

VOICES

FROM

SPIRIT-LAND

THROUGH

NATHAN FRANCIS WHITE,

MEDIUM.

"In earth and heaven, sea and air,  
God's Spirit moveth—everywhere!  
And speaketh, wheresoe'er a voice  
Uplifts to sorrow or rejoice."—Schiller

[Selected Poems]

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TO THE  
FRIENDS OF TRUTH  
AND  
SPIRITUAL FREEDOM  
(WITHOUT WHICH ALL OTHER FREEDOM IS AS A SHADOW),  
THESE  
*Voices from Spirit-Land*  
IN SO FAR AS  
THE MEDIUM  
THROUGH WHOM THEY WERE UTTERED  
IS CONCERNED,  
ARE  
*Humbly Inscribed.*

## INTRODUCTION.

HOW beautiful and consoling to believe, with Coleridge, that there is a Spirit-ladder—

"That from this gross and visible world of dust,  
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,  
Builds itself up, on which the unseen powers  
Move up and down, on heavenly ministries;  
The circles in the circles, that approach  
The central sun, with ever-narrowing orbits."

Such, perchance, was the ladder Jacob saw in rapt vision; and such, to the aspiring soul, have ever pierced the skies, linking the visible with the invisible, the mortal with the immortal. Those were blessed eras in the history of humanity, when a simple and true faith opened the eyes of the pure to behold, and unloosed their tongues to converse with, the angels and ministering spirits of the Almighty, and even to hold direct communion with God himself. In all Christendom, men believe in the reality of those eras, and accept as sacred the revelation which records to us the familiar intercourse between the inhabitants of earth and the inhabitants of heaven. Nor is such belief irrational, if it be indeed true that God is alike the Creator and Father of all spirits. The sublime prayer of the accepted Son of God, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven," confirming the Old Testament by the New, teaches us that the realm of divine bliss—the true Spirit-Land—is neither here nor there, but everywhere, and that as "the pure in heart shall see God," whatever the outward condition of our being, so is heaven, the immortal Paradise, wherever in the universe a pure spirit dwells. In no revelation is it taught that communion between mortals and immortals has been, or will be, denied to the pure in spirit. Nor has any revelation taught, nor does human reason teach,

that an intercourse, once enjoyed, may not at all times and forever, be enjoyed under similar circumstances and conditions. And how much stronger is our faith in the power of communion between spirits of earth and heaven, when we are taught that the Spirit-Land is open not only to the vision of the pure and perfect, but that God and his angels have deigned to repeatedly renew their primal intercourse with the erring and imperfect? Truly the Psalmist could say of the blessed God: "If I make my bed in hell He is there;" or, "If I take the wings of the morning, and flee away, He is there"—his love is without weariness, and "His mercy endureth forever."

All revelations, or scriptures, and the ever-open and unalterable pages of nature, upon which religions, or faiths in the hereafter, are founded, teach, in some degree, a relation and intercourse between the finite and the Infinite, through the medium of spirit. This is the vital essence of the Christian's belief. Without this, his religion is as cold and unconsoling as the most skeptical philosophy that ever sacrificed upon the altar of human pride the universal instinct of humanity—a belief in a wise, paternal, and bountiful God. And every Christian equally believes that, in ages past, at least, man has walked with God upon the earth; that angels have descended to console, warn, and variously minister unto men; that living men have been translated, while yet in the flesh, to the special presence of God, and that spirits of men who have once walked the earth have been permitted to reappear unto mortals, as it were to remove the last, lingering doubt, of the intimate connection between God's Spirit-children of earth and heaven. If this were not true—if this inspiring belief were not justified, then the record of the Garden of Eden were a fable; then the pages of the prophets were a fiction; then Moses heard not and saw not God; then were not Enoch and Elijah caught up to heaven; then Jesus descended not, nor arose from the sepulcher; nor were comforting angels with Peter in prison, nor did John behold in Patmos a prophet descending from the skies.

How clear it is in the light of the accepted record of the past, *what we must believe* in regard to spiritual existence and relations, if *we believe at all*. And since not to believe—not to have some faith in this regard—is the bitterest cup of human wretchedness, believe we must. We desire felicity too keenly to deny what reason accepts as the highest necessity of our existence. Let us ask, then, since the Spiritualism of the past-interfused through all religions, and literature, and creeds,

and castes—is accepted as rational, essential, and beautiful, why a corresponding, though less pretentious, Spiritualism of the present should be rejected? Has the character of God, or the needs and character of man changed? Is the soul's longing impertinent to-day, that was tenderly responded to by its Creator one thousand or six thousand years ago? Is it less rational that an angel should comfort a Peter, or a prophet's spirit appear unto a John to-day, than that these things have occurred in other, remoter times? And if, of old, from unlettered fishermen God selected media and apostles, and fired their tongues with more than mortal eloquence and truth, may He not of even the untempered clay of our times, select vessels through which to pour the light and glory of his Spirit? Surely, if there was a *betraye*r, a *denier*, and a *doubter* among the "Twelve," and if a Magdalen was found worthier than many daughters of the Pharisees, we can not believe mankind in our own day unworthy of as close communion and as tender regard as God ever vouchsafed to man. On the contrary, as mankind progress in intelligence, and humanity is more universally developed and recognized as related to God, it is rational that the communion of God's Spirit-children with God and with one another, should become more and more intimate and universal. Therefore it is that, in the main, the Spiritualism of all times is to us acceptable and beautiful. Its "Manifestations" in the present are not dissimilar to its "Revelations" in the past. Both meet and answer the same universal need—a need that has not ceased at any time, and which can not cease while the mortal state exists.

But there are some evidences, we conceive, which should especially convince us that we are perpetually surrounded and influenced by superior powers and intelligences—in short, by the Spirit of God, of angels, and of those who, before us, have, like ourselves, walked the earth. Evidences like these were not wanting in other days; why should they be now? Let us reason this matter kindly and fairly together, for it has to do, if we are indeed germinating toward immortality, with the highest and holiest concerns of our being. Of old, men were endowed, as is recorded, with supernatural gifts of speech, with diverse tongues, with the power of healing, and to work wonders among men. That was Spiritualism in times not so remote as to be lost in myth and tradition—times historical and veritable, the spiritual records of which are accredited and venerated by the Christian world. Has the Spiritualism of our day done or claimed more! Is it, if its manifestations

correspond with the older revelations, less credible, less entitled to belief and respect! Does the mere lapse of time change principles that are, in the nature of things, fixed and eternal! We can not think so, lest we should confound both our reason and our faith. This very volume, to which we are attempting a feeble and perhaps unbecoming introduction, is to our mind, cognizant as we are of the facts concerning it, a special proof, though but one of multitudes of similar constantly developing evidences, that man, aye, very imperfect man, is made—as he ever has been, at periods—a particular instrument for the revelation of God's purposes and spirit, and the possible fraternal intercourse of all God's Spirit-children.

Here is a volume of more than two hundred pages, spoken and written in obedience to superior influences by one who, in a normal condition, possesses no such power of utterance. This volume of VOICES From Spirit-Land is, to our belief, no more the conscious product of the MEDIUM through whom its utterance is claimed to have occurred, than it is the work of some Patagonian yet unborn. Why do we believe thus! Simply because this Medium is known, and has been from his infancy, by as many and as rational and reputable witnesses, perhaps, as ever confirmed equally interesting facts; witnesses whose testimony with all the formality of the oath, could be given, if it were deemed necessary, in proof that, except as an involuntary medium, he never has displayed the slightest tendency or capacity for such utterance. It is to him as verily an unknown tongue as was ever given to prophet or apostle. He can not evoke it, nor exorcise it to silence when, by some superior power, it is evoked. It takes possession of his hand and tongue, speaking whether he will or no; and to himself, when free from its Spell, it is, more than to all who behold it, a wonder and a mystery. And yet no mystery, when the philosophy of spirit-intercourse is embraced and understood. When the poet Gray, immortal through his "Elegy," if he were not—else, was reproached in that he wrote so little, he replied, in a letter to a friend: "*I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.*" If so naturally bountifully gifted a soul as Gray's could confess so much, how much more earnestly may the Medium of this volume claim special inspiration for its utterance!

He, without one natural gift tending to poesy, and with but small conception and a meager embrace, in his normal state, of the ideas and sentiments, the scope and spirit of what has been uttered through, him, may well claim that inspiration "does not depend on one's self." He may say with Pope, though with an hundred-fold force:

*"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came!"*

It is scarcely to be expected that the materialistic critic and reader will not smile incredulously. To such, arguments and facts that do not tally with their prejudices, bigotries, and conceits are as the idle wind. But to Spiritualists—to those whose experience has enlarged their perception and quickened their faith—there is nothing of claim set up for these VOICES that is not intelligible and reasonable. It is to such that we are particularly speaking. If the Spiritualisms of mankind had been left to the judgment of those whose lives and beliefs they rebuked and opposed, they would always have been what their enemies of today would fain brand them. But, thank God, they are mightier than the scorn, and pride, and ignorance, and prejudice, and castes, and creeds of human invention.

Many who read this volume will have read the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," uttered through Thomas L. Harris—a marvelous utterance; and yet, this volume to us appears more remarkable. Mr. Harris is a natural poet, highly gifted in his normal state, and cultivated by observation, experience, and reflection. Though less mightily, his voluntary song had lifted our hearts and thrilled our spirits long ere his sublimer involuntary utterance. Our wonder, even at the loftiest utterance from such a soul, could but be less than if we heard a dumb, ungifted tongue suddenly break forth in rapturing strains, or saw a blank page suddenly bloom with truth and beauty under the involuntary motion of an undisciplined hand. Such a tongue and hand, save when influenced by some superior invisible power, has the Medium of these VOICES from the Spirit-Land—Nathan F. White. A gentle-hearted, simpleminded young man; diffident and unpretending in whatever sphere; with only the limited common-school education of a humble New England farmer's son; a daily hand-toiler since his early youth; without imagination or ideality beyond the measure of Pollock's happy man,

"Who thought the moon no bigger than his father's shield"—



Is it not indeed surprising that such a one, if the spiritual philosophy be rejected, should break forth in a voice, new and startling to himself, and with fiery tongue scourge evils, and picture characters to his observation, reading, and experience unknown! All this Mr. White has done—done in the presence of multitudes of unimpeachable witnesses—in the presence of opposers and scoffers of Spiritualism, who, nevertheless, have not had the hardihood to deny the integrity of the Medium, or dispute facts occurring under their own eyes. What renders the utterances of Mr. White still more remarkable, is the fact that their ideas and teachings were mainly opposed, in so far as Spiritualism is concerned, to his education, prejudices, and belief, and to those of his fathers before him.

