

HOME HERE,
AND
HOME IN HEAVEN
WITH OTHER POEMS

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PREFACE

I THANKED my God, that, while below,
This pleasing task to me was given;
And when my numbers ceased to flow,
I bent the knee and looked to Heaven.

Let none this humble work assail,
Its failings to expose to view,
Which sprung within Misfortune's vale,
And 'neath the dews of Sorrow grew.

HOME HERE,
AND
HOME IN HEAVEN

PART 1: HOME HERE

Home, on whose altar burns the hallowed fire,
That o'er Life's darkest path its radiance flings,
The humble and the proud alike desire,
In lowliest cots or palaces of kings.

'Tis where Affection's vine the closest twines
Its tendrils round the objects love endears,
Where pleasing scenes fond memory enshrines
From earliest infancy to latest years.

'Tis where is centered all that can delight,
Attracting thither what may be estranged;
Where kindred hearts in sweetest bonds unite,
By joy or sorrow, time or space, unchanged.

'Tis where the weary seek to find repose,
A refuge for the weak when storms assail
Beneath the parent tree to soothe their woes,--
The first to nourish and the last to fail.

'Tis where sweet Peace o'erspreads her sheltering wing
From earth's rude din of strife or festive mirth;
The warring elements that vengeful spring
Round higher seats, mar not the social hearth.

In vain the world with subtle charms allures
The way-worn traveler from the cherished place;
And trifling seem the hardships he endures,
Who only longs to meet its loved embrace.

And when familiar sounds come on the breeze,
What deep emotions thrill his throbbing breast;
How high the pulse of joy, as Fancy sees
The treasure held most dear, so soon possessed.

Of it, the sailor's cheerful song afar
Through tedious hours of storm or calm, reminds,
Through every varying scene the polar star
To which the compass of his heart inclines.

And homeward bound with courage new he braves,
Long tempest-tossed upon the billowy main,
The fearful raging of the winds and waves
That waft him to his native shore again.

And yet how frail the prop on which to lean!
How insecure may be joy's rich repast!
The sky to-day unclouded and serene,
A prelude of to-morrow's sweeping blast.

No superstructure planned by human art,
No walls impervious built by hands below,
Can face, impregnable to sorrow's dart,
The ravages of man's invading foe.

Disease upon the rosiest cheek will prey,
And rack the frame upon the couch of pain,
The noblest form of beauty waste away,
Within the circle of his wide domain.

Death knocks at every door, and oft demands

The loveliest flower the household garden bore.
We trembling yield it in his icy hand,
To pass the threshold and return no more.

Beneath the turf is made its lowly bed
No more in joy or sorrow to partake,
But dreamless sleep, while many a tear is shed,
Until the slumbering dust to life shall wake.

The shades of gloom and sadness still are left,
That from the place may be effaced no more;
A vacancy within the soul bereft
Of that which earthly power can ne'er restore.

And many a bright, united, lovely band,
Are rudely broken by misfortune's blast,
And, separated far by sea and land,
Upon the mercy of the world are cast.

Where oft the lonely orphan's wail of woe
In vain is heard imploring kind relief
Few are the hands that will their wealth bestow,
Few are the hearts that feel another's grief.

And where unnoticed falls the hopeless fear,
By those who in the sun of fortune bask;
Their claims of charity, how insincere!
Their smiles of friendship, but a selfish mask!

The voice of Misery, by all around,
Is heard from every place and every grade:

But few in luxury and ease abound
While many lack, and through deep suffering wade.

In vain War's countless evils we explore,
The desolating scourge of sea and land;
O'er fields of battle red with human gore,
How oft in triumph shout the victor's band.

But who shall soothe the pangs of pain and woe
Where groans from helpless sufferers, fill the air?
Or stay the tears that in wild anguish flow
For hopes that feel when feel the cherished there.

Here brother 'gainst his brother lifts his hand,
While wrong too often triumphs over right;
And bondage reigns o'er many a dark-browed band,
Beneath the blazing beams of gospel light!

O, boasted land of freedom! Change thy mind,
Thy acts denying what thy laws maintain;
Or loose the galling chains that millions bind,
And wipe from liberty the accursed stain.

Such are the scenes they picture to our view,
Whose hearts are unsubdued by grace divine;
Such are the scenes through which they oft pursue
Who for their youthful home in grief repine.

In vain we seek within earth's widest range,
Some verdant spot exempt from care and woe
Time's all-decaying finger may not change,

And with it lay our fairest prospects low.

The smiling verdure of the dewy morn
May fade within the noon-tide's fervid ray,
Or, by some ruthless blast untimely shorn,
Beneath the gathering damps of eve decay.

Though flowers the genial breath of Spring renews,
That deeper blush in Summer's radiant bloom,
Yet Autumn comes apace with sombre hues,
And Winter wraps them in his snowy tomb.

Unwholesome vapors taint the infectious air,
From many a stagnant pool that poisonous rise.
Decay that bids defiance to repair,
Has stamped his mark on all below the skies.

The dark recesses of the silent glade,
The night with her o'erspreading sable wing,
May hide some direful foe in ambush laid,
Some venomed serpent's fang of deadly sting.

The sky is oft 'erspread with darkened clouds,
And ruinous storms and tempests round us fall,
While dread suspense and fear the mind enshrouds,
Until is safely passed the danger's thrall.

And myrias 'neath the insatiate foaming surge,
Go down engulfed in its embraces strong:
Their only requiem the mournful dirge
Of winds and waters in their ceaseless song.

The language of all nature since the fall
From Eden bliss, that brought the direful dearth,
In strains of sadness has proclaimed to all,
This truth a withering curse o'er all the earth.

But yet through all the sad effects of sin
The tracings of perfection's hand we see;
The beauty unsurpassed, that once hath been--
Of glory unforeseen, that soon shall be.

But O there is a better land to win,
Where never blightings such as these appear,
A path so narrow few will enter in
A downward road to shun, its pains to fear.

And there's a Friend within those courts above,
On whom our adoration to bestow;
Whose merits justly claim our warmest love,
To whom the debt of gratitude we owe.

Look back to Calvary's lone and rugged mount;
The nameless agony upon the tree;
The scene of the untasted cup recount,
Infused with bitter drops for you and me,

And how the spotless Lamb to slaughter led
Amid the insults of the clamorous throng,
Resisted not, but meekly bowed his head,
The world's Great Sacrifice for all its wrong.

Creation, trembling, felt the fearful shock,

In darkness and appalling gloom attired;
And many an opening grave, and bursting rock,
Proclaimed that one divine had then expired.

Then, since for all his precious blood was spilt
Who paid the ransom price at such a cost,
To ope a cleansing fountain for our guilt;
O why should one reject it, and be lost!

'Tis on probation's moments will depend
Our destiny for endless life, or death,
Whose mortal being, ebbing to its end,
Hangs on this brittle thread a passing breath.

Few are the years at longest by us shared,
And soon the dust our lowly bed may be.
This life is but a moment when compared
With endless ages of eternity.

And now is he extending mercy's hand,
And freely takes our burdens for his grace;
Where is the heart so hard that can withstand
Such wondrous love for such a fallen race.

To reach the laurelled acme of the learned,
In worldly lore the noblest powers are given;
Alas! The only needed lesson spurned,
By which to live or die the way to heaven.

Each in his favorite course, pursues with care
The visioned bliss for which he longs and sighs;

Each, soon or late, but proves the fatal snare,
That disappointment lurks in every prize.

For ah! true happiness, too pure for earth,
Grows not upon this wild and barren soil
Transplanted to the region of its birth--
Man's highest aim, the end of all his toil.

Think not in sin and folly engage
While here, and find at last in heaven there's room;
For those who act, upon life's mortal stage,
The sinner's part, must share the sinner's doom.

O center not thy hopes on things below,
Though pleasure for a while thy pathway pave:
Thou knowest not how soon may turn to woe
The fleeting joys they for a moment gave.

For when all earthly scenes shall pass away
And from the skies, saints heart the welcome, Come
How canst thou in that solemn, trying day,
Endure the awful though, I have no home!

PART 2: HOME IN HEAVEN

Home, round whose radiant throne forever burns
The heavenly ray of pure, undying love,
To which the christian oft for comfort turns,
Whose joys are centered in that world above.

'Tis where the great Creator reigns supreme,
Before whose throne the bright seraphic choirs,
To praise his matchless love, their noblest theme,
Adoring bow, and strike their golden lyres,

'Tis where the lonely pilgrim sighs to go,
Who long has toiled upon this desert strand,
No more the scorns and frowns of earth to know,
Within the precincts of the better land.

'Tis where the weary find a long repose,
In those elysian gardens, blooming fair;
Where peace through every bosom gently flows,
Unchecked by sorrow or corroding care.

Where saints of every clime have looked with joy,
By storms of persecution sadly driven;
For there no grief or suffering would annoy,
The end of all their hopes--their home in heaven.

'Tis where the excellent of earth will meet
At last, no more to part, on Canaan's shore;
Where saints of every age with joy shall greet,
And in the kingdom reign forevermore.

'Tis where the golden city stands, of light,
Whose glories language dimly can portray:
With bright and beauteous forms, arrayed in white,
The saints shall bask in its celestial ray.

Its walls with precious stones adorned, outvie
The many-colored rainbow tints, so fair.
With dazzling splendor shine its turrets high;
While Jesus is the light and glory there.

And when shall ope its glittering, pearly gates,
For all the righteous, then forever blest,
'Tis there to welcome us, the Saviour waits,
Within the mansions of eternal rest.

And round the fadeless brow he shall entwine
A brilliant crown, bedecked with jewels rare,
And in his glorious image we shall shine,
While palms of victory our hands shall bear.

Where all the saints with harps of gold shall sing,
In sweetest notes to their Redeemer's praise,
And make the heavenly arches joyful ring
With thrilling strains their loud hosannas raise.

And there the crystal river sweetly flows,
Beside whose waters Life's unfading tree
With healing virtues rife, immortal glows,
To all the ransomed nations promised free.

This sad and groaning earth that "waxeth old,"
In all its Eden prime shall bloom again,
When at the restitution, long foretold,
The glorious King of kings shall come to reign.

Where thorns and thistles in profusion grew,
The Box, the Pine, the Myrtle tree, shall thrive;
The gushing rivulets spring forth anew,
And nature's charms in desert wastes revive.

Majestic forests point their lofty heights
In grandeur towards a pure, unclouded sky;
Whose depths undarkened many an eye delight,
In which no dangers lurk, from which to fly.

