from earth
For heaven recalls the days of care
Which thou wert doomed to at thy birth!

turn over

"May all be calm arround thee here,
Nor tell of change nor sorrow deep;
And thy first dawn of life appear
Thy waking from thy first sweet sleep!

"May no bright face be dimmed young flower,
Nor round thy bed sad mourners be:
Thy last must be the brightest hour
Of life – a life so pure – to thee!"

And with these gentle words of love,
On dazzling wings, the angle fled
To his eternal home above: –
Poor Mother, gaze! – thy child is dead!

Take the Spade of Perseverance
Dig the field of progress wide
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out & cast aside
Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom
Cleanse from Crime the common sod
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God

The Water-Cress Girl.

She leaves her bed while yet the dew
Is sparkling on the flower
And ere Aurora's golden hue
Hath ting'd the old church tower
Ere yet the matin bell hath toll'd
Ere yet the flock hath left the fold
Or the blithe lark his bower —
Before the shadowy mountain mist
By the first sun-beam hath been kiss'd

II

Her way is o'er the dewy meads
And by the violet dell,
To where a plank her footstep leads
By the old sainted well;
And then she steps from stone to stone
In the brooks gurgling waters thrown
To where the cresses dwell
No worm hath marr'd her cheeks young bloom
She fears her God, and loves her home

The Voice of God.

I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid

Amidst the thrilling leaves, Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near:
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear;

Did not his heart within him burn
Touched by the solemn tone?
Not so! for never to return
Its purity was gone.

Therefore midst holy stream and bower
His spirit shook with dread,
And called the cedars in that hour,
To veil his conscious head,

Oh! in each wind, each fountain flow
Each whisper of the shade
Grant me, my God thy voice to know
And Not To Be Afraid.

Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heav'nly throne.
I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To dwell where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To share the abode of the blest.

How happy are they who no more
May fear the assaults of the foe!
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
Escap'd from their conflicts below,
They think not of danger or fear;
While mem'ry enhances their joys;
As storms when escap'd will endear
The calm that the haven supplies.

Around that magnificent throne,
Where Jesus his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise.
How holy, how happy, are they!
No tongue can express their delight;
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight. May 18th 1844

What is Heaven

I asked you radiant Orb among the spheres,
Shining resplendent o'er his bright compeers;
He pour'd a flood of glory o'er my sight,
And told my wondering spirit, "Heaven is Light."

I ask'd the Morn, exulting o'er the plain,
While hill and dale re-echoed the glad strain;
The morning deign'd its language to employ
And told my thrilling spirit, "Heaven is Joy."

I ask'd the Night, when all was calm around,
And nothing earthly broke the still profound
Night bade the tumult of my bosom cease
And whispered to my spirit, "Heaven is Peace."

I ask'd the Harmony pervading all
This fair and beautiful terrestrial ball;
One universal Voice beneath, above,
Told my enraptured spirit, "Heaven is Love."

May 18th 1840 E P

To my dear Margaret on her
Birthday May - 1840

That all thy future days may be
As free as this from care,
As this thy Natal day, my Friend
Shall ever be my Prayer.

Still fair and gaily may'st thou bloom
Improve in every art
And every Grace and virtue rare
Which charms the Heart

May fortune ever smile on thee
May Health be ever thine
And love and Friendship for my Friend
A lasting wreath entwine

May hope and Joy too on thee wait
And many a year roll past,
Ere thou retire from Earth to Pharm
The mansions of the blest —

On Happiness

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The search is useless if you seek it there
Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And only blossoms in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! its seed is sown
In here and there a plant of heavenly mould;
It rises slow & buds; but ne'er was meant
To blossom here the climate is too cold

"There is not a flower or plant below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there!!

Immortality of the Soul

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

The eye that sheds the tear is closed
The heaving breast is closed
But that which suffers and enjoys
No narrow grave can hold

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

In riper age and graver hours
Thou'lt think upon the rhymes
Thou readest now, and sighing say,
Ah those were happy times!

Haply, ere sorrow ~~came~~ came to plant
The thorn, or Death to sever;
Ere eyes that beam'd so fondly once
Alas were closed for ever!

