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CONTEMPLATION
BY
WILLIAM VIVIAN.

36.

736.

CONTEMPLATION,

OR

A CHRISTIAN'S WANDERINGS.



BY

WILLIAM VIVIAN,

OF TOR, DEVON.

“Rude thought runs wild in Contemplation's field.”

YOUNG.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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MDCCCXXXVI.

736.

[COCKREM, PRINTER, TORQUAY.]

TO THE
INVALID VISITORS OF TORQUAY,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

in the sincere hope that they may be enabled by the Giver of all grace and consolation, to participate in the peace and comfort so mercifully extended to the author, during a period in which he was taught to sympathize with those who are afflicted by a "body of sin and death," and to desire earnestly that the passing hour of their chastening, may be their entrance (by the sovereign mercy of the blessed Father of Spirits,) into His own holy and eternal rest. Hosea, ii. 15.

Tor, December, 1835,

CANTO I.

I.

The circling year again with steady course
Renews its infant days; enlivening Spring
Swells into form respiring Nature's force,
And softly waking spreads her fragrant wing,
Upborne by gentle Zephyrs; bids them sing
Her welcome triumph o'er stern Winter's powers,
And shew her azure banner brightening
Above the cold dark cloud where still he lowers
To blight the tender buds of her too forward flowers.

B

II.

How beautiful ! What calm delight to view
New life, new vigour, and new beauty rise
From what was late so desolate. All new
And lovely now, e'en the remembrance dies
Of chilling blasts or storm defaced skies.
Around young flowers extend their varied sheen,
And wave their perfum'd heads to Zephyr's sighs,
Where mantled in their robes of brightest green
The peaceful meadows and their wooded dells are seen.

III.

A heart-expanding sight. How softly sweet
The smiling verdure of the flowery green,
Yielding its mossy carpet to our feet.
What cooling freshness in the leafy screen
Which folds the winding rivulet between
Its pendant branches ; now beneath their shade
Pausing awhile, as fearing to be seen ;
Then rippling on where waterlilies braid
Its emerald zone with pearls, along the sunny glade.

IV.

Welcome the pleasures Nature's graces yield ;
Welcome her soft repose. I too, with thee
Fair Streamlet, from the troubled world conceal'd,
Seek here her quiet converse : flowing free
In musical meand'rings, thou may'st be
The pattern of my verse and thought : thy rest
Beneath the graceful bend of forest tree,
Is calm and tranquil, while thy troubled breast
Where more expos'd, marks thee the world's unwilling
guest.

V.

So from the works of man to thee I turn
Fair work of God : upon thy tranquil shrine
The incense of a thankful heart may burn.
While laurel wreaths with other strains entwine
Thy flowery chaplet shall alone be mine :
Mine be the task thy varied scenes to dress
In that soft majesty wherein they shine
On thy fair page, and shew their power to bless
The soul with joys of earth without its weariness.

VI.

And thou her Handmaid (waiting still from heaven
When earth became accurs'd) direct my theme
Meek Contemplation! teach me what is given
To Reason's exercise, when thy pure beam
Directs its course aright; no fitful gleam
Of vain imagination suffering,—disperse
The mists of error and the worldling's dream,
While Nature's useful lessons I rehearse,
And class thy words of wisdom in my wand'ring verse.

VII.

Thou tellest now how Spring's young happy day
Comes welcom'd in. Upon the blooming thorn
The feather'd songster chaunts his roundelay,
And choicest flowers bloom sweetly to adorn
The fragrant garlands of her natal morn.
All youth and beauty! Winter's reign is o'er:
His chilling hours of terror all are gone;
Lost in the gulf of ages, whose dark shore
Time's rapid wing has past—revisiting no more.

VIII.

Yet is the moral left. Spring quickly flies
Before the splendour of the summer ray,
Whose brightness fails as Time still onward hies ;
And hoary Winter reassumes his sway.
So glides man's year along ; our youthful day
Our fleeting spring thus flies, and summer glows
On manhood's strength, which soon will pass away ;
And wintry age brings forth its chilling snows
Till death o'er all the scene his shadowy mantle throws.

IX.

So swift its course. Full well the Preacher cries
That " All is vanity," and asks " What gain
" Hath man in toil and restlessness ? he dies ;
" His generations fail ; till He ordain
" Their quick return who bids the hills remain
" Unchang'd and changeless. High the glowing sun
" Stretches his circuit o'er this seat of pain,
" And hastens onward 'till his course be run,
" Then seeks again the place where first his course begun.

X.

" The wild wind from his wintry cloud springs forth
 " And southward rushes; thence returning wide
 " His shifting tempest seeks the chilly north;
 " Turning to turn again. The thirsty tide
 " Drinks in the river's strength unsatisfied
 " While ocean rolls unfill'd: the streams return
 " And spring afresh from out the mountain's side;
 " Wearing again the course their waves have worn,
 " And plunging o'er the rocks which erst their weight
 have borne.

XI.

" All things roll on in their accustom'd round
 " Of ceaseless motion. Man may not express
 " Creation's wonderful design; unfound,
 " Unknown its limits, boundless, fathomless,
 " It sets at nought his mole-eyed nothingness,
 " And mocks his empty ear. What eye may see
 " That which before was not? Time's sable dress
 " May shroud, but that which has been still shall be
 " "Till mould'ring ages sink in vast eternity."

XII.

Hours steal away ; unheeded as they pass,
But closely reckon'd when their flight is o'er.
Though motionless appear Time's ebbing glass,
Yet leave its sands awhile, the form they bore,
Though short the interval, is seen no more.
Say twenty years are gone, our youthful day
Bears well the loss ; mark off another score,
It alters much ; another, where are they ?
A broken remnant lives, the rest are mould'ring clay.

XIII.

Yet not devoid of happiness these hours
But for ourselves, would be. The child ungrown
Pursues the painted fly, nor heeds the flowers
Which die beneath its feet ; but when 'tis flown
Past chance of restoration, not alone
Weeps for its baffled hopes, but sees with tears
The drooping flow'rets, where so late they shone
In fragrant bloom : so he of riper years
On some vain scheme intent, some hope which disappears

XIV.

Before 'tis reach'd, neglects life's truest joys,
Nor heeds the happiness which may be won :
Man, the vain child whom ev'ry fly decoys,
Still follows shadows which but draw him on
'Till the true pleasure of his life is gone,
And its great object miss'd : his Makers' hand
Though visible in all that it has done,
Is disregarded ; the great Power which plan'd
This wond'rous globe, none see, none fear, none
understand.

XV.

Though rich with ev'ry tempting lure, and fair
As mortal thought can reach, kind Nature's page
Invites to piety and peace, with rare
Collection of instruction : for the sage
A depth of wisdom which, may well assuage
His thirst for knowledge, while, to all as kind,
She freely shews to him of tender age
Her wonders, tells him for what use design'd,
And bids him in her works observe th' Almighty mind.

XVI.

Complex and wonderful creation ! Here,
Where Contemplation leads to Piety,
May fallen man observe, uncheck'd by fear,
The power of his Creator ; here may see
His majesty display'd, yet kindly free
From its attendant terror. Who has scan'd,
The wonders which sprung forth at God's decree,
Nor felt around him still the mind which plan'd
And own'd on every side His wonder-working hand ?

XVII.

What skilful harmony is seen around ;
What wonderful intelligence display'd
From the vast outline of productive ground
To the soft green of the minutest blade
Which clothes its surface. Nature new arrayed
In pristine loveliness, still kindly rears
Her youthful form to praise the hand that made ;
And though at times man's sin calls forth her tears,
A grateful smile returns with her returning years.

XVIII.

In all her varied charms her student sees
His mighty arm by whom they were endow'd :
He feels His breath in the reviving breeze ;
His lightnings flash forth from the darkling cloud ;
And when the rolling thunder peals aloud,
Its echoes speak of Him. Where high arise
The lofty mountains in their snowy shroud,
His arm has rais'd their height amid the skies ;
And fostered by His hand the lowly valley lies.

XIX.

At His behest the tempests' gathered night
Comes rolling onward o'er the troubled main,
Urging to shelt'ring cliff the sea bird's flight :
But when the rude winds rage, His hands restrain
Their ruthless force, and check the torrent rain :
They pass at His command : and mildly warm,
The sun's benignant beams shine forth again ;
And ev'ry flower expands its tender form,
And sweetly owns His care who saved it from the storm.

XX.

Kind witness of Himself, the showers of heaven
Shed their pure dew upon the thirsty earth,
And all varieties of fruit are given :
His word goes forth and living things have birth,
And all around is heard their grateful mirth.
Yet Man, oh sad'ning theme ! he for whose use
Such things are form'd, with knowledge of their worth,
Alone seeks happiness in their abuse,
And erring against light, is left "without excuse."

XXI.

So Scripture speaks him : if its sacred page
Be all unknown, and therefore not incur'd
The greater guilt when Heaven's embassy
Has been neglected ; if he have not heard
And therefore not despised his Maker's word,
Still ignorance will not be his defence ;
God's witness was around him, and he err'd
Against the light he had : he gives to sense
The worship which he owes to Him whose hands dispense

XXII.

The blessings he receives, and therefore earns
His sentence ; just indeed, but less severe
Than his who to the voice of mercy turns
An unconcerned or a deafened ear,
Who thinks of God but with a heart of fear
And neither loves nor seeks Him : pleas'd alone
With things which, well considered, should endear
The Donor, yet, in bold rebellion grown,
Would neither love nor serve, but claims them as his own.

XXIII.

Oh folly to be pitied ! punished too.
What creature of a day can think to be
Left independent of its Maker ? Few
There are who do not either know or see
His watchfulness : yet would they proudly free
Their thoughts from His dominion ; grasping, seize,
Or give as from themselves, the good which He
Alone provides : just stewards of their ease ;
But careless of His work whom they alone should please.

XXIV.

Oh folly (for it is not ignorance) to rise
And spurn His goodness with ingratitude !
What blessings may man's thankless heart despise ?
What if God bear with those who long withstood
His overtures of mercy ; giving food
And raiment, sunshine and refreshing rain,
To glad alike the evil and the good,
May not the Lender take His own again ?
He does, what earthly pleasure changes not to pain ?

XXV.

Drear winter out of summer's warmth will grow,
And things of earth will pass ; if then we lean
Too firmly on them, we must feel the blow
Which proves Time's sov'reignty, and strikes between
Our hopes and their completion : it has been,
And ever will be so ; Time still will steal
Man's idols till his many losses wean
His heart from passing things, and bid him feel
Deeply perhaps, that earth has more of woe than weal.

XXVI.

Lesson of mercy, though severe. Immers'd
In things of sense, and careless of its end,
The soul lies fetter'd till such teaching burst
Its trammels. Till the sweeping tempest bend
The sapling low, or till the lightning read
Its branches, it is left to stand alone ;
But if it fall, the planter's arm will lend
More firm support. So will vain man disown
Superior aid till his false strength be overthrown.

XXVII.

Our weakness is a friend whom but to know
Will make us strong ; yet do we hate the sight.
Proud man rejects the source whence blessings flow
Yet seeks for happiness : if not aright
How vain such seeking. He who shuns the light
Must vainly grope in darkness for the way
Of happiness or peace. The hours of night
Can never give one renovating ray
To vie with e'en the darkest saddest hour of day.

XXVIII.

Time flies, yet still men cling to things of time
As though they stood for ever. To be wise
And turn ere yet it is too late; to climb
The solid rock where high its masses rise
Above a flooding world into the skies,
Is ridicul'd as folly's height; and he
Who seeks it will soon know how men despise
Whatever comes not of themselves: the free
And undeserved gift of safety still will be

XXIX.

Unheeded or contemn'd. 'Twas so of old:
What Noah might be building was to all
A matter of no moment; but when roll'd
The foaming deluge o'er this fated ball;
When man saw all in which he trusted, fall
Beneath the whelming wave; how look'd he then
Upon that ark of mercy? Vain the call
When mercy is withdrawn. Unhappy men!
The safety proffered once will not return again.

XXX.

Is such example made without effect ?
Will man not turn with such a warning given ?
Unwearied mercy will he still reject,
And treat with scorn the overtures of heaven ?
Alas ! in vain has earth's vast bulk been riven :
He cares not : plunged in the deep slough of sense
He scorns the paradise whence he was driven
And loves the rebel mind which drove him thence,
Passing his parent's guilt, outdoing his offence.

XXXI.

In those dark days they ate drank bought and sold,
Married and gave in marriage, till the day
When Noah stept into his saving hold ;
Then came the flood and swept them all away.
If such were then their ways, how differed they
From what the world is now ? look all around ;
The violent, the covetous, the gay,
The proud, the lovers of themselves, are found ;
Corruptions riot loose—iniquities abound,

XXXII.

And Sin still reigns supreme ; one deadly sin
Whence all foul deeds arise, is found in all ;
One root of evil—that dark plague within,
Man's common birthright ever since man's fall,
To those who know it an embitter'd gall
Which while the body lasts will leave its stain,
To those who know it not, (whate'er they call
Their thralldom,—be it pleasure, be it pain,)
The law of sin and death, and hell's eternal chain.

XXXIII.

Alienation of the heart from God :
This is the bitter spring whence bitters go ;
This is the curse which the avenging rod
Must cleanse ; the never failing source of woe
Whence crime and misery and death still flow
On man's devoted race ; however shewn,
Whatever be the bait the Tempter throw,
The careless laugh or the desponding groan
Mark equally the good Creator still unknown.

D

XXXIV.

Alienation of the heart: from Him
 Who form'd it for His service ; who but spoke
 And man was made. Oh blackness to the brim !
 Scarce had the creature from the dust awoke
 Ere with ingratitude it turn'd, and broke
 The law for which it liv'd. The deluge came
 To cleanse the guilty earth : the mighty stroke
 Was ineffectual ; 'tis still the same.—
 Another judgment comes ; destruction's final flame

XXXV.

Must sweep it from creation. Dreadful fate !
 Who may abide its horrors ? who may shun
 The wreck of melting elements ? Too late
 Will be the cry for mercy : it is done ;
 The ark of safety opens then to none :
 Unheard, unheeded is the fruitless call
 Amid the crash of nature : fades the sun ;
 The hills and rocks convuls'd, in masses fall ;
 And fire eternal wreaths around earth's fated ball.

XXXVI

Oh passing horror ! desolated scene !
Floats there no ark above the whelming wave ?
Will no strong arm of mercy intervene ?
Will none come forth from Heaven's height to save ?
Ah no ! it is not when the billows rave
That safety must be sought for. High above,
The few who wise in time, dared not to brave
God's awful warnings, now securely rove,
Borne upwards in the ark of everlasting love.

XXXVII.

That ark is building now : nay more, 'tis built ;
And they whom Mercy warns may enter there
While earth fills up the measure of her guilt.
Turn then ere yet the arm of God be bare :
Turn, turn ye careless ones, nor madly dare
Omnipotence. Come while there yet is room
And rest ye now in safety. Will they care
For such a warning ? will they shun their doom
And leave at length the paths of everlasting gloom ?

XXXVIII.

Look round thee for the answer. Mercy spurn'd
Must cede to Justice.—O Thou holy One,
By whom alone the wand'ring heart is turn'd
To piety and peace! teach me to shun
Thine anger ere the sand of life be run:
Give me the heart to ponder nature's lore
And read of Thee in all that Thou hast done;
In all of Thine which I may wander o'er
Thy presence still to know, acknowledge, and adore.

XXXIX.

The pilgrimage of earth may yet be mine
Thro' many changing seasons: fleeting Spring
Will leave her incense upon Nature's shrine
And pass away, and summer's breeze will bring
The sweets of other flowers on its wing;
But other lands will be around me then,
And Nature's distant charms my muse must sing;
While in life's shifting scenes this peaceful glen
My wand'ring eyes perchance may never meet again.

XL.

But THOU art ever near me ; still around
My varied path : if o'er the wave I ride
Thy footsteps on the heaving waves are found ;
If through the forest-track I wander wide,
Thy gracious providence is there to guide.
Safe in the care of an almighty Friend
Give me the humble heart which will confide
Its way to thee, and know where'er it wend,
Thy light, thy power, thy grace, thy goodness, still extend.

XLI.

So shall the book of Nature rightly read
By Contemplation's lamp, afford delight
And true instruction ; pondered without dread,
Since ev'ry page more clearly brings to sight
Thine attributes of wisdom and of might
With love and mercy join'd. Be Thou the ray
Of glory shining through the shades of night,
Then earth affords a heaven directed way
And leads from things of time to an eternal day.

