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Blighted Pasque-Flowers;
A PLEA FOR
THE WORKROOM,

BY



An Easter Offering.

"WHY THIS ADO, AGATHA, ABOUT A PASQUE-FLOWER? THERE ARE
PLENTY MORE IN THE WOOD."—*Old Tale.*

"WOULD YOU SEE DEATH'S ANTE-CHAMBER? VISIT A LONDON
WORKROOM."—*Jurist.*

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., LONDON.

W. YAPP, OLD CAVENDISH ST.

S. M. HAUGHTON, MANOR STREET, CLAPHAM.

BLIGHTED PASQUE-FLOWERS.



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S. C. and L. E.
K

"To see the Pasque-Flower in all its beauty, stroll through some glade at Easter. There, amid sere, autumnal leaves, and springing up from their own bright green ones, myriads of silver stars will greet your eye, and return you smile for smile. They seem as if they had been waiting to hear the glorious salutation,

'He is risen,'!

ere they could venture to lift up their heads with such sparkling gladness."

Blighted Pasque-Flowers ;

A PLEA FOR

THE WORKROOM,

BY



An Easter Offering.

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., LONDON.

1858.

BAENETT,



PRINTER,

OSWESTRY.



DEDICATION.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait,
Bishop of London.

My Lord,

To whom should any effort to " Succour, help, and comfort, those in danger, necessity, and tribulation," be dedicated, but to one, who has the oversight of them in the Lord ?

To whom should any such effort on behalf of the Lambs of " the Poor of the Flock," scattered through the waste, howling wilderness of the great Metropolis be dedicated, but to the Chief Under-Shepherd and Bishop of their souls ?

That you, my Lord, have no greater joy, than to see those, for whom Christ died, rescued from the physical, as well as the spiritual thralldom of "the god of this world," is approved to all by the touching exercise of your Ministry to those, and the children of those, whom "we have always with us."

That when the Chief-Shepherd shall appear, you may receive at His hands a crown of unfading joy—a crown set and encircled with the Pearls rescued from the Deep by your fidelity and labour of love, is the prayer of

Your Lordship's devoted and humble Servants,

C.S. & M.C.S.

Easter, 1858.

L L'Embog.

The cultivation of the arts and luxuries of life has always been accompanied with burdens too grievous to be borne by those upon whom they have been imposed. This has not been the case in Pagan countries alone, but in those professedly under the influence of Christianity.

It would be easy to illustrate this fact by a reference to either ancient or modern history. Let it suffice to ask our readers to take a seat with us, for a few minutes, in a London "Workroom," where those who should call forth, in the highest degree, the sympathies of the human heart—our young, unprotected females—are crushed, as with hydraulic pressure, beneath a burden which the wretched Helots of old would not have taken up in exchange for that imposed upon them by their heathen masters.

Predial and domestic slavery is the shame and the curse of the Transatlantic World. Infidelity, Superstition, and Despotism of the greater part of Continental Christendom. Delusion and Idolatry—like a sackcloth veil—cover the face of the once glorious East; and poor Africa still sighs by

reason of bitter bondage to Satan and his agents. But what shall we say of "the land of the brave and the free,"—the land of Bibles and Churches—the land of hospitals and institutions multiform and numberless, where "the maimed, the halt, and the blind," the sick of all diseases flock to be healed—where the widow and orphan seek and find a refuge and a home!

What shall we say of the "Workrooms" where young girls, in the nineteenth century of the Era of Grace, are sacrificed by hecatombs, on the altar of fashion—where they "break down" ere they can be acclimated to the pestilent region; ere they can be hardened into chronic endurance; and from which they escape, to die, some at "home, sweet home;" some in the noble hospital; others in the ignoble workhouse; and some, not, alas! a few, in the cellar or garret, after having taken desperate refuge from the yoke of bondage in the dens of London iniquity.

And the Demon of Fashion looks on with a languid smile, and the Demon of Gold with a joyous one, at the harvest his votaries make by the human sacrifice.

But fashion is an ideal thing, and gold, by itself, is as a phantom. We cannot make these shadows responsible for the atrocities committed in their names. To attempt it, is but "beating the air." We must get at the person—the individual; at the conscience and the heart.

It is in the hope of reaching these—the latter more espe-

cially—that a few Photographs have been taken by an Artist and his Daughter in a London “Workroom,” and they are now framed and presented to the eye, that it may see for itself “the victims of gold and fashion,” and seeing, that the eye may affect the heart of the spectator, and compel that heart to pity—to sympathize—to act.

Is there to be found in any station of life, however elevated above the region of labour, an individual, so favoured, as to be able to say, “I do not recognize the likeness of any one belonging to me.?” There may be such. But remember, thou favoured one, that even thou art still a son or a daughter of *him* who “brought death into the world and all our woe, with loss of Eden,” and in whose image we all are made,—or oh! transcendent bliss! in the likeness of HIM, “the Second Adam,”—“the Lord from Heaven,” who came “to seek and to save that which was lost.” The one motive to pity and compassion is deep—the other fathomless.—Gentle Reader,

FAREWELL!

C.S. & M.C.S.

Càreg-Llwyd,

Easter, 1858.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Metrical Homily	1
A Soliloquy	4
An Appeal	7
To the Belle of the Season	10
The Season	12
Trampled Spring Flowers	14
Lucy Gray	17
Mary Anwyl	20
Eveline Guise	23
Alice M'Cree	26
The Unknown	29
Fanny Weston	31
Nannette's First Week in the Workroom.. .. .	34
Nannette's Prayer	37
Annie Wood, the Errand Child	39
Hetty Mildmay, the Household Drudge	42
Mary Kelly, the Out-door Worker	46
Matilda Murray	50

Kate M'Cleary	53
Annie Dean	56
Edith Austen..	59
Clara Mason	62
Blind Emma	65
A Hearing	68
An Illusion	71
The Minstrels' Plea	75
Works meet for Repentance	78
The Rod and Staff	81
The Guerdon	83
AN EASTER-OFFERING	87
Easter Day	89
Saved for an End	93



BLIGHTED PASQUE-FLOWERS.

A Metrical Homily.

"That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed!"

I.

"Oppressed and desolate!" O God! defend
These helpless ones, who daily cry to Thee;
For whom, each Sabbath, our requests ascend,
As, in Thy House of Prayer, we bend the knee!

B

II.

Oppressed and desolate ! and where are they ?
In foreign climes—in galleys or in chains ?
Who are those joyless ones, for whom we pray,
For whom the church breathes forth her plaintive
 strains ?

III.

Come to "*The Workroom*"—To that scene of toil,
Ye intercessors for the child of woe,
Would ye be bearers of the " wine and oil ?"
There let your springs of sympathy overflow.

IV.

