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VOICES OF THE SPIRIT

AND

SPIRIT PICTURES.



1877.

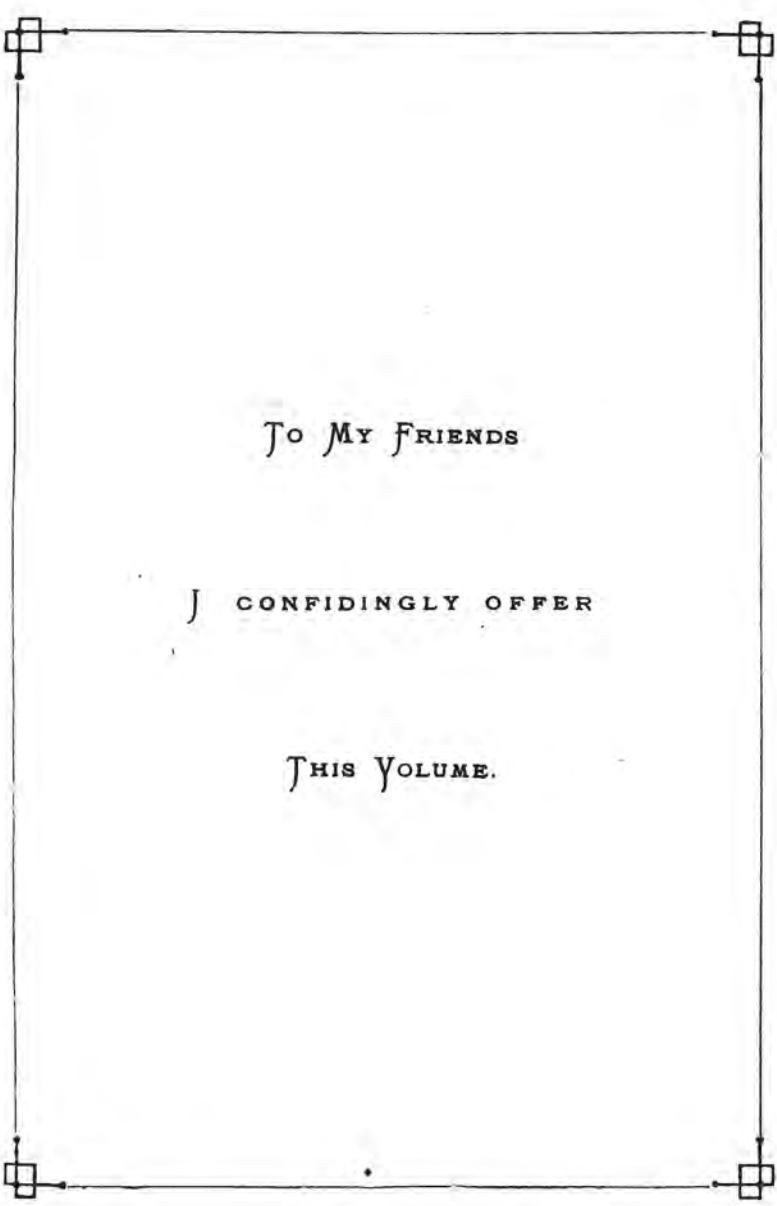
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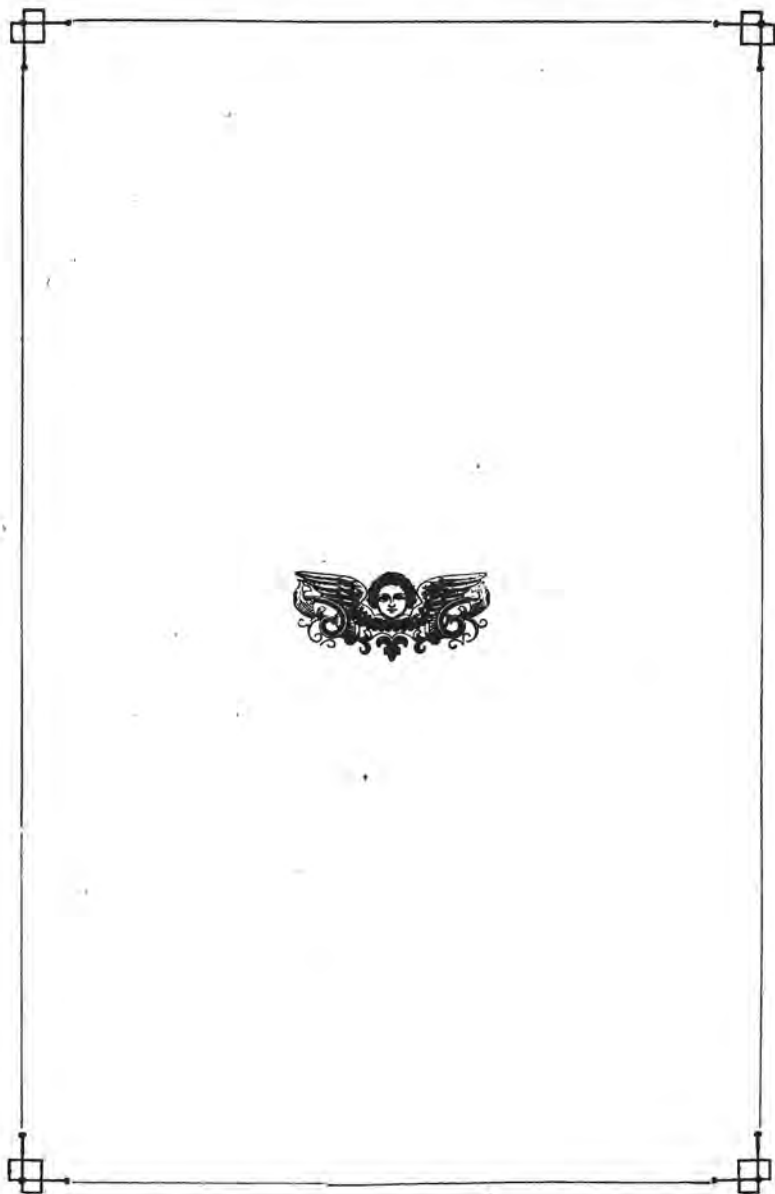





TO MY FRIENDS

I CONFIDINGLY OFFER

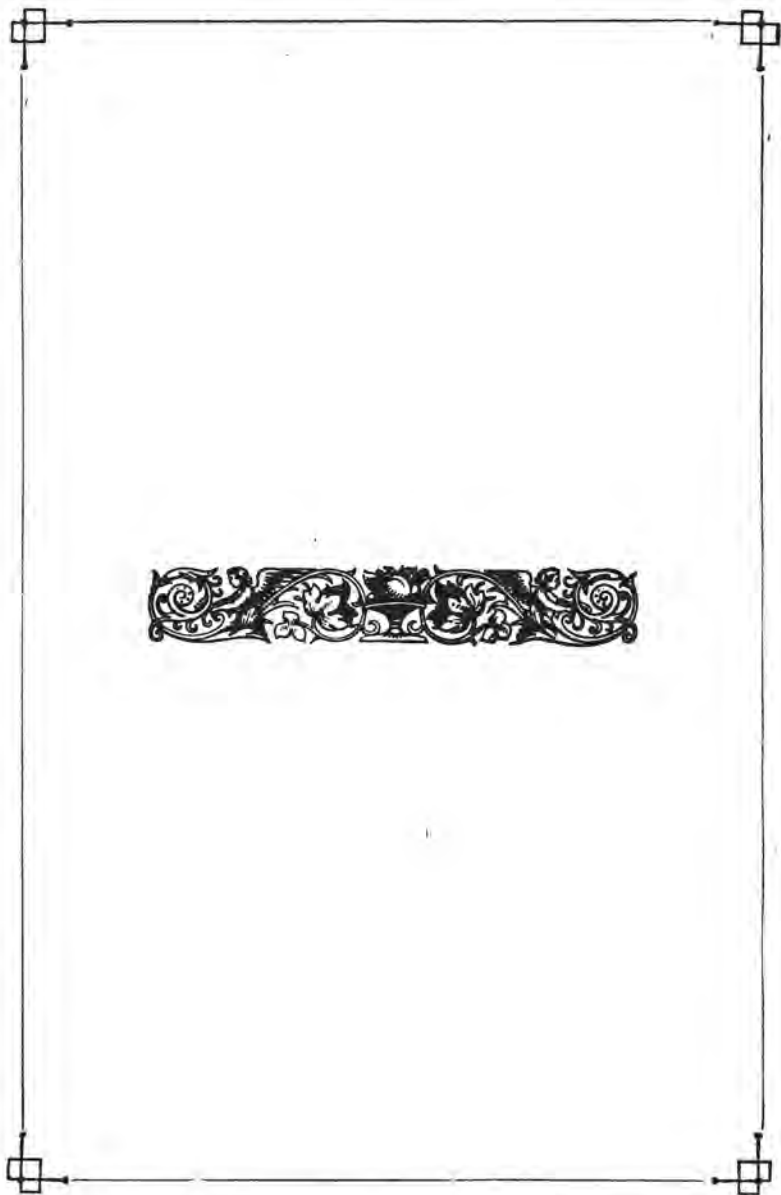
THIS VOLUME.