Mr. White was born in the then town of Derby (now Seymour), Connecticut, November 16, 1827. Until within three years past his life has been quietly passed in that State, in the town of his birth, save a period passed, while learning the engraver's art, at New Haven. All who have known him at all intimately, from childhood to the present hour, know equally well that the utterance of poetry has been, and is, as foreign to his natural tendencies and capacities, as the prospect of his becoming the Grand Llama of Thibet. They know, also, that he has been, and is, incapable of disguise or deception. They may believe him under the influence of evil spirits, if they please; but they must *believe him under the influence of some spirit superior to his own*. For several years prior to his spiritual impressment he was a devoted member of an "Orthodox" Christian sect. And notwithstanding his normal sense and faith have been enlarged by his Spirit-intercourse, until he must needs reject the dogmas and errors of that sect, its communion has not been withdrawn from him, nor have the purity and piety of his life been questioned. Mr. White's Spirit-intercourse began, under remarkable circumstances, some three and a half years ago. Visiting with a friend, a medium, at Bridgeport Connecticut, the first manifestations he witnessed excited only his mirth and ridicule. Soon after, when in the solitude of his own room, he found himself becoming a medium of the very manifestations—rappings—he had ridiculed. He still persistently regarded them as unmeaning and mischievous. In this condition of mind he remained for a long time, becoming daily more and more developed as a medium. Even when he found himself an involuntary agent for the communication of ideas and truths, he was slow to believe it was not some delusion. About this period he removed to the

city of Troy, New York, where he has since resided, pursuing his profession of engraver, and where he has been made the medium of extraordinary incidents and revelations, among which may be numbered the utterance of these VOICES from Spirit-Land.

After six months of rapping mediumship, Mr. White was developed as a writing medium, and a year later, as a speaking medium, and is now, by turns, impressed to all these modes of communication. In so far as he has been made aware, he was first impressed by the spirit of an Indian chief—Powhattan, which spirit continues at times to impress him, particularly when other spirits fail. Under the influence of Powbatten, Mr. White has been made to speak in the presence of and with living "Red men," in the Indian tongue, and to manifest all the peculiarities of the Indian in a surprising manner. Under the influence of other spirits he has been made to speak in various languages, with all the ease and grace of persons native to them; and to write in German, or Hebrew, or Arabic, with a rapidity and perfection of chirography impossible to natural skill.

At the period of Mr. White's first impressment, he was in feeble health, afflicted with bleeding at the lungs, and other symptoms of pulmonary disease. Under Spirit-influence, his health has been completely restored, and his voice, previously weak, rendered strong and loud—as those can testify who have been startled by his "war-whoop," when thus influenced by his favorite spirit; Powhattan. Some months since, at the earnest solicitation of friends in Troy, and elsewhere, who had been witnesses of his remarkable manifestations, and desired the publication of son\* of his utterances in a volume, Mr. White visited New York, where his mediumship was subjected to the severest tests without, in the slightest degree, shaking its claims. The writer of this had, on those occasions, ample opportunity to study the natural character and powers of Mr. W., and to satisfy himself that deception was utterly impossible. We saw Mr. W. under all the forms of Impression—Rapping, Writing, and Speaking—and if the matter communicated had failed to convince us of the presence of some superior spirit, we should have been convinced by the physical phenomena presented. The slowly-growing rigidity, death-like pallor, spasmodic tremors, and icy-cold sweat gathering like "beaded dew" upon the brow of the Medium while in process of entrancement, preparatory to speaking, were what no man could counterfeit. And when the voice issued, as

it were from a body dead to outward impression and appearance, the veriest skeptic felt that this was more than mortal.

In permitting this volume to go before the public, Mr. White has Yielded to the wishes of the large circle of friends by whom he is esteemed and beloved, rather than consulted his own inclinations. He knows not by whose spirits the VOICES were dictated, and only knows that they were uttered at intervals, through his hand and tongue, often but a few lines at a trance, and sometimes to the extent of more than a hundred lines. It is evident from the subject-matter, that more than one spirit dictated; style, flow, and force of expression indicate this. The higher qualities of the various poems are their truth, clearness, earnestness, and directness. Here and there is a sting of biting sarcasm worthy of Pope or Byron, or a flash of intellect and fancy that reminds of Shelley. But the pervading spirit is force rather than brilliancy. The song breathes with a noble humanity and lofty faith. It appeals for Freedom, Justice, and Truth. It scourges cant, hypocrisy, and all uncharitableness. It fully accords with the philosophy of Spiritualism. To only three or four of the poems were titles given by the dictating spirits. The rest have been supplied according to the judgment of their editor, as also the title of the volume itself. Since the manuscripts of the poems passed into the publishers' hands, Mr. White has not seen them, nor has he seen any of the proof-sheets of the volume. He is as ignorant of book-making as the child unborn. Any defects, therefore, apart from the VOICES themselves, which stand precisely as uttered, must be charged to others than Mr. W. and his impressing-spirits.

It is not necessary to say more. VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND will be welcomed, we doubt not, in the circles and by the firesides of all Spiritualists. Let none fear that, whatever other qualities they may possess, they utter one word to contaminate—one line for evil. They are not unworthy of notice from the intellectual, while teethe humbler spirit they will bring food for reflection, and perchance light, strength, and consoling balm.

C. D. S.

## INVOCATION.

SPIRIT divine, eternal and immortal,  
By whom all things created live and move;  
Who holds't the keys that open every portal  
Of this vast universe of light and love;  
Who hast vouchsafed all things that we inherit,  
So not to chance is left a shade or tissue  
To shape our destiny—mind, body, spirit  
From being's smallest need to its immortal issue,  
Thee we invoke! O let thy love divine  
Speed the Truth, since all of truth is thine.

Spirit beneficent! if so thy ministers,  
Angels, or spirits of the freed of earth  
Alike thy servants and thy worshipers  
Have spoken aught to quicken or give birth  
Through mortal lips to Freedom, Truth, and Love;  
Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Blessedness;  
Or aught, or all that lifts the soul above  
Material things, Thou wilt their utterance bless,  
Though poor and weak the mortal tongues they borrow,  
To waken mortal joy and lessen mortal sorrow.

Spirit all-merciful! since first to being  
 Thou didst from chaos and from darkness call  
 With hand omnipotent and eye all-seeing—  
 All forms, all life, vast suns and atoms small,  
 Thou has not left one sparrow e'er to perish,  
 Nor yet one hair unnumbered e'er to fall,  
 But with all-mighty love dost keep and cherish,  
 And guide, and guard, through tender mercy, all,  
 Making the universe to glorify  
 Thee in all things—earth, heaven, sea, and sky.

Spirit all-bountiful! in other ages,  
 Thou deign'd'st to walk in mortal paradise  
 With Adam! and with prophets, seers, and sages,  
 Thy angels, down descending from the skies,  
 Since then have frequent held sweet intercourse,  
 Watching and warning, and in cell and prison  
 Holding with saints and eremites discourse;  
 Sitting in sepulchers, from whence, uprisen,  
 Thy Son, ascending, God-like, to the skies,  
 Unvail'd to man the immortal paradise.

Spirit all-mighty! not alone thy angels  
 With thee have walked along our mortal way,  
 Breathing in raptur'd ears Love's high evangel,  
 Making our night of sin and sorrow, day;  
 Thou stood'st with Moses on the holy mountain;  
 Thy angels, Peter, 'prisoned, comforted;  
 To many an ancient shrine and sacred fountain  
 The mem'ry of thy presence still is wed;  
 But more than this, man's spirit thou hast given  
 To bring us messages of Love from Heaven.

Spirit eternal! was it not thy prophet,  
And not an angel, John in Patmos saw I  
So reads the "Sacred Word." Shall doubters scoff it?  
Ay, one who erst, obedient to thy law,  
'Mong men walked forth ere called to the Elysian;  
A holy man—a saint—at death upborne  
To Heaven, from whence, in glory, to John's vision  
He came, of all his mortal image shorn.  
And if one earth-born soul, through death immortal,  
Descend, may not another pass Heaven's portal?

Spirit adorable! thy love surpasses  
All thought, all wish, all prayer of feeble man.  
In all time's cycles not a moment passes  
But thou dost all thy vast creation scan.  
Thou watchest, guidest, givest life and motion  
Temp'ring the pulses of the universe;  
Alike In smallest mote, star, tempest, ocean,  
Each voiced thy praise and glory to rehearse;  
But most of all, thy love to man is shown,  
For in Thine image made is man alone.

O Spirit, who didst bear in chariot, burning,  
The rapt Elijah up from earth to heaven,  
While yet with mortal eye and sense discerning  
The glorious convoy to his spirit given;  
Who caught up Enoch ere death's hand had stricken  
The cords that bound him to mortality;  
Thou canst our mortal to immortal quicken;  
Thou canst from sin and bondage make us free  
To Thee, in faith and trust, we look, adoring,  
Upon thine altars all our incense pouring.

## INVOCATION.

O Spirit infinite! do thou guide—guard us,  
By thy dear messengers of love and grace;  
Thou art our God! forever turn toward us  
The light and glory of thy Father-face;  
Speak, by thy spirits, to our souls and through us,  
As thou hast spoken to the saints of old;  
In truth and all things beautiful renew us;  
.Purge us from dross and make us as fine gold  
Unto our spirits be thy Spirit given,  
To lead on earth and bear us up to heaven!

C. D. S.

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## SPIRIT-VOICES.

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### AMERICAN FREEDOM.