Where flowers of every hue the air perfume,
And on the breeze is borne their odors rare;
The fragrant rose adorned with richest bloom,
Secretes no thorn beneath its petals fair.

There fields of living green that know no blight
In beauty lie amid luxuriant trees,
Reflecting golden hues with silvery light,
While waving gently in the passing breeze.

And there may we, 'mid clustering fruits and flowers,
With unmolested step unwearied rove;
Or in the quiet, never-fading bowers,
Reflect upon the wonders of his love.

From balmy groves shall rise the raptured song

Of the redeemed, in one harmonious voice;
While bright-winged birds their sweetest notes prolong.
And in their maker's praises all rejoice.

And in the music of that blissful throng,
That echoes o'er those ever-verdant plains,
No broken harps untuned, to swell the song,
No mournful memories waked by minor strains.

O there shall hate and wrong forever cease,
Whence every vestige dark of sin hath fled,
No dread of evil mar the spirit's peace,
No cruel shaft from envy's quiver sped.

There tears shall be forever wiped away,
The waves of trouble o'er us cease to roll,
Where beams the sunlight of an endless day,
And joy unspeakable fills every soul.

There no disease shall waste the form away,
No languishing upon a bed of pain,
Where "the inhabitants no more shall say,
I'm sick" in all that peaceful, glorious reign.

No farewell word falls heavy on the ear,
As life's last flickering ray is waning fast;
No parting hand awakes the silent tear,
As chilling fears arise that 'tis the last.

And there will ne'er be found a marble stone;
To tell where lie the loved in dreamless sleep.

No mourner seen, with silent step and lone,
To go beside a little mound to weep.

And there no wintry winds or storms arise,
No summer heat to spread its burning wing,
But mild and clear the climate of those skies,
Where nature thrives in one perpetual spring.

In vain the worldling calls the traveler back,
Or lures to loiter by the way-side more,
Whose footsteps tread the well-known, beaten track,
That leads to his own loved cottage door.

Shall we with ardor less the path pursue
To yon bright mansions of our blest abode?
Or, with their shining turrets just in view,
Grow weary of the rough and thorny road?

Shall we repose in the enchanted bowers,
While dangers thicken fast on every side?
Or idly stop to pluck forbidden flowers,
That tempting strew the way but to misguide?

Are we so blinded by the veil of sin,
That heavenly glories vainly for us shine?
Or dry become the living spring within?
The branch decayed, unnourished by the vine?

Are we thus bound in Apathy's cold chains,
Upon the verge of unrelenting woe?
Full eager to secure our sordid gains,

Full easy let eternal interests go?

May grace divine upon this thirsty land
Descend in gentle and refreshing showers;
Some genial ray the dormant soul expand,
And wake to energy its latent powers.

Be every languid nerve to action stirred,
While mercy's voice in pleading accents calls,
Ere, her sweet melting strains no longer heard,
Upon our head the sword of justice falls.

To hopes of earthly mould why should we cling,
And thus impede our progress to the skies?
That, as they perish, clip the spirit's wing,
And bud us fall when most we need to rise,

When there's a hope that ever will endure,
The Blessed Hope, that with such luster shines,
That will for us true happiness secure,
And lead us on to purer, lovelier climes?

And none within whose breast this hope was bright,
As through the dark and shadowy vale they trod,
But wrote this truth in characters of light:
Death hath no terrors for the man of God.

If such the balm its influence will give,
That soothes the pangs of life's inspiring breath,
Who would not, though in sorrow, wish to live
The christian's life, to die the christian's death.

Though drear the wastes through which thy pathway
And wet with tears the rough, unyielding soil, [lies,
One garnered soul, a tenant of the skies
Repay a life of unremitting toil.

One rescued from the realms of endless night,
Forever washed from sin's unhallowed stain;
One added to the Saviour's casket bright,
For whom he hath not bled and died in vain;

One mere to chant in blissful strains above,
The praise of Him who saves by grace benign,
A joy for angels round the throne of love,
A star in thine own diadem to shine.

Though thou possessest neither house nor lands,
And often hard may seem thy frugal fare,
All things are in thy heavenly Father's hands,
And by a deed unfailing thou art heir.

And Nature spreads her charms as free for thee,
As him whose pathway is with plenty crowned;
Nor are they half enjoyed, unless we see
His love and power displayed in all around.

Enough is thine with present wants supplied,
No care to borrow from the future dim,
For He who feeds the ravens will provide
Much more for those who put their trust in Him.

Not in prosperity's deceitful glow

Can we discern on what our joy depends;
Adversity's dark shadows plainer show
How much of light and strength heaven's radiance
lends.

Ah! how the martyrs, with such love possessed.
Have calmly suffered 'mid the scorching flame,
Who welcomed death as a delivering guest,
Though in a thousand horrid shapes it came.

Ere ceased the rage of persecution's storm,
Had millions, deluged in its crimson flood,
Through all the tortures malice could perform,
Declared the truth and sealed it with their blood.

How few of those who labor now to raise
The glorious standards of the cross so high,
In acclamations loud its glory praise,
Upon it sacrificed would dare to die.

And some to their own loved and native land
Have bid adieu, benighted souls to save,
Who now on many a foreign, heathen strand.
And sea-girt isle, have found a lonely grave.

Unlike the land where polished arts refine,
Unlike the comforts that surround us here,
The cruel hardships of a barbarous clime,
Where hearts grow hard, inured to misery's tear.

Such grief, from kindred friends unjustly torn,

The terror-stricken soul can only know,
Whose wounded limbs the clanking chains have borne
Confined with prison bars in dungeons low.

Innumerable blessings round us strewn,
In mercy sent to cheer the path forlorn,
How oft we pass unheeded on, unknown,
But find, and only look to find, a thorn.

All we can suffer for His sake below,
But adds to treasures in a world more fair;
The very tears in bitterness that flow,
Perchance as crystal gems may glisten there.

And they who enter through those gates must here
Within the fiery crucible be tried,
Till in the soul His image shall appear,
Who gives us strength its searchings to abide.

The deeper we may drink of grief like this,
That tends to purify and make us white,
The deeper shall we quaff those founts of bliss,
That sparkle in the beams of heaven's own light.

Who could endure his presence, who has led
For us a life of sorrow, bled and died,
That in his Mother's footsteps feared to tread.
And by his precious promises abide.

O then no more thine arms complaining fold,
Though darkness for awhile thy way enshroud;

But watch, and soon thou shalt with joy behold,
The sunbeams breaking through the parting cloud

More pleased the Lord may be when in the hour
Of deep affliction, or of dark despair,
Without one ray of light, we trust his power,
Than when his highest praise our lips declare.

O sterner conflicts are the lot of those
Whose roving fancies ne'er were tamed by ill;
And heavier must fall their chastening woes,
To curb the spirits and subdue the will.

But who that e'er has bowed beneath the rod,
And all its calm subduing influence shared,
Though sharp his pangs and dark the vale he trod.
Would ask or wish to have one trial spared.

In view of years in earthly pleasure spent,
Of all my follies since I've borne the cross,
Of good I might have done, with blessings lent,
While mortal shall I mourn my lasting loss.

Thrive blessed are they, the few, who early find
How poor the fleeting pleasures have pursued,
How rich the growing treasures of the mind
To God resigned, and by his grace renewed.

No more with worldly schemes my interests blend;
For holier purposes absorb my soul,
That will, until they reach their blissful end,

My thoughts, my feelings and my acts control.

And from thee, Lord, O never let me part;
For thou dost stoop so low my soul to raise;
Thy mercies, may they ever melt my heart,
Thy goodness may I never cease to praise.

O glorious prospect! blissful though! That we,
With holy angels in that blest abode
The dear Redeemer, face to face shall see,
Forever in the presence of our God.

O lovely Paradise! E'en now my soul
Would plume its wings for thy bright realms above
In regions fair where cooling rivers roll,
And bathe within the ocean of his love.

A glimpse of thine all-uncreated light,
A foretaste of thy deep, unbounded bliss,
Will dim earth's brightest treasures to our sight,
And spoil the pleasures of a world like this.

Sweet warblers of its bright, celestial plains,
With plumage fairer than the hues of morn,
I fain would listen to thy cheerful strains,
Where fragrant blossoms hill and vale adorn.

I long to go; but O can I be there,
Unworthy, vile, such glory to behold?
'Tis by his grace I trembling hope to share
An entrance in the Shepherd's guardian fold.

A morn will dawn on this dark night of woe;
A sunny calm succeed the midnight storm;
To those who joyfully endure, below,
And faithful to their trust his will perform.

A few more conflicts on this stormy shore,
A few more trials in this vale below.
And we shall shout our toils and sufferings o'er,
Where everlasting pleasures we shall know.

Then fainting pilgrim, on the thorny way,
O look not back nor let thy labors cease;
For soon the rich reward will thee repay,
When Jesus comes to bring a sweet release.

Not with a purple robe or crown of thorns
The Conqueror comes, to certain victory led;
A brighter crown his lovely brow adorns
Than ever o'er a monarch's, luster shed.

In all his Father's glory he'll descend,
His saints to gather home in endless day;
While shining hosts of angels will attend
His burning chariot, on its glorious way.

And when the parting heavens shall back retire,
And clothed with power the Son of man appears,
Before the flame of his avenging ire,
The loftiest bow, the stoutest quail with fear.

Not so with those who love and serve him here,

And onward press, whatever may annoy,
Who long for their Deliverer to appear,
That in his presence they may share his joy.

No! This will be the burden of their song,
As untold glory lights the careworn brow:
Lo! this is He whom we've waited long,
And from the storm of warth he'll save us now.

Death, thou mayest sever nature's tenderest ties,
And in the tomb consign thy shining spoil:
A germ of life within its bosom lies,
To bloom upon a more congenial soil.

And thou may'st proudly wave thy sable plumes;
Yet soon thy desolating triumph ends;
Then light from heaven thy darkest cell illumines,
And power divine thy strongest barrier rends.

The myriads long held beneath thy sway,
In final victory shall rise again;
Bright and immortal clothed their lifeless clay;
Whilst thou, O Death, shall be forever slain.

Hail blessed day! the end of care and pain,
When earthly tumults and its sorrows cease;
And he shall wave, whose right it is to reign,
O'er all, the scepter of the Prince of peace.

O worthy is the Lamb! for sinners slain,
Who hath redeemed us by his blood, will ring

From millions washed from every sinful stain,
In songs of endless praises to their King.