The " oppressed " are there, the " desolate " indeed—
Young, feeble bondmaids crushed with early grief ;
And would ye that these bondmaids should be freed,
In mercy's bosom they should find relief ?

V,

When by " the Cross and Passion " of our Lord,
Ye did beseech " the Holy One " to hear,
Say, was your Litany a heartless word ;
Which found no favour in " Our Father's " ear ?

VI.

Come to the Workroom, ere again ye kneel
To ask the Great Redeemer of the world,
That He will loose the captive—break the steel—
The banner of His tenderness unfurled.

VII.

Then, with the heart-sigh's echo in your ear,
The weary look still fresh in memory's page,
To Him who knows and caskets every tear,
Draw nigh, and kneeling, ask Him to assuage

VIII.

The woes, which fashion and which gold entail,
Where penury is stern, on maidenhood ;
Your intercession, then, shall *well* prevail,
And you be guiltless of your sisters' blood.



A Soliloquy.

"O ! that mine eye were a fountain of tears !"

I.

Shall gentle woman have a tear
For those who fall on battle-plain,
Bend o'er the couch—bedew the bier,
And hymn the trophies of the slain ?

II.

Shall harp and organ wake the soul,
And make the bright eye brighter still ?
Shall eloquence the heart controul
And captive lead the noble will ?

III.

Shall gems of art have magic power
On those who rule with potent sway,
Who, though defenceless as the flower,
Make " hearts of oak " with smiles obey ?

IV.

And shall they have no tear for those,
Whose hearts are germane hearts to theirs ?
No sympathy for secret woes ;—
No sisterhood in lonely cares ?

V.

Has no one told them of the press,
Where life is crushed with iron hand,
To feed the raging love of dress,
Which rules with necromantic wand ?

VI.

Has no one told them how the scythe
Mows down its thousands year by year,
Of wasting things, once fair and blythe,
To home and fellowship as dear

VII.

As those, for whom they ceaseless ply
The needle, while they dare not faint ;
Scarce dare to heave a pent-up sigh,
Or whisper, even, " a complaint ?"

VIII.

Has no one told ? or has the ear
 Been deaf to pity's fond appeal ;
The heart grown ossified and sere,
 Too cold a sister's griefs to feel ?

IX.

Forbid ! avaunt ! a thought so vile !
 The heart of woman ne'er may chill,
What though it should *seem* cold awhile
 It is the heart of woman still.



An Appeal.

"O deliver me, for I am helpless and poor."

I.

Oh Lady Mary! didst thou know
The woes that from thy pleasures spring,
The tears, the bitter tears which flow,
Thou would'st not, could'st not trifle so
With that young, patient, silent thing.

II.

From early morn, till morn again
Has well nigh chased away the night,
That weary one may not complain,
But on must toil in silent pain,
That thou may'st be in splendour dight.

III.

Could'st thou but count the bosom-sighs,
Those harbingers of early death ;
Look on those downcast, sleepless eyes ;
Once hear those deep but stifled cries,
That weary, weary, long-drawn breath.

IV.

How would its lustre fade away
From that fair wreath, that robe so bright,
In which thy maidens thee array,
Smiling to see thee look so gay,
Bedecked for ball or masque to night !

V.

Oh Lady Mary ! Lady fair !
Thou hast a heart—a woman's heart,
That to a tale of weeping ne'er
Hath closed—that beats, when grief or care
Makes tears from sorrow's eye to start.

VI.

Then, Oh! by all that is divine
In woman's sympathy and love,
Take in that woman's hand of thine
Woe's balm—the Saviour's "oil and wine"
And cheer that broken-hearted Dove.



To the Belle of the Season.

" Whose glorious beauty is a fading flower."

I.

Fairest of fair ones ! newly bursting forth
In maiden beauty to the world's broad gaze,
It will not search to find thy hidden worth,
Well satisfied to see thine outward rays.

II.

All own thy beauty, and a few, perchance,
May read a something in those deep blue eyes
Beyond the love of gay parade and dance,
Beyond earth's falsehood, and her merchandise.

III.

Thou hast a soul of feeling, and thy heart
Vibrates to every chord of grief, that rolls
Upon sigh-breezes ; thou canst bear a part
In earth's glad ringing, or her muffled tolls.

IV.

Then listen to that stifled chorus-sigh,
From attics by the world and thee unseen,
Too faint for earth, it yet has reached the sky,
And God the righteous judge shall intervene.

V.

Use well thy day—beauty has power with all,
And should'st thou 'wait in life's gay busy round
To listen to a crushed one's plaintive call,
Thou would'st not wait, alone, to hear the sound.

VI.

Be careful, bright one, lest in passing through
The fields of earthly happiness and mirth,
Thy foot should crush a floweret, hid from view
By bitter winds that bowed its head to earth.



The Season.

"There the weary be at rest."

I.

MAN goeth to his labour till the eve ;
Labour is mercy's penalty on sin ;
But through the night he has a kind reprieve,
Stillness without, all still repose within.

II.

The ox is resting in his welcome shed,
The daily labour of the steed is o'er,
The swain is sleeping in his cottage-bed,
His dog is stretched beside him on the floor.

III.

The shop is closed—the warehouse and the mart,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks his cozy inn ;
The huckster snoozes in his tilted cart,
'Tis one "good-night" to toil, with all its din.

IV.

But who is that pale thing, with languid eye
Who rose ere dawn—has worked throughout the day,
Who, though the morning, with its cares is nigh,
Her weary task must not, yet, put away ?

V.

I'll tell thee, friend—a gentle, female slave ;
They call her by some term of sly disguise
Their own fair name and character to save,
And hide the secret from a stranger's eyes.

VI.

“ A helper,” “ an improver”—one they teach
To ply the needle till the heart gives way—
Britain has laws, but laws which will not reach
The wretched panders to the rich and gay.

VII.

“ We have no slaves at home, then why abroad,”
Thus sang our bard, who rivalled those of Rome,
My stranger friend—may we not change the word ?
We have no slaves abroad—why then at home ?

Trampled Spring Flowers.

"The whole creation groaneth."

I.

The Car of Juggernaut
With lazy wheels
Crushes out life—
Who counts the scroll? who feels?
Mars drives his furious steeds
Across the plain;
Soon, all forget
The number of the slain.

II.

The breath of pestilence
Bestrews the ground,

The dead, like leaves,
 Are scattered all around ;
Gaunt famine, like a fiend,
 Regales his eye
With the slow death
 Of those, he knows must die.

III.

These all, with one wide swoop,
 As in a toil,
Blend young and old—
 Death loves a lusty spoil.
But luxury is nice ;
 Commerce and art,
Her pampered steeds,
 High fed in hall and mart,

IV.