AMERICA, called Freedom's land, well roam,  
Leaving awhile our bright, celestial home,  
Throughout thy growing cities' crowded streets;  
Nor e'er forget thy villages' calm retreats,  
Where rugged plowmen till the fruitful lands,  
That willing yield unto their toil worn hands  
The bread that drives grim famine from your door,  
And cheers the hearts of Europe's starving poor.  
Across thy favored hills we'll take our way,  
From, Eastern shores to calm Pacific's bay;  
Where throng the rich, the poor, the young, the old,  
In eager search—for what? for paltry gold!  
Where busy cities, with a sudden birth,  
Shoot up, like fairy castles, from the earth;  
Reminding us of tales in childhood learned,  
Of forests in a night to cities turned;

Of sinking sun that on a desert glowed,  
Then rose again and countless armies showed.  
Back turning then, we'll seek thy Southern shore,  
Where summers' sun seems smiling evermore;  
Where luscious fruits are heaping on the ground,  
And plenty's smile is beaming bright around;  
Where all seems joy, till, winding through the vale,  
Is heard the stifled, heart-despairing wail  
Of Afric's sons, who groan beneath the toil  
Oppression claims on Freedom's vaunted soil.  
Through palace rich, through cottage of the low,  
With fleeting spirit-step we'll noiseless go;  
Through halls of learning wend our quiet way,  
And temples, where the rich can kneel to pray,  
Nor fear, beneath the tow'ring dome safe pewed,  
To soil their splendors in the contact rude;  
And sisters, brothers, bearing humble name,  
Attention from us for awhile shall claim;  
Till all combined and mingled into one,

From Maine's bleak hills to Texas' southern sun,  
From California's gold-besprinkled shore,  
To where Atlantic's billows endless roar,  
A changeful tale of joy and sorrow tells:  
And ye may judge how much of Freedom dwells  
Within the land, which, though beyond the rest,  
Is still with God-like Liberty unblest.  
Commence we where the Pilgrim Fathers stood,  
And to their guide across the foaming flood,

With hearts united bowed in humble prayer,  
And praise that, with a kind paternal care,  
From persecution's hand he'd set them free  
Safe guided them across the stormy sea,

To where hope smiling on the Western strand,  
Welcomed their coming with extended hand  
To where, from shackles free, the mind might soar,  
And realms of glorious thought unchecked explore,  
Nor fear, that knowledge gained, to freely speak

To minds inquiring truths for which they seek.  
But were they free as this? or do I tell  
What would have been but for the slavish spell

Dark superstition throws across the mind,  
And bigotry's strong chains assist to bind?  
Do I but tell what might have been, had they,

Who harbored first in Plymouth's welcome bay,  
But finished what they bad so well begun;  
Followed the path marked out by Reason's sun,  
Wide scattered every fragment of the chain

That would not let them soar above, the plain  
O'er which their fathers moved, fearful they'd turn  
From ancient paths, progressive truths to learn?  
Did they then break the chains that long had bound  
Them, willing, abject slaves unto the ground,

And rise above the with'ring, dead'ning spell?  
The blood of those who dared to think, can tell  
How much the struggling, soaring mind had won,  
Who fondly dreamed that Freedom's Western sun  
[long poem, rest skipped]

## THE REUNION.

BENEATH an oak tree's ancient shade,  
Two guileless children laughing played,  
    Shouting in youthful glee;  
As loud their joyful clamor rose,  
Who grief and mis'ry, want and woes,  
    Could in their future see?  
One was a boy, of noble form,  
Who seemed as master of the storm,  
    So young, and yet so bold;  
And one a girl, so dazzling fair,  
She seemed a nymph of upper air,  
As down her back her golden hair  
    In glossy ringlets rolled.

Long years have past since, filled with glee,  
Those children skipp'd beneath that tree,  
    And there, again they stand;  
Not now, as then, with careless smile,  
For one must leave that happy isle,  
For fame and fortune seek awhile  
    In some far distant land.

He strove in vain to calm her fears—  
He would return in two short years,  
    And never more would roam;  
Return with riches, honor, fame,  
Return her waiting hand to claim  
    In this his treasured home.  
Truth sits upon his noble brow,  
Then how can she distrust him now  
    In this, their parting hour?  
She does not! yet the threatening cloud  
That's gathering 'round her, like a cloud,  
    Portends a gloomy shower.

Though young, she yet hath sorrow seen,  
And thus with her it's ever been  
    When some deep grief was near,  
And now her first, her only love,  
Was bound in foreign climes to rove  
Dost wonder that she vainly strove  
    To check the falling tear?  
Time flies—he must away—farewell!  
Like gloomy sound of convent bell,  
Tolling a passing spirit's knell,  
    That parting word appears!  
And why? he'll sure return again—  
Then why that heavy, dreary pain?  
    Why all those boding fears?  
That gath'ring cloud above her hung

And would not pass away,  
That dread unto her spirit clung,  
Its, sable mantle 'round her flung  
For many a weary day.

Glad news soon came her mind to free  
He'd landed safe beyond the sea  
Farewell to all her fears  
Ah, no! though all seemed clear and bright  
To others, yet to her no light  
Through that dark cloud appears  
A letter, and another, came,  
Bringing her news of wealth and fame  
For him on distant shore  
Still to herself she'd ever say,  
Through sleepless night and weary day,  
"I ne'er shall see him more!"  
His letters breathed but hope and love  
He said for her alone he strove,  
Without her all was gloom;  
Yet ever, as these words she read,  
They seemed as coming from the dead—  
As echoes from the tomb.

Two years have nearly passed, and now  
He speaks of his return;  
That sadness still is on her brow,  
And why—she's yet to learn;

She knows his love for her is pure,  
And will throughout all time endure,

Then why that failing heart?

Now that the wished-for day is near,  
When he'll return her way to cheer,  
Why does that heavy cloud of fear  
Still threaten them to part?

But now that youth, so true, so brave,  
Is dashing o'er the sparkling wave;  
Loaded with honor, wealth, and fame,  
His love for her is still the same  
As when the pale moon heard their vows,  
Beneath that oak's wide-spreading boughs;  
He's traveled many a land I ween,  
And many a form of beauty seen,  
But none that could with her compare  
No beauty that was half so rare.

Now, musing to himself, he'd say,

While gazing On the sea,

"Why should that spirit, once so gay,

So changed, so saddened be?

Her letters all are tinged with gloom,  
As if some dark, some dreadful doom,  
Some fearful phantom of the tomb

Was ever by her side;

But soon we'll meet, no more to part,  
Then with that faithful, trusting heart,

Adown life's stream I'll glide."  
Ay! soon they'll meet to part no more—  
But not on Albion's friendly shore.

Above the deep, the foaming tides  
Yon gallant ship so nobly rides,  
Oh! who could danger fear?  
They've crossed the ocean almost o'er,  
And soon old England's rock-bound shore  
Their anxious sight will cheer;  
Once more they'll tread familiar lands—  
And now they dream that loving hands  
Are greeting them at last;  
Alas! their dreams are all in vain,  
They ne'er will see those friends again  
Till death's dark stream they've passed!  
All free from care, he's sleeping now  
The smile of hope is on his brow;  
He hears not the low, mournful wail  
Of winds, that speak the rising gale—  
The white-capp'd waves, the lightning's flash,  
The sea-bird's cry, the thunder's crash,  
He does not see nor hear.  
But many in that noble ship  
Are starting up with quiv'ring lip,  
And cheeks all blanched with fear—  
Oh! 'twas a sad, a mournful sight,  
Through all the dark, the fearful night,



Upon that wave-washed deck;  
Who shall describe the dreadful shock,  
As, high upon that hidden rock,  
    She drove a helpless wreck?  
Loud cries for help and woman's wail  
Were heard above the rising gale,  
    By those upon the beach;  
But all in vain the wish to save—  
No boat could live upon the wave,  
    That vessel's side to reach.

These cries for help are growing less,  
But still that signal of distress  
    Sounds high above the storm,  
And tells, though breakers 'round them dash,  
That shattered bark delays the crash,  
    And hearts with hope beat warm;  
They hope in vain, for never more  
They'll stand upon old England's shore,  
    And wander through each vale;  
Long, long will loved ones for them mourn,  
And watch in vain for their return—  
    Their cheeks with sorrow pale!

But, hark! what means that dreadful shriek  
    Which rises 'bove the gale?  
Could that dread rock, those breakers speak,  
    They'd tell a mournful tale—

How with one wild, one sudden dash,  
One parting groan, one fearful crash,  
    That stranded ship went down;  
How words of hope and trusting prayer,  
Mingled with ravings of despair,  
Rose high upon the wailing air,  
    Amid the tempest's frown:  
That shriek was heard upon the beach,  
    Above the ocean's roar,  
And ghastly forms they could not reach,  
    Came dashing on the shore.

The strength of that fierce gale is past,  
And morning's light is breaking fast  
    Upon the foaming wave,  
Beneath which, all the joyful band  
That gazed upon their native land,  
    Have found a watery grave;  
Oh, no! not all have sunk to rest  
Beneath the billow's foaming crest,  
    For one is on the shore;  
But he is numbered with the dead—  
The light from that dark eye has fled—  
    Yes, fled forevermore!

Was it for this he left his home,  
Through gloomy, savage wilds to roam  
    Far, far from every friend?

Of all his youthful dreams of fame,  
Of faithful love and honored name,  
    Is this to be the end?  
Is this pale, lifeless, ghastly form,  
The noble man, whose heart beat warm  
    At near approach to home?

Oh, no! he's left that useless clay,  
Through glorious worlds of endless day,  
    Eternally to roam;  
They gather 'round him on the sand,  
With sorrowing hearts and friendly hand,  
    They close his glazing eye;  
With mournful steps and words of gloom,  
They bear that stranger to the tomb,  
And wonder why this early doom—  
    Why one so young should die!  
Ah! could they look beyond this earth,  
And see that glorious angel-birth,  
    They would not question why!

The storm is raging fierce and loud  
    'Round the once happy home,  
Where sits a form in silence bowed,  
    Her brow o'er cast with gloom;  
Fiercely the lightnings 'round her flash,  
And mingling with the tempests crash,  
    Do threat'ning thunders roll;

She heeds them not, though pealing loud,  
For now a heavier, darker cloud  
    Is resting on her soul;  
Too well she knows that sorrow's near,  
    As darker grows that cloud  
As deep'ning gloom and hopeless fear,  
    Fast on her spirit crowd;  
For oft before she's felt such gloom,  
As o'er loved friends some dreadful doom  
    Was gathering to fall;  
But ne'er before did cloud so bold  
Twine round her heart in fearful fold,  
    So like a gloomy pall.

The morning sun now shining bright,  
Is bathing in a flood of light  
    That quiet, peaceful vale  
And but for trees all twisted, torn,  
No trace is left this lovely morn  
    Of the fierce evening gale;  
But for that sad, that weary heart,  
Morn's cheerful light can have no part,  
    For all is dark despair!  
Her last, faint hope forever fled,  
As burst that cloud above her head  
Ah! better far be with the dead  
    Than all her grief to bear!  
She wandered forth, in listless mood,

Beneath the shade of a deep wood;  
She heeded not that 'cross her path  
Huge limbs were strewn, as if in wrath,  
    By the fierce tempest's power;  
The ruin 'round she minded not,  
Until she came unto the spot,  
Where oft in childhood's hour she'd played  
That sacred place, the oak-tree's shade,  
    Where passed their parting hour;  
But, ah! how changed was all—how drear,  
The place so long by her held dear,  
    That heard their youthful vows  
The winds had spared that noble oak,  
But, shattered by the lightning's stroke,  
    Were its wide-spreading boughs.