When that auspicious morn shall dawn at last,
Upon a world of sin, in ruin lost,
O may my lot with the redeemed be cast,
No more upon life's fearful billows tossed.

And when the strife is o'er, the victory won,
And we no more in weariness shall roam,
O then how sweet, life's care and labor done,
To have at last, "The Christian's welcome Home!"

THE BLESSED HOPE

O Blessed Hope! With immortality
Replete; with joys celestial crowned; beyond
The narrow grasp of human minds, its heights
To comprehend or depths explore; and far
Imagination's stretch exceeding, all
Its unseen glories to portray; that brings
The coming One to view in all the bright,
Celestial glory of his Father clad;
With all the shining hosts of angels thronged:
Who in his flaming chariot shall descend
To take his ransomed ones to endless rest;
When from the mighty bosom of the earth,
The saints, long miugled with the dust, shall wake,
And ocean's bed its myriads restore
With beauty clothed, with living saints redeemed,

To meet him in the air, and on the sea
Of crystal glass the glorious company
Will joyful stand with glitt'ring crowns, and strike
Their golden harps, to heaven's strains attuned,
In songs of victory; and through the gates,
The pearly gates of New Jerusalem,
The holy city enter, all whose streets
Are paved with purest gold, and ever shine
With dazzling lustre eye hath ne'er beheld;
And from the tree of life, immortal fruit
Shall pluck and eat; and from the crystal fount
The living wateres drink; where tears are dried,
And sin and pain and death, no entrance find.

When earth no more shall groan beneath the curse
But with its withering lines effaced, shall bloom
In its primeval beauty, and in robes
Of universal peace shall smile, and o'er
Its green and verdant fields, in union sweet,
The saints may range, and in ambrosial bowers
Repose; when birds light-winged, of plumage fair,
Delight to warble forth their sweetest lays.
And there within the kingdom of their God,
Whose glories ever new will still unfold,
Shall they as stars forever shine; his power
Omnipotent adore, and all his works,
With gratitude beholding, still admire.

O Blessed Hope! That with undying ray
Still burns within the breast to buoy us up
Amid life's varying scenes of care and toil

And strife, and with its bright, effulgent beams,
That emanate from the eternal throne,
Dispels the deep'ning shades that thicken round
Our weary way, and guides our trembling feet
Along the rough and narrow path that leads
Where opes the portals of eternal day.

Since first the realms of Paradise by sin
Were lost, hast thou the christian's solace been,
And sure support in tribulations deep
And scourgings sore. When by the sheeted flame
Encircled, hast thou shed around his brow
A halo of thy light behign; and while
The vital spark remained has praise to God
And the redeeming Lamb his lips employed.
Thou hast the mourner's grief assuaged, and from
The grave its terror east and wide dispersed
Its mantling gloom; and through its portals, dark,
The promise lingers still to cheer the way,
The promise of the resurrection morn,
When o'er the just, the tyrant Death no more
Shall reign; but from his grasp, on Love's bright wing
They rise to meet where parting is unknown.

Time in his rapid flight has onward sped;
And now far down the great prophetic hains,
That present, past and future link, the signs
Predicted in the word, presaging forth
Its end, o'er nature's face in mercy are
Spread out, and brightly shine emblazoned on
Its canopy. And inspiration's page,

Unsealed, with light unwonted shines for all
The wise to know where on the sea of time
They are; the beacon light decry, to guide
Them safely o'er its trembling verge, and laud
Them in the harbor of eternal rest.

They loud the cry proclaimed to warn the world
Of its approaching doom, and from the chill
Of apathy to rouse a slumbering church
To refuge seek from the impending storm;
And while the wicked scoffed, a humble band,
With joy their sails unfurling to the breeze,
'Neath sunny skies, serene, borne on, prepared
Their glorious King and Lord to meet in peace.

But when by Disappointment's chilling dart
With anguish pierced, and gathering darkness veiled
The vision from their view, their courage failed
To stem the tide, and with the current thus
They floated back where cold formality
Has quenched the flame that once with zeal inspired.
And many a bark, upon the raging waves
Of error wildly tossed, is sadly driven
Along enveloped deeply in its dark
And misty fogs that intercept the light
Divine, or dashed against the wreck strewn shore.

A few, though clouds arise, and tempests round
Them burst, with firm, unfaltering trust in him
Who in the purpose of his will his word
Fulfills, upon his promises rely,

And with the eye of faith, unwavering, fixed
Upon the golden prize, will onward in
Truth's even channel steer until the day
Shall dawn, the sun of righteousness arise
With his resplendent rays to ushur in
The glorious morning of eternity,
Succeeding time's long night of fearful storm.

So live in patient waiting for the Lord,
That when he comes thou mayest not on rocks
And mountains vainly call, that from his sight
Thou may'st be hid, but his returning hail
With raptured joy, and hear the welcome Come!
Ye blessed of my Father, Come! Thy blest
Inheritance receive, and join the bright,
Seraphic host, in one harmonious voice,
To sweel the song of praises to the Lamb;
And with the vast assembly share the full
Fruition of thy hope forevermore.

TRUTH

STAMPED with its Author's lineaments divine
Truth's lofty structure ever stands secure.
The storms of hate and scorn that round it lower,
May hurl their bolts in vain, its beauty to
Deface; nor opposition's swelling waves,
That foam and break in fury round its base,
Its sure foundations undermine; for he
Who built the skies, and stretched abroad the heaven's

Blue covering as a curtain round the wide
Ethereal space, and in their orbits set
The countless worlds, that sparkling o'er its vast
Expanse, more on in their eternal course.
Hath its bright temple framed, and guarded by
His mighty hand, it has withstood the force
Of warring elements combined to thrust
It down, and through the lapse of ages bid
Defiance to the ravages of time.

Each age has had its basis broad, on which
Its champions have stood, and bold in its
Defense, have stained its hallowed precincts with
Their blood. And now the glorious crowning truths
Of revelation's book, unsealed, foretell
The closing of the great prophetic scheme;
And from the watch-tower forth is heard the true
Alarm for those who, anxious, would inquire,
What of the night? The morning comes! Also
The night! And now the enemy and all
His raging hosts, fierce at its vitals aim
Their poisonous darts, and with the remnant 'neath
The high and royal standard raised, make war;
And happy they who, faithful to their charge,
Endure until the great Deliverer comes;
For they alone who, with its armor girt,
Lay not their weapons idly down until
The final conquest won, will reap the rich
Reward; and worthy they alone to join
The victor's song, or wear the conqueror's crown.

And when that storm of wrath whose fearful shades
Already tinge with gloom the distant skies,
And sounds portentous of its dread approach
Fall on the ear of the universal mind
As bright precursors of a better day,
Shall like an angry flood o'erwhelm the arth;
And as a scroll together rolled, involved
In on eterrific blaze, the heavens reveal
The righteous Judge in robes of vengeance clad,
Whose light ineffable the sun and stars
Enshroud as in the pall of night, whose voice
The solid globe shall shake, and with the shock
Throughout convulsed all nature shuddering dies--
Then all the fabrics frail that human art
Or sophistry have reared, but founded on
The sand, shall fall; and visionary plans
Dissolve as mist before the opening day;
While Truth, triumphant, rises o'er their tomb
Sublime, and there amid the general wreck
Its everlasting pillars firm remain.
And when the renovated earth shall bloom
Beneath the smiles of an approving God,
Whose glory, as a flood poured from the fount
Of light, irradiates from pole to pole,
Hoannas, raptured strains, unceasing roll
To swell the wonders of redeeming love,
And all creation's voice anew the songs
Of praise awakes, as on its morning dawn--
Then shall his chosen Israel behold
The grand design of wisdom infinite,
Complete--The restitution of a world.

HYMNS

TOIL ON

Toil on a little longer here,
For thy reward awaits above,
Nor droop in sadness or in fear,
Beneath the rod that's sent in love;
The deeper wound our spirits feel,
The sweeter Heaven's balm to heal.

Faith lifts the veil before our eyes,
And bids us view a happier clime,
Where verdant fields in beauty rise,
Beyond the withering blight of time;
And brings the blissful moment near,
When we in glory shall appear.

What transport then shall fill the soul,
When parted friends again shall meet,
Beyond the reach of Death's control,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,
His matchless love and grace adore,
And never taste of sorrow more.

Then let us hope 'tis not in vain,
Though moistened by our grief, the soil,
The harvest brings us joy for pain,
The rest repays the weary toil;
"For they shall reap, who sow in tears,
Rich gladness through the eternal years."

'TIS ALL FOR THE BEST

Through this dark "valley of conflict" and sin,
Trials without and temptations within,
Onward to glory still urge thy lone way,
Joyful in hope of the long-promised day.
In every danger thou hast a sure guide,
To every cloud there is yet a bright side;
Falter not then at the sternest behest,
Ever remember 'tis all for the best!

Just as the eagle, in teaching to fly,
Forceth her young from their covert so high;
Then if strength faileth, beneath them she flies,
And safely beareth them up to the skies;
So will the arm of Jehovah uphold;
All our afflictions his mercies unfold;
Murmur then not that "he stirreth thy nest,"
Ever remember 'tis all for the best!

Never of Providence dare to complain;
Sunshine and storm both must ripen the grain;
Tried is the gold that the purest may shine;
Crushed in the vintage that yieldeth the wine.
He who the end from beginning can tell,
Works for thy good; for he doeth all well:
This, that prepares for the mansions of rest
Ever remember is all for the best!

I'LL TRUST IN THEE

O Father, let a heavenly calm
Pervade this anxious breast;
I'd lean upon thy gracious arm,
And in thy bosom rest.
Be thou my sure support and guide
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
And then, whatever may betide,
I'll ever trust in thee.

Why should I murmur and repine.
At hardship, grief, and loss?
Since this will but the gold refine,
And purge away the dross.
If by temptations sorely tried,
Quick to thine aid I'll flee,
And then, whatever may betide.
I'll ever trust in thee.

Give me a soul inured to woe;
Resigned to every ill;
My chief delight while here below,
To do thy holy will.
Though friends forsake, and foes deride,
Thou shalt my portion be;
And then, whatever may betide,
I'll ever trust in thee.

O God, thy grace and strength impart,
That, till the race is run,

I e'er may say, with grateful heart,
Thy will, not mine, be done;
And near the Saviour's bleeding side
Keep me, from evil free;
And then, whatever may betide,
I'll ever trust in thee.

JOY COMETH

WEEPING endures but for a night,
Joy cometh with the morning light;
Joy cometh of celestial birth,
Unsullied by the blight of earth.