AVING now completed the three score and ten years usually regarded as the limit of human life, and finding myself, through the mercy of THE FATHER, in the possession of as much health as I have ever possessed, and with continued ability to carry on my life work, I look back with humble gratitude on the path by which I have been led, and calmly review the ways by which I have been prepared for my various duties. During the first half century of my life there were at times utterances of the thoughts which filled my soul, which could not otherwise find expression, and pencillings of the scenes through which I passed. They were at the time preserved in sacred silence. But though the voices of the spirit were feeble, and the spirit-pictures faint, yet now at a distance they are to me interesting memorials of the past, and may be so to my friends. I therefore give them a permanent form.

RED LODGE HOUSE, BRISTOL,

April 3, 1877.



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UST as she had revised the last sheet of this little volume, MARY CARPENTER entered into her rest. Henceforth it is only in "Spirit Pictures" that her friends behold her—only in the "Voices of the Spirit" that they listen to her. Those who possess these memorials of her feelings will desire some record of her "life-work;" and a short narrative of it by her eldest brother, Dr. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, originally sketched in haste for the *Times*, is here reproduced, with some passages restored that were there omitted, and with some additions that chiefly relate to the first half of her life, in which the preparation was being made for the work of the second.

A fuller Memoir will, it is hoped, be prepared by her Nephew, the Rev. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, to whom she has bequeathed her manuscripts.



MISS MARY CARPENTER.

MARY CARPENTER was born at Exeter on the 3rd of April, 1807, being the eldest of the six children of Dr. Lant Carpenter, then one of the ministers of the Unitarian congregation of that city, from which he removed to Bristol when she was ten years old. In both these cities his memory is cherished as that of a man of great and varied attainments, of large-hearted and unwearied philanthropy, of deep religiousness of spirit, and of singular purity of motive and unselfishness of life. The congenial nature of his eldest daughter was in an especial degree shaped by his influence and penetrated by his spirit. While he lived, his wise and loving care, to which she ever trusted with a child's confiding tenderness, was to her the earthly type of the Heavenly Fatherhood; and during that latter half of her life, in which her work had to be done without his aid and counsel,* the feeling of oneness with him, of nearness to him, was not a mere sentiment, but a power that constantly animated and directed her course,—as various memorials of him abundantly show. "I am separated from him," she wrote 25 years ago, "only when that intervenes which is not of his spirit;" and the prominence given to these memorials in the "Voices of the Spirit and Spirit Pictures," which she has left as a last expression of her inmost thoughts and feelings, shows how enduringly that impress remained even to the end. Many circumstances tended to make this bond between father and daughter peculiarly close. While her mother's ill health, with the cares of an increasing family, prevented her from devoting much time to

* Dr. Lant Carpenter was lost at sea between Naples and Leghorn, on the night of the 5th of April, 1840, when on a foreign tour for the recovery of his health, which had been impaired by prolonged overstrain of mind and body.

the education of her eldest-born, the remarkable aptitude for learning which Mary showed while yet very young, led her father to associate her with the youths whom he himself received for education, and to instruct her in many subjects that were at that time seldom taught to girls. She also showed no less aptitude for teaching; and while studying Latin, Greek, and Mathematics with her father's elder scholars, she was intrusted, though still in her teens, with part of the instruction of the younger ones. Many men who have since filled conspicuous positions in Public life, now look back with interest to their early association with her as class-fellows, or with gratitude for the careful and judicious training they received as her pupils. She very early took part in the Sunday-school attached to her father's Chapel in Bristol; and the interest she thus came to feel in the education of the poor was the germ of that which subsequently inspired and directed the great work of her life. She did not satisfy herself with Sunday teaching, but followed the members of her class to their homes, endeavoured to make their parents regard her as their friend, and aimed to help them, by leading them to help themselves, in every way within her power.

What was the nature, and what was already the result, of the training Mary Carpenter had received, and what was the promise that even then showed itself, of a life of eminent usefulness to others, may be judged from the following extract of a letter addressed to her by her father on the completion of her twenty-first year:—"May He who has given thee a heart to love and serve Him, make thee more and more a partaker of the mind which was in Christ Jesus, and thus prepare thee for a better world, and, if it be His will, for usefulness and blessedness in this;—preserve thee to be thy parents' comfort and friend, the affectionate, watchful, judicious friend of thy sisters and brothers, and the Christian friend and adviser of many more. We know not what is the path in which thou wilt be called to tread; but we feel all earthly solicitude swallowed up in the desire that thou mayest be the faithful servant of Christ, and mayest be enabled, while working out thine own salvation, and going on towards

Christian perfection, to work for others the work assigned thee, and faithfully, calmly, and perseveringly do the Lord's will."

Her Father having relinquished his school in 1829, she united with her Mother and sisters in a School for young ladies, in which she took the leading part; always, however, devoting a portion of every Sunday, and many hours of the week, to teaching and visiting her Sunday-scholars and their families.

It was in the latter part of 1833 that "her spirit was stirred in her" by her intercourse with two distinguished visitors, one from the far East, the other from the far West; both of whom, in their different ways, left enduring impressions on her receptive nature. The first of these was the great Hindu Reformer, Rammohun Roy, who, having come to stay at the house of a friend of her father's in the neighbourhood of Bristol, mainly for the purpose of enjoying his society, was there struck down by mortal disease. Thirty years afterwards she thus wrote of this visit:—"It would be vain to attempt to describe our emotions on finding that this champion of Truth had burst through all the fetters of prejudice and conventionality,—had crossed the ocean,—had come to our England; or the grief and perplexity with which his death filled all hearts, and the darkness which seemed to brood over the future of India." Yet her conviction was firm that his labours *could* not have been in vain; for the fifth of the six Sonnets written by her at the time, which were read by her father to the friends who had silently attended the remains of Rammohun Roy to their last resting-place, closes with these lines, confident in the prescience of faith:—

"Thy spirit is immortal, and thy name
Shall by thy countrymen be ever blest:
E'en from the tomb thy words with power shall rise,
Shall touch their hearts, and bear them to the skies."

There is no evidence, however, that she *then* felt any call to enter into his labours. The path of *present duty* was clear before her; and that path Mary Carpenter always unhesitatingly followed.

Not long after the death of Rammohun Roy, Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston (U.S.), the intimate friend and associate of Dr. Channing and Henry Ware, came to be for several weeks the honoured guest of her parents; and poured forth in their family

circle that "enthusiasm of humanity" which had made him wear out his life as a "Minister at large," not in connection with any special form of doctrinal belief, but as the bearer of Christian sympathy and aid to every friendless child of misery whom he could find willing—or even unwilling—to receive it. More earnestly, if possible, than her own father, did Dr. Tuckerman insist upon the omnipotence of *love*, upon "the soul of good in things evil," upon the "faith that removes mountains" of ignorance and sin; and discourse of that "reverential love for every being into whom God has breathed his spirit," which came to be the moving spring of her after-life. The immediate effect of the impulse he thus gave, not merely to herself, but to the friends who shared her spirit, was the formation, among the Ladies of her father's congregation, of a Working and Visiting Society, which should carry on more systematically, and on a more extended scale, the labours in which she had herself already engaged. Visiting-districts were portioned out in the wretched neighbourhood of Lewin's Mead Chapel; and Mary Carpenter freely and promptly chose the worst and hardest sphere of all, that she might bring the experience she had already gained to bear upon the most degraded class of its inhabitants. Thus she continued to labour for many years, while still engaged for the greater part of her time in her educational duties at home; and it was very much at her instance that a "Domestic Mission" on Dr. Tuckerman's plan was established in 1839; in which institution she always continued to take a warm interest.