There is a tear for them that weep
There is for all the weary sleep
There is a hope for those who sigh
There is a rest for those who die

No rest is here from wheome pain
One throb transpires it throbs again
But there is rest where willows wave
Yea! sweeter rest beyond the grave

Hope can the wounded Spirit bind
And faith can bid the fainting mind
Repose upon the Saviour's grace
But sin can find no resting place

In Jesus arms we all may rest
And lose our troubles in his breast
No more the soul need long for peace
Nor languish for a resting place

Of earthly friends who finds them true
They boast a happy lot.
But happier still lifes journey through
Who accepts them not.

Heaven

The golden palace of my God,
Soaring above the clouds, I see,
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thought can be;
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne;
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through Sin's darksome night,
Thy Saviour and my God!

A Sacramental Hymn

Bread of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds my healing give
To thy cross I look, and live.
Thou my life! Oh let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

Resignation

Oh thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

Oh, grant me to desire the grain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's sunbrightest gain
Succeeded by a frown.

Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

Colmeston

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

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

12th December 1840

Lines worked on a little girls first Sampler

Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand,
As the first efforts of an infants hand,
And as her fingers on the sampler move:
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love
With thy dear children may she have a part
And write thy name thyself upon her heart

Immortality

Immortal! O my fainting heart!
When God shall bid the soul depart
And wing its homeward flight
Eternity will wide unfold
Its everlasting gates of gold
And those of endless night.

When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign
And not a thought our bosom bear
Which is not wholly thine.

Childrens Hymn.

Here we suffer grief and pain.
Here we meet to part again
In heaven we part no more.
O! that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful.
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And join the saints above;
O! that will be joyful! &c.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
In every Sabbath School.
O that will be joyful! &c.

Teachers too shall meet above,
And our Pastors whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more!
O that will be joyful! &c.

Then how happy we shall be
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne;
O! that will be joyful! &c.

There we all shall sing for joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful! &c.

Grace before Meat

Be present at our table Lord
Be here and every where ador'd
Thy creatures bless and grant that we
May meet in Paradise with thee.

Grace after Meat

We thank thee Lord for this our food
But more because of Jesus's blood.
Let manna to our souls be given
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

A farewell to the world.

World adieu, thou real cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Filled my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms:
Now I see, as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights;
False thy promises renew'd
All the pomps of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heaven above,
Objects of the noblest love.

Farewell honour's empty pride —
Thy own vice, uncertain guest,
If the least mischance betide,
Lays the lower than the dust:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Rise to day, tomorrow fall.

Foolish vanity, farewell!
More inconstant than the wave;

Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest temples thus deprave;
He to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.

Never shall my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial joys:
Joys that never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is a heart,
After thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answers its desires;
It shall see the glorious scene
Of thy everlasting reign.

November 19th 1828. Byrom

"How old art thou?"

Genesis 47 Chap. 8th Verse.

By the Reverend Thomas Raffels.

"What's thy age? My friend, I ask,
Not in curiosity:
'Tis a self-denying task
Custom has imposed on me,
With the monitory lay,
Thus to meet the New Year's Day

"Thou art young, perhaps and life
Is but opening on thy view;
And thy busy thoughts are rife
With the deeds thy hands shalt do;
With the active and the gay,
Welcoming the New Year's Day.

"But the young, you know, may die.
Young as you are in the tomb —
Brilliant once, as thine, their eye,
On their cheeks as bright a bloom —
But for them, with cheering ray,
Breaks no more the New Year's Day.

And, amidst the coming year,
Such an early grave may be,
With the shroud and funeral bier,
Suddenly prepared for thee.
Nor, on earth, thy future stay
Reach another New Years Day

Thou art old, perhaps, and age
In thy tottering steps appears;
Lengthened is thy pilgrimage,
Few and chequered are its years:
Thou hast seen, ere this decay,
Many a joyous New Years Day

Well if but prepared to go,
It will be thy gain to die,
Joy, the glad exchange for woe,
In a blest eternity,
Where, in regions far away,
Reigns an endless New Years Day.

Or, in life's meridian, thou,
With commercial toils oppressed;
Lines of thought upon thy brow —
Anxious cares within thy ~~breast~~
breast —

Varied schemes before thee lay,
Plans for many a New Year's Day.

"Yes—tomorrow, I'll repair
To the mart of merchandise—
There I'll stay—a month—a year—
Buy and sell, and gain a prize, James 4th Ch. 13th Verse
And, exulting, bear away
Wealth for many a New Year's Day."