Joy cometh faithful hearts to thrill,
That fears of change no more will chill;
Transporting joy, that fills the soul,
While everlasting ages roll.

Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze,
Beyond this dark and thorny maze
A joy for every tear is found,
A healing balm for every wound.

No sorrow there shall dim the eye,
No wintry winds or storms are nigh,
No sighs borne on the fragrant air;
But all shall in the glory share.

Let hope thy bosom cheer, forlorn,

To boldly breast each rising storm;
For whatsoever thy grief may be,
The morning bringeth joy to thee.

Awake! For lo, not distant far,
The rising of the Morning Star;
O watch to catch the new-born ray,
That ushers in a cloudless day.

Hail! Glorious morn! Whose radiant light,
Shall bid the darkness take it flight
Shall chase the shades of gloom away
And night be turned to endless day.

CONFIDENCE

O GOD! Thy praises now
With rapture fill my heart,
Because I know that thou
Can'st healing power impart;
And give that depth of joy within,
That only springs from pardoned sin.

Thou wilt not let me fall,
While in thy strength I move,
And on thee cast my all,
Thy tender care to prove:
No! I shall rise to seek thy face,
And feel the kindlings of thy grace.

To all thy saints be near,
Thou source of light and love;
Their drooping spirits cheer,
With blessings from above;
Nor let one doubt or fear impair
Their faith in thee to answer prayer!

FAITH

By faith, as wandering pilgrims here,
We sojourn in this vale of tears,
It points us to His coming, near,
That ends our sighs, and groans, and fears,
Though raging hosts of foes assail,
The conqueror's trophies, won, will be;
Through sword and flame we shall prevail
By faith, and gain the victory!

Though clouds and tempests, hovering near,
May o'er thy pathway seem to frown,
It bids them quickly disappear,
And brings the promised blessing down.
It breaks the bands that round thee cling
From sin and bondage sets thee free,
To rise on its triumphant wing,
And shout, by faith, the victory!

Faith, living faith, ascends the skies,
To Christ, within the second veil,
"It will be done," still firmly cries,

And trusts his word that ne'er can fail,
Till rays of light shine from above,
And darkness, doubt and terror flee,
And glory from the throne of love,
To swell the note of victory!

The Promised Land it keeps in view.
The Glorious City of our God,
Soon will it bear us safely through,
UP to that bright and blest abode;
Where faith is lost in joyful sigh,
And prayer to praises turned shall be,
When all the ransomed shall unite
To sing the song of victory.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN

In everything my eyes behold,
I view, with awe, my Maker's hand;
Creation's works his might unfold,
In every form, in every land.

Thy boundless power, O let me know,
That I may feel how weak my frame;
Thy love and mercy to me show,
That I may here adore thy name.

To be acquitted at thy throne,
Is all I ask or would desire;
The thought that I may be thine own,

Lights up my soul with hallowed fire.

Now Lord forgive me for the past,
This morn my covenant renew,
And give me strength while life shall last,
To still the narrow way pursue;

That when I reach that blissful shore,
Where sorrows cease, and Satan's wiles,
I may recount thy mercies o'er,
And bask forever in thy smiles.

THE SABBATH

COME peaceful day! divinely blest!
Sweetly thy glories would we sing
Memorial of that Sacred Rest
Of creation's Mighty King,
This hallowed time to man was given
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

Ye saints awake, with joyful lay,
Behold its rising light, divine;
To God your grateful homage pay,
Its radiant beams around us shine.
Welcome the day he calls his own,
And fervent worship at his throne.

Hark! Through the shining courts above,
What rapturous praises echo now!

Around that holy law of love,
Seraphs in adoration bow.
Let earth, responsive to the strain,
Exalt alone Jehovah's name.

All hail! Thou bright immortal day!
When at His Temple all adore
His scepter's universal sway
Observed in glory evermore;
When Zion shall in triumph reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again.

"RISE; HE CALLETH THEE"

Sinner, seeking thee to save,
One his life a ransom gave;
Hear his voice inviting, still,
Come ye, whosoever will.
Mercy's hour is waning fast:
Ere thy day of grace be past,
From the storm for refuge flee;
Rise! The Master calleth thee!

Pilgrim, weary of the road,
Which thy footsteps long have trod,
Lingering on the enchanted ground,
Be not for a moment found;
But the scattered remnant feed,
Tearful, sowing precious seed.
Ere the harvest time shall be,

Rise! the Master calleth thee!

Mourner, bowed with heavy grief,
Prisoner, sighing for relief,
Wanderer, o'er the trackless main,
Sufferer, on the couch of pain,
Ye that struggle, mourn and weep,
Still the heavenly watchword keep;
Soon He'll set the captives free;
Rise! the Master calleth thee!

THE ROCK OF SALVATION

O, Let Thy sweet Spirit descend from above,
Our hearts melt in humble contrition and love,
Cemented together in one let us be,
Thou Rock of Salvation united in thee!

Let angels' bright pinions, now hovering nigh,
Bear upward the tidings, while to thee I cry,
O, cleanse in that fountain of blood spilt for me,
Thou Rock of Salvation and hide me in thee!

The tough, thorny path, faint and worn, we pursue,
Refresh with thy presence, our strength we renew
By those living waters that flow full and free
From the Rock of Salvation rejoicing in thee!

Thou friend and Supporter when troubles appear,
Preserver from evil, temptation and fear,

O, now to thine arms for protection I'll flee,
Thou Rock of Salvation O, hide me in thee!

Secure in thy bosom I fain would repose,
Where peace, like a river, unceasingly flows;
Thy beauty and glory beholding, I'd be,
Thou Rock of Salvation enraptured in thee!

Thy judgments, O Lord, soon in wrath will descend,
O'erwhelming with terror, the tempest will rend;
But firm a foundation, sure refuge I see
In the Rock of Salvation above, cleft for me!

With all the redeemed, my glad voice would I raise,
And join in the songs to Immanuel's praise;
That at thine appearing I numbered may be,
Thou Rock of Salvation O, hide me in thee!

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

O, BEAUTIFUL world! Where all is bright,
How we long to hail thy dawning light,
When the triumphs of sin and sorrow cease,
And all shall bow to the Prince of peace;
Where the weary pilgrim finds a home,
No more in this desert land to roam.
Then hush each sigh, and dry each tear,
Lo! tokens of that glad morn appear
O, that glorious morn!

O, beautiful world! where the City of gold
Shall its radiant scenes of bliss unfold,
With the Tree of Life, the crystal streams,
Adorned with heaven's resplendent beams;
Where crowns that will the sun outshine,
Round cloudless brows, immortal twine,
And loud and clear the anthems ring,
When the seraphs' harps they strike and sing.
O, that City of God!

O, beautiful world! when the earth anew
Is arrayed in robes of Eden hue,
And fruits, and flowers of sweet perfume,
In one perennial Spring will bloom;
Where gushing songs of rapture rise
From the lovely birds of Paradise,
And the shining throngs, transported, view
Unfading glories, ever new.
O, that ransomed earth!

O, beautiful world! where storms ne'er rise
To cast their shade o'er the azure skies,
And soon will it burst on our longing sight,
When the sleeping myriads will unite,
With the pure, angelic choirs above,
To swell the strains of redeeming love,
And on fair Canaan's happy shore,
With the lamb we shall reign for ever more.
O, that endless life!

RESIGNATION

I ASK not, Lord, for less to bear,
While here I tread the narrow way,
But that I may thy blessing share
In all that I shall do or say.

Through thee to lead, I will not fear
To pass through scenes with dangers rife,
While still thy cheering voice I hear,
"I am the way, the truth and life."

Thou art the refuge of my soul,
My hope when earthly comforts flee,
My strength while life's rough billows roll,
My joy through all eternity!

Then help me to improve, with care,
These precious moments to us given;
For they a faithful record bear,
Of good or ill, each day, to heaven.

And in thine arms of love enfold,
That I may shun the Tempter's snare,
And in the Book of Life, enrolled,
My name may be found written there!

HEAVEN

WHEN darkness gathers round thy way
As falls the shades of even;
No star, with its mild cheering ray,
To chase the gloom thy fears allay,
How sweet the light of heaven!

When toiling in the narrow way,
By persecution driven,
Beset with treach'rous snares that lay
To lead thy youthful feet astray,
How sweet the smiles of heaven!

And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
The blessed promise given;
When, borne on angels' wings, we soar
To meet the Saviour, we adore,
How sweet the home in heaven!

THE SCATTERED FLOCK

LONG upon the mountains weary,
Have the scattered flock been torn;
Dark the desert paths, and dreary,
Grievous trials have they borne.
Now the gathering call is sounding,
Solemn in its warning voice;
Union, faith and love, abounding,
Bid the little flock rejoice.

Now the light of truth they're seeking,
In its onward track pursue;
All the ten commandments keeping,
They are holy, just and true.
On the words of life they're feeding,
Precious to their taste so sweet;
All their Master's precepts heeding,
Bowing humbly at his feet.

In that world of light and beauty,
In that golden City, fair,
Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,
And of all its glories share.
There divine the soul's expansions;
Free from sin, and death, and pain;
Tears will never dim those mansions
Where the saints immortal reign.

Soon, He comes! With clouds descending!
All his saints, entombed, arise;
The redeemed, in anthems blending,
Shouts of victory through the skies.
O! we long for thine appearing,
Come, O, Saviour! Quickly come!
Blessed hope! Our spirits cheering,
Take thy ransomed children home.

"FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK"

Fear not little flock, for Christ is our Rock.
The promise stands sure.
The kingdom He'll give, to those that endure.

The armor gird on; till victory is won,
Let us manfully fight,
The Millennial morn, soon will end Time's dark night.

The truth will prevail, (its beamings we hail,)
And is might in power;
'Twill shield us from harm, in the dark trying hour.

Tho' the tempest loud rave, and high swell the wave,
Let us never give o'er;
For the Ark will land safe, on fair Canaan's shore.

Then with rapture untold, our eyes shall behold
Our glorious King;
With bright, golden harps, the "New Song" we shall sing.

They will that City view, His "commandments that do,"
With the angels of light;
To the tree and the fountain of life have a right.

Hallelujahs we'll raise, our Redeemer to praise
With the pure and the blest;
In the "Eden of Love" be for ever at rest.