Wheel her in state along ;—
 The young, the fair,

She decimates ;
The crowd she deigns to spare ;
While round her fall in heaps,
Like withered flowers,
Those born to bloom,
To grace home's fragrant bowers.



Lucy Gray.

"He shall gather the Lambs with His arm."

I.

I knew her twenty years ago,
A little merry, laughing thing ;
Her father lived at Elphinstowe ;
His honest pride, that he might bring
His children up to bless His name,
From whom their daily mercies came.

II.

He died when Lucy was a child,
A little child of six years old ;
Or ere her feet were earth-defiled ;
Or ere she knew the world was cold ;
Cold as the ground, where William sleeps,
Where oft the widow sits and weeps.

III.

And well I knew the village school,
Where little Lucy learned to read,
And store up many a healthy rule
For days of sorrow or of need ;
For days of sorrow come apace,
When nought will do, but Jesu's grace.

IV.

And there she learned that " God is Love,"
Our Father, our eternal Friend,
That His good Spirit, from above,
On all His children He will send ;
That,—though they suffer here awhile,
Above is one unclouded smile.

V.

And well could little Lucy ply
Her needle, or in school, or cot,
And now the day is drawing nigh,
When she must change her simple lot,
No more at Elphinstowe to dwell,
Or hear the sound of village bell.

* * * * *

VI.

And they have sent her home to die—
 The workroom has its task fulfilled ;
 The hectic flush, the brilliant eye
 Tell of the myriads it hath killed ;
 The thousands of those artless things,
 Whose requiem no minstrel sings.

VII.

The village bell is tolling now,
 I heard it as I strolled along.
 * * * * *
 O God arise ! say, when wilt Thou
 Avenge the deep, the heartless wrong,
 Which sweeps from health and life away
 The sisterhood of Lucy Gray ?

VIII.

Bid Mammon loose his ruthless hold
 Of youth and innocence and joy ;
 Bid luxury refuse her gold
 For dress, that soul deluding toy ;
 Bid woman's heart for woman's wrong
 Join in the cry—" O Lord, how long ?"

Mary Annyl.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth."

I.

Where are now the Cambrian hills,
Which she climbed in days gone bye?
Where the silver mountain-rills,
Sparkling to the clear blue sky?
They are gone—and gone for aye—
Gone with Mary's summer day.

II.

No more now the heather smiles,
Or the gorse with golden flowers;
Farewell hedge-rows, fields, and styles,
Keepsakes of departed hours!
Dee and Conway flow in vain,
Ne'er to flow for her again—

III.

'Tis but two short years ago,
Since she left Bryn-Cariad's vale ;
Would you Mary's heart-ache know ?
Would you hear her simple tale ?
Come and sit beside the bed,
Ere she joins the lowly dead—

IV.

True, the nurse is watchful—kind—
True, the ward is still and clean—
Skill and medicine are combined,
Daily is the patient seen,
But no care or skill can save
Mary Anwyl from the grave.

V.

Overtasked her years and strength ;
Overworked by night and day ;
Death has brought repose at length,
Claimed the maiden, as his prey ;
Mary Anwyl's task is done ;
Mary's course was quickly run—

VI.

No green hillock marks the bed
Where the Cambrian maiden sleeps,
Not a tear was o'er her shed,
But a widowed mother weeps
Far away—yet little knows
All the tale of Mary's woes !



Éveline Guise.

"The children swoon in the streets of the city."

I.

She came of Gallic blood,
The noble and the proud ;
But oft has wanted food,
Unknown amidst the crowd.
Her father fell in war,
Her mother's heart, it broke
When from her home afar,
To widowhood she woke.

II.

The child, a lonely one,
In that small attic-room !

Scarce is her life begun,
But, it must end in gloom.
Her needle, like the glass
That sheds its ceaseless shower,
Tells how the moments pass,
As fades this early flower.

III.

The sun has long gone down ;
The moon illumines the day ;
The gay and careless town
Knows not of those who sigh
O'er work, which *must* be done
Ere such young eyes may close ;
Of heroines who shun
For duty, sweet repose.

IV.

'Tis not in battle field
The hero sleeps alone ;

The sword, the spear and shield
Tell of the warrior's groan :
But in that dreary room,
There lies a pallet bed ;
It is a hero's tomb—
Young Eveline is dead !



Alice M'Cree.

" — days that are passed."

I.

At the old farm house adown in the dell,
Where the beech trees hold their shade,
Where the stream breaks out from the deep cold well
To meet the sun in the glade.

II.

'Twas there she was born, poor Alice M'Cree,
The pride of her homestead dear,
A wilding she was full of hoyden glee,
And her voice rang loud and clear.

III.

So light was her air, a stranger might deem
Her heart was selfish and cold,
But Alice poured tears in sympathy's stream,
And welcomed the poor and old.

IV.

But a shadow fell on her happy years,
And the maiden left her home,
But nobly she stifled her bitter tears
As she thought on days to come.

V.

In a room where no sunbeams dared to play,
Where the breezes never blow,
With her wearied companions she toiled away,
Till her cheeks had lost their glow.

VI.

With a burning brow and a stinging pain,
She thought of the days gone past,
But Alice M'Cree would never complain
However her lot was cast.

VII.

She thought of the shadows the beech trees made,
She thought of the laughing brook,
She sighed when she thought how her flowers would
fade
In her secret garden nook.

VIII.

She thought how her pets had gone to decay,
Deprived of her tender care—
And she, like a flower, has faded away,
Shut out from sunlight and air.



The Unknown.

(WE CALLED HER "BESSIE.")

"Who shall have pity upon thee? who shall bemoan thee?"

I.

Dead! dead! and there's no one to weep,
Dead! dead! how it makes one's blood creep,

To think of that murdered orphan!

II.

Dead! dead! but your dresses are made,
Dead! dead! and is no one afraid

To dance in those dresses to-night?

III.

Dead! dead! but its all over now,
Cold, cold, is that once burning brow,

And by whom was the dark deed done?

IV.

Done by mothers ! tender and kind ;
Done by maidens ! who could not find

In their hearts to tread on a worm.

V.

Done by those, who call to say,
“ They want their dresses by such a day ! ”

Without giving time to do them.

VI.

Done by those, who receive the gold,
Who keep the slaves, whose eyes behold

How their weary victims suffer.

VII.

Dead ! dead ! and who shall be found
To lay the orphan under ground ?—

The parish attends to those things !

Fanny Weston.

"Let me not see the death of the child."

I.

She made the brightest damask rose
Her lily was of creamy white ;
Each flower, that in the garden grows,
Or by the way-side meekly blows,
Deceived, in Fanny's hand, the sight.

II.

The jasmine, pink, and eglantine,
Carnations of the richest hue,
How well could Fanny's taste combine
With leaf and tendril of the vine,
For Fanny was to nature true.

III.