CANTO II.

I.

The noble vesture of this massive globe,
The ocean spreads before me; flowing free,
Vast waves (like wide folds of a planet's robe)
Veil closely what man's eye may never see,
And mock his vainly-vaunted sov'reignty.
Still proudly beautiful, aloft they toss
Their frothy volumes o'er the cliffs rough knee,
Spurning the weed-clad rock, whose bulky dross
Morosely swells below, their sweeping course to cross.

II.

And it does cross them. Still in rugged length
Stands firmly forth yon' adamantine bar,
Casting wild ocean's congregated strength
In spray-clouds back upon himself; the jar
Of headlong seas thrown off without a scar.
Thy Maker's hand has circumscribed thy lair,
And bid thee curb thy mountain waves ; thus far
Thou comest, and no further ; fret thee there,
Those sturdy rocks full well thy fiercest wrath can bear.

III.

Yet art thou terrible, and stout was he
Who ventured first upon thy distant wave,
Steering his fragile bark where none might see
Its daring course ; where unknown oceans lave
His stranger prow still wending on to brave
New terrors ; hours of horror on the main,
Or in the waters depth a lonely grave ;
Hope struggling still with disappointments' pain,
New lands unfound, his own perchance unseen again.

IV.

Such was Columbus! the disheart'ning toil
Which mark'd thy course, yet did thy constant mind
Still rise above the terrors which would foil
The daring enterprise: in vain the blind
And superstitious mariner would find
On every side some horror to disarm
Thy steady purpose; the unchanging wind
Still wafting them from home; the murky calm
Which left them motionless,—all seem'd a fatal charm

V.

To punish their presumption; ling'ring death
By famine or by thirst appear'd before,
And vengeance whisper'd in each sultry breath:
Yet, didst thou boldly onward till the shore
Arose before thee; Fancy's fears are o'er,
And ocean in his native terrors drest,
Gives back the grateful sound of breakers' roar,
And boldly pictures on his shining breast
The vast and rich dominions of the distant west.

VI.

I follow o'er the same broad waters now,
Where the white surges bid the canvass weep,
And dash with threatening violence the prow
Which cleaves its foamy way; now o'er the steep
Of the dark billows mounting,—where they leap
Athwart its rapid course, now plunging low
Betwixt the furrows of the restless deep,
While swelling in the sun the white sails glow,
And merrily and strong the northern breezes blow.

VII.

Isle of my fathers ! I behold thy shores
In distance fast receding ; on thy strand
With fainter echoes now the ocean roars ;
And (freshen'd on the wave) the breeze which fann'd
Ere-now the flowers on thy fertile land,
Has lost its fragrance. Now farewell awhile.
On other shores full soon my foot shall stand,
And though these same bright sunbeams round me smile,
Far distant and unseen will be my native isle.

VIII.

There is a pain in leaving what we love,
Which e'en the Christian's regulated mind
Surmounts not; though his soul may rest above,
Calm in the comfort he may ever find,
And to his Father's care with peace resign'd,
Yet will earth's best affections still remain,
And many a sad thought will lag behind,
Which though it grieve the mourning heart, would fain
Teach while it wounds and mix reflection with its pain.

IX.

When time and space obscurely spread before
To strain the cords with which affection bound
The youthful heart; when we may see no more
The face of those we love, once always found
At hand when needed, nor may hear the sound
Of most familiar voices, to the mind
So ever present that they seem around
Our distant way, when but the idle wind
Deludes the ear with sounds like those we leave behind,

X.

The heart will droop, and cold presentiment
Will picture future hours of sorrow,—drest
In the dark robes which present grief has lent.
Yet in the trials of the Christian's breast
No hopeless pain is found ; his Saviour's rest
Still dwells within his heart, and points above
A passing world, to mansions ever blest
With harmony and peace, where earthly love
Wrapt in eternal bonds, no future pang may move.

XI.

Farewell, farewell to England ! where she lifts
Her dimming heights, as convex ocean flows
In higher circle round her fading clifts :
Farewell, perchance a long farewell, to those
For whom affection with the distance grows.
Time's upward current spreads away before
Till the swift hours in ebbing tide disclose
Its ever checquer'd scenes ; may be no more
To number such as those whose happiness is o'er.

XII.

Mysterious stream ! whose unobserved course
Abideth never in one moments' stay.
How steadily Time's inundating force
Subjects all earth's productions to his sway ;
Bubbling them up, then floating them away :
Once launch'd upon his rapid wave, in vain
The fondest heart would loiter ; all obey
His swift direction ; on through joy or pain
They wend till earth's still mound receive their form again.

XIII.

We look upon the future, and it seems
As though its misty objects moved not,
Fix'd in the distance of our waking dreams ;
But on they come ; the shifting hours allot
Their resting moments, then alike forgot
They sink into the past. Could we look on
With steady eye beyond this under plot
Of changing scenes, and know by what is gone
How certainly will come that grand and awful morn

XIV.

When time and things of time shall be no more,
The view would wean us from inconstant things,
And vain regret would cease to linger o'er
The flow'rets of the checquer'd path which brings
Our footsteps to eternity: the strings
Which hold us back may pain but cannot stay
Our onward course: through earthly wanderings
The soul is summon'd, and must soon away,
Struggle, resist, rebel, or loiter as it may.

XV.

The land is lost. Around and deep beneath
The swelling billows of the heaving tide
Fuming athwart th' intrusive keel, inwreath
Its whitening track with foam, as on we glide
Where rolling waves extend on ev'ry side
To heaven's vast concave. Urg'd by fickle force
Of varying winds, man eyes his trembling guide,
And though vex'd ocean's threat'ning throat grow hoarse
And yawn around t' ingulf him, keeps his trackless
course.

XVI.

What solemn solitude extends around
Th' untrodden breadth of waters ! aching sight
Strains forth in vain : no object and no sound
(Save the wild sea-bird's solitary flight
To seek her rock amid the waning light)
Breaks the dull rule of Silence. Darkness comes
With the solemnity of ocean's night.
And one by one shine heaven's myriad domes
Till by their light alone the fragile vessel roams.

XVII.

The hour is Contemplation's own. The mind
Mounts in her train, and leaves in distance hung
Earth's demishaded orb ; on wings of wind
Ranges 'mid spheres round which dark space has flung
Its veil : but vainly here the lyre is strung,
Its failing tones reach not th' empyrean height ;
Faint Reason owns the weight around her clung ;
The damp of earth retards her broken flight,
And clouds from mortal ken the pure ethereal light.

XVIII.

Yet has the Christians' mind whereon to rest
With sweeter meditation, he may dwell
On thoughts of Him by whom yon' sky was drest
In all its glorious splendour; calmly spell
The wonders of the restless deep; and tell
What voice has call'd to life yon' starry sphere:
And when the rising billows round him swell
In fiercer grandeur,—he can feel no fear;
The mighty arm which form'd is still for ever near.

XIX.

Calmly he rests upon the heaving deep
Though ocean in his depths around him roars;
Or if their wakeful watch his eyelids keep,
Upon creation's wondrous book he pores;
Not as the haughty Sophist—who explores
Heaven's mighty orbs nor owns their Maker there;
The Christian sees—and tremblingly adores
The God who form'd them, and whose tending care
Though spreading over worlds, the meanest worm may
share.

XX.

Immense dominion ! In th' Almighty's realms
Are many mansions. Bid to life and light
He hangs the worlds on nothing ; brilliant gems
Set in the dark expanse : with order'd flight
Ranging the vasty heights and depths of night,
And wheeling at His pleasure, while more fair
And mighty orbs stand fix'd, to guide aright
Their circling course ; each centre shining there
A lamp and leader through the boundless fields of air.

XXI.

How strange man's power of reason, which oft rears
Its puny head into infinity,
Tracing in boundless space revolving spheres,
And scanning with corruption's feeble eye
Proofs of almighty power too great and high
To be withstood, yet will in pride distrust
God's providence below, and e'en deny
His presence ! Still the the slave of pride and lust
Th' unequal mind contracts within its shell of dust,

XXII.

And wrestling with itself, would fain refute
The evidence of One too pure to bear
Its sinfulness ; deny His attribute
Of perfect holiness ; or proudly dare
His threaten'd vengeance, and entrenched there,
Wait till the day of mercy He recall :
While, with no less presumption, some would share
The glory of redemption ; grant their fall,
But boast inherent strength to save themselves, in all.

XXIII.

But what speaks Revelation ? far above
Man's highest flight of thought, its pages tell
Of lofty sov'reignty, eternal love,
And purposes resolv'd ere yet man fell :
It speaks of realms where nobler creatures dwell
In purity and peace ; whose love sublime
Looks up to Him who bade them live ; who swell
The song of heav'nly praise with lips which crime
Has nevertainted, bright and pure throughendless time.

XXIV.

These were call'd forth from nothing, and they owe
A debt of love which love can never pay,
Boundless like His from whom their blessings flow.
But great as is the glorious gift which they
Have there obtain'd, in depth it melts away
Before the love which suffer'd here below
To bring lost beings to celestial day,
Rescue their spirits from Death's fearful woe,
And make a thing accurs'd with holy rapture glow.

XXV.

Look back into eternity: beyond
The furthest range of thought it stretches still:
Look on, where future ages correspond
In endless length: what mighty Power can fill
The two extremes? What comprehensive skill
Has subdivided the unbounded space
Which stretches all around? Whose potent will
Has portion'd off each rolling planet's place,
And mark'd for mighty systems their appointed race?

XXVI.

One God ; whose incommunicable name
In self-existence dwells ; whose wond'rous might
Through both eternities remains the same :
Author and Lord of all : in unknown height
Of inner glory resting, whose clear light
Nor time nor space can bound. 'Tis He who gives
Both light and life ; with power infinite,
And goodness inexhaustible. He lives
Th' eternal centre whence the universe derives

XXVII.

Existence and enjoyment. Turn we then
To deeper mysteries. Our reason shews
In this one globe, the residence of men
Themselves corrupt, abounding cause of woes.
The globe itself at times convuls'd, with throes
Which speak its Maker's anger ; for in vain
Would reason think Him careless. Whence arose
This incongruity ? what views explain
In the Almighty's work—death, terror, grief, or pain ?

XXVIII.

Yet these are all around us. Reason quails
Beneath the task : unable to deny
That such things are, her boasted teaching fails
When causes are requir'd : her feeble eye
Discerns earth's fallen state, but knows not why
'Tis suffer'd : turn we then to days of old,
When mortals spake with God : a scheme too high
For man's imagination, must unfold
The wonders which he now may hear, shall soon behold.

XXIX.

In unrevealed mystery a Cause
Of Evil has existed ; separate
From the Creator, hostile to His laws,
And eyeing ever with relentless hate
The perfect bliss His goodness would create :
Suffer'd at length an infant world to blast
He earns the measure of his dreadful fate ;
Hurl'd through the dark interminable vast
To sink and sink while yet eternity shall last.—

XXX

Earth is that world ; in perfect blessedness
At first created ; now the seat of toil
And want and pain ; yet in its fall no less
A proof of might and goodness : Satan's spoil
Awhile, and then the evidence to foil
His power for ever : all the woe he gave
Through lengthen'd ages, gathers to recoil
With tenfold weight : hell's vitrifying wave
Suspends its dreadful course 'till heav'nly mercy save

XXXI.

Whom God will raise from the polluted scene,
Then rolls along for ever. Wond'rous might,
And fearful Justice ! Yet amidst them seen
His milder attributes, in placid light
Expanding o'er despair's eternal night,
Mercy and love ; such mercy and such love
As Angels would look into ; in the height
Of brightness and of purity above
Unknown, to the extent which fallen earth must prove.

XXXII.

Changed and degraded to a cursed thing
Behold God's creature man!—his Maker's call
Gives him but terror in his wandering:
Proud, fearful, covetous, deceitful,—all
The Tempter's dark corruptions now enthrall
His fetter'd mind and heart. Who may set free
The captive soul from its polluting scall?
Who may transgress God's holy Law and be
Forgiven and restored? alas! eternity,

XXXIII.

Unbounded space, the universe, present
No satisfaction for such awful crime.—
What may God's mercy do? if He relent
His sacred Law unbends from its sublime
And perfect purity, and man may climb
The steeps of sin uncheck'd. No, death, declared
For every infraction, bounds the time
Of all rebellion; the vain worm who dared
His Maker's wrath, but lives till Vengeances' arm is bared.

XXXIV.

Strike the most solemn chord. With awe attend.
A vision from the Eternal's height, dispels
The cloud of mystery. Before it bend
The myriads of the glorious host which dwells
Around His throne. The wondrous vision tells
Man's restoration ; while triumphant praise
From heaven's mighty legions loudly swells,
United with the songs all creatures raise ;
Who can conceive His love ? who comprehend His ways ?

XXXV.

One in the likeness of a Lamb stands forth,
Wounded and grieved : what may the wonder mean ?
The circling glory shews His matchless worth,
Form'd of celestial light ; while round Him seen,
The arc of mercy bends its placid green.
Oh highest, mightiest, most beneficent !
Th' eternal God Himself has stept between
Man and his fate, and to his rescue bent
Takes on Himself his load of guilt and punishment.

XXXVI.

Such is Redemption's all-stupendous plan,
 Held up to wide Creation's wondering gaze.
 God's work alone, the vile material—man.
 From highest glory's concentrated blaze
 The Word, the Son, hath stoop'd below, to raise
 A straying creature, from a planet roll'd
 In guilt and darkness. God, Himself displays
 In Persons which Design, Perform, Uphold,
 In this great work where all His wondrous love is told.

XXXVII.

Oh ! wake, vain worm, from thy poor haughtiness !
 Walk humbly, for thy God has died for thee.
 Awake, and from thine inmost spirit bless
 The mercy which redeemed thee. Happy he
 Whom the eternal Spirit gives to see
 The Saviour's perfect work :—his fear is o'er ;
 The song of angels now his own may be ;
 Freed from the bonds of death which once he wore,
 He rises from despair to wonder and adore.—

XXXVIII.

Look now upon the heavens : lost in love
And gratitude, thine eye may now survey
The many mansions of the realms above.
Thy Lord has perfected a glorious way,
And ordered in the realms of perfect day
A place of rest for thee. Oh hear His voice,
Honour and bless Him ; thou can'st not repay
Thy debt of love ; His free and gracious choice
Has sav'd thee ; in return He bids thee but—rejoice.

XXXIX.

Rejoice then, for the blood of Christ is thine ;
By it thy fallen soul is purified,
Raised and renewed to the life divine :
Rejoice, nor heed the subtle voice of pride
Which has in mock humility denied
This cause of best obedience ; while to thee
'Tis all-sufficient that thy Lord has died
From sin and death at once to set thee free,
Stand fast in lowly love what He would have thee be,

XL.

And hope unto the end ; no doubtful hope,
Sad mixture of desire and fear ; 'tis done ;
Thy God leaves not thy failing strength to cope
With pow'rs and depths of darkness ; not begun
For man to finish, the vast prize is won,
And freely given ; wouldst thou know it thine
See only on the cross God's bleeding Son,
The Sacrifice and Saviour. Oh ! enshrine
His words within thy heart, and seek His rest divine ;

XLI.

Nor fear accusing sin ; to reconcile
The sinner with his God and to ensure
His pardon, Christ was manifested. While
Th' undying glories of His realms endure
His word stands everlastingly secure,
His word of promise, by which all is given
Which will present thee justified and pure :
While sin and death in endless depth are driven
Thou shalt arise a bright inhabitant of heaven,

XLII.

To praise and bless that mightiness of love
Which has redeem'd thee: from a fallen race
Of dying creatures, rais'd to realms above,
A tenant of the high and holy place,
A Spirit seeing the Almighty's face,
And dwelling in His presence; there to be
A wondrous monument of wondrous grace,
Which all the universe of God shall see,
Not in a scene of time, but through eternity.—

CANTO III.

I.

The ocean, and a lovely hour ; still bright
Though waning fast as day's first herald peeps
Beneath the eastern cloud, the orbs of night
Hasten their downward course. The ocean sleeps
Though the pure breath of morning lightly creeps
Along its drowsy surface. Rise we now,
'Tis but the pearly mist of morn which weeps
Its blessing, while the vast waves lowly bow,
And darkness sinks beneath their all unruffled brow.