Thus you speak:—but ah! how vain
Is the boast of days to come;
Days, perhaps, of grief and pain,
Days of sickness and the tomb—
All thy ~~hopes~~ hopes have fled away,
Ere the coming New Years Day.

Then, my spirit, rise above
This dark scene of toil and care,—
Rise, on wings of faith and love,
To the glorious regions where
Months and years are past away—
Lost in One Eternal Day.

January 16th 1843.

Poetry

"Why art thou so cast down, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenances and my God!" Psalm 43 – 11 verse

In the hour of thine anguish, when sorrows oppress,
And when the heart sinks 'neath its weight of distress.
O let not thy soul be cast down or sad;
But trust in thy God, who shall yet make thee glad

When thy destiny's star shall bid thee remove
From friends whose affection first taught thee to love;
And fear whispers, better it were to remain,
To share in each grief and lighten each pain;
O trust them to him who the sparrows hath fed –
To him who hath numbered the hairs of thy head.

When the last look of love from that bright orb is fled,
Which once by the light of thine own eye was fed;
When thou weepest to think of the joys that are flown,
And deemest thyself in the wide world alone;
O banish the thought, for thy God is thy friend;
He loved from the first, and he loves to the end.

And when fortune upon thee no longer shall smile;
When men shall deceive thee — by falsehood and guile —
Shalt mark thee their victim and treat thee with scorn,
And seek to behold thee unpitied — forlorn,
O heed not the world, there's a better above,
Which glorified spirits inhabit in love.

When the curse of mortality makes thee repine,
And poverty, sickness, and sorrow are thine;
When ills of humanity press thee around,
And dark earking cares of the morrow abound,
O think of the birds — though they toil not, nor sow,
God feeds them, and clothes all the lilies that grow.

Then, then in thine anguish, when sorrows oppress,
And when the heart sinks neath its weight of distress;
O let not thy soul be cast down nor sad,
But trust in thy God, who shall yet make thee glad.

Emily Damant.

February 11th 1843.

A good Pastor.

Give me the Priest these graces shall possess –
Of an ambassador the just address;
A father's tenderness; a shepherds care;
A leaders courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's eye; a watchman's wakeful eye.
A pilots skill, the helm in storms to ply;
A fishers patience, and a labourer's toil;
A guides dexterity to disembroil;
A prophets inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

Bp. Ken.

In Affliction

Father, Thy will not mine be done!
So prayd on earth Thy suffering Son,
So in His name I pray;
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek;
Oh! take this cup away.
If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;
Thy wishes I resign,
Into Thine hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine!

The Mount, near Sheffield June 15th 1847

All is well

What is this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
Which soon will quench the vital flame?
Is it death? Is it death?

Four good words

Punctuality, Accuracy, Steadiness, & Despatch

Moral Agriculture

Take the Spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Moses side;
Every bar to trace Instruction,
Carry out & cast aside.
Feed the Plant whose Fruit is Wisdom;
Cleanse from crime the common Sod;
So that from the Throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

The little wandering Jew.

Far far from Zion, far from God,
And suffering still the chastening rod;
Hopeless & homeless, meets your view,
A little, weary, wandering Jew!

No Father's name, no worship sweet,
No Saviour's love, no mercy seat—
Blessings his nations brought to you—
How glad the little wandering Jew!

O Christian Gentiles! Can you hear
That Gospel to your souls so dear;
And yet no sympathy from you,
Awaits the little wandering Jew!

Or canst thou view the eastern star,
Which brought the wise men from afar;
And whilst it shines so bright on you,
Forget the darkness of the Jew!

Or canst thou hear thy God's address,
"Who blesseth thee I'll ever bless!"
And yet refuse the tribute due,
To teach & cheer the little Jew.

175

Ode

Written on Whit-Monday

Hark! how the merry bells ring pound pound,
And now they die upon the veering breeze,
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore,
Of the still twinkling wave they bespeak
A day of jubilee
An ancient holiday.

And lo! the rural revels are begun,
And gaily echoing to the laughing play
On the smooth-shaven green,
Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate
That tells them 'tis but an hour since they
Who now are in their graves
Kept up the Whitsun dance.

And that another hour & they must fall
Like those who went & slept as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The pageant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power
And laugh & seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend
My lonesome way — where Mirth's obstreperous shout
Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless & sad of heart, & consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple bend
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.

June 14th 1844.