A child, she wandered in the field :

 Haunted the woodland and the lane
Culled every flower the hedge rows yield ;
What cared the maid for aught to shield
 Her russet kirtle from the rain ?

IV.

Transplanted from her native air,

 Poor Fanny ! soon we saw her stoop
Beneath a load too great to bear ;
So young ! and with such early care
 What could the seedling do but droop ?

V.

One morn—the week before had been

 A week of toil, of sad unrest ;
Her table strewed with red and green,
Bouquets of every varied sheen
 By hand and bosom to be pressed.

VI.

That morn we found her on her bed,
White as a lily of the vale ;
We lifted up her pillowed head ;
One sob—and then—the child was dead !
What day but tells a like sad tale ?

“ He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down.”



Nannette's first week in the Workroom.

"They polluted my Sabbaths."

NANNETTE.

I.

"On Sunday you work too!"

I know you don't mean it,
And I shan't believe you
Until I have seen it.

GIRLS.

II.

"You won't?" you shall see then,
And seeing's believing
And you won't say again
That we are deceiving.

III.

At height of the season,
You see we are prest so,
Because, for some reason,
That ladies, who rest, know,

IV.

They don't give their orders
Until the last minute—
The grave has its borders,
We soon shall be in it.

NANNETTE.

V.

Oh ! jest not of the grave,
But, in earnest, tell me,
If those for whom we slave,
Will to sin compel me ?

VI.

From childhood's early days,
Since I could lisp a prayer,
I loved God's House of Praise,
And met His people there.

VII.

I'll work by day and night,
Till God my life withdraw,
But dare not deem it right,
To break His sabbath law.

GIRLS.

VIII.

Nannette, that will not do,
We all said just the same,
When fresh from home, like you,
To this great house we came.

IX.

But all our hopes are gone,
And all our vows are riven,
To death we hurry on,
Nor ask "to be forgiven."

X.

We have no time to think,
We have no time for prayer,
Thirsting for rest, we drink
The waters of despair.

Hannette's Prayer.

XI.

Great God ! and is it so ?
Can these have ventured near,
To tell their tale of woe,
And Thou refuse to hear ?

XII.

Nay, Lord, Thy name is " Love !"
And though Thy throne be high,
It is not raised above
The hearing of a sigh.

XIII.

Have pity on them Lord !
Have pity upon me !
Teach them to trust Thy word ;
Forgive their thoughts of Thee !

XIV.

Oh, Father ! hold my hand
Lest I should go astray,
And give me strength to stand
According to my day !

XV.

I know that I am weak,
I know that Thou art strong,
Oh! make me patient—meek—
Although the way be long!

XVI.

Teach me to comfort all,
Who weep beneath their load;
To raise up those that fall,
To point them to the road,

XVII.

Which leads them back to Thee,
Their God, their lasting friend,
Faithful to them, to me,
Till death in life shall end!

“Hallow ye the Sabbath-day to do no work therein.”



Annie Maod, the Errand Child.

"They have heard that I sigh,—
There is none to comfort me."

I.

'Tis Annie's weary step, I know,
Upon the workroom stair,
How she is hurried to and fro,
With none her task to share.

II.

No matter what the weather be,
Cold wind and driving rain,
The child is scarcely home, but she
Must just turn out again.

III,

On workroom errands through the day,
The weary child must go,
And when the house is prest, must stay
Up, half the night, and sew.

IV.

Poor Annie Wood ! her friends were poor—
No premium with her paid—
So she must patiently endure
What to her share is laid.

V.

Poor Annie Wood ! poor Annie Wood !
The stairs are steep and long,
She cannot trip as once she could,
Nor sing her girlish song.

VI.

Her eye has caught that fatal light,
Her cough sounds hollow now,
And in the dark still shades of night
Cold dews lie on her brow ;

VII.

Cold dews, ah yes, and burning pains,
Yet, still you hear her tread ;—
While, yet her spark of strength remains,
She earns her daily bread.

VIII.

"I shall have rest"—I heard her say
In accents firm and low—
"Jesus will call my soul away
And I will rise and go."

"Come unto ME all ye that are weary and heavy-laden,
and I will give you rest."



Petty Wildmay, the Household Grudge.

"The children fell under the wood."

I.

Her hands are hard and horny ; her nails, grewed, as
with jet ;

Poor child ! thy path is thorny ! Who thinks of little
Het ?

Her busy feet are slipshod ; her chilblained arms are
red,

Those long stairs they are well-trod, or ere she seeks
her bed.

II.

Her bed ! You must be weary, if on it you could
rest ;

The world, indeed, be dreary, if that could make you
blessed ;

Yet it is Hetty's arbour, her couch of welcome ease,
Her refuge and her harbour—[there Hetty bends her
knees.]

III.

Poor child ! It's oft past midnight, ere to her nest she
climbs ;
Poor child ! or ere 'tis day-break, the grate her hands
begrimes ;
The cheerful fire we greeted, when at the board we
met,
The smiles, when, round it seated, we owe to patient
Het.

IV.

Yet have I heard a whisper from some young thought-
less girl,
A pretty little lisper, who gave her lip a curl,
About "chapped-handed slatterns," "grewed nails,"
and "slipshod feet,"
One of those cerate patterns of tidiness complete.

V.

Dear little Hetty Mildmay! It was not always so ;
And, this thy weary child-day, it shall not end in woe !
Oh, no ! Earth's "dust and ashes," thy portion shall
not be ;
When Earth's old "Workroom" crashes, a mansion
smiles for thee.

VI.

These hands, which in thy heyday, plucked snowdrop,
pasque, and rose,
But which have now no play-day, no time for sweet
repose,
Shall weave a fragrant garland in amaranthine bowers,
When in yon nearing far-land, baptized with heavenly
showers,

VII.

In resurrection day-dawn, grave-rested, thou shalt
spring,
Like a young bounding May-fawn, and down earth's
kirtle fling.

E'en now, I read thy birthright, in those meek eyes of
 grace,
Where a mere transient earth-sight no lineament can
 trace

VIII.

Of aught, but what thou seemest, a drudging, faithful
 slave,
Yet angels, when thou dreamest, paint fields beyond
 the grave,
And in their sweetest numbers, chant melodies with
 glee,
Of Him, who never slumbers—of Him who cares for
 thee.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy hard bondage."



Mary Kelly, the Out-door Worker.

"I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages—the widow and the fatherless."*

I.

Oh Annie ! is it you, and are you come
To ask me why the work was not sent home ?
You look so pale, you must be tired I know,
Just sit awhile and rest before you go.

II.

No, thank you, Mary Kelly, I can't stay,
There is no end of work to do to-day,
I've brought three skirts, and they must all be done
To-morrow, if you can, by half past one—

* With whom does the Prophet associate the oppressor of the hireling ?
Malachi iii. 5.