BE PATIENT

Be patient, be patient, no longer despairing,
Though bright hope deferred, fills with sorrow thy heart,
Though bitter the cup that thy soul has been sharing,
Let not fond affection from Heaven depart.
Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving,
He'll come for his children, who for him are grieving.
O wait for the promise, of glory receiving,
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,
Will guide through the shades that encompass the way;
The Saviour has trod through the rough path before thee,
Let not earth's enchantments allure thee astray.
Upward to God be the heart's adoration,
Where ever are flowing pure streams of salvation.
Redemption is nearing! O, seek preparation!
Soon the King in his beauty for us will appear.

Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,
Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride;
Through toil and affliction, temptation and danger,
The saints must be "purified, made white and tried."
Be humble, the spirit of meekness adorning,
Be faithful, proclaiming the last notes of warning,
Be watchful, to hail the glad dawn of that morning,
When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,
And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore;

Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,
Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.
Be patient, the Lord all his saints will deliver,
With love, peace and joy, will surround them forever,
Where no't shall e'er cloud, or their sweet union sever,
With the King in his beauty they'll reign evermore.

AWAKE

AWAKE! O, awake! Now to life and to duty
Faint not by the way till thy labor is done;
For quickly the King will descend in his beauty
The warfare be ended the victory won.
Though tempests may lower, and foes are deriding,
Stand firm for the truth in the face of earth's frown;
O, watch, fight and pray, in thy Saviour confiding,
Till in glory thou sharest the conqueror's crown.

Awake! O, awake! Seek in Heaven thy treasure,
Where free from all care and all sorrow and pain,
Thou shalt range with delight o'er the bright fields of pleasure,
And join in the songs to the Lamb that was slain.
Be active and faithful, with ardor untiring,
Fearless and bold in defense of the right,
With faith, love and joy in thy bosom inspiring,
With courage undaunted to work with thy might.

Awake! O, awake! Heed the loud voice of warning
Sound the tidings afar o'er the land and the sea,
Till dawns in its splendor the last, lovely morning,

When shadows of night and of sadness shall flee.
Then gird on the armor, with lamps trim'd and burning,
Calmly upon his sure promise rely;
O, wait, hope and trust, till thy Master's returning,
To gather his chosen to mansions on high.

FOLLOW ME

IF others' joys seem more than thine,
Pause, ere thou at this repine;
Life bath full enough of woe,
For the sunniest path below.
Labor, ere shall pass the day:
God shall all thy ills repay.
Christian, what are they to thee?
Saith the Saviour, "Follow me!"

By the souls to win or lose,
By the good thou didst not choose,
By thy duties left undone,
By the evil thou wouldst shun;
From thy brother's failings fly,
Oft inquire, "Lord, is it I?"
Christian, what are they to thee?
Saith the Saviour, "Follow me!"

By the crown we hope to wear,
By the bliss we long to share,
By the blessings now we crave,
From the Lamb who died to save,

Only seek his name to raise,
Meeting censure here, or praise.
Christian, what is that to thee?
Saith the Saviour, "Follow me!"

Let thy heart by pure within,
Die to self, the world and sin,
Hope, whatever may betide;
Trust the never-failing Guide.
Faith on him alone, depend;
Love, enduring to the end.
Christian, this thy strength shall be:
Saith the Saviour, "Follow me!"

ABIDE WITH US

BLESSED Jesus, meek and lowly,
With us, here, take thine abode;
I would fain like thee be holy,
Humbly walking with my God.
I would thy sweet Spirit cherish,
Welcome in my heart thy stay;
Lest, without thine aid, we perish,
O, abide with us, we pray.

Guide me in the path to heaven,
Rugged though that path may be;
Let each bitter cup that's given,
Serve to draw me nearer thee.
In thy footsteps traced before me,

There I see earth's scorn and frown;
There is suffering ere the glory,
There's a cross before the crown.

In thy vineyard let me labor,
Of thy goodness let me tell;
All is ill without thy favor
With thy presence all is well.
While the evening shadows gather,
Through this dreary night of tears,
"Tarry with me, O my Saviour,"
Till the morning light appears.

Then with thee may I forever
Reign, with all the good and blest,
Where no sin from thee can sever,
Where the weary are at rest.
There to praise the matchless Giver,
There with angels to adore,
Him who did through grace deliver
Us from death forevermore.

COME TO JESUS

COME! The Saviour's call obey
To him humbly kneel and pray;
Though he reigns above the sky,
Yet he looks with pitying eye,
Hears thy simple, fervent prayer,
Watches o'er thee everywhere.

Come, and learn his teachings mild,
Jesus loves a little child.

Come! His blessing to receive,
Paths of sin and folly leave;
He will grace and strength impart
To thy young and tender heart;
Guide thy feet in wisdom's ways,
Fill thee with thy Maker's praise.
Come, and learn his teachings mild,
Jesus loves a little child.

Come! No longer doubt or fear,
Strive to love and serve him here.
O, be gentle, kind and true,
Meekly in his steps pursue.
Such his glory soon will share
In his kingdom, gathered there.
Come, and learn his teachings mild,
Jesus loves a little child.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG

WE are going, we are going,
Now a lonely Pilgrim Band,
To a brighter world of glory
To a fair and happy land;
Tho' the path, in which we journey,
Is a rough and thorny way,
It leads to blessed realms above,

In one eternal day.

CHORUS

When the crowns of gold we wear,
And the palms of victory bear,
In joy we shall forget
All the sorrows here we share;
Then we'll strike our harps and sing,
While our songs of triumph ring,
O'er the plains of glory echoing,
The praises of our King.

We are going, we are going,
Where our trials will be o'er,
Where grief and suffering enters not,
And we shall weep no more;
Yes, they tell us there are mansions bright,
Unsullied by distress,
An inheritance unfading;
Which the saints will soon possess.

We are going, we are going,
Where the fields are ever green,
Where marks of Time's decaying finger
Never shall be seen;

O, if we deem it lovely here,
Around our earthly home,
How beautiful must be that land
Where blight can never come!

We are going, we are going,
Where no tempests dim the sky,
Where everlasting beauty reigns,
And pleasures never die;
We are going where the Saviour said
A place he would prepare,
And come again, that we might with
Him reign for ever there.

We are going, we are going,
To a City that is near,
Behold! To Faith's foreseeing eye
Its pearly gates appear;
And now to earth's allurements will
We bid a last adieu,
For the prize in heaven treasured,
For the faithful and the true.

We are going, we are going
To the regions of the blest,
Where our toil and care is ended,
And the weary are at rest;
O, speed on the promised hour,
Quickly come and claim Thine own
We long to meet, to part no more,
Around the radiant throne.

THE RETURN

'Twas a doleful night, on Calvary's height,
When the Lamb of God was slain;
But Hope's cheering ray, shone bright o'er the day,
When he rose from the tomb again.

CHORUS

O Jesus! My Saviour! Dear Saviour, come!
Our hearts weary grow,
Of thy longer delay
O hasten to gather us home!

"I go," he said, "to prepare a place,"
Blest mansions in glory's domain;
And the promise, sure, sweetly fell from his lips,
"For you I'll return again!"

Through storm and night, so dark and drear,
In perils, grief and pain,
Thy people have sighed for the promised day,
When thou wouldst return again!

How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep,
For the rightful Heir to reign?
And the myriad saints in silence sleep,
Who wait thy return again?

See the signs fulfilled of his Advent near,
When he come in his kingdom to reign!
Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay,

That brings his return again!

The soul that once bowed with its burden of woe,
Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain,
And a dazzling crown deck the care-worn brow
When the King in his beauty shall reign!

No tears or death shall await them more,
Who the better land attain;
O, we long to hail, with rapturous joy,
Thy glorious return again!

HOW FAR FROM HOME?

How far from home? I asked, as on
I bent my steps the watchman spake:
The long, dark night is almost gone,
The morning soon will break.
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight,
With Hope's bright Star, thy guiding ray,
Till thou shalt reach the realms of light,
In everlasting day.

I asked the Warrior on the field:
This was his soul-inspiring song:
With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield,
The battle is not long.
Then weep no more, but well endure
The conflict, till thy work is done;
For this we know, the prize is sure,

When victory is won.

I asked again: earth, sea and sun
Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
Time's wasting sands are nearly run,
Eternity is nigh.
Then weep no more with warning tones,
Portentous signs are thickening round,
The whole creation, waiting, groans,
To hear the trumpet sound.

How far from home? ah, then, I cried
To God, who marks each plaintive sigh:
A still, small voice, within, replied,
Not far from home am I!
Then weep no more, though round thy way,
Afflictions rise, and doubt and fear,
While myriad voices sweetly say,
The Pilgrim's home is near.

Not far from home! O blessed thought!
The traveller's lonely heart to cheer;
Which oft a healing balm has brought,
And dried the mourner's tear.
Then weep no more, since we shall meet
Where weary footsteps never roam
Our trials past, our joys complete,
Safe in our Father's home.

THE REWARD IN HEAVEN

O, WANDERER o'er life's stormy main,
Who here an exile roam,
O, where is the harbor for thee to gain,
Where peace and happiness e'er remain,
O where, tell me where, is thy Home?
Where thy bark, no more by tempests driven,
Shall anchor where skies are clear
A sweeter tone to his voice was given,
As he gently answering, said, in Heaven
'Tis there but never here.

O, Pilgrim through this vale of tears,
By care and woe oppressed;
Beset with anxious doubts and fears,
Where no reposing from toil appears,
O where, tell me where, is thy rest?
Where the heart no more is sad and riven,
Or weary, with sorrow and fear
A brighter light to his eye was given,
As he upward gazing, said, in Heaven
'Tis there but never here.

O, Christian in this world of woe,
Where pain and sin alloy;
Who a lonely pathway tread below,
And the scorn and frown of the wicked know,
O where, tell me where, is thy Joy?
That may not fade as the hues of even,
And nothing be left to cheer

A kindlier glow to his brow was given,
As he sweetly smiling, said, in Heaven
 'Tis there but never here.

O then for that better land I sigh
 That land where all is fair;
Where tears shall be wiped from every eye,
And the saints shall lay their armor by,
 A crown of glory to wear.
I fain would leave these shades of even,
 On this dreary and desolate shore
For a foretaste sweet to my soul is given,
Of the Home, the Rest, and the Joy in heaven
 When we meet to part no more.

THE BLESSED HOPE

I SAW one weary, sad and torn,
With eager steps, press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
Still looking for the promised day;
While many a line of grief and care
Upon his brow was furrowed there
I asked, what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he the Blessed Hope!

And one, I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought, unyielding, on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked, what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he the Blessed Hope!

And there was one who left behind,
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned
To tread the path bedewed with tears,
Through trials deep, and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
I asked, what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he the Blessed Hope!