H. Kirke White. C. G. P.

A Missionary Lesson for Children

Part 1st

A grain of corn an infant hand
May plant before an inch of land,
Whence hearty stalks may spring, & yield
Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten
Which, soon thrice over, would furnish bread,
Whereoith an army might be fed.

Part 2nd.

A penny is a little thing
Which even the poor mans child may fling.

Into the treasury of Heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven

As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold
And that increased a million fold;
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from Hell.

That soul can never be saved alone,
It must, it will, its bliss make known;
"Come" it will cry, and "you shall see
What great things God hath done for me."

Hundreds that joyful sound may hear;
Hear with their heart as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the "Only Name."

That "Only Name" above below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know;
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On "Jesus" as the Lord of all.

James Montgomery.

Sheffield, June 3rd 1841.

Sick Oct. 17-1920 Huntingdon C. M.

Jerusalem my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, & peace & thee!

When shall mine eyes thy walls built
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold!

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem our happy home,
Our souls still long for thee;
Then shall our labors have an end
When we thy joys shall see.

Resignation

There is no flock however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there
There is no fireside howsoever defended
But has one vacant chair

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise
But oftentimes celestial Benedictions
Assume this dark disguise

She is not dead – the child of our affection
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection
And Christ himself doth rule

Day by day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air
Year after year her maiden steps pursuing
Behold her grown more fair
Then do we talk with her & keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives
Thinking that our remembrance tho' unspoken
May reach her where she lives.

Longfellow.

Scripture Enigmas

Whom did the Lord of Hosts his shepherd call?
Who raised the axe the prophet's son let fall?
Who for a noble deed was harshly blam'd?
One of Paul's helpers to the Romans nam'd
What saint on earth saw Christ at God's right hand
Whose son was call'd to leave his native land
What sinful prophet was in battle slain?
Whom did St. Paul restore to life again
Who this feast led sacred vessels brought
Who through the parching land green pastures sought
Who taunting'ly to Hezekiah sent?
Whose words caus'd David deeply to repent
Who in the fight disguis'd himself in vain
What people by deceit a league did gain
Who with his trusty spear wish'd Saul to slay
Who in the eventide went forth to pray
Where did our Lord a widows heart make glad,
And by his mighty power revive the dead?

The second letter from the first name take
The first of all the rest without mistake
A most momentous truth you then will see:
Without that change you never can happy be.

Courage.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your own glass.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you shd do so; and to hold your tongue when it is better that you shd be silent.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to provide an entertainment for your friends within your means, not beyond

Have the courage to own that you are poor, if you are so.

2

R

They tell thee to doubt me, 92
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear 93
Your happiness is not the growth of earth 135
There is not a plant or flower below ...
That all thy future days may be 134

World adieu thou real cheat 163
What's thy age? My friend I ask, 165

John - 13th. 2 - 17th.

Jesus, by highest heavens adoré,
The Church's glorious Head;
With humble joy I call thee Lord.
And in thy footsteps tread.
Emptied of all thy greatness here;
While in the body seen;
Thou would'st the least of all appear,
And minister to men.
A servant to thy servants Thou,
In thy debased estate;
How meekly did thy greatness bow,
To wash thy followers' feet;
And shall a worm refuse to stoop,
His fellow worms disdain?
I give my vain distinctions up,
Since God did wait on man.
At charity's almighty call,
I lay my greatness by;
The least of saints I wait on all,
The chief of sinners I.

D

E

G

Toasts And Sentiments

May he who wants friendship also want friends

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to concell it.

May we never break a joke to crack a reputation.

May merit never be compelled to beg for reward

The resurrection of friendship, and the funeral of animosity.

Poverty always in the rear, and hope and power ready to assist.

May the sunshine of friendship dispel the clouds of care.

Long life and prosperity

May old friends never prove deceitful

Toasts and Sentiments

May the best day we have seen be the worst we have come to.

May the rough road of adversity lead us to final prosperity.

May the consolation of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.

May our wants be sown in so fruitful a soil as to produce immediate relief.

May we never make a sword of our tongue to wound a good man's reputation.

May we never envy those that are happy but strive to imitate them.

May the prison's gloom be cheered by the rays of hope and liberty pierce the arm of oppression.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

A widow, aged 65, has made the following remarks on the Bible:— "The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, 66 books. The word 'and' occurs 46,227 times; 'Lord', 1,855; 'Reverend', only once, and that in the 111th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the Alphabet; the 19th chapter of the 2nd book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike. The first man recorded as buried in a coffin was Joseph, 50th chap. of Genesis and 26th verse; nowhere but in the 1st chap. 2nd Timothy, is the name 'grandmother' mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read, you will find are the 2nd of Joel and the 26th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible."