III.

We did not get the order till last night ;
And really, love, if I remember right,
We have just thirty dresses there, beside
The six for Captain Reymont's lovely bride.

IV.

But Mary, dear, you look so worn and wan—
I am so hurried, that my thoughts run on,
Intent on duties which I must fulfil—
I never asked if you were well, or ill.

V.

Dear Annie Wood, I dont know what to say,
I do, indeed, feel ill enough to day,
Too ill, I fear, to do the work you brought,
But, for my mother's sake, I think I ought

VI.

To hold on still. We are so poor, you see,
And mother has no friend on earth, save me,
Her sight is gone ; thank God she cannot tell
How blank, how bare the room, in which we dwell.

VII.

We, " Out-door workers," get such scanty pay,
That we can scarcely live from day to day,
I have not been in bed since Tuesday night,
My limbs are heavy, and my head feels light.

VIII.

All this, and more, I willingly could bear,
That mother, in her age, might have a share
Of comfort, but my strength is well nigh gone,
And if I fail, Great God ! she is alone !

IX.

'Tis wrong to doubt, 'tis wrong to hold these fears,
But Annie, weakness cannot keep the tears
Which daily falling on my heart, have made
A well, whose shadows make that heart afraid.

X.

Tears long restrained only reflect our grief,
But, when the flood-gate breaks, we find relief,
And Annie, I feel better, stronger now,
The weight has left my heart, the pain my brow—

XI.

Dear Mary, I am glad, and let us try
To feel in all our sorrows, God is nigh,
He is our helper, He our only stay,
He calls us home ; then faint not by the way !

“ Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields,
which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth : and the cries of them which have
reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabbath.”



Matilda Murray.

"The Father hath not left me alone."

I.

She never uttered a complaint,
But in her Father's ear ;
Though oft we saw Matilda faint,
As morn was drawing near,
When, in a languid, whispered tone,
She pleaded to "be left alone."

II.

And why alone ? That she might lean
Her head upon His breast,
Who knows what youthful sorrows mean,
Where only there is rest ;
That she might there a moment weep,
Or ere her eyelids welcomed sleep.

III.

We loved Matilda—Who but those,
Whose hearts are indurate,
Can senseless be to early woes,
To such a cheerless fate
As that, which frowns upon the maid
Whose fortunes are alas! decayed.

IV.

The peasant girl can laugh and sing,
She rises with the lark ;
And she may down her kirtle fling,
Or ere the sky grows dark ;
Nor has the teacher's hand refined
Too nicely the young rustic mind.

V.

Not so with those, whom gentle hands
Have nurtured for the strife ;
That battle-field where Want commands,
A battle waged—for life—
By those, whose tender, fragile forms
Soon droop beneath o'erwhelming storms.

VI.

Matilda smiled when first she came ;
That smile soon wore away ;
Yet still Matilda was the same
To that remembered day,
When, standing round the bed of death,
We heard the last—the parting breath.

VII.

We never heard the lamb complain,
Though oft we saw a tear ;
And well we knew that inward pain
Foretold that death was near ;
And, as she pale and paler grew,
She showed her faith was firm and true.

VIII.

Her needle would not fly so fast
As on the day she came ;
But then, she laboured till the last,
Her courage was the same ;
She ne'er complained—but tears will fall—
We dropped them on Matilda's pall !

“Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh.”

Kate M'Cleary.

"The joy of our heart is ceased,
Our dance is turned into mourning."

I.

Do you know the sweet breath of the morn ?
Do you know the first trill of the thrush ;
The dew-drops that hang on the thorn ;
The music of waters that rush
O'er the pebbles, and leap down the rocks with a bound,
As Dame Nature seems waiting to echo the sound ?

II.

Did you know Kate M'Cleary, before
She left her dear home in Kildare ?
Did you ere see the smile that she wore,
When she breathed her own pure native air,
Or ever the workroom had stifled her mirth,
And marked her as one that had wept from her birth ?

III.

Poor Kate ! what a mildew has checked
Thy young joy—as that blight in the spring
Swept over the orchard and wrecked
My hopes, when just pluming the wing,
I gazed on my blossoms with promise replete ;
Oh, why did they open, to die at my feet ?

IV.

Poor Kate ! thy spring season is o'er,
Thy carol will no more be heard ;
The blight-worm is gnawing the core ;
Death's arrow hath brought down the bird.
Yet thy place is not vacant, another hath come
To fill up the gap in that pestilent room.

V.

The soldier that storms the redoubt,
Takes the place of his comrade who fell ;
Young maidens, with courage as stout,
Press on at the toll of the bell,
Which tells that another—another is laid
In the chamber where Kate has to-day been conveyed.

VI.

What meaneth "the pomp of the world?"

Say what do "its vanities" mean?

I asked that sweet beauty, who curled

Her lip, as she whispered of "spleen"—

Nay, frown not, Christina—"Tis mercy that pleads

For those whom gold's tariff but prices as weeds.

"They chant to the sound of the viol—but they are not grieved for
the affliction of Joseph."

But—"Joy cometh in the morning."



Annie Dean.

"O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth."

I.

It was, indeed, a gloomy day
When Annie left the dear old place,
Where she had often led the way
With children to "the throne of grace,"
For Annie loved "the house of prayer,"
And children loved to meet her there.

II.

The village was her little globe ;
The parsonage her happy home ;
Her father's surplice was a robe
More costly than the alb of Rome ;
St. Peter's dome, it might not vie
With that old tower at Esterley !

III.

But what could Annie's father do
With eight young children at his board ?
'Tis true their wants were small and few ;
But what could eighty pounds afford
For food and clothing ? Still, they came,
As daily asked in Jesus' name.

IV.

And Harry must be sent away !
But schooling costs such mighty sums !
And Annie undertakes to pay ;
She knows she *can*, when Christmas comes,
Poor girl ! She little knows how scant
The wages of the " Sons of Want !"

V.

And Christmas comes—it comes to all,
The rich who welcome it with gold ;
Comes to the poor—the great and small ;
Comes to the youthful and the old—
And Christmas came to Annie Dean,
A noble maiden of sixteen.

VI.

But Christmas will not come again ;
The seeds of death are sown and shoot,—
In that close room she finds the bane
Of health and life—death's poison-root—
Brings home her little all—her store,
But Annie Dean will earn no more.

" So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned, and it was about an ephah of barley, and she gave it to her mother-in-law."



Edith Austen.

"Strengthen the weak hands—confirm the feeble knees."

I.

'Tis long since passed the midnight hour ;
The tissued dress is put away ;
Finished the last rosette and flower :
And Edith kneels her down to pray,
As she was wont, from earliest years,
To One, who saw her secret tears.

II.