While pilgrims here, we journey on,
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,

Through tribulation, hate and scorn,
Or through the portals of the tomb,
Till our returning King shall come,
To take his exiled captives home,
O, what can buoy the spirits up?
'Tis this alone that Blessed Hope!

MEMORIES OF THE DEAD

LINES

*Occasioned by the death of my father, Samuel Smith, of
Wilton, N.H., who died Dec. 1st., 1852, aged 65 years.*

AH! he is gone there enshrouded he lies,
Hushed is his voice, and bedimmed are his eyes.
Cold is that form, and all motionless now,
Death's fatal scal on his calm, pallid brow.
Mournful we gazed on the face of the dead,
Many the tears that in sorrow we shed;
Deep was the anguish then rending the heart,
Sad was the hour, when we saw him depart.
Slowly away moved the burial,
Severed one link in affection's fond chain;
Low in the earth have they laid him to rest,
Precious the treasure inclosed in its breast!
Mother! the loved from thy bosom is torn,
Children! our father has left us to morn.
Lonely the hearth-stone for one is not there
Broken the circle and vacant the chair.

Peaceful thy slumber! O, sweet thy repose!
Safe from life's turmoil, its cares and its woes.
Short is the silent embrace of the tomb;
Hope, pointing upward, disperses its gloom,
Soon will the King in his glory descend,
Triumph o'er Death, and the grave's fetters rend;
Kindred and friends shall we meet as they rise,
Bright and immortal, ascending the skies.

LINES

*On the death of Nathaniel White, who died in Rochester,
N. Y., May 6th, 1853, aged 22 years.*

GONE to thy rest, brother!
Peaceful thy sleep;
While o'er thy grave bending,
In sorrow we weep,
For the loved and the cherished,
In life's early bloom,
Borne from our number,
To the cold, silent tomb.

Sweet be thy slumber!
In quiet repose;
Beneath the green turf,
And the blossoming rose;
O, soft is thy pillow,
And lowly thy bed;
Mournful the cypress,
That waves o'er the dead.

Dark though the pinion,
That shaded his brow,
The truth which he followed,
Illumined it now;
In the arms of his Saviour,
He fell to his rest,
Where woes that await us,
Pervade not his breast.

Weep not for the Christian,
Whose labor is done;
Who, faithful to duty,
The treasure has won.
The jewel was fitted,
For ever to shine,
A gem in the casket,
Immortal, divine.

Not long will earth's bosom,
His precious form hide,
And death's gloomy portals,
From kindred divine;
For swiftly approaching,
We see the bright day,
That brings the glad summons
Arise! come away!

LINES

*On the death of Anna White, Editress of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,
who died in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 30th, 1854,
in the 26th year of her age.*

SHE hath passed Death's chilling billow,
Ang gone to rest;
Jesus smoothed her dying billow
Her slumbers blest.

Parents saw with grief unspoken,
Only in tears,

Their sweet bud of promise broken
In early yeras.

In yon, lonely grave, a Brother,
Friends, weeping, laid;
Called so soon to see another,
As lovely, fade.

God support, while hopes have perished
In Sorrow's tide;
While a Sister, loved and cherished,
Sleeps by his side.

Precious seed had she been sowing
On Life's broad field;
Rich will be the harvest, showing
The Sheaves t'will yield.

Youth and children now are sighing,
Who feel her worth,
That her cold, pale form is lying
Low in the earth.

From the bitter cup that's given,
We should not shrink;
Since the mandate is from Heaven,
That bids us drink.

Sleep, dear Sister, kind and tender,
To friendship true,
While with feeling hearts we render

This tribute due.

When the morn of glory, breaking,
Shall light the tomb,
Beautiful will be thy waking,
In fadeless bloom.

Where no wintry winds are blowing,
No burial train,
Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,
We'll meet again!

LINES

*On the death of Robert F. Harmon, who died in Gorham,
Me., Feb. 5th, 1853, aged 27 years.*

He sleeps in Jesus peaceful rest
No mortal strife invades his breast;
No pain, or sin, or woe or care,
Can reach the silent slumberer there.

He lived, his Saviour to adore,
And meekly all his sufferings bore.
He loved, and all resigned to God;
Nor murmured at his chastening rod.

"Does earth attract thee here?" they cried,
The dying Christian thus replied,
While pointing upward to the sky:
"My treasure is laid up on high."

He sleeps in Jesus soon to rise,
When the last trump shall rend the skies;
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,
To wake to full, immortal bloom,

He sleeps in Jesus cease thy grief;
Let this afford thee sweet relief
That, freed from death's triumphant reign,
In Heaven he will live again.

LINES

*Occasioned by the death of Luman V. Masten, who died
in Rochester, N. Y., March 1st, 1854, aged 25 years.*

WITH the impress of death on his brow, he is sleeping,
And folded his hands o'er a heart that is still;
Unheeded the grief of the sad mourners, weeping,
No longer their accents his bosom can thrill.
Now deeply we feel that our circle is broken;
No longer our dwelling shall echo his tread;
His last tear is shed, and the last farewell spoken,
And oft shall we miss him who sleeps with the dead.

O blessed the hope of the Christian to cheer him,
When dim grew his eye, and fast faded his bloom;
In the hour of affliction the Saviour was near him,
The rock of his strength, and his light to the tomb.
No more will he wake from his calm, peaceful slumber,
To the anguish of pain, or the blighting of care;

No more will je join in the songs of our number,
Or mingle his voice at that altar of prayer.

In a lone, quiet spot, where the trees and the flowers,
Over the loved and the buried shall wave,
The Spring will return, with its green, shady bowers,
But not to the sleeper so low in the grave.
But the once cherished form which the cold turf incloses,
We would not recall, though we cannot forget;
For soft is the bed where he sweetly reposes,
While life's thorny path is with trials beset.

Then mourn not the loss of our dear, absent brother,
Bright angels shall watch o'er the dust where he's laid
To rest by the side of his fondly-loved mother,
Who for his salvation so fervently prayed.
In glory, immortal, O soon shall we meet thee,
Where sickness and sorrow and partings are o'er;
With the redeemed then with joy shall we greet thee,
With the King in his beauty to reign evermore!

LINES

On the death of an infant child.

MANY a tear was shed, beholding
Its young form in dreamless sleep;
Brief the hours its charms unfolding,
Ere it left them here to weep.
Tender bud, so early blighted
By Death's rude, relentless hand,

In a fairer clime, united,
Soon thy beauties will expand.

Though no more its smile is cheering
In the home, without it drear,
Nor its lisping tones endearing,
Still delight the listening ear,
Yet, to God the gift resigning,
Parents, trust his promised grace;
Through affliction, thee refining,
Till his image he can trace.

Weep not for the treasure longer,
Taken from life's care and woe,
Ere its infant steps could wander,
Or its heart could sorrow know.
Sleep! Sweet babe, till Jesus calls thee
From thy lowly resting-place!
Kindred, then, where nought befalls thee,
Clasp thee in their fond embrace!

HE SLEEPS FAR AWAY

*Lines occasioned by the death of Thomas Bixby, who died
in New Orleans, while on his passage to Europe, 1850.*

HE sleeps far away from the home of his childhood,
And the friends of his youth, on a far distant shore;
They've buried him low near the "deep tangled wildwood,"
Where wild sigh the winds and the deep waters roar;
No brother, no sister is o'er his grave bending,

But far, far away, tears of anguish they weep.
Oh why his bright home did he leave, his way wending,
The loved and the true, o'er the wide, trackless deep.

He died in the midst of bright hopes that he cherished,
In the pride of his manhood and glory and bloom;
Far away from his birth-place and kindred he perished,
And stranger hands laid him within the cold tomb.
Noble, aspiring he braved every danger,
Nor feared the rude storm, or the tempest or wave,
But he's gone to his rest, where the unfeeling stranger,
Unheeding and careless shall tread o'er his grave.

When th'dark wing of death was thy manly form shading,
And the future was shrouded in darkness and gloom,
When dim grew thine eye, and thy cheek was fast fading,
Didst thou sigh for some lov'd one to light the dark tomb?
For thy kind, tender sister? and thy fond, cherished mother
To ease thy pale brow with their soft, gentle hand?
To see thy dear father, and thy fondly lov'd brother?
And go to thy rest in thine own native land?

No more he'll return to the home of his childhood;
O'er ocean's dark billow no more will he roam;
For he rests far away, near the "deep tangled wildwood,"
A sheltering port and a long quiet home.
There rest: while we mourn, and while fond hearts are
weeping,
Thou art free from all sorrow and sickness and pain
There rest till thy God shall awake thee from sleeping;
And in heaven's bright land may we meet thee again.

MISCELLANEOUS

BABYLON

The gathering storm of her impending fate,
In threatening clouds, around now darkly lowers,
Confusion is the name upon her gate;
Her creeds are various as her costly towers.

Tho' heavenward point her scores of spiral fanes,
That rise in rich and gorgeous display,
Yet in religion, pure, her glory wanes,
As nature's in the sun's last setting ray.

Such gilded temples for Devotion's shrine,
With gaudy trimmings decked, so finely wrought,
But ill accord with many a sacred line,
Inscribed by holy Seers, divinely taught;

Who 'neath no roof but heaven's blue vault could pray
And words of wisdom pour on desert plains,
Where echoing forests swelled the gushing lay
Of feelings, melted by their simple strains.

The streams of wealth through all her channels run,
And numbers, more than worth her ranks o'erflow;
Her theme the record of her honors won
Not how it stands above, but how below.

No fearful conflicts with the Prince of death;
No rude assailings of the world's abuse;
Her armor rusts in friendship's fetid breath
Not for the lack of need, but lack of use.

In all the pomp of equipage and show,
The mass, in gay attire, resort to hear
The pealing organ's notes melodious flow,
And sermons fashioned for the pop'lar ear.

The sound of chiming bells, to call the crowds,
Falls heavy, like some lone funeral knell;
For darkness, like a deathly pall, enshrouds
The class who dream of Heaven in paths to Hell.

There vile Hypocrisy secures a screen,
And Sin, unchecked, infects her ample fold
Impassable the steps that lie between
The poor and those who revel in their gold.

There Peace, with syren song, has spread her charm,
And many a victim lulled in fatal sleep;
No faithful sentinels to give alarm,
While dangerous foes around insidious creep.

No more of fervency disturbs their ease
Than party sect and party zeal inspire;
The wayward fancy strive alone to please
The love of souls exchanged for love of hire!