II.

The morn, the beautiful and healthful morn !
How few do love its pleasures ! To arise
And court the freshness of its early dawn
When first it breaks along the glowing skies
With splendour which each moment multiplies,
It is a time of glorious delight
Which the stern taskmaster the World denies
His slaves, who but receive, at most, in night
A shaddow'd mockery of such enchanting sight.

III.

The ruddy sky ; the sparks of burnished gold
Which gild the domes of heaven, and lightly fly
From cloud to cloud, whence they may best behold
The rising orb ; as sentinels espy
The movements of a host whose strength is nigh :
Then in full splendour launches forth the ray
Of majesty and joy ; while with a sigh
Like dreams of youth, morn's visions fade away,
And with unclouded light comes forth the globe of day.

IV.

Breaks the last morn like this ? Oh ! swifter far,
Terrific brightness ! as o'er depths of night
This sunshine triumphs, so that Morning-star
The Sun of Righteousness, shall flash the light
Of His appearing, o'er the earth ; more bright
To noonday splendour, than the solar ray
To midnight gloom. Then all shall see aright,
While prejudice and blindness haste away,
Chas'd like the shades of night before the glowing day.

V.

The dawn of immortality ; the hour
Of terror and of glory. Who may see
Without alarm, the majesty of power
Revealed then in Him whose dread decree
Shall crush a world and set His people free ?
All, all must see and hear : th' eternal fate
Of all must then be spoken. Only he
Whose trusting heart did patiently await
The coming of his Lord, shall see the blessed state

VI.

Of those who long'd for His appearing. They
Have waited for Him : as that morning breaks,
Th' unclouded brightness of eternal day
Expands before them : their freed soul partakes
Of all that faith had look'd for, and awakes
To full fruition of what He bestows
Whose voice is happiness ; whose presence makes
A heav'n in heav'n ; who to His people shews
The blessed spring from whence eternal blessing flows,

VII.

And leads them to enjoy it. Blessed hour!
Look back, Redeemed of the Lord most high !
Look back along the path by which His power
And faithfulness have brought thee : 'tis not nigh ;
All danger is destroy'd : the mournful sigh
Of weariness, the pangs of sin, are cast
Away for ever ; as the mist they fly
Chased by the morning beam : the night is past,
And heaven's eternal day breaks forth on thee at last.

VIII.

Oh! 'tis the evolution of a glass
 Which faithless Faith sees indistinctly through;
 Th' uncertain glimmer of bright beams which pass
 Ere yet their warmth is felt, when such a view
 Of glory is vouchsafed: though firmly true
 The word of promise, such a glimpse of heaven
 As is sufficient to make man pursue ·
 The way of life and peace, alone is given;
 A polar star for Faith while yet her bark is driven

IX.

Upon a treach'rous sea: not the full beams
 Which God's sure word of truth has well foretold,
 But none as yet may gaze on. Shun the dreams
 Which set e'en Truth before thee, yet withhold
 The wholesome bitter from her cup of gold.
 This is not yet thy rest: thy Lord's return
 In his abiding kingdom, must unfold
 The glory which (although the heart may burn
 To know) nor eye, nor ear, nor thought may now discern.

X.

Faith must be guarded where corruption lurks :
Her walk is more than speculative. Here
E'en the believer's expectation works :
"Work out your own salvation" with the fear
And awe which should be felt when God is near ;
So near, "He works within you." We shall be
Like Him in glory when He shall appear ;
But straightened upon earth, as once was He,
Till His almighty arm come forth to set us free.

XI.

Our own salvation : thus the joyful word
Of God's eternal truth assures the way
Thro' life's rough path, to those whose souls have heard
Christ's finish'd work of grace ; but not to stay
Their efforts from the course of duty : nay,
From this they learn that true Religion's sum
Is in that fear of God which will obey
His word, and cry when earth is wearisome,
"Thy holy will be done : Thy blessed kingdom come."

XII.

The bright waves ripple gaily as we go,
And playful leap against the ship's dark side ;
While resting in the sunbeam's warmer glow,
Or lounging o'er the bosom of the tide,
The lazy monsters of the ocean ride ;
Spouting their misty fountains in the air ;
Then plunging downward from man's presence, hide
Their bulk below : we glide on where they were,
And see the golden cloud alone reflected there.

XIII.

A fitting hour for flitting Fancy's reign,
Who now would follow to the depths beneath,
And see them pass in dark and solemn train
The oozy chambers where the seaweeds wreath
Their troubled leaves, and startled shell-fish sheathe
Their shrinking forms ; now swiftly mounting o'er
The topmost clouds, heaven's lighter zephyrs breathe,
And watch the changing mists where high they soar,
Or cast a lengthen'd gaze upon the distant shore.

XIV.

On, onward still, upon the wat'ry plain
With heavy course the lab'ring vessel heaves,
While the eye ranges all around in vain
To find some resting spot, and e'en believes
That sight at times confirms where Hope deceives.
On, on, and yet as though we mov'd not, still
Through an unbounded waste the dark prow cleaves;
While the light Pett'rell's note is heard more shrill,
Wheeling around the sail which scarce a breath may fill.

XV.

But time flies on : hot noon succeeds the morn,
And evening mellows the declining day :
The breeze is hush'd, the billow's foam is gone,
And fallen from the prow, the glassy spray
Upon the heaving mirror melts away.
Yet in the stillness of the scene around
Some brooding mischief dwells : the dark clouds stray
In varied courses, while at times the sound
Of mutter'd thunder speaks them to some tumult bound.

XVI.

How beautiful is ocean's stilly calm ;
 The solemn silence of the heaving deep,
 When the vast billows (as by some strong charm
 Impell'd) roll on, though not a breath may creep
 Along their rounded length. Lull'd Nature's sleep
 Rests heavily upon the poised cloud
 Whose large round drops slow-falling seem to weep
 The atmosphere's exhaustion, while its crowd
 Of dark attendants fast unfurl Night's sable shroud.

XVII.

Pale and uncertain o'er the eastern wave
 Expands a mellow'd light whose lambent blaze
 Spangles the darkling tide, which seems to lave
 Some peerless ocean gem ; till now the rays
 Of Night's ascending orb all gently raise
 Above the heaving wave their placid light,
 Tinging the dark cloud's edge, round which it plays
 A transient gleam ; soon by the crowding flight
 Of black'ning shades obscur'd, returns a deeper night.

XVIII.

No kindly glimpse of day is left to warm
The hour of terror; the last ling'ring ray
Which seemed to pause and reason with the storm,
Has past at length reluctantly away :
The last restraint withdrawn, who now may say
What violence will follow? watch we well;
When storms are loos'd who may not be their prey?
The vessel starts before the plaintive knell
Of fitful gusts, and shudders on the ruffled swell.

XIX.

The storm's first messenger of war has curl'd
The wrinkle of defiance o'er the deep.
Now let the canvass be full closely fur'd;
To join awhile in Nature's fitful sleep :
Full soon awaken'd the frail bark must leap,
Without a sail upon the groaning mast,
Though now th' uncertain gust scarce bids her creep.
Hark ! 'twas the whisper of the pent up blast
Boasting that his exalting hour is come at last.

XX.

How grandly silent is the fearful pause
When the collected storm awhile forbears
Its fury,—as the crouching panther draws
Her strength toward the victim which she spares
But to ensure her grasp, then, plunging, tears
With ruthless force : Mark ! where amid the haze
Of gathered night the vivid lightning glares
Impetuous, as though its searing rays
Had kindled ocean in a momentary blaze—

XXI.

Then past to utter night. Again how still
The fleeting moments, ere with hollow crash
The shouting clouds unite their voice to fill
The heavens with one loud peal, and headlong dash
Their pelting torrent with rebounding splash
Upon the simmering surge, which foams to fight
Th' intruders off, while the repeated flash
Glares brighter in its wave-reflected light ;
Alternately revealing day and deepest night.

XXII.

The conflict is begun ; with deaf'ning din
The Storm-fiend's rolling war car peals aloud,
And flashes forth his lightning javelin ;
Hurling the torrent of the riven cloud
Whose shady banners darkly overshroud
The white-plum'd warriors of the vexed Main
As rising in his might he leads the proud
And length'ning lines of his embattled train,
And fiercely meets the foe above the wat'ry plain.

XXIII.

Peal over peal the mighty thunders roll,
Springs the swift lightning from the womb of night,
And turbulently free from all controul
The rushing billows hurl their gathered might,
Charging the dark foe in his misty height ;
While the loud moaning of the sweeping blast
Swells like the groan of warriors fall'n in fight.
Primeval chaos reigns, and all aghast
Pale Nature trembling flies the desolating waste.

XXIV.

What tempest from an eve of loveliness !
 What frowning masses have assembled round !
 Forming o'er Ocean's fathomless recess—
 The stormy combatants of air have found
 A fitting place a fitting battle-ground
 To marshal their proud hosts : their lightning blaze
 Should be unseen ; unheard their thunder's sound :
 Yet even here man's fragile vessel strays,
 And on their struggling strength his wond'ring eye
 may gaze.

XXV.

It is a trembling sight, and bids us feel
 Our rightful insignificance, when rave
 The mountain billows round our shud'ring keel ;
 Threat'ning each mass of the high gather'd wave
 To make the gulf wherein we sink, our grave.
 Then, when the terrors of the wild winds fill
 The soul with awe, and ocean seems to brave
 Omnipotence,—to think, a word, "Be still !"
 Can hush the storm while crouch the waves beneath
 His will :

XXVI.

Only a potent effort of the mind
May picture such a scene. What then must they
Have felt of old, who heard the raging wind
Rebuk'd to silence, while around their way
The boist'rous billows bow'd them to obey ?
What mighty Power in human form could be
Their preservation in that fearful day ?
One, only One could rule o'er winds and sea,
And humbly all adore th' incarnate Deity.

XXVII.

Oh ever present in the fearful hour !
Low low before thee let me bend the knee
My God, my Saviour. Thy protecting power
Is now around me : though I may not see
Thy gracious Form, though still the waves are free,
And Thou permittest the rude tempest blast
To riot unrebuk'd,—Thy word to me
Has spoken peace and rest : on Thee I cast
My all, with unmov'd trust, till this dark hour be past :

XXVIII

Nay more, I can rejoice in Thee. 'Tis when
 The Christian feels his utter helplessness,
 And sees how vain the puny strength of men,
 That most he seeks that refuge from distress
 Which never fails : not that he uses less
 The means of safety which his God has given ;
 He knows them powerful when He will bless.
 Means are the channels, when vain man is driven
 To know his weakness, channels for the strength of heaven:

XXIX.

Which now is ours : amidst the lightning's blaze
 A voice the lightnings own, has bid them glance
 Innoxious by, to quench their searing rays
 In ocean's bosom : The fierce tempests lance
 Their forked bolts with failing aim, askance
 Th' exposed mast ; The boiling ocean raves,
 And in tumultuous ring his billows dance,
 But still an arm amid the plunging waves
 Bridles their savage strength and from their fury saves.

XXX.

The arm, the voice of God.—In that meek form
Which once he wore—when in astonied fear
His people 'woke Him to behold the storm,
To know th' impending danger, and to hear
Their cries for help,—in that same form, as near,
As gracious, and as powerful, the eye
Of simple Faith beholds Him rise, to cheer
The troubled soul, and bid it still rely
On His eternal strength. Fear not, thy God is nigh ;

XXXI.

And all is calm to thee. Oh blessed thought !
That thus, in that portentous hour—when all
This bulk of nature as a thing of nought
Shall yield its firmness, when earth's fated ball
Shall feel its Maker's wrath, when mountains fall
Rocks melt and oceans shrink, that still in Thee
Th' abiding voice of Faith shall calmly call
Upon a Father's name: and God shall be
Thy present help and comfort. O'er that boiling sea

XXXII.

Of fused elements, emblazen'd clouds
In high and pure serenity, surround
The ark of glory, where the grateful crouds
Once lost but now for endless ages, found,
Th' Eternal's ransom'd ones, in songs resound
The praise of their Deliverer: His arm
Has rescu'd them; in its appointed bound
That ocean rages, while within the calm
Of His pure temple they may feel nor fear nor harm.

XXXIII.

"Whoever calls upon the Saviour's name
Shall then be saved," hath HE said whose word
Can never pass away. Ere yet the flame,
The wreathing flame of vengeance, shall engird
The yielding earth; ere that dread trump be heard
Which signs the messengers of wrath to pour
Their fiercest vials on the guilty herd
Of those who know not God; ere yet the door
Of mercy closes,—sudden darkness shall come o'er

XXXIV.

The terror stricken globe. Cease reckless mirth !
Cease plodding care ! The sun withdraws his light ;
The moon is dark with blood ; the trembling earth
Reels in her orbit : rising with affright
The oceans gather to unwonted height
Their startled billows ; and upon the ear
Strange sounds of horror swell. What awful sight
Shall break this anguish of expectant fear ?
What exercise of power and wrath divine is near ?

XXXV.

The proud heart quails ; the careless owns a care
Which had been safety if extended through
The gone by life of ease ; 'tis now despair.
The scoffer finds his hush'd misgivings true :
The selfish execrates his folly. Who
Is seen to bend the knee in that dread hour,
And hail the mighty Coming-one ? How few,
Alas ! how few may see that darkness lower
Without dismay ! man's pride, and boasted firmness
cower

XXXVIII.

Too oft' beneath the little woes of life,
To leave a hope that they will stay him then :
Nay, his vain Reason shudders at the strife
Of Nature's lightnings and rough billows, when
Their force extends some little o'er the ken
Of his accustom'd eye. I see them bow
Dismay'd, those haughty and undaunted men
Who look'd on danger with unruffled brow
In other forms : what terror then assails them now ?

XXXVII.

A terror which will make the stoutest change;
The terror of the mind ; th' oppressive sense
Of something beyond Nature. It is strange,
And may be supernatural ; and thence
A sinful creature's constant inference—
The God of nature is Himself at hand ;
These quick and fearful flashes evidence
His dreadful presence ; and who then may stand ?
Such thoughts as these have those firm hearts unman'd,

XXXVIII.

And forced them to reflect. Then think thee well :
Is thine a right state of existence ? can
A creature with impunity rebel
Against its Maker ? nay ; thou art the man !
There is no need thy gone by life to scan
Nor call before thee each abused year
Which may form part of its contracted span ;
The proof of thy rebellion is the fear
Which rises with the thought that now thy God is near.

XXXIX.

Thou tremblest at His presence : think thee why.
Is He unjust ? ah no, thou think'st not so ;
It is His justice which doth terrify
Thy stricken conscience ; and well dost thou know
How just and true is the condemning blow.
God is all goodness, as His blessings prove ;
Compell'd by thy vain heart He is thy foe :
Thou'st turned thy back on Him who reigns above,
And driven from thy thoughts that God whose name is
Love :

XL.

And therefore dost thou shun Him. How can he
 Who will not seek his Maker in the days
 Of ease and comfort, (when the mind is free
 And all things speak the mercy of His ways,)
 Aye, ask thyself how can he think to raise
 His voice in pray'r when hours of horror come
 Beneath whose reign the mind's best strength decays?
 No, learn from this their power to benumb:
 Prayer's longrestrained voice will in such hours be dumb,

XLI.

And thy false hopes will leave thee. Look on them:
 What other could they do? what was thy trust?
 That He who threaten'd thee would not condemn;
 Or, that the Holy One would not be just;
 For if thine does not change, His nature must,
 Ere yet He can receive thee. Thou hast thought
 That man might please himself, and freely lust
 For pleasures wherein God is set at nought,
 Yet prove those holy writings fallible which taught

XLII.

His coming vengeance. If thy days were spent
 In pleas'd forgetfulness of Him who gave
 Their passing moments—were they innocent?
 No; thou hast turn'd from Him who came to save
 Thy soul from death and shed His blood to lave
 Its guilt: and therefore thou hast lived in vain.
 Turn Self-accuser! On this side the grave
 Thy God permits thee to be tried again.
 Turn and devote to Him the minutes which remain:

XLIII.

Seek Him and learn to know Him: then when come
 Such hours as these, then when thou think'st Him near,
 Thy grateful heart will not, can not, be dumb.
 With deep-felt reverence (not guilty fear)
 Thou may'st expect, nay, wish Him to appear.
 The truest end of life is in the prayer
 "Come Lord! Thy servant doth await Thee here."
 Learn then to speak it while thy day is fair.
 Prepare to meet thy God while yet he saith prepare.