Leaning against the blasted oak,  
That stricken form now feebly spoke  
    Her voice with anguish chill;  
"That threat'ning, gloomy cloud has fled,  
But well I know he's with the dead  
    His noble heart is still;  
I felt his presence in the storm,  
And, though I could not see his form,  
    I knew 'twas by my side:  
'Tis past—and now, like this brave oak,  
My mind is blasted by the stroke,  
My weary, weary heart is broke,

My hopes all scattered wide  
This lonely bower, all stripp'd and bare,  
Is a fit type of the despair  
    That's settling on my mind;  
Yon oak is shatter'd by the storm,  
But still it stands, like this frail form,  
    Exposed to each chill wind  
Though on it falls reviving rain,  
And shines the summer sun, 'tis vain—  
    It ne'er again will bloom;  
But long a useless trunk will stand,  
Like me, a cumberer of the land,  
    Fit only for the tomb."

Thus sadly spake this maiden pale,  
And wandering lonely through the vale,  
    She ever for him wept;  
Friends strove to drive away that gloom  
But though she had not heard his doom,  
Full well she knew within the tomb,  
    In death's embrace he slept  
For often now she felt him near,  
Her weary steps to guide  
And oft as for him fell the tear,  
    He seemed her grief to chide;  
But still she could not give him up,  
And oft she mourned affliction's cup  
    Such brimming draught should bear;

With mortal eyes she could not see  
The heavenly rest he'd entered, free  
    From every earthly care;  
She could not see the angel-form  
Which sprung to life in that wild storm;  
She does not see those spirits bright,  
Who gather round him in the light  
    Of that celestial day;  
That welcome song she does not hear,  
Too thrilling sweet for mortal ear;  
Those heavenly notes, that glorious light  
For earthly eyes is far too bright  
    Too bright for feeble clay;  
But could she for one moment see  
His noble form from sorrow free,  
    As, roaming through those spheres,  
He turns from viewing beauties rare,  
To guard her steps with tender care,  
    She'd banish all her fears.

Kind friends are gathering round to cheer,  
And, as time flies, they hope to hear  
    Some tidings of that crew;  
She knew their hopes were all in vain—  
That never they would hear again  
    Too well the maiden knew!  
It was a mournful sight to see  
That youthful heart, once light and free,

Fast sink into the grave;  
Sad 'twas to see each loving heart,  
That in her sorrows shared a part  
    So vainly strive to save  
As day by day her cheek grew pale,  
And that wan form told the dread tale  
    That from them she must go,  
They gazed upon her brow with grief,  
And strove, in vain, to find relief  
    From the impending woe.

Often she felt those friends were dear,  
    And fain would with them stay;  
But that loved spirit's ever near  
    To beckon her away;  
He whispers to her weary soul,  
That where those blissful waters roll,  
    She'll find eternal rest  
He bids her look beyond this earth,  
To glorious scenes of spirit-birth,  
    Where ever dwell the blest;  
She knows that he is ever by,  
Though with her feeble, mortal eye,  
    She can not see his face;  
Yet soon she feels that she shall be  
With his blest spirit roaming free,  
Then gazing, as beneath that tree,  
    New beauties she will trace.



No wonder, then, devouring death  
For her had lost its sting;  
That thoughts of her expiring breath,  
Should naught but pleasure bring;  
Nor that she looked with rapturous joy  
To the bright angel-home,  
Where death could ne'er her hopes destroy—  
Where sorrow ne'er could come;  
For she had known scarce else but grief,  
And feeling soon she'd find relief  
From all her sorrows part—  
Revived the hope within her breast,  
Not for a fleeting, earthly rest,  
But with that faithful heart;  
For earthly rest she knew was vain—  
With every pleasure mingled pain,  
Its thorny paths she'd tried  
But with those spirits roaming free,  
She knew earth's sorrows all would flee;  
How could she else than happy be,  
When by that loved one's side?

As faded fast her form away,  
And nearer, nearer drew the day,  
When with his spirit bright  
She'd meet in yon celestial place,  
They gazed upon her lovely face,  
And in those features plainly traced

The spirits' beaming light;  
Then wonder'd why that settled gloom  
The fearful impress of the tomb,  
    Which stamped her youthful face  
To those calm smiles, serene and bright,  
Peaceful as autumn's fading light,  
    So soon should give its place!  
She's greatly changed—and yet 'tis not  
That she the lost one has forgot  
    He's ever in her thought;  
But that with him she soon will be  
That soon his noble face she'll see  
    This happy change has wrought;  
And should she for one moment feel,  
Death did not o'er her senses steal  
    With sure though cautious tread,  
Deep grief would rest on that frail form,  
Again would rage the fearful storm  
    'Round her devoted head.

Her mind is fixed, not on the earth,  
But on those spheres where love has birth;  
She's through with fleeting, transient toys,  
Fast pressing on to nobler joys  
Joys to which angel minds aspire  
Where souls are warmed by wisdom's fire,  
And ever mounting higher, higher,  
    By reason's hand are led.

Now autumn, winds, with mournful sound  
Are sweeping through the vale,  
And forest leaves are scattered round,  
Like chaff before the gale;  
How sadly changed is Nature's face,  
To those who only there can trace  
The emblems of decay;  
They see not, in the parent earth,  
Those germs that, patient, wait their birth,  
Till spring's reviving day;  
But to those minds that farther look,  
That deeper read in Nature's book,  
Those trees so leafless, bare,  
Their garments worn have thrown aside,  
To be replaced by robes of pride,  
Through Nature's kindly care;  
Thus was it with that lovely form,  
As on her couch she lay;  
She heeded not the wailing storm—  
Her thought, were far away;  
She knows that soon from earth she'll go,  
And leave that feeble form below  
To mingle with the dust;  
She knows her spirit soon will wear  
A garment free from very care  
Unwav'ring is her trust;  
For now her griefs are nearly o'er,  
She's almost reached the blessed shore

Where dwells the loved and lost;  
Her little bark has faced the gale—  
Soon, soon she'll furl its peaceful sail,  
And wander through that heavenly vale,  
No longer tempest tossed.

Dear friends are gath'ring 'round her now  
With bleeding heart and saddened brow  
Each takes a long farewell;  
As the last, parting word they speak,  
And gaze their last on that wan cheek,  
Their anguish who can tell?  
For she was dear to every heart,  
And now that with her they must part  
Must yield her to the tomb  
They feel that when her voice is stilled  
In death, her place earl ne'er be filled,  
No light can cheer the gloom.

Grim death is stealing o'er her fast,  
But on her brow, until the last  
Is hovering that smile;  
For loving spirits gather near,  
And while they banish every fear,  
The dreary way beguile;  
But while they wait, those shining bands,  
Her soul to greet with welcome hands,  
She turns to those that weep,

And bids them cast aside their fears,  
For loved ones from the spirit-spheres  
    Their vigils 'round her keep;  
Then to the form that's bending low  
Above her couch, with looks of woe,  
    She whispers, "Mother, dear!  
My moments now with you are brief—  
But gaze not thus with looks of grief,  
This weary soul will find relief—  
    Then dry those falling tears;  
Long hast thou seen my inmost heart,  
And known on earth I've had no part—  
    That all was one drear waste;  
Ah! could you see these spirits near,  
Their welcome songs could you but hear,  
Soon, soon you'd cheek the gushing tear,  
    And bid my spirit haste—  
Haste! haste my grief-worn, weary soul,  
For thou hast nearly reached the goal—  
    No longer here delay!  
Spread thy glad wings and leave the form,  
And in this dark, this lowering storm,  
    My soul no longer stay!  
Hark! now I hear glad spirit-songs—  
Ah! could they but their notes prolong  
    To reach thy list'ning ears—  
Could that sweet music fill this room,  
'Twould quick the gath'ring gloom disperse

And wing your thoughts with seraph verse  
To your celestial spheres  
Where soon, from this frail body free,  
Away from earthly cares I'll flee,  
And find a rest at last;  
Then grieve no more that I must go  
Where love's eternal waters flow,  
Where love's unfading blossoms grow,  
Where never more can earthly woe  
Its shadows o'er me cast.  
You're slowly fading from my sight  
And now a soft, a heavenly light  
Is stealing through the room;  
Swallowed, as 'twere, in that bright cloud  
Your forms—but spirits 'round me crowd,  
Though not with looks of gloom;  
They come, those loved ones mourned as dead,  
They press around my dying bed,  
And wait my parting breath  
Dark clouds no longer dim my sight,  
And 'round me now beams Heaven's own light;  
My soul, can this be death?  
Ah, yes! I feel I'm almost there!  
A few brief moments more of care  
And with this earth I've done!  
One struggle with this useless clay  
And my freed soul will soar away,  
The victory will be won!

Farewell, dear friends! farewell to all,  
I must away! bright spirits call,  
    And gladly I obey;  
Dry, dry those tears—no longer weep,  
For though this spirit now must sleep,  
    'Twill wake to perfect day."

Thus passed this lovely maid away,  
And, while the sun's descending ray  
    Still lingered in the room,  
The flower that graced this earth awhile  
Was taken from its native Isle,  
    In Paradise to bloom.

She wakes—and hark! what heavenly sound  
Is that? why does her heart rebound  
    So light, so free from pain?  
She's still within that dying room—  
Why has it lost its look of gloom?  
    Has health returned again?  
Bright spirit-forms she now can see,  
And asks, "What means this mystery?"  
    They point her to that bed!  
She sees her form in death's cold sleep,  
With loving friends that o'er it weep,  
    And mourn her with the dead;  
She turns unto those spirits now  
She looks—she sees that noble brow,

That never-absent form come!  
"I come!" she cried, and sprung  
Unto his side—then 'round him flung  
Her arms, and felt, as there she clung,  
Secure from every storm.

Oh! who can tell the rapturous joy,  
The love, the bliss without alloy,  
Of her fond, trusting heart?  
They've passed through trouble, toil, and strife,  
And met in realms of endless life,  
Where sorrow has no part.  
"And have I passed the dreary shade,  
In heavenly garments, bright, arrayed  
Or do I yet but dream?  
Is this bright form to which I cling,  
But the weak brain's imagining  
Or he it truly seems?"  
He speaks, he bids her now rejoice;  
And as she hears that spirit-voice,  
Her doubts aside are cast;  
For now she knows her trials o'er,  
Unto that welcome, blissful shore  
Across death's stream she's passed.