Her increasing knowledge of a class much lower than that of the respectable poor among whom her earlier experience had lain, excited in her a strong desire to attempt something for their elevation; and she came clearly to see that her first efforts should be directed to the rescue of the Children growing up in an atmosphere of ignorance, vice, and brutality.

What she heard of the Ragged Schools that were being established in London about the year 1846, and of institutions more or less similar in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, led her to take steps for the establishment of such a School in the

locality which she had fixed on as most likely to be benefited by it; and, with the pecuniary aid supplied by friends (among whom the life-long friend of her family, Mr. J. B. Estlin, should be specially mentioned), a suitable place was secured for it, and a Master was found who proved to have a special aptitude for dealing with the 'street Arabs' who presented themselves as his scholars. This School, to which she gave a constant superintendence, speedily became a marked success; its beneficial influence on the neighbourhood was obvious to the police; and while training these young waifs and strays, Mary Carpenter was training herself for the still more difficult work which she afterwards undertook. She gradually awoke to the fact that the *occasionally*-criminal class does not form the lowest stratum of the population of our great cities; but that there is a lower deep still, that of the *permanently*-criminal, which cannot be reached by any ordinary means of elevation, and into which the neglected children of the class above are very apt to fall. The condition of this lowest class then became the special object of her study; she gathered all the information she could collect from various public sources; put herself in communication with the Rev. John Clay of Preston, the Rev. Sydney Turner of Red Hill, Sheriff Watson of Aberdeen, and various other gentlemen who had made themselves conspicuous by their philanthropic efforts for the reformation of Juvenile Criminals; and searched out their haunts in the lanes and alleys of Bristol, venturing alone where policemen were afraid to go singly.

Five years thus passed away; her ideas gradually becoming more mature, her desire to carry them into action increasing in force, and her conviction of the vast good that *might* be accomplished, being almost daily strengthened. For at this period it was shown by Statistical tables that Juvenile Crime was increasing in a ratio far exceeding that of the population generally; and it was no less clear that if the evil were not speedily checked, it must increase yet further. Schools, Penitentiaries, and Gaols were making no impression on it; could not some new and more successful remedy be devised?

This question Mary Carpenter set herself to answer in a work which she published in 1851, entitled "Reformatory Schools for the children of the perishing and dangerous classes, and for juvenile offenders;" in which she gathered up and compared the results of the various attempts previously made in this direction, in such a way as to be able to deduce from them the reasons of their respective measures of success or failure; and clearly set forth the principles on which alone, in her judgment, could the complete success of any systematic effort be reasonably expected. All the experience since gained has shown how completely she had even then mastered those principles; whilst how clearly she laid them down, will be seen from the following summary of them:—

In the *first* place, it was taken as proved by the results of the numerous experiments that had been made in different countries and on various scales, that, as a general rule, the most vicious and degraded Children are capable of being brought under moral and religious control, and of being rendered useful members of society, if placed under right influences, and subjected for a sufficient length of time to judicious training, which shall act by calling forth their own moral sense and power of self-regulation, rather than by external coercion. This had been the principle of the Philanthropic Society's School at Red Hill, and of another School of the same kind at Stretton-on-Dunsmore; as also of the Colonie Agricole established at Mettray by Demetz and De Courteilles, and of the Rauhe Haus founded near Hamburg by Wichern. The Government Juvenile Prison at Parkhurst, on the other hand, was shown from the Reports of its Official Visitors to be doing scarcely anything for the reformation of its inmates, notwithstanding the mechanical excellence of its discipline; this being entirely maintained by external coercion, and making no appeal to the better nature of the subjects of it.

Secondly, the special qualifications required on the part of those who engage in this work, are shown to be *faith* in its possibility, *knowledge* for its guidance, *love* to inspire it, and *patience* to carry it through; and these are only to be looked for in such as are moved to undertake it by a spirit of enlightened Philanthropy.

Thirdly, it was affirmed that suitable Reformatory Institutions cannot be efficiently carried on without such a steady permanent income as voluntary effort cannot be expected to supply ; nor without such legal authority as will impose sufficient restraint over the scholars to keep them under the School influence. The limited success of the otherwise excellent Reformatories of Red Hill and Stretton-on-Dunsmore was shown to be due to the want of the pecuniary support and coercive power, which it is the interest of the State to afford.

Fourthly, it was urged that as the Parents are in reality the guilty parties, rather than the children,—since Juvenile Delinquency usually originates in parental neglect,—every parent should be chargeable for the maintenance of a child thrown by crime on the care of the State, or should be made to suffer in some way for the non-discharge of his natural duty.

It was in the early part of 1851, that the appointment of Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill (elder brother of Sir Rowland Hill) as Commissioner in Bankruptcy at Bristol, by leading to a renewal of his early intimacy with the Widow of Dr. Carpenter, brought him into personal relation with her daughter Mary. Each found in the other a most fitting coadjutor. As Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. Hill had acquired a large experience on the subject of Juvenile Crime ; and in his successive Charges had repeatedly urged the importance of Reformatory discipline for its prevention and cure. On the other hand, Miss Carpenter had not only acquired a personal familiarity with the class from which the ranks of Juvenile Criminals are recruited, but (as just shown) had clearly shaped-out in her own mind the principles on which any attempt to deal with them should be based. In mutual concert Mr. Hill and Miss Carpenter formed the plan of a Conference, to which the numerous isolated workers in this field should be invited, with the view of agreeing, if possible, on a combined plan of action, by which Government might be moved to take up the subject ; and Birmingham was selected as a suitable meeting-place, both in virtue of its central situation, and

because the influence of Mr. Hill was able to secure the friendly aid of its local authorities. Full opportunity was thus obtained for the discussion of the Scheme which had been previously draughted by Miss Carpenter and Mr. Hill; and it was adopted by the Conference without any essential change.

After vain attempts to act upon the Government, the promoters of the movement prepared a Bill which was brought into the House of Commons in 1853 by Sir Charles Adderley, ably supported by Sir John Pakington (now Lord Hampton); and this they succeeded in carrying through Parliament in 1854. Even before it became law, Miss Carpenter, in conjunction with Mr. Russell Scott, then of Bath, had planned the establishment of a Reformatory on the spot originally selected by John Wesley for the education of the sons of Ministers, at Kingswood, near Bristol. The old Kingswood School having been elsewhere developed into a New Kingswood of much higher grade, the property, which included a small farm, with farm buildings, as well as the school-house, came into the market; and this having been purchased by Mr. R. Scott, the new Institution was set going. In the first instance, it was Miss Carpenter's idea that girls might be combined with boys, in such a manner as to develop somewhat of a family feeling; but various difficulties soon arose which rendered this plan impracticable; so that, as it became necessary for the girls to be provided for elsewhere, Miss Carpenter thought it better to devote herself mainly to them, leaving Kingswood and the boys in the hands of a committee of gentlemen who were willing to carry it on. At their request, however, she continued for several years to pay a weekly visit to the school, and ever manifested a warm interest in its welfare.

Just as Miss Carpenter had come to the conclusion that the girls must be removed from Kingswood, an old Elizabethan house in Bristol, called the Red Lodge, last occupied by Dr. Prichard, was for sale; and, being struck with its peculiar fitness for her work, Miss Carpenter sought the aid of Lady Noel Byron, who had for several years shown a great interest in her proceedings. Lady Byron readily undertook to purchase the house, and to place

it in Miss Carpenter's hands at a low rental; on condition that she should undertake the *entire management* of the Institution, and should be free to carry out her plans without any other control than that of the Home Office, to which the Reformatory Schools' Act made her responsible. With this condition Miss Carpenter gladly closed. The house was furnished by the aid of friends, who desired to see her placed in a position of independent action; and the Institution was opened with 10 girls in December, 1854, their number amounting to 52 by the end of 1856, and being afterwards increased to about 60. It had been scarcely brought into working order, when Miss Carpenter was struck down by a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which so seriously affected her heart, that for many weeks she seemed hanging between life and death. Even after the disease had itself passed away, certain consequences remained, of which the persistence was apparent through the whole remainder of her life, and to which her sudden decease is attributable. In due time, however, she became able to resume her charge; and the success of her efforts soon unequivocally manifested itself.