XLIV.

Think on the lesson of this hours distress ;
Think how it came : the morn a splendid sight ;
A day of warmth ; an eve of loveliness ;
The ocean calm, its placid billows bright
With smiling sunbeams and the tranquil light
Of heaven's lesser orb ; all nature rife
With joy and comfort ; but behold a night
Of wild dismay and elemental strife.
Such even such must be the course of that man's life

XLV.

Who lives his years of ease without his God.
His hours may pass along all bright and warm,
But 'tis their very brightness brings the rod
Upon their close ; for soon Time's dark'ning storm
Will cast its shadows o'er them, and transform
To real woe their treacherous delight.
The summer's sun gives forth its warmth to arm
Those clouds with lightnings : so when man will slight
His God, life's brightest day will strike him in its night.

XLVI.

Another day is born. The round red sun
Slowly arises o'er the storm's defeat,
As in withdrawing night he strives to shun
Light's scrutinizing gaze. In proud retreat
(Still muttering inexorable hate
And spreading devastation as they go)
His darkling clouds melt off; while yet elate
With flushing victory, the rous'd waves glow,
And court the genial ray to crown their swollen brow.

XLVII.

Another day; a day of thankfulness
To Him who curbs the fierceness of the wind
And bids it give its gentler strength to bless
The eye of Hope, and picture forth (behind
The gloomy tempest's slowly-furling blind)
The long-sought beauties of that noble scene
Of Nature's theatre, where, all conjoin'd
On one vast stage, her length'ning fields of green,
Hills, vales, woods, rocks and waters, all are seen.

CANTO IV.

I.

Who has not felt when from the restless sea
At length released (ere time the bosom steel)
The claims of Nature in his heart ? Each tree
Each flower each bud with delicate appeal
Speaks to the soul, and bids the senses feel
Their kind communion ; and in ev'ry leaf
A friend appears whose gentle welcomes steal
Resistless o'er the heart, with calm relief
Unburth'ning from the breast the world and the world's
grief.

II.

Again my foot is on the turf-clad hill
Whose only bounds are the o'erarching skies ;
Again I listen to the murm'ring rill,
And breathe the balmy air which softly sighs
Along the meads where thousand flowrets rise :
Again exulting on his airy wing,
To seek his light repast the free bird flies,
Or darts amidst the leaves with joyous spring
And joins the cheerful choir who Nature's bounty sing.

III.

Nature, kind Nature, how I love to roam
With thee for my companion : tell me where
Is beauty found beside which does not change ?
Where the soft smile of kindness which can dare
The brunt of storms and yet be seen more fair ?
Deceit may fan Love's bright but fitful flame,
And the cold heart may Friendship's semblance wear
Till trial prove it but an empty name ;
But thou canst not deceive, thou ever art the same.

IV.

What man is, is seen here. Look far and wide !
 Where are they, Nature's children ? where the wood
 Which for long ages all their wants supplied ?
 Aye where are they ?—The roving seaman stood
 Upon their coasts and begg'd a home and food.
 Kindly the unsuspecting native gave,
 And channel'd to his hut a whelming flood.
 The warm fur barter'd for the burning wave
 And deaths' dark powder, fill'd, full soon, a nation's grave.

V.

And cities now have raised their spires on high
 Where the dark forest spread its shades around ;
 And streets have grown where then the hunter's cry
 Startled the shaggy buffaloe, and wound
 With stifled echoes o'er the wooded mound.
 So Time has chang'd the scene. A foreign race
 Now ploughs and reaps the land where then was found
 The natives' crowded lodge ; and not a trace
 Remains where once proud chieftains had their dwelling
 place.

VI.

Their sun has set in extirpation's gloom ;
Their wigwams yield to the proud citadel ;
The home of heedless strangers is their tomb ;
And for their parted glory's fun'ral knell
The hum of busy life. That rounded swell
Raised o'er some mighty leader's fallen frame,
Marks still the spot where rose the Indian yell
To praise his deeds : vain offering to Fame !
His deeds are all unknown, unknown his race and name.

VII.

If his descendants live, 'tis far away.
Driv'n from his father's home (a home no more)
If still the hapless wanderer would stay,
Unwelcome or unheeded he roves o'er
The land where his proud tribes were lords before ;
While (cradled on his back in belted thong)
His helpless infants weep for the scant store
Of hard-earn'd forest food, and plead their wrong
In vain appeal against th' oppression of the strong.

VIII.

Yet had they some whose simple virtues claim
The praise which lives above the world's distress:
They tell me now of one whose fading name
Had been recorded for mankind to bless,
In other climes; nor should it be the less
Where Nature left her rude in speech and form
Yet rich in woman's truest loveliness—
The gentle soul and feeling heart; still warm
And bright when other charms have felt Time's wasting
storm.

IX.

When on these distant shores with growing strength
And threat'ning power the fell oppressor came,
And the reluctant native saw at length
His forests blacken'd by the spreading flame
And its extinction hanging o'er his name;
When insult, only, answer'd his appeal,
And rough derision met his rightful claim,
Mad'ning he grasp'd the hatchet's fatal steel,
And vow'd, if he must die, his enemy should feel.

X.

The gather'd warriors shout their battle cry,
And deeply fiercely swells the yell of strife ;
They meet as men who stake their desp'rate die
And struggle for the prize, th' opponent's life :
Wizzes the lead and gleams the scalping knife.
Each sturdy woodsman in the foe's advance
Sees his devoted child or murder'd wife,
And his hair waving from the trophy lance,
While round his tortur'd limbs the savage conquerors
dance.

XI.

Urged by revenge the native chieftains lead
Their rushing numbers on with threat'ning cries ;
And either side has seen its warriors bleed :
Quickly and loud the muskets' echoes rise,
And with each flash some painted foeman dies :
But vainly strives the settlers' yielding band,
Harrass'd by numbers the press'd phalanx flies,
Though still their struggling leader bids them stand:
In vain ; his broken sword is in the native's hand.

XII.

The council fire is lighted ; seated near
In solemn order, and no trace of rage
Remaining on their swarthy cheeks, appear
The braver warriors and the hoary sage :
Yet thoughts of blood their quiet minds engage,
And foeman's life hangs on their calm debate ;
Though yielding to the honour'd voice of age,
Th' impetuous fire of the young Brave must wait,
Who, though he eye his foe, must well conceal his hate.

XIII.

And there stands one within that circle, bound
And tam'd, though still his haughty eye defies
The low'ring looks of his proud foes around,
One who can know his fate from those dark eyes,
And see on ev'ry closed lip—he dies.
And soon 'tis known how well his eye may read
Their silent counsel; the stern judges rise,
The chief declares their voice : by all decreed—
The captive leader of the hostile band must bleed.

XIV.

They lead him forth: hark to the chaunted moan!
His arms are pinion'd and his head is bare :
And now he bows upon the fatal stone ;
Cleared from his temple is the parted hair ;
The massive club is brandish'd in the air ;
But oh ! it strikes him not, when it descends ;
A youthful female form is kneeling there ;
While to the death-stroke his pale forehead bends
Her pitying tear is felt, her slender arm defends.

XV.

Thou lovely child ! what parent's eye can see
Tears such as thine nor in his bosom feel
Their soft'ning force ? What savage looks on thee
And yet to thy meek prayer his breast can steel ?
No longer thy stern sire can see thee kneel
In humble posture there, yet kneel in vain :
Relenting at her prayer, his words repeal
The doom of death : he cuts his bonds in twain,
And bids the captive seek his distant home again.

XVI.

This is the stage where those events have been.
On this green spot was dug the captive's grave ;
And here his stern foes stood. How chang'd the scene !
Her voice is silent who once spoke to save ;
And Time has claim'd the life her pity gave ;
Condemners and condemn'd alike are gone ;
While all around the peaceful cornfields wave
Their growing stems beneath the breath of morn ;
And thro' untroubled years the stranger's race is born.

XVII.

How all conspires to teach us that below
Man may not tarry. Nature's words are plain
In all her works ; the fading leaf, the flow
Of ever changing streams ; all tell how vain
Trust in mortality : the thought is pain
To many who in cities madly deem
The warning voice unheard : but there again
More plainly must they see the ebbing stream
Of human life, and wake however sweet their dream.

XVIII.

E'en he who scorns Religion's word, must feel
This truth around him, softly whispering
Its warning tale ; and with no vain appeal,
As troubled Conscience tells him : he may fling
The warning from him as a hateful thing,
And harden to her voice his heart of pride ;
But in excitement's ev'ry pause 'twill bring
Its evidence again ; on ev'ry side
Shewing what power, what grace, what mercy, he defied.

XIX.

Men shrink disgusted from the thought of death :
This their corrupted flesh must do when it descries
Corruptions' end ; that which receives its breath
From passing moments, and not only dies
But rots, when ends the life that breath supplies—
Will shrink from that which doth so much debase.
Well may he shrink, then, who identifies
His being with its unredeem'd disgrace,
Closing with its vile life and end, in one embrace :

XX.

Well may he shudder when he contemplates
Corruption's ebbing tide : along he goes
Upon its sinking stream, and what he hates
Sees always underneath him. Can he close
His eyes upon the danger, when he knows
Its nearness and its certainty? 'tis true,
However wonderful : he madly throws
His life upon the vortex, to pursue
A phantom which eludes his grasp but keeps his view

XXI.

From the receding banks ; and thus drawn on,
Courts while he dreads and loathes his awful fate ;
Still struggling on until his strength is gone,
Then to be lost for ever. Fearful state
When men will choose the object of their hate !
Like the charm'd bird beneath the serpent's eye,
Attracted though dismay'd, they hesitate
Yet plunge into Death's gaping jaws : and why ?
Know they that that which loves its Maker cannot die ?

XXII.

They know it, they must know it; they may see
E'en in the evil heartless world around
Protection for affection: can it be
That HE whose mercies do so much abound
To those who love Him not, can yet be found
Less kind or bountiful? What men can give
They give to those who love them: He is crown'd
Lord over all, and His prerogative
Gives life to good and bad; shall they then cease to live

XXIII.

Whose souls do love Him? The vile body dies;
But then it loves him not: let those who preach
The soul's destruction with it, and despise
That holy book whose sacred pages teach
A being and an end distinct to each,
Let such maintain their argument and prove
The error of the doctrines they impeach;
Shewing the body's will and bent to love,
While yet 'tis left to rot by Him who reigns above.

XXIV.

It loves him not : it wallows in the sin
Of selfish pleasure ; therefore it must die.
Yet may we see a principle within
(Where God has deign'd in mercy to supply
Renewing strength and wisdom from on high)
A principle which struggles to oppose
This carnal nature ; strives to mortify
Its God-forsaking thoughts ; and brightly shews
In all its hopes and fears the source from whence it rose.

XXV.

That Principle must live. Whatever name
Men give it, by whatever theory
They would deny its nature, it may claim
A Life distinct from that which they can see
In man's material existence ; free
From its unholy thoughts and vain desires
(And therefore as e'en Reason tells, to be
Freed from its condemnation), it acquires
In realms of holiness the joy to which it here aspires ;

XXVI.

It seeks and finds its God. Then who would leave
Its life-imparting substance, and depart
From its eternal honours, to receive
A portion in the world's deceitful mart,
A portion all embitter'd by the smart
Of disapproving conscience? Alas!
How self-deceiving is man's evil heart!
Peace here, and endless joy above, may pass
Unheeded by, while yet he labours to amass

XXVII.

The pleasures of the world; exerts his strength
To gain its fancied happiness, nor sees
Its insufficiency, until at length
The wearied mind forsakes the chase, and frees
The soul from Pleasure's feverish disease
To view its ravages in the decrease
Of what she promis'd: her vain joys may please
The eye or ear awhile, but when they cease
Is happiness obtain'd? No; Happiness is peace:

XXVIII

Peace in the inner man ; the Soul's repose
Upon its Hope—a reconciled God,
Whose ever-present ray of mercy throws
A halo round the way Himself has trod ;
The "preparation" wherewith he is shod
Who seeks the mansions of eternal joy,
And knows his freedom from th' impending rod
Which Justice waves, their treasure to destroy
Who mingle with God's gifts the world's impure alloy.

XXIX.

Such peace Religion freely gives to all.
But man lets go both life and happiness
To follow Pleasure through earth's judgment hall,
Though e'en its shadows give him a distress
Which the vain world seeks vainly to repress :
He sees their emptiness when he has won
Earth's fairest treasures, yet would he possess
Their fleeting pleasure, till his sand be run ;
To yield them up to him whose race is then begun.

XXX.

Vainly decaying Nature speaks around
Her solemn warning ; vainly in the stream
Of human life the same stern truth is found ;
Man closes fast his eyelids to the gleam
Of wisdom's light, and revels in his dream
Of folly ; deaf to what Religion saith,
And scoffing at the thoughts of those who deem
Eternal life too dear for passing breath
Spent in some restless days, to close in endless death.

XXXI.

Yet life is in the lesson ; it is giv'n
In mercy, as they know who would prepare
Their ransom'd souls for an enduring heav'n ;
It warns them to lay up their treasure there
Where nor corruption fouls nor time may wear.
'Tis to those, only, Wisdom's voice is pain,
Who doat upon a failing world and dare
The fatal consequence ; but not in vain
To those who hear, she cries, Live here to live again.

XXXII.

Aye ; many generations have been born
Since the first landing of those faithful men
Who (rather than submit them to the scorn
Which conscience heaps upon the spirit when
It owns a duty but returns agen
To its neglect) forsook their native land
For aye, and gave the honest name of Penn
To dreary forests, where their exil'd band
Might serve the God of Peace in safety from the brand

XXXIII.

Of man's intolerance, and be devout
Without the mixture of Earth's pomp and state
In Heaven's meek religion : men cast out
By their oppression who dare desecrate
Religion's blessed name to screen their hate
For those whom their vile passions would condemn,
Not for their evil deeds, or their debate
On things which God has spoken, to contemn
His word ; no, but because they will not follow them.

XXXIV.

A crime which men forgive not: not alone
The proud and powerful who would maintain
The error of all teaching but their own;
But they, too, who (the willing slaves of gain
Or lust or pleasure) hug their chains, and fain
Would drive those sullen mortals from their sight
Whose lives and precepts do too well arraign
Their evil ways. Whatever forms may blight
Such evidence against themselves, they argue right;

XXXV.

Fair systems, grand establishments, and all
The outward shew which speciously conceals
Antipathy to Truth; and dread their fall.
Lest Truth should suffer? no, Truth ne'er appeals
To man for succour: only Falsehood feels
The fear of free discussion: vainly deck'd
In earth's rich trappings, the deceiver reels
Before suspicion of her foul defect
Her rottenness within; brands with the name of Sect

XXXVI.

Those who assent not to her double creed ;
Her God and mammon service ; the bent knee
And praying lip to Him who erst did bleed
To purchase man's acceptance, and to free
His soul from death's eternal destiny ;
The heart, the mind, the souls' fulfilled vow
To the vain world, which praises her decree,
And, joining in her cry with frowning brow,
Peopled the forests then, casts out its thousands now.

XXXVII.

They had their errors ; (who below has not ?)
But their sincerity was tested here ;
They chose in human things the coarsest lot :
Forsaking all the heart of man holds dear
To toil upon a land where yet the fear
Of Him who made them, might be held above
The creature's empty forms. The path was drear
And, in its trying contrast, well might prove
That earth sway'd less their hearts than their Redeem-
er's love.

XXXVIII.

Yet might they err. Full many who have known
The power of vital godliness to wean
The heart from passing things, and have been shewn
The everlasting difference between
Earth's worshippers and those whose eyes have seen
God's claim upon their souls, have yet display'd
Th' anxiety with which the mind will lean
To those whom Nature's binding law has made
Their earthly joy and solace : fain would they persuade

XXXIX.

Their yearning souls that they may turn their hate
From fair Religion's consecrated way ;
Or, foil'd in this, may yet assimilate
By outward rules which they might all obey,
Their sever'd courses ; a restraint which they
Who love not God, will patiently endure ;
Hating the cross, but loving its display.—
But are the Christian's duties still secure ?
Are they who compromise them free ?—retain they pure

XL.

That love which marks them followers of Him
Whose love is boundless? No, that love is gone:
That light which should give light to all, is dim:
Bright in the oneness of its holy dawn,
But broken by man's clouds ere yet 'twas morn,
Its scatter'd rays present a scene which gives
The infidel his solid ground for scorn.
The binding of the dead to that which lives;
Th' extension to the world of their prerogatives

XLI.