There widely is diffused the baneful wreath,
They choose to cull from Error's devious maze,
While plain and saving truths are hid beneath
The pompous flow of ornamental phrase.

The burning thoughts that once could light the brow,

And lips that fresher eloquence impart.
To break the magic spell, are powerless now
Affecting still the head, but not the heart.

When Pastors trusted not in earthly aid
For language to supply what grace bestows;
No golden idol's intervening shade,
Against the heavenly messengers to close;

When with unwearied steps they sought to save
The lost and wandering in the depths of sin,
Tho' oft surrounding perils they must brave,
And still severer trials quell within;

When even the tone of warnings meekly given,
The solemn awe their sainted manners brought,
Their very presence so akin to heaven,
Gave lasting lessons otherwise untaught;

Then were their flocks on hidden manna fed,
And from the living fountains were refreshed;
Then multitudes were to the Saviour led,
Whose pardoning mercy showed their labors blest.

Tho' nations lavish praises on her shower,
And worship long within her sculptured wall,
'Tis but a form Pride saps the vital power,
And leaves her crumbling to her final fall.

A cry shall yet be heard, unknown before,
In breadth and depth, and on swift pinions fly,

To penetrate corruption's inmost core
"Come out of her my people," lest ye die.

Her sins, of blackest hue, have reached the throne,
The blood of saints her cup of guilt has lined,
Afar resounds a fellow sufferer's moan,
In fetters her own hands have helped to bind.

In night her day of splendor soon will end,
And wailings loud, arise o'er land and sea;
For wrath, unmixed with mercy, will descend,
And seal her woeful doom eternally.

EVIL SPEAKING

*For by thy words thou shalt be justified,
and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Matt. xii, 37.*

OF things which we so careless name,
How little kindles to a flame;
The unruly tongue no man can tame.

"They say" (and so it must be true)
What would, did we but rightly view,
Prove false and vanish as the dew,

Abroad from lip to lip it flies,
And reaches, soon, a wondrous size,
As mountains, oft, from mole-hills rise.

Or as the torrent in its flow,

Or as the Winter's rolling snow,
Lose nothing as they onward go.

Far better rob one of his gold;
For this could be restored four-fold;
But never what is wrongly told.

As in the lightning's path we find
Its scathing tracks are left behind;
So is this influence of the mind

Then deem it not a little thing;
A whisper borne on silent wing,
May reach a heart that feels its sting.

Nor think ye lightly of the deed,
Broadcast to fling the poisonous seed,
That springs to many a deathly weed.

Thou Hypocrite! why vainly try,
From moles to free thy brother's eye;
First, in thine own, the beam descry.

As if a fabric thou couldst rear,
Of others' faults, thyself to clear;
More guilty thus dost thou appear.

If temples for God's Spirit meet
No fountain with pure streams replete,
Sends forth both bitter and the sweet.

O that we could this lesson learn;
From every thing, away to turn,
But what does only us concern.

Then should we know and see and hear,
The more of joy, the less of fear,
And half our trials disappear.

A richer harvest we should reap,
A better record angels keep,
And many smile, where now they weep.

By this we quench Love's holy light;
We scatter when we should unite,
And darken all that else were bright.

But they in Charity abound,
Who, faultless, will the throne surround,
And in their mouth no guile be found.

How much we've spoken ill or well,
Whether to wound or soothe it fell,
Eternity alone can tell!

O then how wilt thou be o'erwhelmed,
Though well the current thou hast stemmed,
If by thy words thou art condemned!

RELIGION

'TIS not merely outward show
 'Tis not merely depth of feeling,
But in every act to know,
 Truth and love we are revealing.

'Tis at every step we take,
 Every selfish wish denying;
Leaving all for Jesus' sake,
 On his arm alone relying.

'Tis a warfare waged within:
 Foes the battle-ground ne'er leaving:
Conquering some bosom sin,
 Thou the victory art achieving.

'Tis to smile and kiss the rod
 By which all our griefs are heightened;
As we nearer draw to God,
 More the heavy strokes are lightened.

Is a burden to be borne,
 With thy brother joy to share it;
Is thy heart with anguish torn?
 Then with patience nobly bear it.

'Tis not when the skies are clear,
 That our courage can be tested;
But when tempests hovered near,
 How have we their fury breasted.

O 'tis not an empty name,
But the source of all true pleasure;
Through earth's changing scenes the same,
And the Christian's only treasure.

'Tis not merely outward show,
'Tis not merely depth of feeling,
But in every act to know,
Truth and love we are revealing.

THE AGED PILGRIM

Respectfully dedicated to WM. Peabody, Scottsville, N. Y.

I MET an aged pilgrim on the way,
Who bowed beneath the heavy weight of years;
But yet on whose frail tenement of clay,
Were lightly traced their cares and toils and fears.

Think not life's common ills did not befall;
For light and shade its varied textures show:
Think not that he, unlike the lot of all,
Could drain its cup, unmixed with dregs of woe.

With righteous thoughts and deeds each day was rife,
That paved with peace the rugged path he trod,
In humble mien, apart from scenes of strife
The way that leads to glory and to God.

Desires, above his needs, were all denied,

His will, subdued, to Heaven's decrees resigned;
Nor wished for more than this to be supplied
With what a gracious Providence designed.

In faith his prayers ascended to the throne,
That blessings, as were best, he might receive;
And, filled with gratitude for mercies shown,
His thanks like incense rose, at morn and eve.

The glow of feelings true, his visage wore,
Which only overflow the soul sincere.
To Want gave freely of his ample store,
To Sorrow's voice, the sympathetic tear.

His words, with meaning fraught, were just and kind,
That cheered the listening ear, in accents mild.
Of knowledge pure, of lofty aim in mind,
In heart as meek and lowly as a child.

The Truth he scattered with unsparing hand,
Amid the crowd, or by the wayside cast
Its fruit, a harvest rich of souls may stand
Arrayed to join the heavenly throng at last.

He sought not for applause, or earth's renown,
Nor yet to bask in pleasure's smiling ray;
But still, undaunted, dared the world's cold frown,
For joy it could not give not take away.

This honor most he craved: his name enrolled
On the immortal list, inscribed above,

With prophets, martyrs, holy men of old,
Who to their Master proved their deathless love.

The Blessed Hope burned bright within his breast,
Whence sweetest consolations ever spring;
Though weary here, there yet remains a rest,
Though now a captive, soon he'll be a king.

This lesson, deep, experience had taught;
I deemed of priceless worth, if understood:
For wisdom it contained, for bliss it brought
Content with life, and living to do good.

THE GLORY OF HEAVEN

BEYOND this shadowy vale of tears
There is a better land,
Where all the good of earth at last
Shall reign a tearless band.
What most with rapture fills my soul,
Of all its glories rare,
And bids me long to go and dwell
Within its mansions fair?

Is it that round the fadeless brows,
The starry crowns entwine?
In robes of pure and dazzling white,
The forms of beauty shine?
That we shall tune the golden lyres,
O'er the celestial plains,

Where notes of sorrow never blend
With those sweet, seraph strains?

Is it that darkness never clouds
That bright eternal day?
That pain and sickness enters not
To waste the frame away?
That cheerless grief hath never there
The heart's deep fountains stirred?
The parting hand is never given,
The farewell never heard?

Is it that fields of living green
Are decked with fragrant flowers,
That bloom in one perennial Spring
In Eden's happy bowers?
The calm repose from weary toil
From anxious care and fear?
That we shall meet again the loved,
Who shared our trials here?

'Tis not the harp, the robe, the crown,
The morn that hath no night,
The home that hath no severed ties,
The rose without the blight,
The rest that cares may never break,
The joy that knows no pain,
The meeting round the radiant throne,
Eternally to reign.

But he who all our sorrows bore,

And groaned upon the tree,
Who trod the thorny path below,
And tasted death for me,
Who for us, sinners, bled and died,
That we such bliss might share
The LAMB on Calvary crucified,
It is that he is there!

THE SABBATH

THEY tell us the fourth command,
Containing the Sabbath decree.
Is abolished in every land,
And all from its yoke are free;
If, to solve these queries we ask,
When, where an dhow was it done?
They commence the difficult task,
But leave it where they begun!

They tell us the onward roll
Of Time has such changes wrought,
That none, from Pole to Pole,
Can find the true day sought;
But how (it looks very strange!)
Can this, they unwittingly name,
All other dates disarrange,
And not affect Sunday the same!

They tell us that Christ set apart
The day that he rose from the dead,

But yet, if we serve him in heart,
We may choose any other instead;
And then, in the very face
Of this, they evadingly say,
Why! You'll surely fall from grace,
If you keep the seventh day!

They tell us, to answer their ends,
That the D.D.'s are all on their side
Thus Pilate and Herod made friends,
The law of God to deride;
But when they so loudly prate,
If from Error's chain they're free,
Why is it that when they debate,
No two of them can agree?

How long shall the Priests bear sway,
And the mass go on in the wake,
A counterfeit creed to obey,
Such conflicting positions take.
Could we but remove the cross
From many, willingly blind,
They'd not be at all at a loss
The genuine coin to find!

But Truth, in its beauty, will shine
In spite of traditions vain,
That have hidden a precept divine,
Through Papacy's wicked reign.
Though Protestants oft rehearse:
"The Bible our rule alone"--

Their actions speak the reverse!
While this Pagan relic they own.

OUR DUTY

NEVER from the future borrow
Burdens that no good repay,
Strength required for to-morrow,
May be lost on us to-day.

God the present moment calls us
Forth to labor in the field,
Not to fear what may befall us,
But the weapons bravely wield.

Trials that we now are breasting
On our journey nearly done,
Are our faith and patience testing,
Ere the victory is won.

Duties as they come before us
Each perform with willing heart;
he with richest blessings o'er us,
Will be faithful on his part.

Every needed grace he'll lend us,
If we do his righteous will;
In the darkest hour defend us,
And through life be with us still.

PROVIDENCE

THE vast designs of God, in vain
Do mortals seek to understand,
Or purposes of right explain,
Who guides with an unerring hand;
While nature still his work fulfills,
A heavenly Father's care we learn;
And what we deem are threatening ills,
Full oft, to plenteous blessings turn!

To rich, or poor, or great, or small,
Alike, his tender love is shown;
Alike, is watched the sparrow's fall,
Or sway of empires overthrown.
No tear of grief, no throe of pain,
Unmarked by him, our sovereign Lord,
No trial will be borne in vain,
No sacrifice lose its reward!