Probably no one has ever combined the qualifications already indicated as needful to the Juvenile Reformer, in a higher degree than Mary Carpenter. Her *faith* that "there is a holy spot in every child's heart" was a part of her nature; and with this was combined an *insight* that made her quick to find it out. The *knowledge* she had gained during more than thirty years of Educational work, enabled her to use her rare gifts to the best advantage; and she had a fount of *love* and *sympathy* which no demands could exhaust, but which never ran to waste.

In 1856, when in her fiftieth year, Miss Carpenter was left by the death of her Mother (with whom up to that date she had resided) without any family ties that would interfere with the entire devotion of her life to what she had come to feel to be specially "her work;"* and found herself possessed of a small independence,

* "Let every man," Carlyle has somewhere said, "*find his work, and do it.*" Mary Carpenter, having found her work, thenceforth gave herself to it, heart, intellect, and spirit; finding in the variety of its objects that recreation which others seek in lighter pursuits.

which sufficed for her very moderate wants. She then removed into a house adjacent to the Red Lodge, over which she could thus exercise a more constant supervision; and began a scheme by which she could make her own domestic establishment a part of her Reformatory system. She had previously purchased and annexed to the Institution a small house which had been occupied by very undesirable neighbours; and to this 'Cottage' were promoted from the 'Lodge' such girls as had shown themselves fit to be trusted under less rigid surveillance. To be admitted into it was an object of desire, furnishing a strong motive for self-restraint; while to be sent back to the 'Lodge,' as the necessary result of misconduct in the 'Cottage,' was a punishment severely felt. She now established a higher 'order of merit;' receiving into her own house two girls, who were placed under the immediate superintendence of an experienced Housekeeper, and specially trained for domestic service. These girls, while still 'under sentence,' were allowed as much liberty as the younger servants in an ordinary household; being sent abroad on errands, and intrusted with commissions involving the expenditure of money. It was often at first difficult for visitors at Miss Carpenter's house to realize the fact, that the bright innocent-looking girls who waited on them had been convicted as thieves; but an inspection of the 'Lodge' would at once bring before them the successive stages of this marvellous transformation. Constantly under her own watchful eye, the inmates of her house could seldom lapse into irregularity, without premonitory symptoms which her quick insight enabled her immediately to detect; and, while a recommendation from her was known to insure any girl who had been thus trained, a suitable 'place' on the expiration of her sentence, the prospect of a relegation to the 'Lodge' operated, in conjunction with her own personal influence, as a powerful deterrent from misconduct.

On this plan the Red Lodge Reformatory has been carried on to the present date, with a very large measure of success. Difficulties and partial failures must occur from time to time in any undertaking; the ablest Superintendent cannot always find,

or, having found, cannot always retain, the most efficient subordinates; and the evil nature of girls brought up in an atmosphere of vice and crime (and usually far more brutalized than the average of boy-criminals), cannot be speedily eradicated under the very best influences. But hundreds of such girls have been permanently rescued; and either in respectable domestic service, or as wives and mothers of families, are now fulfilling the best hopes of the noble-hearted woman, who, with faith that never wavered, energy that never failed, and love that never wearied, devoted herself for more than twenty years to their welfare. Herself childless, there are multitudes of children that will "arise up and call her blessed."

Although the funds provided by the Public purse for the maintenance of the Red Lodge Reformatory proved adequate to the remuneration of a Lady-superintendent in addition to the staff of mistresses, Miss Carpenter never appropriated this surplus to her own use; but expended a part of it on the Institution itself, a part upon kindred objects, and latterly laid by the most of it against the time when the appointment of a permanent and well-paid Superintendent in her place might become a necessity.

The thorough comprehension of the whole subject possessed by Miss Carpenter, soon made her perceive that much more remained to be done. The Reformatories could only receive those who had been convicted of Crime, and who were sentenced to confinement in them for long terms; and she felt that it was scarcely less essential that the 'street Arabs' as yet comparatively innocent should be prevented from falling into the Criminal class. With this view, she and the friends by whose co-operation the Reformatory Schools' Act had been devised and carried, shaped out the Industrial Schools' Act; which enables magistrates to place in such schools for long terms the neglected children who are brought to them by the police as habitually found about the streets; their parents (as in the case of the Reformatories) being held liable for their support. This Act having become law in 1857, an Industrial School for Boys was forthwith established at Bristol by Miss Carpenter's exertions; it was speedily brought into successful

operation under her direction; and though she was soon able to hand over the general charge of it to a Committee who willingly undertook the work, she constantly kept it under her own vigilant supervision, and afforded to this Committee from time to time the benefit of her wonderful capacity for management, which they most fully appreciated. The Secretary and acting Manager of the School, for many years, has been her eldest nephew, Mr. William Lant Carpenter (see page 108). So admirably has the training given in this School prepared the boys for active life, that no difficulty has been felt in providing situations for them on leaving, especially in the Maritime service, and in the newly-settled parts of Canada and the United States.

Seeing the importance of extending to Female 'waifs and strays' the like Preventive system, Miss Carpenter, in 1866, invited several Ladies of her acquaintance to meet at her house, for the purpose of considering the expediency, and devising the means, of establishing in Bristol a Girls' Industrial School. Being then on the eve of departure for India, she did not propose herself to engage in this work; but she sketched out to her friends the plan of such an Institution, and offered her advice as to the best mode of organizing it. The result of this Meeting was the formation of a Ladies' Committee, which so zealously took the matter in hand, that in the autumn of that year a Girls' Industrial School was opened, which has been carried on to the present time with most satisfactory results.* This School also (to use the words of a member of that Committee) "certainly owes its existence to Miss Carpenter."

The original Ragged School was carried on all this time, latterly with important aid from the Education Department; until Mr. Forster's Education Act gave to local School Boards compulsory power to educate the children of the class to which it was adapted, at the same time withdrawing the grants in aid of Ragged Schools. Miss Carpenter's experience, however, fully anticipated the difficulties which have arisen in the exercise of this power; the

*At the last visit paid by the Government Inspector to the Red Lodge Reformatory, he remarked, "We shall not want any more *Reformatories*; the Industrial Schools are stopping the supply."

introduction of the 'street Arabs' into the ordinary National, British, or Board Schools being generally found very detrimental to the schools, and of little benefit to the members of this peculiar order. She then placed her Ragged School on the footing of a Day Industrial, similar to that established 30 years previously in Aberdeen; the children being attracted to it by plain but sufficient food, and being kept in it the whole day. This system she had advocated in her original book on "Reformatory Schools;" but the strong objections raised against it on economical grounds, and the difficulty of permanently supporting such a school by voluntary contributions, had prevented her from undertaking its responsibility. She now, however, determined to make the trial; most of the supporters of the original Ragged School continued their aid; and the Day (feeding) Industrial School, opened at the beginning of 1872, proved as successful as her previous undertakings. The Education Department, however, would give no help; the Bristol School Board, though most willing, could not contribute to its support without straining the law, as the school did not come up to the prescribed educational standard; nor were the administrators of the Poor Law allowed to pay the cost of food for these children (under 2s. per week for each), though their perception of the preventive value of the system would have led them gladly to do so. The present Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education was quite aware of the difficulties of the case; and in his Bill of last year proposed to deal with them by sending these 'waifs and strays' for a month or two to a Certified Industrial School, and then draughting them into the Board Schools. Against this plan, however, several of the Managers of Industrial Schools strongly protested; and Miss Carpenter succeeded in convincing Lord Sandon, by the five years' results of the Bristol Day Industrial, that the theoretical objections to her system had no real existence, and that it might safely receive Legislative support. It was entirely in deference to her authority, that Members on both sides of the House of Commons consented to give the plan a fair trial; and having herself an assured conviction of its success, she had the intense satisfaction of feeling that she had at last

brought to completion the system of Legislative Prevention, as well as Reformation, which she had been gradually working out for thirty years.