To One, who knows the flesh is weak,
Too weak for service at the best,
The "bruised reed" who will not break ;
The One who gives the weary rest ;
And Edith, like those three of yore,
Sleeps kneeling on her chamber floor.

III.

Poor girl ! Thy Father knows it all ;
Thy wearied frame, thy languid eye ;
He heard thee on " Our Father " call ;
He heard thee from the throne on high ;
Then " sleep on now and take thy rest,"
In darkness, kneeling and undressed.

IV.

The morn shall find thee waiting still ;
God give thee strength to bear thy load,
While, panting up life's rugged hill,
With none to soothe thee on the road !
" A little while " and thou shalt rest
On Jesus' faithful, loving breast.

V.

The fashion of this flaunting world
Shall pass away with all its toys ;
As yonder cloud we see unfurled,
As bubbles are its empty joys ;
But those shall reap who sow in tears,
" When Christ, who is their life, appears."

VI.

Then, what though weary and oppressed,

Hold on thy way, nor doubt the love
Of Him, who toiled to give thee rest,

Not here, perhaps, but soon, above,
When laid aside these robes of night
For those of pure angelic light.

"She weeps ; and her tears are on her cheeks."—

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."



Clara Mason.

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages."

I.

Oh Clara ! pause, or ere you take
That deadly, soul-destroying leap !
Dear Clara, pause, for mercy's sake,
Or ere you plunge into the deep,
That deep abyss—that gulf of sighs ;
One plunge—then—never more to rise.

II.

O listen not to that arch foe
Who talks of pity and of love ;
Swears he admires—adores thee so ;
And calls to witness God above ;
O trust not to his vows—arise !
'Tis but the Tempter in disguise.

III

That Tempter, who would murder thee,
Thy body here—thy soul for aye ;
The Miscreant, who, now bends the knee,
Is but his tool to lead the way
Through sin to sorrow and despair—
Oh Clara ! of his guile beware !

IV.

He knows how hard thy daily toil ;
How weak thy frame—how sad thine heart ;
And as he pities, winds the coil
Around thee with the fowler's art ;
He pity thee ! who ever heard
Of fowler's pity for a bird ?

V.

Look at that smile, now laid aside,
Worn by the wretch a little while ;
I hear him now thy shame deride,
Thy fondness—with a heartless smile—
Thy turn will come to plead—then see
What was the Miscreant's love for thee ?

VI.

Oh Clara ! bear awhile thy lot ;
 'Tis hard, we know, but do not fear ;
Thou art not by thy friends forgot ;
 For thee they shed a secret tear ;
God give thee, Clara, daily strength !
He will arise to save at length.

VII.

Join with us, Clara, as we plead
 For thee, for those, who with thee share
Thy cruel lot, that Lucre's greed
 May no more crush the young and fair ;
That rank and beauty—wealth and power
May join to guard toil's lowly flower.

VIII.

And we, their minstrels, as we may,
 Will take the harp and strike its chords ;
Will brace and tune them day by day,
 As God His aid and grace affords.
'Tis in His cause, whose name we own,
We strike the chords—in His alone.

“ They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.”
“ A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted with it—and a flattering
 mouth worketh ruin.”

Blind Emma.

"The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."

I.

What is "The Union" for, I ask, if not for such as
they?

I paid her mistress for my dress, and paid her to the
day,

You surely do not cast the blame on me, that she is
blind,

Such imputations are unjust, untruthful, and unkind.

II.

No, Theodora, not on you—no, not on you, alone ;
To charge you as the (only) cause would be unjust, I
own,

F

But surely you are one amongst the gay and thought-
less throng,
Whose vanity and love of dress have done this fearful
wrong.

III.

You knew the message that you sent to Madame
Esterlaide,
Must be like royalty's behest,—your will must be
obeyed.
You knew some poor, pale, hard-wrought thing, must
sit up till the dawn,
Till the sun's rays had sipped the dew upon your
father's lawn.

IV.

Yet, Theodora, lovely maid, it was not you, alone,
Whose thoughtless vanity has turned poor Emma's
eyes to stone,
◆ Poor girl! they once were blue as thine, and sparkled
to the light,
They beamed with love and hope, but now, are quenched
in joyless night.

V.

Oh breathe not of "The Union" for a maiden once
like thee ;

But oh, and if she must be sent, thank God she doth
not see.

She will not see the prison yard, the cold, bare, white-
washed wall,

She will not see the measured dole in that long, dreary
hall.

VI.

She will not see the "Pauper's" bed, the "Pauper's"
wretched grave,

Oh Theodora ! gentle one ! put out thine hand to save,
To save a martyr to the cry for fashion's greed of
dress,

From that stern home of poverty—'tis not too late to
bless !

He that despiseth the poor mocketh his Maker."



A Hearing.

"What shall we do for our sister?"

I.

"And what can we do," did we hear you say,
As your easy carriage just rolled away
From that house which feeds the childish passion
For dress, dress, dress, with its latest fashion?

II.

Was the question asked because you would save,
Fresh victims from finding an early grave?
Or was it to still an uneasy thought,
Which conscience, unwelcome messenger, brought?

III.

Ere the words had died on your coral lip,
Were your thoughts on wing, fresh honey to sip
From the flowers of fancy and gay romance,
Which surround the path of your life's young dance?

IV.

And what will you do ? just nothing at all,
But strengthen the chain of misery's thrall ;
You'll order your dresses both light and gay,
With a quiet one just to go and pray

V.

On Sunday, for all " afflicted distressed,"
And then you will quietly take your rest,
To wake with your world of pleasure again,
Forgetting that some only wake to pain.

VI.

But oh, if you ask because you desire
To save those crushed maidens who faint and tire,
Whilst they toil and labour from hour to hour,
Till their spirits break and their tempers sour.

VII.

Till their minds are warped, and their hearts grow chill,
Till dead to all good they awake to ill,
Till they fly for rest to the tempter's arm,
Or drop in their graves where they cease from harm.

VIII.

Then give us your aid, if you own a heart,
If you hold a tear—if you feel a part
In the groans of earth, that rise, and rise,
Slowly, yet steadily, up to the skies !

"Now therefore I pray you swear unto me by the Lord that ye will shew kindness unto my father's house and give me a TRUE TOKEN—and that ye will save alive my Father, and my Mother, and my Brothers, and MY SISTERS."



An Illusion.

"The cause which I knew not I searched out."

I.

"We knew it not"—and will this plea prevail,
When on that couch of weariness you lie?
Or, when, with watching, that soft cheek is pale;
Or when—nay start not—you are called to die?
It may prevail with others—e'en with thee,
While youth and beauty heighten revelry.

II.

It may prevail beneath the courtly smile,
Or when the graceful chariot rolls along;
Its blandishment may last a little while;
As lasts the adulation of the throng;
Enough to soothe and lull thee for an hour;
But what, when the mirage has lost its power?