"Welcome!" that noble spirit cried;  
"Welcome once more unto my side



Where thou shalt ever stay!  
Together will we roam these spheres,  
Through an eternity of years,  
    With naught to bar the way  
Long have I watched thy footsteps drear,  
Long strove the dismal way to cheer,  
    But now, that duty o'er,  
Each will assist the upward way,  
And in the light of endless day  
    We'll countless realms explore."  
She looks once more upon the clay  
That's now fast hast'ning to decay  
    They've dressed it for the tomb—  
But little reek the friends that weep,  
And o'er it lonely vigils keep,  
    She's still within the room—  
Ah! for one moment could that light,  
So pure, so heavenly, pierce their sight,  
    'Twould chase away the gloom!  
Now, turning from that scene of woe,  
She listens to the music low,  
    Which seems advancing near;  
Higher and higher swells the song,  
As nearer draws that angel throng  
    Till she this lay can hear  
  
"Sister, come, welcome home—  
    Free from grief and care;

Find a rest with the blest,  
In their pleasures share.

Spirits bright, with delight  
Meet thee on the shore;  
Welcome hands, from these bands,  
Greet thee evermore.

In these spheres, bitter tears  
Are no longer shed;  
Earth's dark storm, with yon form,  
Has forever fled.

One that's dear, now is near  
To instruct the way;  
With him press on to bliss,  
Here no longer stay;

By his side thou hast tried  
What was earthly joy;  
But thou'rt free now to see  
Bliss without alloy.

Sister, on; thou hast won  
Victory at last;  
Then advance, not a glance  
Backward ever cast."

Many a well-remembered face  
Amid the throng she now can trace,  
    As fast as they gather near;  
And many from that happy band  
Are pressing on with friendly hand  
    And welcome words of cheer.  
Could those fond hearts, by grief oppressed  
As on her form they gaze their last,  
    But turn their weeping eyes  
Where spirits loved, on that blessed shore  
Are greeting her, oh! never more  
    Would murmuring doubts arise;  
But now that lifeless, soulless clay  
Within its narrow tomb they lay,  
    And turn them to their home  
One long-loved form was missing there,  
And all seemed desolate and bare  
    As light would never come;  
But she they sadly mourn as dead,  
By that fond, loving spirit led,  
    Now roams the seraph sphere,  
And listens, with enraptured soul,  
To blissful songs that 'round her roll,  
    And greet her gladdened ear;  
Supported now by friendly hands,  
Guarded by loving angel bands,  
    She mounts the azure skies;  
She leaves the earth far, far behind,

And swifter than the viewless wind,  
    On seraph pinions flies;  
Higher and higher still she mounts,  
And deeper drinks from heavenly founts  
    While gazing on those scenes,  
'Till rapt and swallowed up in love  
And bliss unspeakable, above  
    Her wildest, fondest dreams;  
But, while she soars on angel wings,  
And blissful draughts from heavenly springs  
    O'erpower her soul with light,  
She'll ne'er forget the earthly home,  
Where in youth's summer hour she roamed,  
But strive to cheer the deep'ning gloom—  
    Dispel the settled night.  
She hovers 'round the friends she's left,  
Brings' comfort to the hearts bereft,  
    And lights the dreary way;  
She cheers the struggling, fainting mind  
That lingers in despair behind,  
    O'erburdened with the clay.

Thus, when her race on earth was run,  
Her life of usefulness begun,  
    Who would not hail the hour  
When called to leave the weary form  
To leave earth's cares, its gloomy storm,  
    For heaven's peaceful bower?

What on this earth was there to bind  
That pure, that heaven-exalted mind,  
    Or check her upward way?  
She was indeed a child of grief,  
Nor could her spirit find relief  
    Confined within the clay;  
Until death came, with friendly hand,  
And freed her from the hateful band  
    That held her to the earth  
She little else than sorrow knew,  
But soon her happy spirit flew  
    Where love and joy have birth;  
Encircling now that heavenly height,  
Upon the blissful, glorious sight  
    Those wond'ring spirits gaze;  
That youth so brave, that maid so fair,  
Are filling now the fragrant air  
With words of trusting, thankful prayer,  
    And notes of endless praise.

## THE BETRAYED

SADLY sighs the wailing breeze  
To the startled, rustling trees  
Whispering its mournful tale  
To the wild-flowers of the vale  
Sobbing to the rippled stream,  
Till its ever-shifting gleam  
Vanishes, as 'neath a cloud—  
Till the gentle wild-flower, bowed  
To the earth, in silence weeps;  
While the tender vine that creeps,  
Joining tendrils with the leaves  
Of the forest monarch, grieves  
That the wind such saddened tale  
Truthful whispers through the vale.

Thus the, wind its story told—  
Sweeping playful through the wold,  
Sporting now with withered leaf,  
Now with imitative grief—  
Shrieking through the gnarled root,  
At the aged oak-tree's foot;

Darting now o'er sunny glade,  
Kissing cheek of willing maid,  
Seeking then the merry rill,  
Leaping down the shaded hill,  
Bathing in its darkest pool  
Over-heated breath to cool.

In a gloomy, caverned glen,  
Where man's foot had hardly been,  
Paused I for a moment, where,  
With a look of fixed despair,  
By a limpid spring reclined,  
Wildly talking to the wind,  
Fairest maid of earthly mold;  
'Pale her cheek, and deathly cold  
Was each water-dripping hand,  
With which she the pebbled sand,  
From that ever-bubbling spring  
Hastened by her side to bring.  
Then she'd spread each raven lock  
On the mossy cushioned rock,  
Laughing, as each tangled tress  
She entwined with water-cress,  
Dripping from that lonely brook;  
Then with wild, inquiring look  
Down the tangled glen she'd gaze,  
While her feeble voice she'd raise  
To a wild, unearthly strain,

Half of pleasure, half of pain  
Now a Joyous, happy note  
Issued from her trembling throat,  
Changing to a fiercer sound,  
Waking dismal echoes 'round,  
Sinking to such plaintive trill  
That the merry, whirling rill  
Lingered in a shady nook,  
Wond'ring, till it saw the look  
That despair will ever trace,  
Unmistaken, on her face;  
Kissing kindly, then, the hand  
Which she buried 'neath its sand,  
Sadly silent on it swept,  
And the maiden's sorrows wept;  
Wept, while it this changing lay  
Heard upon its bounding way.

"'Neath a wild-wood's cooling shade,  
Where our happy vows were made,  
    Wander I so cheerily;  
In the over-arching trees,  
Joining with the whisp'ring breeze,  
    Birds are singing merrily;

Yet he lingers, lingers still,  
While adown the distant hill  
    Creep the shadows steadily;



Once I could not breathe his name,  
But my own, returning, came  
    From his lips so readily;

Downward creeps the cruel shade,  
Stretches o'er the open glade,  
    Creeping, oh! so drearily;  
Still I, watching, wait to greet,  
Listen for his ling'ring feet,  
    Lonely listen wearily.

Still he comes not; is it so—  
Must I disappointed go,  
    Roaming, roaming wearily?  
Has he then forgot the vow—  
Whispered as it seems but now,  
    While the birds sang cheerily?

Peace, my struggling heart, be still;  
    Peace, each throbbing vein;  
Wait; the shadows on the hill  
    Bid you wait again:  
Wait; thy weary watching's done—  
Ended with the sinking sun.

Said he not he'd meet me here,  
    Ere the shadows fell?  
But 'twas in the fading year

When he bid farewell;  
Weary weeks have passed since then—  
Will he never come again?

They have cursed me for my shame  
Since we parted last,  
And upon my wretched name  
Shadows have been cast;  
Even now they dark'ning fall  
O'er my heart like, gloomy pall.

Only curses greet my ear  
When I seek my home,  
Look of scorn for pity's tear  
Friendless thus I roam;  
Peace, my whirling brain, be still,  
Night is creeping down the hill.

Night is creeping, while I, weeping,  
List his step in vain;  
Fancies frightful, then delightful,  
Dart across my brain;  
Oh, my weary, weary head,  
Would 'twas resting with the dead

Singing thus, the drooping maid  
Gathered up each dripping braid,

While her tears kept mournful time  
To the crush'd heart's wailing rhyme  
Then she changed that song of grief—  
In her hair twined faded wreath,  
Laughed to see the gloomy shade  
Stealing o'er the forest glade;;  
Down the glen gave parting look,  
Whisper'd to the list'ning brook,  
Bidding it a sad good-night,  
Promising, when morning light  
Took its first, its early rest  
On the tiny billow's breast,  
,She would haste that light to greet  
Haste the absent one to meet;  
Ling'ring then, she left the place,  
And with feeble, trembling pace,  
Refuge from the night-mist chill,  
Rolling down the darkening hill,  
Sought beneath some roof to find  
Silent, following behind,  
Heard I curses, deep and loud,  
Greet her soul with sorrow bowed;  
Saw I then the Christian spurn  
To the night air, helpless, turn  
With reproach her tender frame  
Then unto her, softly, came,  
As she faint, despairing stood,  
From the borders of the wood,

Music sweet of dancing wave,  
From a stream whose ripples lave  
Many a drooping forest leaf;  
First, they seemed like wail of grief,  
Echoes of her own soft cry  
Then they floated gently by  
With a soothing, magic strain,  
Whisp'ring to her grief-crazed brain  
That her troubled, aching breast  
Might in their embrace find rest.

Then I saw the sudden start,  
As, within her wretched heart,  
Strongest principle of life  
With that syren song bad strife.  
To the first inclining fast  
Was she, when a Christian passed;  
Scornful scanned her hollow face,  
Then increased his pious, pace,  
Sneering words upon his tongue  
Then the dark waves louder sung  
That, beneath their sparkling tide,  
From that look of holy pride  
Giving to her bleeding heart  
Keener pain than venom'd dart  
She might sleep, nor heartless jeer,  
Mocking laugh, or curses hear;  
Yielding to that magic spell,

Sought she then the forest dell  
Still I followed on the bank,  
Water-flowers and rushes rank  
Bowed their heads beneath her feet  
A decaying trunk her seat  
Made she, till each braided tress,  
Loosened, did its mate caress  
Singing mournfully the while,  
With a saddened, wand'ring smile  
Gazed she on each flowing lock;  
Lightly scaled a frowning rock  
'Round which waters wildly swept;  
Changing then her mood, she wept;  
And each droop'd, mist-dripping leaf  
Joined the maiden's lonely grief,  
While the never-ceasing spray,  
Trickling down its channeled way,  
From the mossy granite fell  
With fresh speed, as pity's spell  
Softened e'en its hardened bed,  
Till it mournful tear-drops shed.