There is the highest authority for the statement, that throughout the whole course of this most important social movement, Mary Carpenter's was not only the *animating spirit*, but the *directing intellect*.

A further series of vigorous efforts in the same direction remains to be mentioned. During Miss Carpenter's attendance at the meeting of the Social Science Association at Dublin, in 1861, her attention was drawn to the Reformatory system for Adult Criminals, which had been worked out in the Irish Convict-prisons by Sir Walter Crofton. She at once saw that it was based on the same principles with her own; and from that time she did everything in her power to urge it upon public attention, both at home and abroad; publishing, in 1864, a work in two volumes, entitled "*Our Convicts*." She kept up a constant correspondence on the subject with Prison-Reformers in almost every country in Europe, as well as in India, the British Colonies, and the United States; and took an active part in the International Conference held in London in 1872, at which the results of different systems were compared, and the hands of isolated labourers strengthened by mutual co-operation,—preparing for its use a little book on "*The Crofton Prison System*." In the following spring she visited the United States and Canada, to increase her own knowledge of the subject, and to diffuse the principles she advocated.

Even this was not the whole of what may be distinguished as her *home* work. In 1864 she had built a Workman's Hall in front of the Ragged School premises; but as this did not prove so successful as she hoped, she subsequently transferred to it the Day (feeding) Industrial: and opened next door to it a Home for Boys who are in regular employment during the day, but who, having either no parents or bad ones, are thankful to be thus cared for. This Home is at the present time in a thriving condition, answering the hopes of its benevolent Founder.

Of the effect produced, by a careful examination of the whole system, on the mind of one thoroughly prepared to appreciate this admirable *nexus* of kindred Institutions, the following letter (here inserted by the express permission of its writer, Professor Sheldon Amos) speaks alike eloquently and forcibly:—
“It is a gratification to my wife and myself to remember that only a few weeks ago we had the privilege of spending a good part of two days in a minute investigation of every part of your Sister’s work at Bristol. We came away with the impression that no description we had met with, even from herself, had done justice to the patient and conscientious elaboration of every detail; and we felt it to be a rare advantage and delight to hear her own logical and exhaustive explanation of the problems which had lain before her, and of their solution. The void her departure makes can never be completely filled, though her example will bear rich fruit. I rejoice to have been permitted to know her with something of the affectionate reverence which belongs to a circle nearer than that of the broad public which will lament her loss.”

We now turn to that other great field of Mary Carpenter’s activity, our Indian Empire. It has been shown that as far back as 1833 she had been led by the visit to Bristol of Rajah Rammohun Roy, to feel a strong interest in the condition of the Native Races; and this interest was vivified and increased by personal communication with several of the young, highly-educated Hindus, who began to come over to this country soon after the transfer of the Government of India to the British Crown. Some of these visited Bristol for the purpose of inspecting her Institutions and acquainting themselves with the principles on which they were conducted; and she thus learnt that those who had themselves most profited by the educational facilities afforded by the Government Schools and Colleges, were most desirous that similar advantages should be placed within reach of the girls who were to become their wives and the mothers of their children. Having brought the Red Lodge Reformatory, the

Certified Industrial, and the Ragged School, into a condition in which she considered that they could be carried on for several months without her supervision, she determined in 1866 (when in her sixtieth year) to proceed to India; with the view, in the first instance, of thoroughly acquainting herself with what was being there done for Education, for Juvenile Reformation, and for Prison Discipline; so as to be able to labour for any improvements she might consider desirable, with full knowledge of the actual conditions of each case, the precise objects to be arrived at, and the practical difficulties which might have to be overcome. The Home Government showed itself ready to promote her views, by giving her credentials which opened to her every Public Institution in India, and which secured for her a cordial reception by the very highest Authorities in the three Presidencies, as well as by a large number of their ablest subordinates; and the most intelligent of the Native community vied with each other in their appreciation of the motives of her visit, and in readiness to further its objects. It was strongly in her favour with them, that she had come all the way from England simply to see what she could do to benefit the People of India; without being, on the one hand, an agent of the Government, or, on the other, being influenced by the desire for religious proselytism, which animates and directs the educational work of the Missionaries. She found, however, that there was a powerful dead-weight of prejudice among the Hindus of the old school in favour of female ignorance; and that the Government was indisposed to do anything to support her educational plans, until the Native community should have shown a readiness to forward them, by the voluntary support of the Institutions for Female Education which she proposed to establish. Not long after her return home, in 1867, she published a book in two volumes, entitled "Six Months in India," in which she embodied the general results of her inquiries, and the suggestions she was prepared to offer as to the subjects of them; and since that date she three times revisited India with the view of giving all the aid in her power in carrying out these suggestions, and found on each occasion increasing reason to believe that the good seed

she had there sown will in due time produce a rich and abundant harvest. The interest now taken in her work, and the profound respect and gratitude felt towards herself, on the part of the Native Community, are shown by the number of Addresses she received from bodies of Natives of the highest consideration, not only in the localities she herself visited, but also in places in which she was only known by repute, many of these addresses being accompanied with valuable presents; and she also received letters from several independent Native Princes, begging her to extend her labours into their territories. On her return last year from her fourth visit, she considered that she had laid such a foundation for the building-up of a permanent system of Female Education, that her work in promoting it would thenceforth lie in this country. She had the further satisfaction of learning that a Bill had at last been carried through the Council in Calcutta, in accordance with her persistent representations, for the establishment of Reformatories and Industrial Schools throughout our Indian Empire. And she was requested by the Secretary of State for India (who has more than once expressed in the House of Lords his high appreciation of her views in regard to the social elevation of its Native races), to prepare two Reports—one on Prison Discipline, the other on Normal Schools for Female Teachers; which he has recently placed before Parliament, and to the recommendations contained in which it may be confidently expected that he will do his utmost to give effect.

From the commencement of the Social Science Association, Mary Carpenter was one of its most constant attendants and most valued members. Scarcely any meeting has taken place, except when she was absent from England, without her contributing to it more than one paper; and her public share in its Sectional proceedings has always left a deep impression. She combined in a singular degree the power of mental concentration, and of clear mellifluous exposition; so as to be able, on a very short notice, to present a concise yet complete statement in regard to any of the numerous and diversified topics to which her attention had been directed. And when any question she had brought forward

became the subject of discussion, and one speaker after another expressed his objections to her views, she would listen patiently until her time came to reply, and would then meet all the points that had been urged by her several opponents, with the skill of the most practised debater. So, during her occasional visits to London, she would have interviews, by previous appointment, with the Heads of several Government Departments, on the same morning; and would leave upon each the impression that the business on which she came to him was the object that had complete possession of her mind.

The share which she has had, as well through her public and her private advocacy, in the Social Legislation of the last twenty-five years, is probably greater than that which any Woman has ever taken; her capacity for good in this direction having been mainly exerted through her remarkable power of inducing Public Men to take up her views and to give effect to them. The secret of that influence lay (there is the highest authority for asserting), *first*, in the confidence which came to be placed in her thorough mastery—alike as to principles and details—of any cause she undertook; and, *secondly*, in the conviction universally felt, that her advocacy, however earnest, was dictated solely by the most enlarged philanthropy, without the slightest trace of any alloy either of self-interest or desire for personal distinction. When she felt that she could do good by putting herself forward, no one was more ready to come to the front; but when she believed that she could serve her cause best by keeping in the back-ground, no one was more modest and retiring. It is not a little significant that although the Birmingham Conference of 1852 was brought together by the joint exertions of Mr. M. D. Hill and herself, and the Scheme of Reformatory and Preventive Legislation there adopted after full discussion was entirely her own, her name does not appear in the invitations to it. Twenty-five years ago there were many, alike in public and in private, who were ready to stigmatize as “unfeminine” any woman who should put herself forward in such a matter. Now, a change of feeling in regard to Woman’s position is everywhere obvious; and there are probably none who

have contributed more effectively to it than Mary Carpenter,—and this, not so much by advocacy of Women's *rights*, as by practical demonstration of Women's *capabilities*. In October, 1872, she attended, at the express invitation of the Princess Alice, a Congress held at Darmstadt on the subject of "Women's Work;" and that visit is still held, alike by the Princess (who received her as an honoured guest) and by her Children, in affectionate remembrance.