III.

A day will come, when harp strings cannot charm,
When park and levee call for thee in vain ;
When leaning on thine own, or friendship's arm,
They seek to stay thy fever, lull thy pain—
Or when on listless couch, or trembling knee,
The Lady Conscience will maintain her plea.

IV.

In vain "we knew it not" will then be said ;
The *truthless* plea will then be *truthless* known ;
How truthless, when the raised—unrested dead
Shall stand before the Great White Judgment
Throne,
Behold "we knew it not"—the light of day
Will drive the pleader, as the plea, away.

V.

Did ye not know ? or did ye turn aside
From that pale girl, who wrought the concert dress ?
Say, was it ignorance, or youthful pride
That closed the eye God lighted up to bless ;

That dulled the ear to sorrow's plaintive cry ;
Though she who uttered it was standing by ?

VI.

Alas ye lovely fair ones ! well ye know
The texture of that web your sisters weave ;
That warp and woof are dyed with tears of woe ;
That whilst *ye* dance and sing *they* toil and grieve ;
That while at fashion's shrine ye madly bend,
Their way to death your bond-maid sisters wend.

VII.

Oh ! deem not they begrudge the *day-light* hours—
They work with nimble hand and beaming eye,
To deck the inmates of our halcyon bowers,
Though oft a heart-ache will provoke a sigh,
That heart-ache is unknown—that sigh suppressed,
As on they work, that *beauty* may be dressed.

VIII.

Then let their minstrels string a pleading lyre ;
They ask no guerdon save a sister's smile,

With that, the fingers gladly touch the wire,
For still they know, that yet, "a little while ;"
And He shall come, whom gentle sisters loved ;
Whose love He cherished, and whose deeds approved.

"Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus."

"She hath done what she could."



The Minstrels' Plea.

"Upon an instrument of ten strings and upon the psaltery, upon the harp with solemn sound."

I.

Art thou a Christian, Lady Isabel ?

Then listen to the Christian Minstrels' lay,
Who have a tale of maiden woe to tell,
Of secret woe renewing day by day ;
Give us thine ear, fair lady, would'st thou bear
Another's burden—ease another's care !

II.

Thou hast a mission—so had He who came
To sojourn in this rude, cold world awhile ;
Thou in thy measure, here, may'st do the same
As He, who made the sorrowful to smile ;
"To heal the broken-hearted !" Did'st thou e'er
This heavenly joy with thy Redeemer share ?

III.

He sought the poor and lonely, dried the tear.
Which moistened sorrow's wan and pallid cheek,
True, 'tis not thine to stay the passing bier,
But poor and lonely ones 'tis thine to seek.
Walk in His footprints—follow where they lead,
Thine eye will rest on some young "bruised reed."

IV.

'Tis nigh thee ; go and raise its drooping head ;
'Tis nigh thee, lady, go bind up its wound,
Or ere the spirit of the crushed hath fled,
That "bruised reed" be laid beneath the ground.
Thou canst not give the widow back her stay,
But thou may'st check that maiden's heart-decay.

V.

Go to yon "Workroom," 'tis thy sister's cell,
What though no bars or fetter-locks are seen ;
Yet, oh ! that dungeon such a tale can tell,
Which beauty's heart from fashion's smile would
wean,

Would beauty's heart but muse a moment there,
And learn what makes the beautiful *so* fair.

VI.

Not gold or pearls—nor aught that Indus' loom
Can minister to fashion, taste, or art ;
Not all the weary labour of that " room "

Where life is sold, as in a Negro-mart ;
But the sweet smile which lightens up the face
Of Her who loves " The Saviour's " steps to trace.

" True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to
visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."



“Works Meet for Repentance.”

“And the people asked Him, saying, ‘what shall we do then?’”

I.

We know the wrongs, of which you sing,
Are grievous—but what can we do?
’Tis not from us they have their spring,
We see, and we deplore them too.

II.

“What can you do”? Hear what he said
To christian masters, in his day
One who in equal balance weighed
Gold, silver, stubble, wood, and hay.

III.

“Give to your servants what is just,
And what is equal in His sight,
Before Whose throne we all are dust;
Whose law is true—Whose judgment right.”

IV.

“The day of rest” is His. It’s hours
No master has the right to claim;
As well detain His genial showers,—
From Him—for all—each blessing came.

V.

Six days of labour He enjoins;
What power have we to add the night?
The servant who your gold purloins,
Defrauds the owner of his right.

VI.

And masters who purloin the time
The Maker gave for soft repose,
Whose servants labour till the prime
Of coming day, The Master knows.

VII.

The Master knows and will repay
Such robbery, such cruel wrong,
In that on-coming, fearful day,
Which hastes, although it tarry long.

VIII.

Give to your servants what is just,
And what is equal in His sight ;
Your gold His curse can turn to rust
If ye defraud them of their right.

IX.

'Tis all we ask for those whose cause
Your humble minstrel-harpers plead—
An equal balance—righteous laws—
Our task is o'er—your conscience freed.

"That thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou."



The "Rod and Staff."

"What wilt Thou have me to do."

I.

And what shall *we* do to repay
Our minstrels for their friendly song?
We would be guided—shew the way,
Though steep and painful—rude and long.

II.

'Tis neither painful, rude, nor steep,
It is "The way of Holiness"—
In which, the Pastor leads His sheep;
Walk in it—He will tend and bless.

III.

Be true to Him—His word—His cause;
Be true to others for His sake;
Look not for theirs, but His applause;
Direct from Him your guerdon take.

IV.

Be diligent—respectful—kind ;
Be truthful—modest, and sincere ;
To others' faults “ (a little) blind ”—
To all your own alive—severe.

V.

Remember Him who came to tend,
A girded Levite here below,
On kindred—neighbour—foe and friend,
And smiled, though oft in tearful woe.

VI.

Then love and serve for sake of One,
Who loved and served—a servant here ;
This do—and now our task is done,
Farewell—till He our life appear !



The Guerdon.

"She hath done what she could."

LADY.

And would you have us put aside
All tasteful dress, and call it "pride"
To wear the product of the loom,
Made up in that industrious room?

MINSTRELS.

No, Lady Clare! Our humble page
No war with taste or art would wage;
Nor would we see your loveliness
Despise the aid of courtly dress.

LADY.

Then why thus bid our tears to flow,
By minstrel tales of maiden woe ?
Some bitter-sweet—some sad alloy
Must mix with labour as with joy.

MINSTRELS.

True, Lady Clare, but this, we ask,
Oh ! do not add to labour's task,
By want of thoughtful sympathy,
One needless pang—one needless sigh !

LADY.

Say in a word, what should we do
To satisfy your friends and you ?
Your aim we know—now shew the way—
And take our fiat as you pay.