'Cross her fevered brow I swept,  
And, as scalding tears she wept,  
Brushed them from each drooping lid,  
Whispered her that death was hid  
'Neath the silver-crested wave;  
But in vain I strove to save

From that doom the, maiden fair;  
Words of mine, like idle air,  
Pass'd her ears unheeded by;  
With one wild, despairing cry  
From the spray-wet cliff she sprung,  
While the dark waves upward flung—  
To the maiden's coming greet—  
Their chill arms her form to meet  
Then I saw them madly whirl  
Onward with the struggling girl  
Saw one fierce convulsive grasp,  
Heard one smothered, gurgling gasp  
Followed by a feeble mean,  
Then was with the wave, alone.

Hushed the tale, and onward sped,  
As the scene renewed it fled,  
The sad wind; while trailing vine,  
Lily pale and eglantine,  
Joined each trembling moistened leaf  
In a mingled wail of grief  
At the maiden's mournful fate  
Wond'ring why each friendly gat,  
'Gainst the one who bore the sin  
Should be closed, while safe within,  
Welcomed was the tempter vile  
Wond'ring thus, they drooped awhile,  
Till with evening dews there came

Echoes of the lost one's name  
Sounding not in saddened wail  
Shrieking not in morning gale;  
Stealing 'stead in gentle sigh,  
Such as breathes when Autumn's sky  
With unruffled beauty glows  
Such as fans the opening rose,  
'Neath the pure, unclouded moon  
Or, at sultry hour of noon  
Breathes upon the lily's leaf,  
Till its seeming weight of grief  
Is forgotten, and it rears,  
Dripping still with pearly tears,  
Its pale cheek of purest white,  
Thankful, to the offered light.  
Gently thus her name was heard,  
And, as by some magic word,  
Was each rising murmur stilled;  
And a joyous feeling thrilled  
Through each drooping leaf and flower  
Of that ancient forest bower;  
For they knew that she was there,  
Silent moving through the air.

Changed they then their sobs of woe  
To the breeze, that sadly slow  
Whispered them \*the mournful tale,  
As again it swept the vale,

Quickly told the tidings glad  
Then it changed its sighings sad,  
Paused to sweep the ling'ring tears  
Remnants left of passing fears—  
From o'erburdened stalk and limb,  
Joined a while the thankful hymn  
Raised by them, that earthly wrong  
Could alone to earth belong  
That, in the creative mind  
Justice perfect she could find  
Justice, free from base alloy;  
Justice, that would not destroy,  
But assist her wretched mind  
Rest by men denied, to find.  
Left it then the smiling bower,  
Whispered to each weeping flower  
That the morning's saddened tale  
Bowed, in sorrow, through the vale,  
Of the rest that she had found  
Then arose a joyful sound  
From each forest, hill, and dale,  
That had joined the morning's wail.



## THE SPIRIT-BORN

SILENCE, unbroken silence, reigns where late  
The ringing laugh and sportive jest were heard,  
Telling of hearts, as then, unclouded by  
The cares of rudimental life; the rich,  
Exotic plants, whose perfume loads the air,  
Till it would seem that Persia's boasted breeze  
Its rarest gifts had brought, now droop as if  
In grief; pictures, gazing upon us from  
Their draped, half-hidden frames, seem weeping 'neath  
Their painted smiles; and in its gloomy folds  
Of black, severe the cold, unfeeling glass Reflects but  
sorrow.

Why is this? why should  
Those beaming smiles be changed to bitter tears?  
Why should these rooms that late re-echoed songs  
Of joy, now silent as the grave appear  
Like some vast charnel-house, prepared for the  
Reception of the crushed and withered hopes  
Accumulated through long years of joy?  
All nature smiles without; the air is filled  
With gladsome sounds; even the rattling cart  
Seems striving in its rough, unpolished way

To time with "feathered songster, of the grove,"  
Whose little throats are warbling notes of praise,  
Till prisoned mates, finding resistance to  
The gilded wires in vain, join in the song,  
Though with a somewhat saddened trill; but here  
Those sounds are muffled, and the reviving  
Still, whose welcome beams call forth these grateful  
Songs, seeks vainly for an entrance through the  
Drooping folds, that fain would banish every  
Ray of light from these deserted rooms; or  
If, perchance, a struggling ray finds entrance  
Through some careless opening, it dimly falls,  
Tinged of a somber hue, upon the black  
Draped walls, and, by the contrast, to the scene  
Adds deeper gloom.

" Dead! dead! my child! my child!  
And hast thou gone forever from my sight?  
The light that glanced from out those beaming eyes,  
Now glazed in death, forever banished hence?  
Those little hands, so still, so icy cold,  
That ever could with their caresses cheer  
My loneliest hours, forever stilled? oh, no  
It can not be! she does but sleep! I sure  
Again shall hear that darling voice—shall feel  
Those loved caresses—the music of those  
Feet are not—they can not be—hushed to a  
Never-ending silence; we can not part!  
My child! my child! awake, and leave me not

Alone it this cold world. Alas! no voice  
Responds to mine—that stiffened tongue is mute  
The seal of death upon those precious lips  
Is placed; the music of that angel-voice  
Is hushed, and I am desolate. She's gone  
They tell me to a happy home—but where?  
Her form is still before my eyes; the curls  
Through which her smiles but yesterday burst forth,  
Like April sun from golden-tinted clouds,  
Are clustering to day upon  
This marble brow—these lips are hers, and e'en  
The smile—they ever wore when in her happy  
Tranquil mood—is resting on them; all, all  
Are hers but this dread silence; this belongs  
To death, and dooms her to the cold, damp grave.  
The grave? oh, no! I can not lay this head,  
Which hath so often pillowed on my breast,  
Within that dark abode, for winter storms  
To rage above, with no kind hand to wipe  
The gath'ring mould from this cold cheek—oh, no!  
I can not leave her there. If I could feel  
That what I love no longer dwells within  
This darling form, then I, perchance, might part  
From it with less of grief; might yield it to  
Its gloomy bed without this severing  
Of soul. But thus we can not part. Oh, death!  
Whose envious dart hath stilled that bounding pulse,  
Release her from these icy bonds till she

This awful mystery can declare. 'Tis vain!

My prayers return unanswered, and I Weep,  
Alone. My child! my child!—would I had died  
For thee, my child!"

Thus, bending o'er the cold  
Remains of her whose merry laugh so late  
Re-echoed through these gorgeous rooms, with crushed,  
Despairing heart, the mother sobbed her grief;  
The precious bud that sprang from widowed stalk,  
As if its lonely way to cheer, was nipp'd  
By envious, death-biting frost, and drooped,  
And died, ere yet its perfumed beauties scarce  
Had opened to the wooing breeze, leaving  
The parent stalk all desolate. What then  
On earth could cheer the mother's heart? the light  
Had fled that blessed her lonely hearth, she knew  
Not where; 'tis true the man of God had told  
Her to a happy clime; but then he placed  
A gulf impassable between the hearts  
That lived but in each other's presence once,  
And deemed it grief to separate e'en for  
An hour; with such a gulf between, could she  
Be happy? Judging by her own stricken  
Heart, the mother's doubts would rise until she,  
In her wand'ring agony, upbraided  
Death for the forced separation, which left  
Of hope not e'en a flitting ray to cheer  
The darkening future.

But, hark! too sweetly  
Soft to come from mortal lips, slow music  
Steals in wavy trills throughout that darkened  
Room; perhaps too pure for mortal ears to  
Catch the strains which float above that darling  
Head, and seem connected, as it were, by  
Some mysterious link to that fixed cherub  
Smile, which lingers on those icy lips so  
Pure, so colorless, that one would deem them  
Freshly chiseled by some master hand from pure  
Unsullied marble, but for that smile—which  
Mortal hand, howe'er so high it ranked in  
Art, would fail to even imitate; fresh  
Bursts of music fill the darkened air, till  
All this dreary room alive with angel  
Voices seems; but still the mourner hears them  
Not; she only thinks of her she loved as  
Dead, or, at the least, within some far-off,  
Dreamy place, with but a chance that they would  
Meet again forever. Oh, what a hope  
For stricken heart like hers—how desolate  
It seemed! could she but leave that hope, so gross,  
Material, and worthless, for the truth  
Nature would teach; would she but turn within  
Her eyes, so dim with tears; forget awhile  
The outward world and list the teachings of  
Her own unbiased soul, quick would those gloomy  
Doubts give place to brighter hopes; no longer

Would she in death a hideous monster see,  
Created for the curse of man, but hail  
It as a messenger from Heaven sent,  
To clothe with never-fading robes of joy  
And immortality the waiting soul;  
The room, whose threshold it had crossed, she would  
In gloomy folds of black no longer drape;  
But view it as the place, not where her child  
Had died, but where its little spirit, ere  
Yet 'twas stained by long abiding with the  
Flesh, had laid aside the shell which held it  
To the gross, material earth, unwilling  
Prisoner, e'en in its infancy; she  
Would not roam the distant fields of space, in  
Mournful search for that mysterious home where  
Man, in simple ignorance, had told her  
Dwelt her absent child, to turn disheartened  
From the search—as now she did—again to  
Gaze with agony renewed upon the  
Past decaying form; to mark the fearful  
Ravages of death, and in despair feel  
Stealing through her half-crazed brain the dreadful  
Thought—"this is the end of life;" within the  
Grave our hopes, our fears, our joys, our sorrows  
All are hushed. Oh, no! she'd not extend her  
Search to distant regions, nor would it be  
Thus fruitless; a gentle voice, soft as the  
Whisperings of love, would murmur to her

Yearning soul—" Mother, thy side I have not  
Left; 'tis true I've laid aside the worthless  
Robe, which late I wore, but, clothed in garments  
Of heavenly texture, now I hover near  
Thy heart, to ease it of its load of grief  
Above those cold remains no longer weep;  
With me they've naught to do; like garments soiled  
And rent, aside they're cast, something to be  
Forgotten:" thus would her sobs be stilled and  
She, perchance, in calmer mood might hear some  
Ling'ring strain of the seraphic song sung  
Now, e'en here, within this dreary room, by  
Smiling spirit-forms, her angel-child to  
Welcome, and in the pauses of those notes  
Hold converse sweet with the invisible  
But ever-present form of her that now  
She mourns as dead.

Thus might it be with all  
Who agonize—refusing comfort o'er  
The husk, the outward covering of friends,  
Ere dread decay forever forces them  
Apart—would they but in their strength arise  
And soar above the narrow dome 'neath which  
They vainly seek for light; would they but range,  
Freed from their superstitious chains, the fields  
Of nature, from her pages study, and  
Seek the truth, not from the lips of others,  
But in the never-failing streams which have

Their rise deep in the inner caverns of  
The soul, their head the germ divine planted,  
By God, in every human breast, their mouth  
The boundless universe.