Whom the world owns not, to give strength to names
Which would eclipse the Saviour's, and assume
Dominion o'er His people; the proud claims
To lord it o'er their souls, or to illumine
By truer views of truth, the mental gloom
Which God alone can dissipate; these things
Have work'd the overthrow, the martyrdom,
Of principles which Time's relentless wings
Arm'd with th' undying hate earth's generation brings,

XLII.

Had never injur'd.—When that Lord returns
Whose broken family thus idly plays
In forms (wherein the humbled soul discerns
So little of its Lord's soul-loving ways)
The separation of its purer days
From the God-hating world, then will He own
Its faith and patience, and pronounce its praise?
“ Shall He find faith,” the faith of God alone?
Or cramp'd by idle forms until all love be flown,

XLIII.

Is it already lost? To haunts of men
The Christian turns and seeks his brethren there;
But shrinks in sorrow to the wilds again:
God has a people, but he knows not where;
For, though he wander far, the sight is rare
Of those who cherish that eternal flame
Which marks His followers, and shines more fair
Amid the darkness of that wide-spread blame
Which they have all incurr'd who to Christ's holy name

XLIV.

Have added man's distinctions. Rare indeed
The soul-delighting scene which they present
Who meet to praise their Lord: their only creed
That He in death hath seal'd the testament
Of their inheritance; the Innocent
Bequeathing to the guilty that pure life
Which is restored to men with the intent
That their existence should no more be rife
With evil thoughts and passions or heart-rending strife,

XLV.

But liken'd unto His by whom they live,
In holy meekness, wide-spread charity,
And love which shrinks from sin and yet will give
The hand of amity to those who see
However little of sin's malady:
Not to oppress them with some newer load
Of man's invention, but to set them free
From all the statutes of his dying code,
And bid them seek their God upon the narrow road

XLVI.

Which He has open'd : His eternal word
Their only standard, and His light their guide ;
Imparted through the many who have heard
And learnt of Him ; not by the voice of pride
Which claims the office, and would fain deride
All teaching but the cant of human schools ;
Giving to earth's preceptors, pow'r to hide
That light which God has kindled, by the rules
Which limit Wisdom's voice to Revelation's fools,

XLVII.

And make man's lore the medium between
Th' Eternal and His people. But 'tis vain
To mourn Earth's wickedness : till He is seen
In might and glory to return again
Whose field is thus o'ergrown, it must remain
Oppress'd with tares. In vain the Christian's breast
Feels for Christ's scatter'd flock, and owns its stain :
In His fair world His people shall be blest
With everlasting peace : this, this, is not their rest.

CANTO V.

I.

America! thy registry is young,
Yet hast thou one great name enroll'd, which Fate
Shall more revere than most that have been sung.
Though Pride may tow'er midst trampil'd nations' hate,
The great in virtue are the only great.
When all Ambition's fabrics are o'erthrown,
When, mouldering in the dust, her pride and state,
Her conquerors and monarchs, all are gone,
Above them still may live the name of Washington.

II.

Pride of his country : e'en by foeman's hate
Respected and admired. With majesty
Above earth's passing pageantry, and great
In that he sought not after greatness, he
Drew from its clouds the brighter destiny
Of this vast land ; with patriotic arm
Rank'd it among the nations high and free ;
Then, like the Roman, sought his modest farm,
And left the rule of millions for its humble calm.

III.

But where is this wherein his name has rear'd
A citadel for Liberty to reign ?
Where is his tomb whom Freedom's voice endear'd
To all who love man's welfare ? Hateful stain !
Philanthropy has labour'd here in vain :
Still rises on the wind the captive's sigh ;
Still the despairing Negro clanks his chain ;
And still, unheard, the barter'd child may cry,
While traffickers in human torture, sell and buy.

IV.

Abused word ! Will Freedom's sacred flame
Shine on a land of despots, where the moan
Of fetter'd thousands no redress may claim ?
Is holy Liberty so partial grown
That her too nice perception will disown
God's darker children, while her hands dispense
The rights of man to pallid cheeks alone ?
Or is the cry of—Freedom—a pretence
To screen the freer range of uncurb'd insolence ?

V.

Oh ! name her not : the lash and galling chain
Tune not with Liberty's all-hallowed name.
Boast not of freedom where is heard in vain
The supplicating voice of thousands, still the same
In bonds and wretchedness : attend their claim
Ere yet abused Liberty may wave
The sword of Justice to redeem her shame ;
Throw down the lash and raise the trembling slave,
Then boast a land whose rights and blessings Freedom
gave.

VI.

More happy England ! here I think on thee
And the true freedom of thy verdant plains,
Where, with an equal birthright, all are free ;
Where the just law man's tyranny restrains,
And slavery dare not produce its chains :
Still is thy shore blest Freedom's brightest shrine,
Where Liberty with social-order reigns.
Still thy free laws with truest lustre shine ;
While others are but free as they resemble thine.

VII.

There are who sing thee first in arts and arms,
Or laud thy prowess on the raging sea ;
There are who boast thy daughter's modest charms,
And say thy sons excel in bravery ;
But these are poor encomiums, and he
Who now would praise thee, has a higher theme ;
He sees thee set the captive negro free,
And realize the Christian Poet's dream
Who saw in visions of thy passing night, a gleam

VIII.

Of brighter days from that long-hidded gem
 Which gladden'd Justice plac'd upon thy brow
 When she would grace thy sullied diadem
 With her resplendent sardine. Thou hast now
 A glory which fair Truth may not allow
 To those who conquer where their thousands bleed ;
 Thy conquest bids men's evil passions bow
 Beneath the law's restraint ; a noble deed
 Which ranks thee first in mercy, bids thee brightly lead

IX.

The vanguard of humanity, and prove
 The sign upon thine ancient banner, true,
 Which shews the follower of Him whose love
 Free'd man from death, and sheds its precious dew
 Upon his wither'd spirit ; to renew
 Its kinder sympathies, and bid him feel
 His fellow creature's woes. Aye, it is due
 To those who worship Him, to own the zeal
 Which strove, in Christian love and unity, to heal

XII.

Aye, what God hates. I know the sophistry
Which would affix the darkling stain on Him
Whose law is made to sanction slavery
As though the light of its pure love were dim
Or its strict course dependant on a whim
In Him who made it; I have heard the cry
Of those whose views would measure to the brim
The cup of sorrow for his progeny
Who sham'd his parent's life with desecrating eye :

XIII.

But know they not, when Moses' law departs
From God's high standard, that its strictness bends
To meet the hardness of His people's hearts ?
That law, in modified requirements, blends
Man's condemnation with its other ends ;
Shewing that mercy makes his sin but worse,
Since with the aid its wide concession lends,
Their disobedience was more perverse,
Until their fairest rights became their direst curse.

XIV.

Then, too, the brother who became a slave,
Was to be manumitted in the year
Which mark'd the coming liberty He gave
Who loos'd the chains of death and sin ; yet here
Where all are Gentile brethren, and the ear
Hails through the land the lasting jubilee
Of man's achieved salvation, the sad fear
Of the uplifted lash bends down the knee
Of men in hopeless servitude, or to be free

XV.

In death alone. Then let those reasoners
Who would be instruments of vengeance, know
The condemnation their desire incurs.
If God would lay man's sullied honours low,
Shall the axe boast itself which strikes the blow ?
Or is it too of earth ? Ah no! the use
Of pow'r committed to relieve the woe
Of human nature, must, in its abuse,
Howe'er men argue, leave man's vice without excuse.

XVI.

For who are they that rule ? the "powers that be"
 Derive their strength from God : but whence the claim
 To exercise it wrongly ? The decree
 Which turn'd th' Assyrians' glory into shame,
 When they would raise themselves by Israel's blame,
 Stands forth, a record which full well may warn
 Those whose transgression is so much the same.
 Repent then ere the hour of grace be gone ;
 Nor run their course of guilt to earn their end of scorn.

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XVII.

There is a soothing calm which stealing o'er
The wearied soul, like day-light softly breaks
Upon the bosom's darkness; when no more
The heart will own earth's pain, but humbly takes
Th' impression of the scene around, and wakes
The mind from the world's dream, to ruminate
Upon the sorrow its disquiet makes,
And view, as human vapours dissipate,
The bright'ning works of Him whose hand did all create.

XVIII.

That solemn calm is now: it is the hour
When parting night to early morning yields
The outline of its eastern hills: the pow'r
Of Darkness fails along the dewy fields,
While, rising to the eye, the grey mist builds
Its canopy above the dark stream, where
The flitting fire-fly still lingering gilds
The moisten'd rushes with his fitful glare,
Gliding along in giddy circles through the air.

XIX.

Oh it comes forth as a soul soothing charm
This first pale glimmer of the waking morn !
When Nature's self seems slumb'ring in its calm ;
When but the faint rose-blush of early dawn
Tells that the veil of darkness is withdrawn,
While the hush'd woods are motionless around
As though they watch'd till the dark hour were gone;
So still that breath of heaven may waft no sound,
And e'en the dew-droppauses ere it seeks the ground.

XX.

Then, (when the first bright beams of Day appear
And round the regal hills their purple fling,
Crowning their lofty heads with gold,) to hear,
Fresh from his tree, the plummy warbler sing,
Boasting that he is first upon the wing :
It is a pure and deeply-felt delight
Which no vain pageant of the world can bring ;
A glorious and captivating sight
Which no intrusive thought of earth has power to blight.

XXI.

Lo Hudson! winding through the wooded dell
In gentle majesty, his glassy stream
Unruffled all, save where with rounded swell
The lazy current heaves beneath the gleam
Of growing day, and mutters in its dream ;
While, proudly rising round, the mist-crown'd hills
Screen his late slumber from the morning beam,
And for the fresh'ning dew his wave distils
Repay their grateful thanks in thousand sparkling rills.

XXII.

And, lightly o'er his placid bosom, now,
The gladsome bound of my frail bark canoe
Ripples the wave beneath its puny prow ;
Curling in circles of a roseate hue
The wide-expanded sheet of limpid blue :
While at each turn of the enchanting scene
Some newer beauty breaks upon the view,
Some glimpse of loveliness till now unseen
In this most rich display of Nature's gayest sheen.

XXIII.

Majestic river! on thy tranquil breast
Scarce rippled by the passing breeze, I ride;
Where all around me the green forests rest,
And the clear mirror of the crystal tide
Reflects the quiet of its leafy side;
While (sailing lightly in their sportive ring) /
Above the glassy stream the swallows glide,
And poise along the wave their rapid wing,
As though they fear'd to break its peaceful slumbering.

XXIV.

Yet this fair place of loveliness has been
The theatre of violence and blood;
And this transparent water, too, has seen
A darker current mingled with its flood;
And other clouds have gather'd o'er the wood,
Curling their volumes in a dusky fold
Above the place where hostile forces stood;
While Echo with a hundred tongues has told
The startled hills around, what fearful thunders roll'd.

XXV.

And here has gleam'd the savage warrior's knife ;
Whose ruthless fury only death might tame ;
And thirsting here for his opponent's life,
The hardy woodsman took his deadly aim
And snapt the lock which gave the fatal flame :
In vain with ev'ry charm has nature grac'd
This favoured spot ; Man, Man is still the same ;
Red Murder in her choicest groves has pac'd,
And with the stain of blood her brightest scenes de-
fac'd.

XXVI.

Yet there are those who visit this abode
Of peace and quietude, not to revere
The God of mercy, where, supremely good,
His pow'r creative has appear'd to rear
A dwelling place for man, devoid of fear ;
No, but to praise the creature's empty deeds,
Or worse than empty, laud his glory here,
A glory which but lives where Mercy cedes
The palm to Vengeance, and his fellow-creature bleeds.

XXVII.

I cannot praise them. There may have been those
Whose views of duty urged them to appeal
To arms for succour from their country's foes ;
But 'tis a duty which the soul must feel
At variance with its eternal weal,
Encountered only to improve the state
Of those who need war's searching knife to heal
Oppression's sores : but well I know the hate,
The pride, the lust, which they must feel who emulate

XXVIII.

The Christian's fearless march, without the aid
On which he leans secure amidst alarms
From which the unbeliever shrinks dismay'd
If suffer'd to reflect. No ; deeds in arms,
Howe'er the world may praise, possess no charms
For him who sees man's enemy divert
His mind from that pure discipline which calms
The soul for heav'n, and give for his desert
His brother's present harm, his own eternal hurt.

XXIX.

I turn to thee fair Trenton ! Soft the sound
Of falling waters breaks upon the ear,
Like magic music in the air around ;
Now in the distance faint, now heard more near
As though they sought yet dreaded to appear ;
Now softly murmuring along the air
Where the high banks their cumbrous foliage rear,
And now retreating to the hollow, where
The ever-restless waves their deeper channel wear :

XXX.

Such melody is in the mingled voice
Of rushing waters, when the mellow roar
Of the wild torrent, bids the woods rejoice,
While the white rapids hurry mutt'ring o'er
Their bed of rocks. And now I see them pour
Their frothy billows from the frowning steep
Into the shady gulf, around whose shore
The reeling eddy slowly seems to creep,
As though the waves were stunn'd with their descending
leap.

XXXI.

But, soon reviving, they rush on, and chafe
The rugged masses of the narrow strand
On whose steep side the foot is scarcely safe.
Here Nature's care the lovely scene has plann'd
With equal mixture of the soft and grand ;
On either bank in their majestic height
The forests stretch abroad their leafy hand
In quietude and peace ; and softly bright,
Display their varied tints to evening's mellow light ;

XXXII.

While, dark beneath, the torrent wends its way ;
And, sullenly, the plunging fall is seen
To sink within its curtain'd bed of spray ;
Seeming as though those beauteous banks had been
United, ere the rude waves rush'd between
And sever'd them for ever. Moulder'd low
Tho' many a proud stem lies, yet others lean
As fondly o'er the darkling gulf, and grow
In all fantastic forms above its ceaseless flow.

XXXIII.

So, too, amid the forest's deep'ning shade
Youth triumphs over age; for here the scene
Grows sterner: mould'ring trunks, where Time has laid
His heavy hand in silence, stretch between
The lofty woods, where culture ne'er has been
Extended to control their growth; and here
The failing *hemlock's broken branches lean
For help against the sturdy pine, and rear
On high the shatter'd limbs whose dying day is near.

XXXIV.

Lie there thou prostrate monarch of the wood!
Memorial of Time's incessant flow!
Mark still the spot where thou hast proudly stood,
And tell how tempest of past years might blow,
And how once roar'd the blast which laid thee low:
That long hush'd storm is gone for ever by,
And thy stout seedlings high above thee grow;
Rearing their quiet foliage to that sky
Whose darker mood, long since, has bid thee lowly lie.

**Abies Canadensis*

XXXV.

And thou hast yet sav'd somewhat from decay ;
Thy mould'ring trunk still shews its mighty size ;
Grand e'en in ruin : but where now are they
Who might have seen thy lofty form arise,
Ere yet the wanderer from distant skies
Had reach'd the forest land ? where are they gone
Who dwelt around thee ? where the hunting cries
Which, gaily floating on the breath of morn,
Rous'd from his leafy lair the lightly bounding fawn ?

XXXVI.

That startling cry is now for ever still ;
And still'd for ever is the wild deer's bound ;
While, yielding only to the gurgling rill,
One long unbroken silence reigns around :
Save where, at times, the melancholy sound
Breaks on the ear, of some decaying tree
Sinking with hollow crash upon the ground ;
Telling how vigour of young days will flee,
And pointing to the woods what they, full soon, must be.

XXXVII.

On ev'ry side extends the vast expanse
Of gloomy forest, where the loit'ring breeze
Rustles the maple leaves, and bids them dance
To their own music; while the heavier trees
Rest still their sombre height in drowsy ease.
'Tis with a solemn feeling that alone
The Christian wanders through such scenes as these;
Where but the wind, with melancholy moan,
Despairing of all other sounds gives forth its own,

XXXVIII.

To tell him of his utter loneliness,
And draw, perchance, the heart's responding sigh:
Yet do they whisper too of peace; nor less
Than blither scenes, declare that He is nigh
On whom the soul may peacefully rely
When thoughts of earth seem only to deride
Our hopes, like dreams whose scenes pass idly by
And leave the weary mind unsatisfied.
Bright in its passing show, but never to abide,

XXXIX.