None who only knew her in Public life could be aware how much she possessed of the Artistic and Poetic temperament, how keen was her enjoyment of Nature, and how strongly she was interested in the general progress of Scientific thought; and only those who shared her closest intimacy could know the depth of her Religious fervour, and the constancy with which she humbly aimed to follow in the footsteps of her great Exemplar. Even those who early shrank from co-operation in Philanthropic work with one whom they regarded as outside the pale of Christianity, found themselves compelled to recognize in Mary Carpenter a devoted disciple whom Jesus himself must have loved. Of the "Morning and Evening Meditations with Prayers," which she originally published anonymously about thirty years ago (dedicating it as "a first offering of love and gratitude to the memory of a revered father"), she was able to say in her Preface to the Fifth edition, published with her name in 1868, that "It has met the religious wants of persons of all Denominations; it has comforted the mourning hours, and solaced the dying bed of many; while it has been the closet-companion of numbers without respect of creed, the spirit knowing no such distinction when in felt communion with its Maker." Brought up to believe in the sole Godhead of the Father,—to look to Jesus Christ as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life,"—to regard participation in his spirit, and the manifestation of that spirit in the daily life and conduct, as the true test of Christian discipleship,—and maintaining these convictions unchanged to the last, she was ever quick to recognise that spirit in others, however different might be their Theological creeds. "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," was the watchword of the "glorious company" to which she was ever striving to draw

recruits; and questions of doctrine or form of worship, of "terms of salvation" or ceremonial observances, of textual criticism or philosophical "basis of belief," seemed to her of subordinate importance to implicit and effectual Faith (that "faith which worketh by love") in the two great Commandments taught by Christ himself,—a faith which thoroughly pervaded her own nature, and which she had a marvellous power of calling forth in others.

This brief sketch of Mary Carpenter's Life and Work cannot be more fittingly terminated than by a like brief record of its peaceful close.

In April last, she delivered a course of Six Lectures on India, at the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Institution, with her accustomed clearness and ease. On the 24th of May, a telegram from Montreal announced the unexpected death of her youngest brother, Dr. Philip P. Carpenter; who, in a different sphere of usefulness, had given his life, not less devotedly than she did, to the service of God and Man. This deep grief was followed by anxieties at the Red Lodge; but those who had intercourse with her remarked how strong was her spirit of life and hope. On Wednesday, June 7th, she addressed a humble audience in a little Chapel at Kingswood, on the Religious aspect of India. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Herbert Thomas (Chairman of the Bristol Charity Trustees) presided; and her second brother, the Rev. R. L. Carpenter, of Bridport, who was on a visit to her, closed the meeting with prayer. She told him with what interest she revisited the scene of her first Reformatory labours; and promised her audience a second lecture in the same place. On the 8th of June she received at her house—for the last time—the Committee of the National Indian Association, which she had established (under the Presidency of the Princess Alice) to promote her various objects in connection with India; and she was planning a visit to her eldest brother in London, for the furtherance of the same work. She was also arranging for the reception as her guest, at the beginning of July, of the veteran Anti-slavery

advocate William Lloyd Garrison, in whose labours in the cause of Freedom she had always felt the deepest interest (see p. 120). On the evening of Thursday, the 14th of June, she chanced to meet, in the street near her residence, one of those Parliamentary friends, who, though holding widely different views on politics and religion, cordially co-operated with her in philanthropic labour; and with him she had a conversation to which he has since recurred with great interest, as the last she had held on public topics, and as showing her unabated clearness of thought and earnestness of feeling. On returning home she occupied herself in writing letters; and when her adopted daughter last saw her in life, it was with a smile on her face. The next morning she was found to have gone from her earthly to her heavenly home, with no sign but of the most tranquil passage from sleep into death. From death we cannot but believe that she "passed into life;" for who ever "loved the brethren" more truly, more deeply, and more devotedly?

In all the labours of her life, Mary Carpenter was cheered and sustained by the sympathy and co-operation which the members of her Family, in their several modes, were privileged to afford her; and particularly by the tender affection of her two Sisters;—Mrs. Herbert Thomas (the "Anna" of many of her poems), whose death in the autumn of 1870 was one of her severest trials; and Mrs. Robert Gaskell ("Susan," p. 48), who now remains the sole survivor of the three. Of her Sister Anna, to whom, as her "Fellow-worker in the cause of Humanity," she dedicated the Home for Houseless Boys, it was truly said by the local Newspapers which specially noticed her death, that "though not so widely known as her gifted sister, Miss Carpenter, her devotedness to philanthropic work has not been less earnest. In the cause of education her efforts have been constant and valuable; and the memory of her kindness to the poor, and of her self-sacrifice in doing good to others, will live in many grateful hearts."—And again, "Miss Carpenter, whose efforts in the cause of philanthropy have for so many years been conspicuous, always found in these efforts a ready and able assistant in her Sister; who rivalled

herself in deeds of benevolence, and in that true charity which was mainly directed to the elevation of the poor and neglected children of our vast city."—It was by the side of this Sister, and of the much-loved Mother (p. 80) who had entered into her rest exactly twenty-one years previously, that the mortal remains of Mary Carpenter were interred in the beautiful Cemetery of Arno's Vale, on Tuesday, the 19th of June; in the presence of a large concourse of friends belonging to various religious denominations and to all grades of society, who spontaneously assembled to pay this tribute of affectionate respect to one whom each felt to have been alike a public and a personal benefactress. The long procession included the Girls of the Red Lodge Reformatory, the Boys of the Certified Industrial School, and a detachment of both sexes from the Day (feeding) Industrial; and these were joined at the Cemetery by a large number of Boys from the Kingswood Reformatory, which lies in the opposite direction;—the whole assemblage furnishing but a small portion of the aggregate result of Mary Carpenter's life-long labours in behalf of "the children of the perishing and dangerous classes."

"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."



POEMS.



TO MY SISTER ANNA ON HER BIRTHDAY,
WITH A POSY OF MYRTLE AND ROSES.



OW many years now has my Anna past?
Ten does she say? May this not be her last!
May every year find fresh improvement still,
And each secure her from seducing ill.

Just as the Myrtle spreads its fragrance round,
So may my Anna's mind with sweets abound:—
Just as the Rose its opening bloom displays,
So may my Anna's strengthen with her days!

BRISTOL, *Sept.* 17, 1818.

P.S.—Of your dearest sister the heartfelt wish is this,
And the greatest reward you can give is—a kiss!

[Mary was born April 3, 1807.
Anna was born Sept. 17, 1808.]



HY, O my soul, immortal essence,
Pure and holy and divine,
Dost thou permit the body's presence
To lure thee off from duty's line?

Art thou so weak thou canst not conflict
'What gives pain in human life?
Rise spirit! haste thee to the onflict,
And conquer in the glorious strife.

Nought that thou dost can pass unheeded
By the gracious God above;
To works of goodness then be speeded,
To fit thee for a Heaven of love.

1820.



TO ANNA ON HER BIRTHDAY.



NOW the swift revolving years
Have thirteen times performed their round,
And my Anna dear appears,
Blythe and gay, with flowerets crowned.

My best and kindest wishes take,
That each succeeding year may find
My Anna, for her parents' sake,
Improved in body and in mind.

Accept this from a sister dear,
And keep it as a pledge of love,
That we may always so dwell here,
As we shall hope to live above.

Sept. 17, 1821.



MY ANNA.



WHEN with toil my spirits bend
What cheerful smile shall comfort send ?
Thou still wilt be my constant friend,
My Anna.

Sick and weak, with pain oppress
Where shall I find relief and rest ?
Where but in thy dear presence blest,
My Anna.

My sister ! mayst thou ever see
A kind and faithful friend in me ;
May purest love between us be,
My Anna.

October 6, 1825.



TO THE MOON.



DEAREST, fairest, Queen of Night,
Take, O take me to thy rest !
On thou movest ever bright,
On thou movest, ever blest.

Thou hear'st not the stormy sea
Where life's troubled billows roll ;
O look down and pity me !
Guide me with thy soft control.