## THE CRUCIFIXION.

[195]

WHO is he, yon hill ascending,  
Followed by the railing crowd?  
Low beneath a burden bending  
To the earth his form is bowed;  
Soldiers keeping guard around him  
Join the rabble in their cry  
See! in mockery they've crowned him  
'Tis some felon doomed to die.

Why are bitter tear-drops falling  
From that sinking felon's eyes,  
While with sneers his name they're calling,  
White around him curses rise!  
Now with brutal rage they strike him,  
To increase his wearied pace,  
While the ruffian crowd, to spite him,  
Spit upon his gentle face

Gentle still, through bruised and weary,  
Though no friendly voice he hears,  
Though, through all the way so dreary  
Naught but railing greets his ears.  
Sure he's some dread sin committed,  
That they thus assail him loud;  
Not a voice that speaks him pitied  
Sounds from out the raging crowd.

Now he turns, with looks of pity  
Halting on his upward way  
Gazes on that noble city,  
Silent, bows himself to pray;  
Heavenly Father, oh, forgive them,  
Lay not this unto their charge;  
Though in darkness I must leave them,  
Father, now their hearts enlarge."

While the shameful tree they're raising  
On that threat'ning, angry throng  
He with look of love is gazing—  
Can such look to crime belong?  
Why is he this death deserving,  
He whose inmost soul is love?  
Never from his duty swerving,  
Gentle, harmless as a dove.

If to cheer the broken-hearted  
And to heal the sick is guilt;  
If 'tis sin to clothe the naked,  
Truly let his blood be spilt;  
For these crimes he's oft committed,  
Often cheered the fainting mind  
Grief and misery ever pitied,  
Comfort ever left behind.

For his death the wretches clamor  
'Till they nail him to the tree;  
While they wield the torturing hammer,  
Gloat upon his agony;  
" It is finished! oh, forgive them  
That pure, gentle spirit cried;  
" Father, of this sin relieve them—"  
Praying thus, the victim died.

Yes, 'twas finished! they had vented  
All their wrath upon his head;  
He their scoffs had not resented  
Patient, uncomplaining, bled!  
Now the rabble throng dispersing  
Seek the city's crowded marts;  
Silence takes the place of cursing,  
Guilt is resting on their hearts.

For that meek, that loving spirit  
They have hunted to the death;  
Of their passions made a merit,  
Cursed him till his latest breath;  
He their curses met with blessing,  
For us, an example bright  
Not his wrongs with wrong redressing  
What will conquer darkness?—light.

## THE FUTURE

[199]

WHILE beneath the shade reclining  
Of these blissful, happy bowers,  
Hope around my heart is twining  
Sweet impress of future hours.

Mingling with that joyous feeling  
Softly creeping o'er my mind,  
Visions of the future, stealing,  
Come like gentle summer's wind.  
Now the vision grows still brighter—  
Present things have left my sight  
All around seems freer, lighter,  
Not a shade of gloomy night.

From whence come those notes of gladness  
That now break upon my ear?  
Not from hearts oppressed with sadness,  
Nor from slaves to doubt and fear;

Notes like those can ne'er be sounded  
By oppressed and bleeding souls;  
No! they spring from love unbounded—  
Not by form or creeds controlled!

From the earth those notes ascending,  
Which has thus in love progressed  
Praise commencing never ending,  
Speaks that man's no more oppressed

Despots triumph there no longer,  
O'er a cringing, servile race;  
Thanks to reason, they are stronger,  
Taking each his proper place.

War's no longer desolating,  
Laying waste a fruitful land,  
Sin and evil fast abating—  
As before a magic wand.

Brother no more looks on brother  
With a watchful, jealous fear  
Striving each to help the other,  
Side by side they now appear.

Oh, how lovely! oh, how glorious!  
When men thus with men unite,  
Over party, sect, victorious,  
Pressing forward in their might!

The vision's passing from my sight,  
Fading into viewless air  
But leaving on my soul its light  
Firmly fixed and settled there.

Well I know the glorious dawning  
On the earth has now begun  
See the first faint beams of morning  
Darting forth from reason's sun.

Now, the rays hut gild the mountains  
With a faint and feeble light;;  
But descending, like those fountains  
Downward from their mountain height,

Soon shall spread throughout the valley,  
Bringing light and peace to all;  
While the hosts of heav'n shall rally—  
Rally at man's urgent call.

Then the bright millennial year,  
Christians long have watched in vain,  
In all its glory will appear—  
Pleasure then succeed to pain.

Forward, then! look backward never  
From the work to which thou'rt called,  
Till the earth is free forever,  
Never more by sin enthralled.

## THE CHANGE

[202]

WILDLY On life's troubled ocean  
With an ever-changing motion,  
Ever tossed by darkest wave,  
From the cradle to the grave  
    On the tide  
    Did I ride,  
Fearful fancies by my side,

Like a meteor's transient gleaming  
O'er some lonely wand'rer streaming  
Darting with a lurid glare  
Through the silent midnight air,  
    Was the light,  
    Fleeting, bright,  
That illum'd my earthly sight.

Like the Ignis Fatuus dancing,  
Ever beck'ning, still advancing,  
Till the traveler, beguiled,  
Lost within the forest wild  
    In despair  
    Grasps the air,  
Was to me that treach'rous glare.

Like the storm-cloud on the mountain,  
Then the dark, resistless fountain  
Gath'ring in my lonely heart,  
From its turbid spring would start  
    Onward roll,  
    Till my soul  
Yielded to its mad control

Nor would for a moment tarry,  
But before its wild waves carry  
All that strove to check its way,  
All that would its progress stay,  
    Till Lenore,  
    On this shore  
Lulls its waves for evermore;

Stills its course—with taper finger  
Motions, and the mad waves linger,  
Then, retiring, lakelets form,  
Sheltered from each bitter storm,  
    Where glides love,  
    Timid dove,  
Guarded by that smile above.

Happy change, from grief to gladness,  
Calmer smiles for fearful  
Where a raging torrent's roar  
Echoed on its craggy shore,  
    Flows a stream,  
    From whose *gleam*  
Is reflected love's pure beam.



THEY'VE LAID HER TO REST [205]

THEY'VE laid her to rest where the cypress waves  
Its dark boughs over her head  
While willows that droop o'er the scattered graves,  
And mourn for the early dead,  
Sigh low to the air, with a saddened sound,  
And sweep, in their sorrow, the freshened ground.

"We, give dust unto dust," the words were said,  
Quick followed by falling ground;  
And they left the place with a hurried tread,  
For sad was the muffled sound—  
While weeping they thought of the youthful face  
And form they had left in that dreary place.

They wept as they entered the empty room  
Where last they gazed on her brow,  
For the flowers she loved, though still in their bloom,  
Seemed sad and desolate now;  
The eye was glazed that had watched them unfold,  
The hand that nourished was stiffened and cold.

They wandered those chambers wretched and sad,  
The light that cheered them Lid fled;  
Hushed was the laugh once so ringing and glad,  
Drear silence reigned in its stead  
And their hearts with murmurings bitter rebel  
That death's cold hand on their darling had fell.

Oh, could they have seen, as 'round her they pressed  
And wept at each gasping breath,  
The spirits of loved ones gone to their rest,  
Who waited approach of death  
To greet her, in loving, seraph-embrace,  
They could not have gazed with grief on that face.

Could they have heard, as they stood 'round her grave,  
The sounds that greeted her ear,  
The cypress' dark shade, the willow's slow wave  
Would not have whispered of fear,  
But told of mansions enduring, above,  
Where, ever, is heard sweet music of love.

They would not have left with such hurried tread  
The place where her form was laid;  
Nor wept as the soil above her cold head  
Was thrown by the sexton's spade  
If they could have seen that bright spirit wave  
Its joyful, freed pinions o'er the chill grave.

Nor would they feel, as they enter that room,  
That till was blasted and drear;  
Could they but pierce superstition's dark gloom  
And know their darling was near,  
Their hearts would bound with thanksgiving and praise  
That God, in his love, had shortened her days.

## DEATH

[208]

OH, Death! so long abused—so long declared  
The enemy of man! from us receive,  
Who have thy power felt, thy just desert!  
We met thee once with dread, and shrank, as on  
Each pallid brow thy chilling hand was laid  
We trembled as thy near approach we felt,  
And deemed thee monster hideous, whose greedy  
Jaws would shut us from the present world, and,  
To some uncertain state our shrinking souls  
Consign; with fear we felt thy chill embrace,  
And struggled to release us from thy grasp;  
But found our struggles vain and yielded, how  
Unwillingly, our panting souls unto  
Thy power resistless; but when, resistance  
O'er, we sank into thy arms, what joy was  
Ours to find our fears imaginary dreams;  
To find thee, not as pictured on our minds,  
The imagery of curse divine upon  
Our early parents sent—by them entailed  
To us as punishment that we were born

Of them—to find thee, not an endless wall  
Of separation made between the hearts  
That earthly life had mingled, as it were,  
In one; not the destroyer of our earth  
Formed hopes, but the change, the happy change through  
Which those hopes, these aspirations, all were  
Purified and made inhabitants, more  
Fit for their celestial habitations.  
What joy wits ours to find the grasp, which, spite  
Our struggles, held us firm, not the fierce grip  
Of some revengeful monster sent to force  
Us from the cherished friends that stood around;  
But friendly hand of angel-messenger,  
Front love divine, to lead tis, sent, from the  
Decaying tenement of flesh, to climes  
Where joy progressive ever more should be  
Our portion heavenly!

A messenger

Of love unto our weary souls thou wert  
Indeed; and when by thee the blissful scenes  
Of paradise were opened to our view,  
Humiliating shame was mingled with  
Our 'wakening joys that we, in ignorance,  
Had ever of thee thought as curse on man  
For early disobedience sent; and glad,  
From that time hailed thee Heaven's choicest gift  
To mortal man.

## DOGMAS

[210]

WEEP not as you gaze on the features  
That soon must be hid from your sight.  
Nor think that the least of God's creatures  
Is doomed to an eternal night.  
Away with such blasphemous thought!  
By lessons of Jesus be taught.

Thinkest thou that thy God would destroy  
The work which he once pronounced good?  
Would it not his pure glory alloy,  
That ages unnumbered has stood,  
A mark to the uprising soul  
In race to perfection the goal?

Thinkest thou that anger a dwelling  
Can find in that deific breast?  
That feelings revengeful are welling  
Where purity only should rest?  
Oh, shame! to the unthinking mind  
That such foolish dogmas can bind!

Oh, woe to the sheep of the shepherd  
Who wanders so far from the way;  
Sooner changed are spots of the leopard  
Than the spirit that falleth a prey  
Refusing each glimmer of light—  
To such worse than the darkness of night.