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow.

Certain cure for Rheumatism

Common British gin — 3 gills

2 oz Flower brimstone

2 penny worth powdered Turkey Rhubarb

1 penny worth Cream Tartar.

Mrs Evans Rhyt

It was a just command,
Do this, and ye shall live;
But Adam did not stand,
And could his God forgive?
Yes! He his covenant renew'd,
It was a covenant *seal'd with blood!*

Man's safety is not now
Or to be lost or won:
For *God* the heavens must bow —
He suffer'd! — it is done!
Henceforth the pledge is to *believe*,
God's promises of grace receive.

But think not man may sin:
To *trust* is to *obey:*
The Holy Ghost within
Is sent to point the way.
The Saviour *died*, the Spirit *reigns*,
And man a heavenly Eden gains.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." — Prov. xxxi, 30.

SELINA! mark the sacred page,
Safe guide of youth, sure strength of age:
There maxims pure, examples bright,
Instruction mingles with delight.
The portrait of the damsel view,
In colours clear and features true,
Where loveliness and goodness join,
Drawn by the Limner's hand divine;
Distinguishing with judgment nice,
Fair virtue's glow from glaring vice.
Favour may oft deceitful prove,
When flattering through the mask of love;
And may th' incautious maid beguile,
With feigning words and treacherous smile.
Beauty is vain, engendering pride,
When it can nothing boast beside:
'Tis but a flower of transient prime,
By sickness spoil'd, deform'd by time.
The finest form, the fairest face,
Devoid of inward mental grace,
May as a model be admir'd,
But never as a mate desir'd.
The contrast note, for such there are,
More wise, more happy, and more fair;
The youthful, tender, feeling breast,
With holy principles imprest,
Within, a treasury contains,
More precious than all earthly gains:
Her heavenly Father reigns on high,
And guards her with his watchful eye;
Training his child with kindred love,
For peace on earth and joy above;
The tutor'd, thoughtful spirit brings
To seek and reach eternal things;
While filial, reverential care,
Enjoys each good and shuns each snare.
Imparted strength such minds prepare,
With patience life's rude storms to bear,
Nor stubborn kick against the goad,
Nor murmuring sink beneath their load,
Nor bitter healthful potions spurn,
Which mingled hope to sweets shall turn;
With Martha's hands and Mary's heart,
They choose the good and better part;
They boast not — yet their work displays
Religio[illegible] sterling worth and praise.

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THE DELUGE.

Divine Revelation is inestimably valuable, not only on account of its containing "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," which constitutes its chief interest, but also for its records of ancient history.

Tradition, in almost every nation, has preserved some notices of a dreadful deluge, by which most of the human species were destroyed; and these traditions are confirmed by the records of Holy Scripture. Those divine oracles relate many particulars of that awful visitation of the Almighty, declaring it to have been miraculous, and occasioned by the depravity and wickedness of men.

Genesis vi, vii, viii, ix, ought to be familiar to every Christian, illustrating at once "the goodness and severity of God," and furnishing many of the most instructive lessons both of "judgment and mercy."

Commentators and chronologists of the greatest authority, place this awful event in the year of the world 1656, commencing in autumn, the beginning of the Hebrew year; and they suppose the following to be a tolerably correct

Calendar of the Melancholy Year.

I. *September*. Methuselah died, aged 969 years.
II. *October*. Noah and his family entered the ark.

III. *November*. The fountains of the great deep broken up.
IV. *December* 26. The rain began, and continued forty days and nights.
V. *January*. The earth buried under the waters.
VI. *February*. Rain continued.
VII. *March*. The waters at their height till the 27th, when they began to abate.
VIII. *April* 17. The ark rested on Mount Ararat, in Armenia.
IX. *May*. Noah waits the retiring of the waters.
X. *June* 1. The tops of the mountains appeared.
XI. *July* 11. Noah let go a raven, which did not return.
18. He let go a dove, which returned.
25. The dove being sent a second time, brought back the olive branch.
XII. *August* 2. The dove, sent out a third time, returned no more.

A. M. 1657.

I. *September* 1. The dry land appeared.
II. *October* 27. Noah went out of the ark.