Thou know'st not the deeper grief
Felt for sin and follies past :—
Stoop and give me sweet relief,
Give me peace which still shall last.

Dearest ! fairest ! while on high,
Calm thou movest, holy, blest ;—
Deign to listen to my sigh,
Take, O take me to thy rest.

October 11, 1825.



AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH PLEASURES VANISH, GOOD
WORKS REMAIN.



HITHER fly ye thus fast, ye joys so bright ?
They answer not,—but swift and light
Each hastes from the spot where he dwelt before,
He melts into air, and is seen no more !

Love's bright flame leaves a dusky track ;
Mirth for ever is gone, none can call him back ;
Hope lingers the latest, but now is flown,
The brightest, the fairest, the soonest gone.

They have seen my pall, my doom they have known,
They have heard my last and my dying groan ;
No trace of their sweets have they left behind,
No comfort nor solace in them shall I find.

They are gone, they are gone ! But no more will I mourn,
Though swift to the deepest oblivion they're borne :—
For vainly were spent their transient days,
One brilliant, glowing, but short-lived blaze.

But who are those spirits so lovely and bright
Come to cheer the dark gloom of my wearisome night?
From the depths of oblivion softly stealing,
Soothing the broken heart, and healing?

O sweet are their accents, and peace to my soul,
O'er my spirit they breathe a most soothing control :
We come thy Good Deeds, thou didst leave us never,
And we'll not forsake thee for ever, for ever!

"In the days of thy splendour' we vanished from sight,
We endured not the glare of the world's gaudy light ;
But now thy false pleasures have left thee, we come,
And with thee we'll dwell in thy last dreary home.

"Come now, come be with us, and over thy head
Some rays of our own glowing beauty we'll shed :—
We received it from thee, it is thine evermore ;—
O think of the world and its follies no more!"

1825.



ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.



H! born of pride, and puffed by folly's breath
Are the vain thoughts of man! And who can
hope
When folded in the very arms of death,
Unaided and alone with him to cope!

Proud mortal! Boast no more thy virtues done,
Nor joyful count thy trials nobly past:
Truth shines round death, and like a glowing sun,
From off thy works their gaudy veil has cast.

See, see! those patriot deeds which blazed on high,
While all admired the pure and holy flame,
Now stand disclosed before thy sinking eye,—
Ambition darkens that once spotless fame.

Soft charity has shed her milder light
Around thy path, and given that sweetest joy
Which springs in souls that earnest seek the right:—
But seems she now so free from base alloy?

E'en though in faith and hope thy course was run,
In mild benevolence thy life was past,
What hast thou equal to thy debts e'er done?
We all are frail and profitless at last.

Yet faint not Christian! though the props are torn
From under this frail tenement of clay,
Rise and rejoice, for upward thou art borne
To heavenly regions of eternal day.


There is a love which fadeth not away,
A mercy which for ever must endure:—
This will remain when all things else decay,
O trust thee *here*, for this will still be sure.

November, 1825.



FRAGMENT (JUNE, 1820).

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WO sisters were together in a room
Cheerless and dark. The elder mourning sat,
Suffering, dejected, for no more she hailed
The bright return of morn; the sun's blest rays
To her were agony. With hanging head
She sat where most the gloom o'ershadowed her.
The other seemed the very soul of youth,
And girlish beauty. She had left her play,
And full of tenderness and sympathy
Was reading to her sister. In her voice
Was mixed such kind solicitude and love
As touched the sufferer's heart; she raised her eyes
To snatch one painful hasty glance, and saw
A countenance so lovely! On it fell
The only beams that stole into the room
And brightened that sweet face, so full of love!—
One look sufficed; and often as she lay
Suffering the tedious nights; and when she mourned
The long and darksome day, she mused upon
That dear and beauteous vision;—when her eyes
Refused their wonted office, then she saw
Rise in imagination that sweet form
Cheering her solitude.

November 5, 1825.

FROM PETRARCH'S "GLI ANGELI ELETTI," &c.

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WHEN first my Laura mounted to the skies,
The angels round her haste in glad surprise.
"What light is this," they cried, "what beauty
rare,

For ne'er have we beheld a form so fair.
Rise from the nether world, in airy flight
To these bright regions of intense delight."
She, well contented to have gained her rest,
Equals perhaps the loveliest and the best;
And while the heavenly spirits round her bend,
A part e'en think of me. "I should ascend
Quickly," they said, "to meet my angel love."
O may their words be true;—e'en now above
My heart, my hopes all dwell;—then haste the day
Which bids me enter on that heavenly way.



REPLY OF THE ROMANS TO HORACE,

Who exhorts them to leave their own country, in order to avoid the Civil Wars, and to follow him to the Islands of the Blest.



WE come, we come, we seek that rest
 Which Jove has promised to the blest.
 Yet whither Prophet dost thou lead?
 Wouldst thou o'er ocean's billows speed,
 To find "that land of calm repose,
 Where sorrow flies, and toil, and fear,
 And life moves on without a tear?"
 Without a tear! Know, Prophet, know,
 The deepest grief e'er felt below,
 The basest, deadliest alloy,
 Would be in that "fair land of joy."
 Know that the sharpest pangs of life,
 Danger, distress, e'en civil strife,
 When with our country's presence blest,
 Are sweeter than *thy* peace and rest.
 Sail, Prophet, sail! "The south wind blows;"
 Haste to thy land of calm repose;
 Enjoy that golden age of ease
 Which selfish, heartless souls may please;—
 For us, we strive for victory,
 For glory which can never die:

Or perish with our country's sighs :—
This is the noblest, purest prize ;—
Thus would we gain that peace and rest
Which Jove has promised to the blest.

November, 1825.



THE PILGRIM'S COMPLAINT.

*Pilgrim.*

PIRIT, stoop ! Thy course now ending,
Stoop in mercy, near me stay ;—
Swift on pinions bright descending,
Deign to listen to my lay.

Spirit ! in this world of sorrow,
Long I've toiled the darksome way ;
Oft I've hoped a brighter morrow,
But no sunbeams gild my day.

I have laboured oft in love,
I have eased the pilgrim's load !
Look, blest Spirit, from above,
Take me to thy blest abode.

I have felt the world's disdain,
Cold ingratitude's base sting ;
I've endured that sharpest pain,
Which the heart's deep sorrows bring.

I have mourned no kindred near
Pouring comfort on my soul ;—
Ne'er for me the heartfelt tear
Full of tenderness shall roll.

Spirit tell me ;—though in sorrow
Long I've toiled the darksome way,
Will there shine no brighter morrow ?
Must my fondest hopes decay ?

Spirit.

Mortal ! cease thy vain complaining ;
Seest thou yonder brilliant star ?
O ! while still on earth remaining,
Let it guide thee from afar !

Envy us not with vain desiring,
Lift from earth thy downcast eye,
And in faith still on aspiring,
Fix thy thoughts and hopes on high.

There eternal joy awaits thee,
When thou'st trod the stormy road :
Each loved friend with rapture greets thee ;
Welcome to thy blest abode !

April, 1826.



HOPE AND MEMORY.

A Vision.