Within our narrow bound, content
With what is given us to know,
Is better far than reasoning spent
By which none ever wiser grew;
For shortly to our wondering sight.,
Life's hidden scroll shall be unrolled,
And beams of Heaven's unclouded light,
The ways of Providence unfold!

THE PROMISE

ONE precious promise there is left,
Though of all others I'm bereft,
That courage plants within my soul,
When o'er me life's rough billows roll,
And will support and comfort me,
Though earthly props and joys all flee,
'Tis, He relieves, when in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

"I AM STRONG IN HIM"

"I AM strong in Him," said a lovely child,
With a feeble voice and a visage mild,
Tho' on his brow was the seal of death,
And he soon must yield his vital breath.

"I am strong in Him" tho' on a couch of pain,
For many years had the sufferer lain;
But never repined, tho' deprived of his rest;
For the will of his Father he thought was the best.

"I am strong in Him" tho' in a lowly cot,
Where Poverty reigned, to dwell was his lot,
Where nought of earthly happiness flowed,
But a mother's love on her son bestowed.

"I am strong in Him," said the dying boy,
As his eye lit up with heavenly joy;

For he leaned on one who is mighty to save,
And could carry him safe thro' the gloom of the grave.

"I am strong in Him" how it lifts the soul
Above the world, with its vain control,
And bids us trust in that sacred Friend,
Whose care for his children never will end.

"I am strong in Him" be it mine to feel
The weight of glory these words reveal,
In each varying scene who their power can tell,
For if strong in God, then will all be well!

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST

'Tis said that once a dying girl,
Who on the sea-coast dwelt,
Was asked what she of Jesus thought,
As death's approach she felt.
How beautiful, and how sublime,
This answer to receive:
"Jesus as limpets to the rocks,
So unto him I cleave."

O may we on the living Rock,
With heart as firm abide;
And cling, the rougher beats the storm,
The closer to his side.
Then will our faith and hope grow bright,
Though earthly scenes grow dim;

For he will never those forsake,
Who put their trust in him.

FORGIVE

A SUPPLIANT, begging for pardon, came
To confess his faults, and his errors name;
And tears of contrition rolled down his face,
As he sought his wayward steps to retrace;
But the injured viewed with unfeeling eye,
And spurned, unrelenting, the penitent's cry,
Nor thought of the debt he owed to Heaven,
For snares escaped, and for sins forgiven!

Ere long, at Mercy's shrine, one knelt,
Who the stings of conscience keenly felt;
For guilt, as heinous, his course unfolds
To Him who the balances evenly holds;
And this was the prayer that I heard him make,
O Father, forgive, for Jesus' sake!
With the measure ye mete, lest thy heart be riven,
Forgive, as thou hop'st to be forgiven!

THOUGHTS

THE thoughts that come of heavenly mould
Alas! how short their stay;
How slow to leave us, those that steal
Our very joys away.

How carefully then should we shun
The evil in their birth
And cherish only those we know
Will prove of heavenly worth.

Our life might be as peaceful as
The calm, sweet breath of even,
If we had Heaven in all our thoughts,
And all our thoughts in Heaven.

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH"

O TELL me not of ease,
A pathway free from care;
For blessings such as these,
Will not with this compare,
That only comfort to me gives:
To know that my Redeemer lives!

O tell me not of joys,
That wither in an hour;
Not all earth's fleeting toys,
To charm me have the power.
This only pleasure to me gives:
To know that my Redeemer lives!

Nor yet of sordid gold,
That wings may take and fly,
While gems of wealth untold,
Are treasured safe on high.

This only riches to me gives:
To know that my Redeemer lives!

WHAT IS LIFE?

O what is life? A passing dream,
A vision, or a meteor gleam,
That still allures the wanderer on,
Till e'en he grasps alas 'tis gone,

O what is life? A fleeting day,
With glittering show of trappings gay;
But ere aware the living light
Is waning into shades of night.

O what is life? A vale of tears,
A shadowy land of doubts and fears,
A strange array of light and shade,
Of hopes that die and joys that fade.

Oh what is life? A blooming flower,
That fades and withers in an hour;
A changing cloud that passes o'er
A wave that sinks upon the shore.

Oh what is life? A phantom chase
Swift is the running of the race;
Soon the desired goal is won,
The journey past the labor done.

Oh what is life? A rapid stream,
That sparkles with a sunny beam;
With ceaseless rolling on ward, led
Down to the ocean's mighty bed.

Oh what is life? A battle field,
Where right to wrong too oft must yield,
A fearful war of deadly strife,
A conflict dark the field of life.

Oh what is life? A changing sea,
Now calm, unruffled it may be;
Now storm and tempest wildly rave,
Till sinks the bark beneath the wave.

Oh what is life? A rugged way,
With treach'rous paths that lead astray,
A way of care and toil and gloom,
A step into the silent tomb.

Oh what is life? A transient ray,
A moment of an endless day;
Oh happy he who, as it flies,
Improves the moment ere he dies.

FRIENDS

THROUGH life's desert, lone and weary,
Scattered roses cheer the way;
On a pathway, dark and dreary,

Gladdening falls the sunbeam's ray.
Friends those gentle flowers are flinging
Love's bright ray the bosom warms
Vines their tendrils closely clinging,
Are not rudely torn by storms.

Oh! What sweet emotions waken
Strike the soul's harp-strings divine,
When with confidence unshaken
Hearts responsive beat to thine!
Many a grief, its tears revealing
Many a pang that else might rend,
'Reft of half its sting, is healing
By this sacred balm a friend.

Has thou found the precious treasure?
Prize the jewel ne'er betray!
Choicest blessing without measure
Guardian angel round thy way.
Act or speak, oh! Coldly never
Kindred spirits keenest feel
Silver links the blow may sever,
Time the wound may never heal.

NEVER LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE

THOUGH clouds may arise and tempests assail,
And loud sound the wild, tempestuous gale,
And fortune may frown whatever betide,
Never, no, never look on the dark side.

When the high and the proud seem to treat thee with scorn.
And thy bosom with anguish is torn and forlorn,
When friends e'en forsake and coldly deride
Never, no, never look on the dark side.

Though no light gleams o'er thy desolate way,
To cheer the lonely, wearisome day,
Remember, lone one, whatever betide,
Beyond the dark cloud there is a bright side.

If the pain of affliction thou wouldst allay,
And make troubles and trials vanish away,
And down life's dark stream in peace thou wouldst glide,
Ever, yes, ever look on the bright side.

Like the storm-beaten sailor tossed on the wave,
Fearless and bold thou the tempest must brave;
And if thou wouldst conquer, whatever betide,
Ever, yes, ever look on the bright side.

FORGIVE THY BROTHER

*"Forgiving one another,
even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. iv, 32*

Look not with jealous eye
Upon thy brother's ways;
But overlook his many faults
To find some good to praise.
For hid, within the human breast
Some precious gem may be;
Then e'er forgive thy fellow man,
As God forgiveth thee.

Gently his failings scan,
Look kindly on him now,
And nobly weigh the better part,
Nor think him less than thou.
Remember, human 'tis to err,
And none from sin are free;
Then e'er forgive thy fellow man,
As God forgiveth thee.

Bear with thy brother yet.
Though he may treat thee ill,
Perchance life's bitter cup he drinks,
With wrong his heart may fill.
Thou knowest not how dark and drear
The path he treads may be,
Then e'er forgive thy fellow man,
As God forgiveth thee.

Pray for thy brother still,
Though he betray thy trust;
Oh! Think how soon death's mighty wave
May sweep us to the dust.
Let pity calm the swelling tide,
Of passion's raging sea,
And e'er forgive thy fellow man,
As God forgiveth thee.

TRUE HAPPINESS

OH, not in shining gold
From earth-born sorrows can we solace find,
Nor on the scroll of fame our name enrolled
Can satisfy the mind.

Not in the festal throng,
Where youth and beauty meet so fresh and gay,
Whose lighted balls echo with dance and song,
In splendor's bright array.

'Tis but a moment's light,
That soon will fade as rainbow tints so fair,
The cup of pleasure sparkling e'er so bright,
A poison lurketh there.

In all earth's wide domain
Of bright and beauteous things, the golden prize
Thou'lt seek and strive to grasp for aye in vain
The airy phantom flies.

Earth teems with glad'ning flowers,
And sunny skies and silver streams rejoice,
And music swells from breezes, birds and bowers,
In one harmonious voice.

But if dark passion's cloud
Dim the mind's sky and wither hopes once true,
Then earth's bright scenes dressed in a gloomy shroud,
Will wear a sombre hue.

And the melodious choir
Of nature's sounds will fall discordant, lone,
If unattuned the soul's deep sacred lyre
To vibrate back their tone.

It is the soul within
That stamps life's varied scenes with light and shade,
Whether in flowry paths we tread, or in
Rude thorns our path be made,

A plant of heavenly birth,
And watered with celestial dews, 'twill bloom
With beauty ne'er to fade, and o'er the earth
Will shed its sweet perfume.

Deep in the heart it lies,
A priceless pearl to weary mortals given
A flame of love that never, never dies;
'Tis not of earth, but heaven.

And in the fevered tone

Of strife, serene its peace without alloy,
An emanation from the eternal throne
A foretaste of its joy.

A radiant start to shine
O'er life's rough, darkest paths, to guide our way
Through death's dark portal, with its rays divine,
To realms of endless day.

DIVINE CONSOLATION

IT is by providential dispensation
We pass beneath the rod;
But in each pang this brings us consolation:
They are all known to God,

He watches o'er us with a kind protection,
Through every changing hour;
With all a Heavenly Father's pure affection,
To shield us by his power.

'Tis not in vain that we endure afflictions;
For they fulfill their part,
In mercy sent as Heaven's benedictions,
To purify the heart.

'Tis then the soul for aid divine is pleading,
Its loneliness to cheer;
When earthly scenes are from our view receding,
'Tis then that Heaven draws near.

Some longer stay to act in life's relation,
While some sleep in the dust:
His ways are past our narrow penetration;
Yet in him we can trust.

There's many a cloud that dims our mental vision,
Yet he knows what is best:
If we our all resign, from fields elysian
The heavenly Dove brings rest.

There's joy unbounded when we hold communion
With Him who rules o'er all,
And feel that he with sweetest filial union,
Will us, his children call.

Enrobed in white, with heavenly luster shining,
The jewels of his love,
With wreaths of beauty round the brow entwining,
Will reign with him above.

Let life, with suffering, be my portion given,
Or in the grave my rest,
If I but have, at last, a place in heaven,
A home among the blest.

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