Why turn to those pages so dusty  
To prop up the wavering creeds  
Those volumes so blotted and musty  
The reasoning minds never needs  
Though coming from Spirit divine,  
Disfigured is many a line.

But stand firm the whole truth to receive  
That reason and nature will teach,  
Until you're constrained to believe  
Divinity dwelleth in each;  
Nor yield a blind credence to one  
E'er reason has fully begun.

HARK! what dread decree is sounding  
    'Mid the city's bustling throng?  
Why are hearts with fear rebounding,  
    Why is hushed the cheerful song?  
Hear that monarch's proclamation  
    Sounding through the silent air  
"Death to every tongue and nation  
    That shall bow the knee in prayer."

See, in yonder open chamber,  
    Where one bows the humble knee;  
Fears he not the threatened danger—  
    Heard he not the dread decree?  
Thinks he that a monarch's favor  
    His defenseless head will shield  
From a law that will not waver—  
    That to kings will never yield?

'Tis not that the fearful mandate  
    Has not sounded in his ear;  
Nor that hope of monarch's favor  
    From his mind has banished fear—  
Well he knows, his mortal body  
    Will be thrown to raging beast;  
Still he turns unto his duty,  
    Bows him to the favored east.

Though he knows with envy raging,  
Men are thirsting for his blood;  
He his heavenly Father trusting,  
Bows himself in prayer to God.  
While his humble voice he's raising,  
Calling on his Father's name,  
Men, with looks of envy gazing,  
Hasten to his guilt proclaim.

What avails that monarch's sorrow?  
He can not avert the doom;  
Though he labor till the morrow,  
'Twill not save him from the tomb.  
Though his heart were turned to mercy,  
Though be pity for him feel;  
The decree of Mede and Persia  
He that passed can ne'er repeal.

Now that man, so pure and holy,  
To devouring beasts is cast;  
While that monarch's turning, slowly,  
To his house to watch and fast.  
Anxious, waits he for the morning  
Sleep is banished from his eyes  
Ready it the early dawning,  
To the cave of death he flies.

With a hopeless voice he's calling,  
Feeling that he calls in vain  
Sure, he hears a voice replying  
Beats his heart with hope again  
Live, oh, mighty king, forever!"  
Sounds from out that fearful cave  
God his servants will deliver,  
He is ever near to save."



With exceeding joy he listens,  
As he hears that faithful voice  
Hastes to free him from his prison,  
Hastens with him to rejoice;  
While those men with envy burning  
To the angry beasts are thrown  
Their revenge is on them turning,  
They but reap what they have sown.

Thus, unwavering, to thy duty  
Forward press and never fear;  
Though revengeful foes surround thee,  
Spirit-guards are ever near;  
Though the poison tongue of slander  
For a while obscures thy light,  
'Twill burst forth in double splendor,  
Scatter every shade of night.

## AWAKE MY LUTE

[248]

AWAKE, my lute, to songs of praise,  
No more attune to mournful lays  
    Thy sweet, familiar strings  
But sound them now to strains more true,  
Cheerful and bright, as rainbow hue  
    Glancing from angel wings

Far, far from every earthly grief,  
In thy sweet chords I'll find relief,  
    And from thee never part;  
For when all else was dark and drear,  
Thy soothing notes would ever cheer  
    My bleeding, breaking heart.

Thou wert my best, my truest friend,  
Faithful unto me to the end  
    Through all my weary strife;  
Then thou shalt not neglected lay  
In those bright realms of endless day,  
    But wake again to life.

Often, while ling'ring in the form,  
Crushed to the earth beneath the storm  
    Of earthly griefs and wrongs,  
I 'woke thy chords to mournful strains,  
Which now on these celestial plains  
    I wake to rapture songs.

No more shall sound those notes of grief,  
Which often sounded in my brief  
    Sojourn within the form;  
But here, where all is joy and love,  
I'll sweep those chords to bliss above  
    And music heaven-born.

Then loud the glorious anthem raise,  
Anew the great Creator praise  
    In strains that never cease;  
And while thy friendly chords shall ring  
Of heavenly love I'll ever sing  
    In spheres of endless peace.

## SHADOWS

[250]

SHADOWS on my soul were falling  
When I left the earthly form  
Dark and dismal seemed the future  
With no shelter from the storm  
That was ever 'round me raging  
Making desolate my path—  
All my fondest hopes destroying,  
Overturning in it wrath.

Why, I know not, o'er me hanging  
Ever seemed a gloomy pall;  
Ever drooping to envelop  
All I loved beneath its pall  
Even there, so near the borders  
Of the unknown spirit-sphere,  
O'er my soul that shadow hovered,  
Filling it with gloomy fear.

Soon I slumbered; then awaking  
From a calm, a sweet repose,  
Found that gloomy cloud had vanished,  
With it vanished all my woes  
Then I saw bright faces gath'ring,  
Whose long absence I had wept  
Then I knew I'd crossed the threshold  
To those spirits, while I slept

Crossed and left behind my sorrows  
With that feeble, worn-out frame  
Then I looked, with joy and wonder,  
At the form from which I came  
Joyful that my griefs were ended,  
Ended with that parting breath  
Wond'ring why my spirit trembled  
Even at the thought of death.

Death, what is it but a blessing  
To the weary, weary heart?  
Calling it to brighter mansions,  
Never more from friends to part!  
Still we meet it with a shudder,  
Tremble when we feel it near,  
Struggle hard 'gainst its advances  
With an agonizing fear.

Near the happy day's approaching  
When mankind the truth shall see,  
Look not upon death with terror,  
But as one that sets them free;  
Free from sickness, pain, and sorrow,  
Free forever from all grief;  
Lead them to that happy country  
Where the weary find relief;

Find relief from every burden,  
On that bright, celestial shore  
Sin and folly then forsaking,  
Pressing forward evermore  
Then, above, the grave exulting,  
Shout with thy expiring breath—  
Oh, grave! where is thy victory  
Where is thy sting, oh, death?"

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD [253]

REJOICE for the clay,  
When that mansion of clay  
The spirit no longer confines  
When 'tis free to arise  
To its home in the skies,  
Where love's light eternally shines.

When a spirit oppressed  
Flies away to the rest  
It sought for in vain on the earth,  
And forgets every wrong  
In the triumphant song  
That welcomes the new angel-birth;

When it leaves all its fears,  
All its sad, bitter tears  
Behind with the moldering form;  
For bright regions of bliss,  
Leaves a world of distress,  
And bids a farewell to earth's storm

Why, why do ye mourn  
For that spirit's return—  
Why wish it again with its cares  
See! e'en now as it roves  
Through those mansions above,  
New garments of beauty it wears.

Once 'twas shrouded in gloom,  
Deep and dark as the tomb,  
Of light not a glimmering ray  
Now it dwells with the blest,  
And forever will rest  
In eternal regions of day.

Once, o'erburdened with care,  
And weighed down with despair,  
Of hope and of comfort bereft—  
Now, 'tis gazing with love  
On those angels above,  
Forgetting the sorrows it's left.

Then no longer weep  
For the loved ones that sleep  
Though taken away from thy sight;  
For you'll meet them again,  
Free from anguish and pain,  
In mansions of eternal light.

## WE ARE FREE

[255]

WE are free, we are free from our prisons of clay  
Free, to roam through the regions of eternal day  
No longer confined to those gross, earthly forms,  
We're safe from earth's trials, far, far from its storms  
From its dark storms of passion, its sorrows, its tears  
Forever we're free; then farewell to our fears  
Never more shall we suffer with anguish distressed,  
See our plans o'erturned, all our efforts unblessed,  
For from all that can hinder our progress we're free,  
Then "right onward and upward" our motto shall be,  
Yes, onward and upward to meet the bright throngs  
Who will welcome our progress with triumphant songs;  
Nor e'en there will we rest, but for ever progress,  
Ever gaining fresh knowledge to comfort and bless;  
Through scenes ever roaming of beauty and joy,  
There we'll first find true happiness without alloy,  
And as we press onward in wisdom and love,  
While gaining, still grasping for knowledge above,  
We will not forget the loved ones in the form  
Who still are exposed to earth's pitiless storm;  
But gather around to encourage and cheer,  
With kind words of comfort from this happy sphere,  
While imparting to them sweet lessons of peace  
The fountains of wisdom for its will increase—  
Forever increase, until we have progressed  
Where sin never comes, where the weary find rest  
From earth's false-hearted friends, its trouble and strife,  
Find rest from its sorrows in eternal life;  
Then will we rejoice, that we've gained the bright land,  
Nor refuse to those left the encouraging hand.



## GONE BEFORE

[257]

I AM happy, dearest parents,  
In this glorious world of light  
Could von wish me to return then,  
Where day oft is changed to night?

Blissful spirits round me gather,  
Spirits from the heavenly spheres,  
And with them I'm near thee ever,  
Ever to dispel thy fears.

Oh, what joy for me to see thee!  
Hear thee! ever near thee stay  
But what bliss to meet and welcome  
Thee to realms of endless day!

Oh, what pleasure! oh, what rapture  
With thee o'er these fields to roam!  
Never faint and never weary—  
Endless space our future home

Scenes of beauty, ever rising  
Upon the enraptured sight;  
Ever changing, ever changing,  
Never hid by vail of night.

Then, dear parents, do not mourn me,  
Think not of me with the dead;  
Only gone awhile before thee,  
Through the path that all must tread.

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER

[259]

HAPPY voices oft are singing;  
Words of love are often ringing  
Welcome faces, brightly gleaming  
Smile upon me when I'm dreaming—  
Come they from the courts of heaven  
Am I to their keeping given

Tell me if those forms so loving  
That with noiseless step are moving,  
And my path are guarding ever,  
That are absent from me never,  
Left those happy, shining bowers  
For this world of gloomy showers?

Tell me, for my heart is glowing,  
And with love is ever flowing—  
I my voice would fain be raising  
Their untiring love in praising—  
Love Infinite tells the story  
Then to it belongs the glory.

INFANTILE DEVOTIONS. [260]

SOFTLY evening shades are stealing,  
Where a lovely cherub kneeling,  
    Lips her little prayer  
And a look, almost of heaven,  
To her angel-face is given—  
    Trusting hope is there.

Heavenly Father, far above me,  
Though I can not see, I love thee  
    For thy kindly care;  
Tell me if dear father, mother,  
And my little smiling brother,  
    In thy presence are?

For around me when I'm dreaming,  
Come three faces, happy, beaming,  
    And I know them well;  
When they come, sweet songs are ringing,  
Are they in thy presence singing?  
    Heavenly Father, tell."