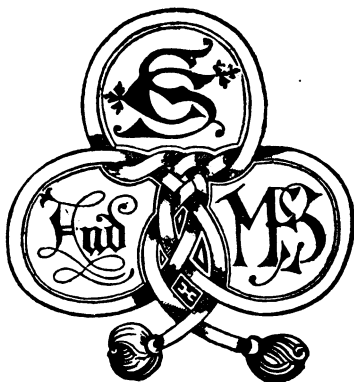
MINSTRELS.

Thanks, Lady Clare, for such a grace !

Ten thousand ills it will efface—

“ Say in a word ! ” Your Minstrels’ rhyme

Is done—Your Orders send in time.



AN EASTER-OFFERING.

There are different avenues to the temple of the human heart, and that temple has various chambers ; but the only key to the " inner shrine " is the love of God, as revealed in the person of Jesus. This love is the master-key which passes the lock-wards of every other chamber.

Would we see the concentration of the rays of divine love, we must muse on the scenes of the last week in the recorded history of " the Man of Sorrows."

" Passion-week " must not be an unmeaning word, or one which familiarity has robbed of its spirit, nor can its meaning be learned, or its spirit entered into, but in the serenity of holy contemplation.

Shallows are soon ruffled and soon calmed. The heart has its surface-waters, which a passing tale, whether of real or imaginary woe, can easily agitate, without disturbance to the love either of ease or pleasure ; but it has also a deep well-spring, which no line may fathom, but that golden one, which is let down from above, and when once the love of God, as revealed in the sufferings of Jesus, is shed abroad in the human heart, it is out of the power of the world, with all the

aid of its "poms and vanities," to avert the eye from the tear, to close the ear to the sob of human anguish.

"Sympathy is the soul of love." If there is no sympathy with the sorrows of Jesus, "The Brother born for adversity," there will be none with those of the family whose sorrows He came to partake, which will bear the test of self-love, when the sigh of the mourner has died away in the distance, or been lost in the music of the world's minstrelsy.

But, if the heart's guest-chamber has lodged the heavenly stranger. If the consciously-forgiven one's alabaster-box has been broken that its spikenard might distil on the pilgrim's tear-washed feet. If, in a word, we have sat with Jesus at His paschal board—watched with Him in the garden—stood beside His cross of shame and agony—embalmed Him in the tomb—walked with the Risen One by the way—gazed after the Ascending One, till the clouds concealed Him from the eye of sense—we shall not turn aside from any flower, whether of the garden, the field, or the way-side, or refuse to raise it when left by indifference to wither, or if trodden down by the foot of wantonness or pride. "Am I my sister's keeper?" will never be uttered by the lip, or breathed in the heart of the follower of Jesus.

Reader, accept an "Easter-offering." If it finds favour with thee, seek out "the desolate and oppressed," that like thy Lord, thou mayest raise, solace, and cheer them!

VALE.

Easter Day.

"He shall bruise thy head,
Thou shalt bruise His heel."

I.

"I am the resurrection and the life"—

Lost child of Eva, come, and muse awhile
Apart, this glorious morn, from care and strife—

This glorious morn, which makes creation smile ;
Creation smiles, and smile indeed she may,

To welcome in this Queen of halcyon days ;
The trees are putting on their prime array,
The birds rehearsing their new chant of praise.

II.

Each Sunday morning through the live-long year,
Of Resurrection-Life in whispers tells,
And sweet reminders greet the waking ear
From turret, spire, and tuneful village bells.

But Easter Sunday is "the Queen of Days,"

A casket-jewel prized above the rest ;

See how it sparkles to the orient rays,

And lures and woos the sinner to be blest.

III.

Saved child of Eva ! what's the grave to thee ?

It speaks of death, but death's a passing shade ;

Look in and smile, as smiles a child with glee,

When on its mother's breast its cheek is laid ;

Once it was gloomy as "the vale of death,"

A dismal cell, with iron bars secured ;

Foul vapours from its pestilential breath

Clung to the lost within its cells immured.

IV.

A Royal Pilgrim through this wilderness,

Bent on a mission from the Court above,

Foot-worn and weary, bowed with long distress,

But yearning with the tenderness of love,

Sought for a chamber where to rest His head ;
 (He had no room that he might call His own)
All Easter Eve He slept amongst the dead,
 Within the rock,—the door, a sealed stone.

V.

Till morn He slept. O ! what a day of rest !
 A white-robed angel hovered o'er the room,
Which ne'er had lodged a stranger or a guest,
 Prepared for Jesus, as His chamber-tomb.
Hail, Easter morning ! type of joys in store
 For all who die with Him Who died to save ;
Who, risen now, shall live for evermore,
 Victors with Him, Who triumphed o'er the grave.

VI.

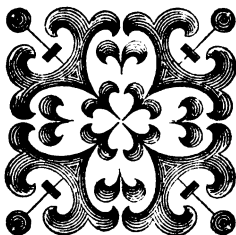
“ I am the resurrection and the life ”—
 Say, dost thou know that thy Redeemer lives ?
What, though thy joys be few, thy sorrows rife,
 Eternal joy to thee thy Saviour gives.

“They sealed the stone ;” at dawn the seal was broken ;

But who shall disannul Jehovah's word ?

The Sleeper rose—sad Eva's promised token—

“Woman, behold thy Son.” Adore thy Lord !



Saved for an End.

"Go quickly, and tell His disciples, that He is risen from the dead."

I.

Art thou content? hast thou no higher aim
Than just to gain admittance at that door;
In faintest characters to trace thy name
Amongst the list of those who die no more?

II.

Art thou content that God has set thee free
From sin's reward,—that misery beyond—
Content to sail upon life's deep, dark sea,
Unmoved by bright, calm joys, or dire despond?

III.

Dost thou not feel that thou art saved to live ?

Dost thou not know that thou art saved to save ?
Forgiven that thou mightest too forgive,
Redeemed alike for *both* sides of the grave ?

IV.

Bound to that raft, cross-shaped, so firm, so great,
It was not meant that thou should'st use thine oar
Alone to guide, to move thy selfish freight
To realms thy fancy paints on yonder shore.

V.

Saved from the wreck, reach out a saving hand ;
Thousands are sinking 'neath the waves of sin ;
Stay not thine efforts till God bids thee land,
Thy task accomplished, He will steer thee in.

VI.

Dost thou not know, that in thy diadem,
The souls which owe their heaven-sent light to thee,
Shall form, each one, a bright immortal gem,
Gracing thy brow through all eternity ?

VII.

Yet more, those gems shall bring increase of rays
To circle round the everlasting throne,
Of Him who though He sits "Ancient of Days,"
Stoops to redeem thy soul, thy service own.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as stars for ever and ever."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."



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