Earth's fairest scene will prove a thing of nought ;
But He abideth ever. Oh ! 'tis sweet,
'Tis heavenly, that exercise of thought
Which brings the soul to the Redeemer's feet
To rest in calm delight before the seat
Of perfect peace ; there to enjoy the charm
Of pleasures not of earth, where, yet, they meet
The ling'ring soul, to cheer its course, and arm
Its faith with hope and patience. Who, indeed, may harm

XL.

The followers of Him whose watchful eye
Observes their ev'ry step, whose wakeful ear
Attends their faintest prayer ? we know him nigh ;
We know that He has paid a price too dear
For ransom'd souls, to leave their safety here,
The sport of earth's contingencies. The love
Which they are taught to feel, casts out the fear
Of fallen nature : like the wand'ring dove
Sent forth upon the whelming wave, they live above

XLI.

The dangers of the world ; and when fatigued,
Seek their Redeemer's ark for rest again.
What if the pow'rs of darkness should be leagued
Against their peace ? may all their terrors reign
O'er HIS redeem'd, whose everlasting chain
Has fix'd that darkness round them ? no ; the rage
Of hell's rebellious legion is in vain :
Not with the ransom'd soul, the war they wage
Is with that mighty Lord whose arm may well engage

XLII.

The safety of His purchase. To be His ;
Oh ! 'tis a blessed privilege ; a pure
Enjoyment, even upon earth : it is
Indeed, an earnest that does well insure
That blessed lot which He has made secure
Above the world's alarms ; a sweet foretaste
Of their immense reward who but endure
A little hour of trials, soon to haste
Away for ever, while its darkness is effac'd

M

XLIII.

By light eternal ; that celestial light
Which bears to the Redeem'd its perfect joy ;
Shining in spotless purity, and bright
In beaming happiness ; without alloy
Or limit ; where no sinful thought may cloy
The bosom's pure delight. Oh ! with such hope,
Who is there that would live but to employ
His energies (and in their widest scope)
To serve his Saviour ? who would hesitate to cope

XLIV.

With the vain world's depressing influence ?
The scorn of those who know not God ; the cry
Of those who make their knowledge a pretence
To hide that "power" of truth which they deny ;
The foes of one's own house, when bitterly
The heart will feel their coldness, and deplore
Their enmity to God ; nay more, to mortify
The carnal mind within, and bear its sore ;
Thesethings will make them wish the weary contest o'er.

XLV.

But they may serve their God. In this sweet thought
The balm of sorrow lies : to soothe their cares
While yet they witness against him who brought
Earth's grief upon them, and pour'd out the tares
From whence sprung all the thorn earth's bosom bears,
Their Lord vouchsaf'd this privilege ; and made
His own kind work among His creatures, theirs ;
Giving to their weak voice (with His strong aid)
A power to rescue souls from death, and to persuade

XLVI.

Man's heart to love its God. Lord ! be it mine
To serve Thee by such means as Thou hast lent.
Let the weak creature's words of truth be Thine
In power ; and wheree'er my feet be sent,
Whether to find the forest-buried tent
Of the retiring Native, where he hides
His fallen strength ; or to the settlement
Of him who tills the earth, in nought besides
More tutor'd than the untaught men whom he derides ;

XLVII.

Or whether I may turn to the abode
Of wealth and luxury, and reason there
With men who live as much without their God
As those who dwell in savage forests, where
That book is still unknown whose leaves declare
The blessed tidings of eternal peace;
Oh ! grant me still Thy kind protecting care ;
And let the work of love then only cease
When Thy blest will and word pronounce my soul's
release.

CANTO VI.

I.

The storm has past o'er Erie's heaving breast,
Though now its reckless fury is no more ;
The shady forest has resum'd its rest ;
Though, restless still, with hoarsely mutter'd roar
Sweeps the foam-crested billow to the shore.
The storm-cloud heaves its low'ring weight away,
And heaven wears again the smile it wore ;
While yield night's terrors to the genial ray,
The soft and balmy sunshine of returning day.

II.

Who, in the agitation which pervades
Reviving Nature, when she slowly calms
Her trembling bosom, and her terror fades
Into a sunny smile,—sees not her charms
Heightened in beauty by her late alarms ?
In the wild grandeur of the foaming wave,
The rising bound of the elm's pendant arms,
The glist'ning of the pearly drops which lave
Young opening flowers whose freshen'd sweets the
rain-cloud gave,

III.

The terrors of the storm are lost, and all
Is brighter and more gay. Yet has it been
A night whose fearful reign might well appal
The wakeful eye; the lightning's vivid sheen,
And the deep peals of thunder heard between
The wild wind's hollow gusts; while doubly hoarse
The rous'd lake rolls its billows' sparkling green
Upon the groaning rocks, all speaks the force
With which the rushing tempest held its raging course.

IV.

And whither dost thou go ? shall Fancy tend
Thy roaming course, and mark thy troubled ways
'Midst trackless forests, where they lowly bend
Beneath thy stormy breath ? or see thee raise
In turn the mighty lakes, as each displays
Its vast expanse before thee ? Thou hast past
For aye from hence, and morning throws its rays
O'er scenes from which thy gloom is fading fast ;
One distant peal alone is heard ; it is thy last.

V.

Along the western wilds 'tis heard more loud :
Wide Huron's wave uprears its whit'ning crest,
And Michigan reflects the flashing cloud ;
His distant highlands, too, have lost their rest,
And the Black-hills in darker robes are drest ;
While the rough buffaloe snuffs up the air
Which tells of trouble for the tranquil breast
Of fair Missouri's rising current, where
The prairie's ranker weeds conceal his sultry lair.

VI.

And so thou goest; like the great of earth,
Proud in the terrors of their little hour,
But fading with the days which gave them birth;
Thou rankest now where bending forests cower
Before the blast, as thy dark volumes lower
Above their proudest heights; but he who sees
Thine end, thinks little of thy vanish'd power:
Thou go'st, the sport of ev'ry passing breeze,
To float a fleecy wrack along the western seas.

VII.

And yet again is heard the hollow sound
Of distant thunders, though the darkling cloud
Has faded from the scene, and all around
Is tranquil, save where Erie's waves, too proud
To brook the narrowing channel, wildly crowd
Along the straits, to seek a wider place.
And yet, again, the thunder swells aloud,
Where they may rest them from their rapid race,
And quietly repose in calm unruffled space.

VIII.

Niagara ! it is thy voice of storms
Which calls us onward ; breaking on the ear
In lengthen'd gusts, while ev'ry feeling warms
With thoughts of wonders which may soon appear
When our approaching steps have drawn more near.
I see thy dwelling now ; I see on high
Thy cloudy banner where its wide folds rear
Their restless shadow to the azure sky ;
A signal towards which the hurrying waters fly.

IX.

As breaks the placid surface of the deep
When sudden storms o'er slumb'ring ocean blow,
So the bright billows, starting from their sleep,
Toss on the wind their scarf of driven snow
And bound along beneath the sunbeam's glow
Towards the brink, whence the swift current hurls
Its thund'ring deluge to the depths below ;
While o'er the sinking mass the spray-cloud curls
Slow its majestic form as the light wind unfurls :

X.

Here let me pause above the frowning steep
While the impetuous torrent seems to mock
Time's ceaseless flight with its unwearied leap;
From early ages echoing the shock
Of plunging billows, whose rude keys unlock
Earth's secret caverns; with incessant crash
Mining the bases of the trembling rock
Whose headlong ruins through the dark cloud dash
And vex the wave below with their resistless lash.

XI.

Awful yet beautiful! The dizzy height
Swims in the brain and bids the bold eye blink
Which scans its depths, whence rising in affright
The curling vapours eddy round the brink
To shroud the dark green billows as they sink
Smoothly and swiftly o'er the precipice.
Well the untutor'd wanderer might shrink!
And well exclaim above the dread abyss
"If the Great-spirit have a place below, 'tis this!"

XII.

So spake the roaming Forest-chief when first
In faltering astonishment he gaz'd
On this grand scene ; these humbled accents burst
From one who knew no fear before : amaz'd
He backward drew, and while his rude lip prais'd
The wondrous sight, his knee bent to adore
Its great Creator : soon his form he rais'd,
And gath'ring from his breast the shining ore,
Cast to the depths below the ornaments he wore.

XIII.

Thou child of Nature ! if thine untaught heart
Thus gave its tribute to the tending care
Which guarded thy lone way when forc'd to part
From thy lov'd tribe and humble home, to dare
The dreary forest, with no pathway there ;
No guide but yonder cloudless sun ; no bed
But the cold earth thy wearied limbs to bear
When toilworn with thy course, while o'er thee spread
The tall fir or dark hemlock form'd thine only shed ;

XIV.

How should not we, God's favour'd children, bend
 In thankful rev'rence? Should not we adore
 That constant goodness which can stoop to lend
 The blessings we enjoy? Nay, vastly more,
 That lasting blessing, the inspired lore
 Which points to things o'er which Time never flies,
 And beckons us to an eternal shore
 Of endless rapture. Oh! should we despise
 Such goodness, well may deed of untaught savage rise

XV.

And sternly judge us. But it is not so:
 Who with a heart that is not all decay'd
 Feels not its ev'ry pulse within him glow
 With fire from Nature's shrine? what man has stray'd
 Where the Creator's power is thus display'd,
 In such o'erpowering beauty, and not felt
 The majesty of Him whose word has made?
 Aye, and if then with humble heart he knelt,
 Mock not, thou soul-less one; such scenes e'en thine
 might melt.

XVI.

Now by the rushing river's misty throne,
Deep in the darkness of his clouded hall,
Beneath thy crashing cataract, alone,
Niagara! I stand; beneath thy wall
Of massive waters, whose continu'd fall
Shakes from the centre of the boiling deep
The oozy cliff, whose sullen heights enthrall
The fuming waves beneath, though high they leap
And dash their frothy heads against th' opposing steep.

XVII.

Back! back! intrusive mortal. Who may be
Without the chilling thrill of human dread
In this dark chamber of an infant sea
Nurs'd by its rivers and by oceans fed?
The awe-struck eye which gazes on his bed
Turns quickly from the fearful sight away
To fitter regions for frail man to tread;
And gladly 'merging from his curtain'd spray
Again delighted hails the genial smile of day.

XVIII.

Birth place of clouds ! with what majestic sweep
They mount into the quiet realms of air
From the dark cauldron of the restless deep ;
Breaking in masses from the volumes there
As though each breath of heaven were charg'd to bear
A single cloud upon its heaving breast
Into the calm blue heights, where softly fair
They poise their misty folds in tranquil rest,
And slowly sail away o'er forests of the west.

XIX.

There, as amidst the storm a beam may smile,
Or like a ray of hope in dark'ning hours
Of sorrow or despair, the Rainbow's isle
In placid sweetness rears its em'rald bowers
And wafts around the perfume of its flowers ;
Though all around the raging rapids rave,
Growing but brighter in their misty showers ;
And painting on the billows, as they lave
Its dewy banks, the boughs which kiss the limp wave.

XX.

Enchanting Isle ; with what delight I roam
Beneath the shadow of thy lofty wood,
Where ev'ry lovely tree has found a home ;
How oft in purest rapture have I stood
Gazing from thy calm heights upon the flood
Which rag'd below ; while the light spray-cloud curl'd
In beauty 'neath my feet : in calmest mood,
Though the swift stream its mad'ning torrent hurl'd ;
Hedless of both the troubled wave and troubled world.

XXI.

Wisdom is written on the precipice :
The waves have tongues ; the water's wild alarm
In restless murmuring will tell us this—
Below is trouble, while above 'tis calm.
Look down, thou seest there thy certain harm ;
The darkling gulf demands thy forfeit life ;
Look up, the sunbeam with its softest charm
Brightens the resting cloud ; here, all is rife
With pleasure ; there, is seen but woe and endless strife.

XXII.

With deaf'ning roar the whirling waters wage
Interminable war ; one vast turmoil,
One mass of trouble and internal rage,
Their own tormentors the vex'd billows boil :
Each dashing up its frothy weight, to foil
The progress of its fellow. 'Tis a world
In which when vain anxiety and toil
Have struggled for the mastery and curl'd
One little billow higher than the rest, 'tis hurl'd

XXIII.

To deeper darkness. One escape alone
Is found from all its violence and woe ;
'Tis when some hard-press'd wave is rudely thrown
From the rough current of the stream below
Upon the shelving rock ; the gulf-winds blow,
But all unmov'd it rests its bosom there,
And shines serenely 'neath the sunbeam's glow,
Till, warm'd and chang'd, its form becomes more fair
And floats a golden cloud amid the realms of air.

XXIV.

A faithful image of the Christian's life !
Cast off by the rough world, and all forgot
Its vain anxiety and toilsome strife,
He rests awhile in his appointed lot,
Knowing that earth is but a waiting spot
Where the rude blasts of life awhile may blow :
Still heave its billows, but he heeds them not ;
Bright beams of hope around his spirit glow ;
Cast like that tranquil wave from all earth's weight
of woe,

XXV.

He rests him on Faith's solid rock, and stands
Upon a sunny height whence he may view
In calm tranquillity, the shifting sands
And ever-trobled depths, where once he drew
Excitement's sobbing breath. How bright and new
Seem then the dreary scenes he saw before
With vision all perplexed : then how blue
Heaven's arch above ; how calm'd the water's roar,
How chang'd to beauty all the threat'ning look it wore.

XXVI.

Peace is within him, and before him hope :
What equal treasure does he leave behind ?
Oh folly and perverseness, still to grope
Amid the empty husks of earth, to find
The pearl of happiness ! man yet is blind,
The film of darkness spreads before his eyes, -
And Satan's chain still cramps his captive mind,
Or he would up and grasp the noble prize
Which lifts the soul from earth's poor follies to the
skies.

XXVII.

Aye, he would hold among earth's shifting scenes
That everlasting arm which bears along
The poorest soul which in its weakness leans
On God's eternal strength ; then doubly strong
When earth's distresses and temptations throng
The cumber'd way : that everlasting arm
Which takes upon itself His people's wrong,
Bidding them trust in Him to render calm
Life's roughest waves, and keep them free from every
harm

XXVIII.

Till He receive them to that holy place
Where sin and sorrow are alike unknown.
That pearl of endless price, that wondrous grace
Which gives a theme for Angels' praise, is thrown
Away for an impure existence, grown
Too hateful often for the world's worst slave :
A cry, a restless laugh, a closing moan ;
Such is its fairest course ; and then the grave
Shuts out for ever all the hopes which mercy gave.

XXIX.

I look upon the chisel'd names of those
Who, like myself, have dwelt their little day
Of pleasure where this mighty water flows
In splendid beauty : they have past away,
And the scarr'd rock alone remains to say
That they were here ; with letters how effac'd !
Even this frail memorial of their stay
Time's russet moss has partially eras'd :
And where are now the hands by which those signs
were trac'd ?

N 2

XXX.

Gone; and for ever: past from off the stage,
Perhaps of human life, whose closing scene
Leaves but a stone to mark the name and age,
And all is silent: and so here is seen
Upon the rock, the trace where they have been:
But they are seen no more. The fitful swell
Of evening's breezes, softly heard between
The solemn roar of waters, seems to tell
That I like them have stayed, like them must say fare-
well.

XXXI.

And night comes on: the clearer moonlight plays
Between the rustling foliage of the grove
As Zephyr with his softest breath conveys
The mellow'd thunder to the heights above,
Where all seems bound in harmony and love.
Night steals along, but yet without her shroud;
Her unveil'd beauties tempt us still to rove
Where the deep chasm calls to us aloud,
And gently rears above, its soft and silvery cloud.

XXXII.

A lovely sight ! surpassing loveliness !
What fairy form is now reclining there,
Wreathing the mist for her transparent dress
Yet through its closest folds but seen more fair ?
Some lovely spirit from the realms of air,
Drawn by the beauty of this magic scene
Has hither come in laughing mood, to wear
The darkling whirlpool's robe, which well had been
The floating drapery of night's majestic queen.

XXXIII.

The Rainbow's bride,* come forth from her fair isle,
Greets the mild mistress of these magic hours,
Who owns her handmaid with her brightest smile,
As seated on the cloud, she guides its showers
In pearly drops to gem her slumb'ring flowers.
The arc of mercy in the moon's soft light
Speaks still its promise when the dark cloud lowers,
And rears its rounded form serenely bright
Amidst the wavy mists and growing shades of night.

* The Lunar Iris.

XXXIV.

The arc of mercy: what mild gentleness
Is manifested in those blended shades
Of varied colours! plainly seen, though less
Their brilliancy than when these vast cascades
Reflect the solar ray: each soft tint vades
Into the fleecy whiteness of the bow
While yet 'tis look'd on, but no longer fades
From the observing eye than well may show
Its sister tint, where bright the fleeting colours glow

XXXV.

In their alternate prevalence. Yes, He
Who once declared its graceful bend to mean
Mercy to man, has given us to see
In its fair form and in the placid green
Which with refreshing calmness spreads between
The dazzling brightness of more vivid hues,
Emblems of those kind attributes which lean
In sorrow o'er man's fallen state; whose dews
Softens his fearful fate, when Justice would refuse

XXXVI.

To hear his call for pardon. Oh ! 'tis sweet
To trace the working of that holy mind
Which loathes the place of sin and yet will meet
Man's fallen soul ; permitting him to find
Its inner thoughts in what it has design'd.
Not only in the rainbow's hues are found
The signs of the Creator's love, but kind
In all His works, He multiplies around
His goodness : in the smallest flower which gems the
ground

XXXVII.

Compassion is display'd ; for man has earn'd
A sterner lot than that which still bestows
A living page from whose fair face is learn'd
The goodness of his Maker ; which still glows
With the creative touch of Him who knows
The ill-desert, the thankless selfishness,
The cold the scornful carelessness of those
To whom its use is given, and yet no less
Displays in thousand hues and forms His power to bless.

XXXVIII.

That page has often sooth'd my soul ; and still
 (If He who gave it should protract my years
 Of earthly waiting, and His blessed will
 Extend my wandering,) that page appears
 The soothing monitor whose bright theme cheers
 My varied course ; whose never-failing lore
 Spreads its instruction through both hemispheres ;
 Rich in the works of Him whom to adore
 Is man's chief privilege and happiness : nay more,

XXXIX.

The privilege and happiness of those
 Who dwell in perfect glory ; who may see
 The Mind-creative where its pure light glows
 In endless operation ; where 'tis free
 From that dark veil which shrouds the Deity
 From man's unholy eye. But hark ! again
 The sighing breeze stoops from the heights to be
 The warning voice which tells of future pain
 For present pleasure, should that voice be heard in vain.

XL.

For now the changing leaf declares the time
Of joyous summer and its blessings, past ;
And urges to some more congenial clime
The shaken frame which erst the northern blast
Had banish'd from a much-lov'd home, and cast
Upon the wide world's waters. Be it so :
Whom the Lord loves He chastens ; and at last
That love shall be discern'd which bids them go
Albeit unwillingly, from an impending woe.

XLI.

“All things do work together for their good.”
The Christian feels his Father's chastening,
But well the chiding voice is understood.
“Come forth, and touch not the abhorrent thing,”
Must oft be heard where vanity will bring
Its hollow treasures : for the soul must feel
Earth's emptiness, and know its rankling sting
With deep experience, ere He will heal
Its grief for ever, who decrees its endless weal.

XLII.

Farewell then, happy scenes ! for such to me
Ye have been, and as such through many a day
Will be remember'd, though bright hours will flee.
Farewell ; my footsteps may no longer stay
Amidst thy groves, though fain they would delay
The parting hour. Look on that foam : anon
It leaves its shelt'ring cove to pass away ;
In many an eddy turn'd, yet still borne on ;
Ling'ring a moment here ; and then for ever gone.

XLIII.

So do I linger, so like thee must stray ;
With thy swift stream awhile to wend along,
And trace through distant scenes its varied way.
Thou go'st the ocean's waves to sink among,
And I to mingle with life's busy throng.
Away, away the rushing stream flows fast ;
And other climes invite my future song.
Away ; that word is now indeed the last,
And these bright scenes and hours will be forever past.



NOTES.

CANTO II. STANZA XXXV.

*“Th’ eternal God Himself has stept between
“Man and his fate, and, to his rescue bent,
“Takes on Himself his load of guilt and punishment.”*

The Legislator of a holy Law, Himself bearing the penalty for those whose transgression had incurred that sentence of death which must have holden them for ever;—such is the glorious manifestation of HIM who “is Love,” when He “so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Yet, widely as this gospel of mercy is named in the world, it is an indisputable fact that its glad tidings are so little known, that, even among professors of the faith of a crucified Saviour, the number is exceedingly limited of those who can rejoice in His work of love, or even take comfort from a contemplation of the mercy revealed therein.

“How know I that He died for *me*?”—is the oft-repeated question which throws its chilling gloom over the words “Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given,” and quenches that spark of gratitude which a knowledge of the wonderful love of God would kindle into a purifying flame in the dead cold hearts of the children of men.—“How know I that he died for *me*?” Dear Brother or Sister, whoever you may be into whose hands this little volume may have fallen,—if it have been the means of awakening an interest in the blessed truths which it was my soothing occupation to weave into its pages, (in the hope that they might thus attract your attention) when set aside by bodily suffering from any more active service to the Lord and Master of our spirits,—hear, I beseech you, the word of the Lord in reply to the saddening question which I have supposed you to make; and may He of His infinite kindness grant that it may be a word of peace and joy to your souls.

“God so loved the **WORLD**,” is the declaration from the holy lips of Him who “cannot lie,” and whose meaning in this most important word is not left in the smallest doubt in the records of His eternal truth. The *World* is no doubtful expression, but uniformly denotes either *the place of habitation of fallen man*,—or *fallen man himself*. When spoken of the latter, it is invariably used to denote **MANKIND generally and universally**; never, a *part of mankind*: for whenever a separation is made among the inhabitants of the earth, the separated part is called by some new name, while to the remainder the same descriptive appellation is always continued. In one hundred and eighty-three instances in which this word is used in the Greek Scriptures of the New Testament, I am prepared to main-

tain that there is not *one* in which the word *Kosmos*, or *world* is applied to the part *gathered out* of mankind, but that it is invariably applied to either the as yet unseparated human race, or to that remainder thereof from which the gathered part is separated. And I assert as a consequence, that the interpretations of those who would apply this word to the *gathered out* of a fallen world, are entirely unsupported by the Scriptures, and directly opposed to their simple and most explicit doctrine.

Wonderful as is the glorious truth recorded in these blessed words, they are the positive expressions of One who speaks not as men speak—but who declares the truth in the way in which it is most clearly and simply revealed. He tells us that “God so loved the world,” not, that we should understand that He “so loved” only a small part thereof,—but that the amazing love of One whose ways are above our ways and whose thoughts are above our thoughts, as much as the heaven is above the earth, should be revealed to us in a manner calculated to soften hearts of stone—or what is still more—to warm the dead cold souls of the sinful God-despising children of men.

Let us then look into this wonderful mystery; for the revelation thereof is not only “a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance,” as regards our peace here; but, upon it, also depend our everlasting life and peace hereafter.

God so loved the world as to give His own “Arm,” a Person of His own eternal Godhead, to be cut off by the sentence which that world had incurred when by transgression of the holy law of its Creator, it fell from the position in which He had placed it. The whole human race was included in its first parent, and,

in him, fell into that sin whose wages is death:—in Him mankind received the just sentence which needed not the progressive developement of time for its vindication:—such as the father was, such would of necessity be, the children; “Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” Sin was upon Adam and all mankind in him: the sentence due to sin was pronounced upon Adam and upon all mankind in him. Such was the state of the world when, wonderful mystery! God so loved it as to give His Son for it. “The ARM,” “the WORD” of the Lord was made flesh; was made to stand between the offending race and its offended God; not to turn away his just sentence, but to bear it, by becoming Himself the devoted victim, in its stead. It had been said to the first Adam “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return:” the second Adam stands forth in his place, and exclaims in the bitter agony of the executed sentence, “Thou hast brought me into the dust of death.”—Jesus bowed His head and said “It is finished:”—the Divine Law was magnified and made honourable; its utmost penalty was borne. The “mighty God” who took upon Himself the form of a servant, was obedient even unto the death which had been pronounced against those whose nature He assumed. As their Head and representative He paid the debt which had overwhelmed them, and, thus, reversed the sentence which had gone out against them.

“Go preach the Gospel to every creature,” was the blessed message of “the Lamb of God, the (Lamb) taking (not “which taketh away”) the sin of the world;”—a message preached throughout the world, in the plain and positive “saying worthy of all acceptation,—that

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." Christ is the "propitiation for the sins of the whole world:" the "only Lord God," who has "bought" all men,—by transferring the debt of their forfeit life to Himself.

It is not, therefore, and it cannot be, a question—For whom Christ died. He died for ALL: "the Just for the unjust." He died to reverse, by fulfilling, the sentence which was passed upon mankind when sin was seen upon them in their first parent. He died that the righteous judgment of the Father should be honoured, while yet a day of salvation should be set before the offenders. He died that it might be proclaimed to the fallen world that "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, *because He is the Son of man*:" or, because of His incarnation and suffering, as the representative and substitute for the human race. Thus, dear friends, He died for me, and for you, and for all mankind. Thus "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the *whole world*." Thus "He first loved us;" and thus, therefore, should our love to Him be awakened: that love which "casteth out fear;" and causes us to judge that, "If one died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that henceforth they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them."

But here enters the distinction. A distinction to be most carefully observed. For although "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,"—and although He "came into the world that the world through Him might be saved," it is an equally distinct and positive truth that *all are not saved*, but that, on the

contrary, "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and FEW THERE BE that find it." A paradox, indeed, at first sight, to the eye of man's natural understanding :—but a consistent and harmonious truth to the reflecting mind, which opens to a contemplation of those wonderful mysteries of INIQUITY and of GODLINESS to which the divine Scriptures give their concurrent and unerring testimony.

Christ died for all, that "*they which live*, should henceforth not live unto themselves but unto Him who died for them." If, then, there be those "*which live*," among the "*all*" for whom Christ died,—there must be also those who *do not live*, and in whom (according to the Scriptures) a living unto God does not follow, as a consequence of His death.

There are, then, in the world for which Christ gave His flesh, two distinct classes; described as *the living* and *the dead*. Who these are, I will presently consider: but first it is necessary to observe upon the important truth to be deduced from the above scripture, that the human family is still, after the death of Christ, in a state which is called *death*, and that His death, abstractedly considered, does not alter its condition: there are "those who live;" but this life is not the necessary consequence of Christ's death: they are "quickened" by *another work of Christ*—but *not by His death*; by a *limited work consequent upon His death*, not by *the universal work which was wrought in His death*: for they, "even as others," are, "by nature," notwithstanding the sacrifice and propitiation of Christ, "dead in trespasses and sins, and children of wrath."

What then was the universal work (that is as regards the whole human race) which was wrought in the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ when He bore the

sin of the world?—It was *the reversal of the sentence once passed upon man's sin : while his state in sin remained the same.* This is the answer which the whole Bible asserts and confirms, and, I will add, the important foundation upon which the whole superstructure of the Christian religion rests. The Adam sentence is reversed by the atonement made for sin ; but the state which drew that sentence forth is unchanged :—and herein is set sorth the ground of that *reserved sentence* which shall be pronounced by *the Son of man* : for although the Father's justice has been satisfied by Him, *His* justice must also be satisfied : as the Father laid the full weight of His justice upon the Representative of His sinning creature, so, when the Son shall sit on the throne of His glory, He too will lay the full measure of His just judgment upon those who are *His by purchase from the grave*, if sin be still found upon them. For God in Christ, is *one* in Being, in Justice, and in Holiness, with Him who “spared not His own Son ;”—“A consuming fire” to all iniquity.

I am the more particular in stating clearly what I believe to be the doctrine of the whole of the Scripture upon this point, because, on both sides thereof, I find the reasonings of men raising up the most erroneous and therefore injurious systems upon detached passages of the sacred volume. Some affirming that “Christ died only for the elect ;” others, that by His death all mankind are “sanctified and justified.” While the plain teaching of the Scriptures is, that He died for all mankind ; but that, by His death, the reversal of the sentence once passed upon man's sin, was alone effected, and a day of grace obtained, in the which the wicked might “turn from his wickedness and live :” this turning from wickedness being declared to consist

in a TURNING UNTO GOD, *according to the light which every one might possess* : while, if he turn not, he will be sentenced to that "second death" which is the "everlasting punishment" of those who have *continued* in that sin from whose condemnation a reprieve, during a space given for repentance, had been obtained.

The sin of man was first evidenced in the Adam transgression ; but the distinction should be carefully observed between its *natural effect*, and its *sentence*. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die : " such was the declaration touching the *effect* of sin. Adam did eat ;—and in that very day, became "dead in trespasses and sins ;" dead as regards the withdrawal of that "Spirit of life" by whose indwelling "man became a *living* soul." He was then a *dead* soul : and the sentence upon a dead soul, is, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." and accordingly "it is appointed unto man once to die." But "the day is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of *the Son of man*—and shall come forth" out of this death : and here again we find a distinction not referrable to the *death* of the Son of man, (the consequence of which, is, the coming forth of *all* from their graves,) "some shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and some to the resurrection of damnation." The latter being evidently the resurrection of those who *remain dead*, as regards spiritual life, and who shall, therefore, be again condemned, in the manner described in Scripture as "the second death."

Christ "died for all," then, that man might arise out of his hopeless condemnation, and by the simple exercise of a faculty which even his fallen soul possesses, might recover that lost Spirit whereby he should again become "a living soul," and stand free from the law of sin and death.

That faculty is Belief. I mean not to enter into any metaphysical elucidation of the mysterious nature of a reasoning creature :—but this I can see by the teaching of the holy Scripture, that the soul of man has *two* faculties, (and I believe *two* only,) which are Belief, and Imagination. In the developement of the first of these faculties, by means of evidences, man would be placed in his right position before God, and would be led by just perceptions, into all truth : by the exercise of the latter, his position is falsified, to an extent which leads only in the downward path of delusion and error. And, thus constituted, the “accepted time” and “the day of salvation” breaks upon his passing existence. The consequence is natural and necessary. Men are found to be wilfully negligent of that faculty whose guidance would have led them back from sin and death to the presence of a reconciled God : while, they “become vain in their *Imaginations*, and their foolish heart is darkened.” The light of truth is set before all, for **THE WORD** is “the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,” seeing that, “By Him all things were made ; and without Him was not any thing made that was made.” In the works of creation there is given a sufficient evidence of “the eternal power and Godhead” of the Creator : therefore if they have no other light, the Scriptures declare the Gentiles to be “without excuse.” The Jew, in like manner, has sinned against the light of the ceremonial law. While, of them to whom the gospel is preached, it is written, “This is the condemnation—that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light.” Thus “every mouth is stopped, and all the world is brought in guilty before God :” as it is written, “There is none righteous, no not one : there is none that seeketh after God.”

Shall we then impugn the love of that God who "gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," because He also knew that none would come to Him that they might have life? "Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance?" I do often hear such impious cavilings: but let those who make them, "judge righteous judgment." If they were to sacrifice their own interests to place temporal riches at the disposal of some famishing beggars,—would it be no act of kindness because they trampled them under foot?—If a King were to command the opening of the prison doors because he had himself paid the debts of those who were hopelessly confined therein,—would his clemency be less, because the prisoners obstinately preferred to perish within its walls? No; neither is God's love the less, which led Him to give Christ for the life of the world, because men will not come to Him that they may live: on the contrary, His very foreknowledge of their universal rejection of so precious a gift,—does but render that love the more wonderful, which would not be deterred by the unworthiness of the object,—but, at a cost great beyond human thought, provided the rich banquet of the Bread of Life, to be set before an unthankful and unholy world: proving to the wondering creation, that "God willeth," or desireth, (*Compare the Greek of 1 Tim. ii. 4. with 2 Pet. iii. 9.*) "all men to be saved," for He "willeth not the death of a sinner," whose loss is, therefore, no longer chargeable upon His inflexible justice, but is attributable, only, to the perverse obstinacy of those evil beings—"every thought of whose heart is but evil continually," and the constant language of whose life, to the God of all mercy and love, is, "Depart from us, for we desire none of thy ways."

The propitiation made for the sin of the whole world, has opened a way by which every child of Adam might be saved, were not the hearts of the children of men "set in them to do evil." But this perverse nature presents an insuperable obstacle;—they *will not* and *therefore* CANNOT come unto Him who is "the Life of men:" they will not confess their *oneness in His death*, by becoming "dead indeed unto sin."—"Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life," is His declaration who has also said "No man can come to me except my Father draw him."—Man has evidences of God, and a revelation of God,—he has, too, the faculty of belief, which, if exercised upon these evidences or this revelation, would lead to Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and through whom, the Holy God of the universe may be approached as a FATHER, waiting to be gracious, and going out to welcome the repentant sinner as a restored child.

So great, so glorious, is the gift of a Saviour; so entirely demonstrative of the unbounded attribute of love in Him who "is Love:"—so exalting to the mercy and justice of the "High and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity:" and so unanswerably evidential of the true cause why any of mankind are left to perish; for upon themselves alone can their loss be now charged. Life was before them, and they chose death: the "bread of God" came down from heaven, but they would not eat thereof and live.

"Who then can be saved?"—is the question which necessarily occurs when we rightly understand the depth of man's iniquity, and learn from the records of eternal truth, that, in his natural condition, he will never exercise that faculty by which, alone, he can be led out of his polluted state of ignorance and sin.

The only just reply to this question will be found in considering the separation from the world, of those who are made *the living* among *the dead*. And having seen that *the dead* are *all mankind in their nature state*, or, "the whole world," which, as the Apostle John declares, "lieth in the Wicked-one,"—we must proceed to enquire who, and what, they are, who are described as "those that live:" and, having already seen the amazing love of God in giving Christ to die for that world which "receiveth Him not,"—look still further into a "love which passeth knowledge," and see Him giving Himself again, in the person of HIS SPIRIT, to a people "which He had afore prepared unto glory."

And who are these?—There is but one simple answer to this question, in the word of truth;—They are **THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT JESUS IS THE CHRIST**; a belief contrary to nature; and the consequence of the restoration (by sovereign grace) of that "Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus"—which sets them free from the dominion of sin and death.

This is that *limited* work of Christ, which is *salvation*; while, by the obstinate sin of the world, His universal work is but made its "condemnation." Christ died for the world and for a chosen people in the world; and, thus, bought all out of the Adam sentence: "for as by man came death, by man came also the resurrection from the dead." But He not only died, but *rose again*, for those whom the Father had given Him, to receive "the gift of Life" from His gracious hand: "for, to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living." Lord of all, then, by purchase from the grave, He dispenses His gifts "according to the good pleasure of His will" who sent Him to bring mankind up from

the dust; and whose will is, that "of all whom He has given to Christ—He should lose none," but should "*raise them up* (as well as call them forth from the grave,) at the last day." But for this purpose they must first be "prepared." *They* must be *living souls* who are raised up to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, in His presence who "is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity:" living, with the life and righteousness of God. And such are *Believers in Jesus Christ*: believers of the great truth that Jesus of Nazareth is the Anointed-one of God, to be the propitiation for the sin of the whole world. Thus runs the two-fold solemn asseveration of the holy Lamb of God—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me, *hath* everlasting life;" "*is passed* from death unto life, and shall not come into condemnation." Believers, with that faith which "worketh by love," are "*quickened*" from the dead. "God who is rich in mercy," saith the Apostle Paul to the believers in Ephesus, "for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened together with Christ." Christ, is therefore, to His chosen people, not only the "Way" through which they "might be saved," but, their actual Saviour also. "He shall be called Jesus because He shall save *His people* from their sins." Christ not only died, but rose again, and "ascended on high, leading captivity captive and gave gifts to men:" these "gifts" being the gifts and graces of His life-giving Spirit, which He imparts according to His sovereign will and pleasure, to those among the "dead in trespasses and sins" whom the Father has "appointed to receive salvation through Him." As it is written, "Thou hast received gifts in the man; (or, in the human nature;) yea, for the rebellious also; that the Lord

God might dwell among them." The death of Christ, as man, was for the world:—His resurrection, as man, for His people, or, to receive the Spirit for those whom the Father had given Him. Christ, as "the second Adam," is "the Lord *from* heaven," the great Reverser of the sentence passed upon man in "the first Adam." But He was also made "a quickening Spirit:" "for as the Father hath life in Himself; so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself." He died for all; but it is not written that He rose for all. He made an atonement for the world, so that all might turn from their wickedness and live: *but* He did not receive the Spirit for the world, that it should thereby be made to repent and be saved. Christ was not only the sacrifice for sin, by means of which the repentant sinner might be justified and accepted, but He was also "exalted a Prince and a Saviour to *give repentance unto Israel,*" even "the Israel of God." He bowed His head upon the cross and declared concerning the sacrifice which He then made of Himself for the sin of the world,—“It is finished:” as He elsewhere also says, “I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.” But when the sacrifice was made, He offered it up, also; and received the reward of an accepted offering. The “Lamb as it had been slain,” is represented in the heavens as “having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth,” or **THE SPIRIT OF GOD**, called seven (as I have shewn in ‘*Essays on Prophecy,*’) with reference to seven parts of one body which is His *church* or *called out people* from the world.

I consider this distinction in the work of Christ to be of the highest possible importance. There are thousands who believe a report concerning the gift

of a Saviour, while yet "the Arm of the Lord" is not revealed to them. There are thousands who believe that a Christ has done something for the world by which they will be benefited, who yet know not the Christ of God: for "to know Him is eternal life;" and that they have not eternal life, is evident, both to their own consciences and to the observation of all who know that they which live—live, "not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them." The *death* of Christ was not the *offering* of Christ. In the typical sacrifices the victim was *first* slain, *then* offered up by fire: so when Christ had "slain the enmity in His body," He "through the eternal Spirit, offered up Himself without spot to God," and "by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified." And, again, Who are the sanctified? Clearly they for whom Christ prayed, saying, "Sanctify them by Thy Truth; Thy Word is Truth:" (not, the world; for in that very prayer the Lord says, "I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me:") and they are thus described, "They have received Thy words, and have known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send me; I pray for them," and "for them, also, which shall believe on me through their word:" for, thus saith the Lord, "The words which I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are life."

Yes; the Spirit must be given, as well as the flesh of the Saviour, before any can be saved. But Believers of the words of Christ, *have the Spirit*; otherwise they would not believe. "No man can say (believing) that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost:" but equally is it contained in Scripture that "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God:" "and," it is said,

“if children, then heirs : heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.”

The great question concerning our individual salvation is not, therefore, Did Christ die for me? but; Did Christ, who died for the World, receive the Spirit for me? and the reply to this all important enquiry, is “*If thou believest,*” **HE DID.** If thou believest, thou mayst be shewn in a simple and blessed ordinance of a Covenant God, that you are not only “buried with Him,” but “risen with Him,” also : and, like the Ethiopian eunuch, mayst go on thy way rejoicing : for “By grace ye are saved *through faith*, and this not of yourselves ; **IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD.**” Faith is the evidence of the Spirit’s indwelling : “Hereby we know that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He has given us of His Spirit : and *we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.*” Faith is the evidence that Christ received the Spirit for us. But it is not a “dead” faith which proves this, it must be that faith which “worketh by love.” “This is His commandment : That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one-another, as He gave commandment, and he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him and He in him. And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.” “And I brethren,” saith the Apostle Paul, “when I heard of your *faith in the Lord Jesus, and love to all the saints*, cease not to give thanks for you.” Then, and then only, shall we be in the blessed state of thankfulness which becomes redeemed creatures, when we know by *faith*, that “the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,” and by *love* that “He hath given us of His Spirit.” “Verily verily I say unto you, he that believeth in me,

hath everlasting life:" and, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Jesus is not only "the second Adam," but the "Seed of Abraham," also: working out in this latter, covenant, character, a perfect obedience unto death, as well as a perfect atonement by His death. Thus it is, that He has obtained, for believers, an inheritance in "the glory which shall be revealed." Thus it is, that, "He came that they might have life and that they might have it *more abundantly*." Thus it is, that, "they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ." Thus it is, that, Believers receive "of His fulness, and *grace for grace*." Thus it is, that, "He which sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one." Thus it is, that, although rejected by a hardened world which will not have this man to reign over it, "God's righteous Servant shall justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities:" and shall be called "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." The Law is brought to the consciences of those who are awakened from Nature's death, that they may know their state of sin, and abound in their offences: for to know the law is to know also the power of sin. "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

Christ is the fulfilled law; as it is written, "Christ is the end of the law to every one that believeth." And, faith, which is the Spirit's work, is the evidence of His indwelling. The "new covenant made with the house of Israel and the house of Judah," is there-

fore, established with all in whose hearts Christ dwells by faith, as an "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure:" for, thus saith the Lord, "I will give my laws into their mind, and will write them upon their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

CANTO II. STANZA XXXVI.

"*In Persons which Design, Perform, Uphold,*"

The mysterious revelation of the ONE GOD of the holy Scriptures, in *Three Persons*, was so explained to my mind, by the following illustration, that I am prompted to insert it here, by the hope that it may be useful to others when brought to an equally anxious consideration of this all-important doctrine.

We may perceive in ourselves *three* mysterious spiritual principles, by which we exist as reasoning and acting creatures: viz.

Thought, Force, and Life:

and by them the Persons of the Godhead as revealed in the holy Scriptures, are accurately represented.

THE FATHER—designing and ordering;

THE WORD—performing and executing;

THE SPIRIT—upholding and preserving:

with such perfect *oneness* that whatever is the property of either Divine Person, is the property of the others also; and GOD is ONE: an all-wise, omnipotent, and self-existent Being.

The comfort which this view afforded me when perplexed by the Socinianism of what is called "the

Apostles' Creed," and the arrogant metaphysics of the "Nicene," and "Athanasian," (in the lurking Arianism of which, a *derived* Deity, only, is given to the Word and Holy Spirit,) is what I do heartily desire for every simple-minded believer of what is written in the only authentic revelation of the mysteries of the eternal, immortal, and invisible Jehovah.

That is the Christian creed, which is comprehended in the words, 'I believe what God has caused to be written;' and, in that, the work of creation is not taken from the Word; neither is there any mention made of a "God *of* God," or "Very God *of* very God;" nor, I may add, (to whatever belief what is termed "the Christian verity" would compel us), is it therein contained that it is necessary to regard each Person as separately or individually "God and Lord." On the contrary, the Scripture teaches us to regard the *oneness* of the Persons of the Godhead, as the very essence of Deity in each. Neither could be separately God, any more than Thought, or Force, or Life, could separately be a living, reasoning, and acting Soul. The Father performs by the Word, and lives by the Spirit: the Word designs by the Father, and lives and upholds all things by the Spirit: the Spirit designs by the Father and performs by the Word. It was for the performance of the work of redemption that "the Word became flesh," and was named THE SON: not, "before all worlds," but "in the fulness of time." "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

Such is the belief which I avow in the face of all the unscriptural "orthodoxy" of man's invention: for I

hold that only to be true belief, which has God's true word for its foundation: and, in this, the creeds to which I have alluded, are, to my judgment, greatly deficient. They evidently intend to set forth the mysteries of revelation in words which shall be more compendious and distinct than the holy Scriptures; but the consequence of a substitution of man's words for God's words must inevitably be the darkening of what is therein revealed, and the consequent substitution of man's thoughts for God's thoughts.

I regard the use of the word "Persons," when speaking of the *existence* of God without reference to His *working*, as exceedingly faulty, seeing that it can only be rightly applied to manifestations of God *in operation*; at which time the Scripture personifies what, when God is "all in all," would be more properly regarded as *PARTS of one essence*. The Hebrew word ELOHIM has no corresponding expression in English: there is no word whereby Deity can be expressed as *plural* while it is *singular*, or as *singular* while the context shews it to be *plural*; as Gen. xx. 13. which in Latin would be "Deus errare facerent"—"God THEY caused me to wander:" or Gen. xxxv. 7. where again the Hebrew verb is plural—"God THEY WERE revealed to him." Much misunderstanding arises from this deficiency of the language, which cannot be removed by either the words *Persons*, or *Trinity*, as adopted by Latin and English theologians: there is often as much of error as of truth conveyed by them. Romaine justly observes that it would have been much better if the Hebrew names of God had been given, with some short explanation, instead of the very inefficient translations in the English version of the holy Scriptures.

CANTO I. STANZA XXXVIII.

“*In return He bids thee but rejoice.*”

There are two great motives to obedience ; Fear, and Love. Fear is the ground of their obedience who see not the complete work of the Saviour : they fear lest they should come short of that obedience to which the promise of eternal life is attached. And they very reasonably fear it, for all men do offend, and come short of performing the Divine will. Thus, “Fear has torment ;” for whatever hope such persons may have, it must of necessity be subjected to doubts which do utterly make void the Apostle’s declaration that it “maketh not ashamed.”

But “perfect Love casteth out Fear.” To them who understand the words, “I will give Him as a Covenant for the people,” the work of Jesus is known to be perfect and all-sufficient ; and His indwelling, by faith, in the heart, is known to be *the fulfilled Law* within them.

They do know, therefore, that they can never come short of that obedience to which the promise of the eternal inheritance is made.

But do these latter, therefore, “make void the Law?” Nay, but they, and they only, do “establish the law:” perfectly, in their Head and Representative, even to the satisfaction of infinite holiness and justice ; and practically, in a walk and conversation influenced by the constraining love of Him who first loved them, and who died for them that henceforth they should not live unto themselves, or, *in* their sins, but unto Him who died for them that He might save them *from* their sins. He who hopes *to be* saved, may perform a selfish obedience, limited by what he judges to be ne-

cessary to his own safety. He whose hope is rested upon the knowledge that he *is* saved, will love the law of his God in its fullest extent, because it affords him the means of displaying the gratitude with which his heart is charged by the free and unmerited mercy of which he is the object. The one will *work for* salvation with the motive of a slave: the other will "*work out*" the salvation which is *his "own,"* with the feelings of a child.

Which of these two motives is inculcated by the religion of Jesus Christ, must be decided by an impartial consideration of the Scriptures of truth. But to arrive at this, it is necessary to stand free of human systems and prejudices, which are of necessity opposed to the exaltation of the Saviour by the abasement of man, as in the doctrine of the free, sovereign, and irrespective gift of that eternal life of which Jesus is the Giver; bringing salvation by His own arm, while "of the people there was none" with Him.

CANTO III. STANZA XXXVII.

*"and thence
A sinful creature's constant inference,"*

There is an evidence of the continuance in every child of Adam, of the sin which caused him to hide himself from the presence of his Creator, which it is profitable to observe wherever there is any holding back from an entire reception of the declaration that "there is none righteous, no not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." In the highest instances of physical and moral courage, this dread of Him in whom "we live and

move and have our being," is strikingly apparent whenever an occasion occurs in which evidences of His nearness and omniscience are forced upon the mind. The conviction, beyond a doubt, that "the great day of the wrath of the Lamb is come," is sufficient to account for the state of mind which will call upon the mountains and rocks, saying, "Fall on us and hide us." The man who would not exclaim in horror—"The great day of His wrath is come," must learn, previously, to say from his heart—"Even so, come Lord Jesus."

CANTO IV. STANZA VIII.

"Yet had they some whose simple virtues claim."

It appears to me to be a mistaken apprehension of the nature of man's sin to regard it as consisting in the casting away of the influence of social affections: it is represented in Scripture and to observation, as frequently extending to this; but the absence of *spiritual emotions* is "the bitter root whence bitters go;" the utter absence of love to the Creator, not to the creature, is the evidence of the broken law of Him who is emphatically declared to be LOVE. We are equally in error when we deny the existence of kindly feeling in fallen human nature, and when we attach any importance to it as a recommendation in the sight of God: the fact is that such feelings do exist, and to man they are important and valuable: but with reference to the Source of all our blessings, they can only be regarded as evidences of ingratitude and sin, seeing that the power to appreciate and to love, exists in "the natural man," while the exercise thereof is withheld from Him who has an infinite claim to it.

I have forgotten upon what authority this little tale is told, but I have narrated it as nearly as my memory permitted, as it was conveyed to me in one of the histories of the settlement of North America.

There are several parts of the poem on which I could wish for space to offer a few explanatory observations ; and there are many subjects which might be profitably enlarged upon in the prose part of this little work. But in attending to them, I should depart from its intention, which was, simply, to clothe the leading truths of the Gospel in such a form as might recommend them to some of my fellow sinners and fellow sufferers who would otherwise be careless of the blessed comfort and eternal strength which they alone can impart.

W. V.

Tor, December, 1835.