THOUGHT I wandered in the Vale of Tears.
And midst the sorrowing throng I quick
discerned
Two lovely Virgins, whose bright presence
cheered
The lonely pilgrims, and made each forget
His heavy burden. One the Daughter seemed
Of Spring eternal, born in a bright land
Of overbudding flowers, where the sky
Cloudless, transparent, seemed t' invite the gaze
To pierce its azure canopy. Her step
Was light and youthful; sylphlike was her form,
And her blue laughing eye, and dimpled cheek
Were formed for nought but happiness. Her name
Was *Hope*; all loved her, from the playful child
E'en to the aged pilgrim. All *she* loved,
Yet chief she joyed in morning's prime to roam
With those whose sunny course was just begun.
For them she culled the choicest flowers, on them
Bestowed her loveliest smiles, and oft for them
Rose at her bidding glowing fairy scenes,

Offspring of times unborn ;—and the gay youth
Gazed ardently with fond delight, until
All seemed a blest reality ; but then
If a light cloud flitted before the sun,
All vanished ;—Hope soon left them to despair.
Yet still they loved her, and where'er she led
Their willing footsteps, lighter was their pace,
And with new kindled fire they bounded on
Forgetting all, but her, their lovely guide.
And often I beheld an aged man
Slow tottering to the grave ; at her approach
He raised his drooping head, and when he caught
Her bright and radiant glance, a languid smile
Lighted his careworn face, and on he trod
More cheerfully, while she in accents sweet
Whispered of brighter skies, and greener spots
Where shortly he would rest his weary limbs.
But soon he mournful turned away his head
From the gay charmer, for he called to mind
How oft in life's bright morn her hand had led
E'en to destruction's brink ;—how oft again
Her joys deferred had filled his aching heart
With deep and sickening anguish ;— so no more
He dared to listen to her winning voice,
But slow and sorrowing tottered on his way.
Yet was he not alone, for I beheld
Steal lightly on his steps a beauteous being
So soft and fair she seemed not of this earth.
Not *Memory's* the bright and kindling glance

Of blue-eyed Hope ; but on her features shone
A heavenly radiance, softened, not obscured
By a transparent veil. Sweet was her voice
As distant music of the evening bell,
Which wakens dearest thoughts of times gone by.
The aged pilgrim smiled at her approach,
And checked the rising sigh, while she pourtrayed
With finger soft, the gay, swift, fleeting scenes
Of happy childhood, or while in her voice
He traced the accents long since loved and gone.
“ Nor say thou art alone ;—look back and see,—
In thy long wanderings hast thou ever been
Neglected, quite forgotten ? In the days
Of thickest darkness, oft the sun’s bright beams
Have pierced in mercy the o’erhanging cloud.
Then hear my sister’s voice, and hand in hand
We two will cheer thee in thy wanderings.
Yet pilgrim list ! Though unlike mortal forms
’Tis ours to sojourn ever here below.
Sweet Hope’s fair visions all would dimly fade
Before the bright effulgence of that day
Which hails *thee* to eternal blessedness :—
And for myself, though it may be my joy
To whisper to thee of this thorny vale
Where my hand wiped thy tears, no longer mine
The loveliness which now delights thy soul.
Thy glorious *present* then shall throw in shade
The past and future. Yet shall *one* be thine,
More radiant in her brightness ;—one who here

Is ever nigh when called for. See! she comes."
I oft had noted hovering near the throng
Of sorrowing pilgrims, a bright heavenly being
Who soothed their path. At times she vanished quite,
And seemed returned to her own blest abode;
But when a mourner called on *Faith*, she came,
And poured into his ear most glorious news
And messages of love from that Great Being
Who cannot err;—a hymn of lasting peace.
As *Faith* approached she shed a halo round;
The meanest flower was beautiful; the birds
Sang sweeter far, and the dark vale appeared
Bright with celestial radiance; the old man
Raised to the heavens his dying eyes, and there
The clouds were opened, and he saw the choirs
Of blessed, sinless spirits. "Thy loved friends,"
Sweet *Memory* whispered, "here have gained their rest,"
"There shalt thou rise to join them," *Hope* replied.
—How blest, how soul-entrancing was the sight!
My vision faded, and I saw no more.

Commenced 1826.

Finished January 9, 1832.



ANSWER TO

"'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that all the fairest fade."

By MRS. HEMANS.



AND is it thus? still is it thus, that all the fairest
die,

That while their beauty's loveliest, they fade
away and fly?

O grieve no more that those we love the first
should speed away,

Should leave this world of gloomy night for one of end-
less day.

O grieve no more, O grieve no more, that those we love
are borne

To a blest world of endless life where they will never
mourn.

Why should they longer stay on earth when their fair
course is run?

O let them take their high reward, the heavenly prize
they've won.

Then grieve no more ;—those well loved friends whose
presence e'en was bliss,
Too firmly would have chained our souls to such a world
as this ;
Forgetting heaven, while blest below with everything most
dear,
Too certainly the heart would say, " My happiness is here."


O be it thus, still be it thus, that those we love should rise
And with them bear our hopes above, and fix them in the
skies :—
Still will we cherish what to us on earth is kindly given,
But our best love, our purest thoughts shall centre all in
heaven.

WIDCOMBE, ISLE OF WIGHT,
November, 1827.



JANUARY 1ST, 1828.



AD were the gloomy shades at yester e'en,
When the bright Regent of the day descended,
And wrapt in sullen clouds no more was seen,
While on his parting steps night swift attended.

The cold dank mist fell heavy o'er the earth,
And at its touch sank the sad leaflets dying ;
Still were the notes of joy, the songs of mirth,
All into gloom and solemn darkness flying.

'Twas not the closing of a winter's day
Which o'er our spirits cast a chilling dew ;—
That sunset bore the parting year away,
And a thick veil *for ever* o'er it drew !

For ever ! But not so shall fade and fly
The memory of those chastenings of love,
Which, while they drew from us the passing sigh,
Hallowed our hearts, and raised our thoughts above.

What though the storms did oftentimes round us lower ?
Still rays of mercy ever shone between,
And still we felt that heavenly love and power,
Which brightest in the gloomy valley beam.

Yes! Heavenly mercy has indeed descended
And brought again to us that faithful guide,
Whose holy care our youthful steps attended
Shared every joy, and tears of sorrow dried.

Chequered with many cares has been our lot,
But Hope resigned has ever offered rest ;
O never be this long loved year forgot,
Deep marked by sorrow, but with mercies blest.



SONNET

*On the death of Mrs. George Kenrick, who departed to the
Saints' Rest, September 18th, 1824.*



SAW her last, reclining on the bed
Of weakness, pain and suffering;—yet her face
Shone with a Christian's hope, with heavenly
grace.

And then I heard that numbered with the dead
Was my beloved friend. But can I e'er
Forget those sweet and gentle smiles of love,
That earnest seeking after things above,
That chastened gratitude for all things here?
No! Ever shall my soul delight to muse
On those loved moments, now for ever gone,
When all our thoughts were one. Can I refuse
In her loved footsteps still to travel on,
Until a purer friendship, ne'er to die,
Shall hail our happy spirits to the sky?

January 20th, 1828.



SONNET

To Mrs. George Kenrick.



ES! If we love thee we shall now rejoice
That thou hast reached the goal! Thy race
well run,
Each trial passed, each work of duty done,
Thy Father's house is opened! But the voice
Of sorrow still must rise;—the falling tear
Tells what a glowing memory thou hast left,
Yet mourn we not as those of hope bereft;
For though thy earthly tabernacle here
Fast moulders dust to dust, a peaceful rest
Is for thee in the bosom of thy God,
Until the last grand trump shall call the blest,
On eagles' wings to mount the heavenly road.
O may I tread thy footsteps while on earth,
To rise with thee at that great second birth.

January 20th, 1828.



A WIDOWED MOTHER'S SONG.



HUSH thee, babe, hush, no stranger's near,
Thou liest in the arms of a mother dear;—
Sweetly reposing,
Evening soft closing,
Sleep on in peace.

Sleep on in peace! No stranger ever,
Thee, babe, beloved, from me shall sever.
Slumber on lightly,—
Ope thine eye brightly,
Joy of my life.

Joy of my life! Would that another's
Hand was nigh beside thy mother's;
Gently to feed thee,
Gently to lead thee,
His child and, mine!

His child and mine! Yet peace be round thee,
A father's love shall still surround thee;
Breathing through me,
It rests on thee,
Babe of our prayers.

Babe of our prayers! Thy mother's sigh
Is heard in heaven ;—a Father's sigh ;—
Then soft reposing,
Thy bright eye closing,
Sleep on in peace.

January 28th, 1828.



A SISTER'S LOVE IN SICKNESS.



EVER loved the soft and gentle tone
Of that sweet sister to my heart so dear ;—
But when in pain or sorrow, and alone,
Her accents fell like music on my ear,
It was then they touched my soul, and drew the
blissful tear.

And oft in life's glad morn, her sunny smile
Shed a new radiance o'er the brightest hour ;—
I gazed with rapture, and I thought the while
That no dark storm could ever on me lower,
While with my Anna blest, that sweet, that lovely flower.

But sorrow came, and then a tenderer glow
Shone o'er that face of innocence ; her eye
Beamed with the purest love that dwells below,
A sister's love ;—O could I then deny
For her loved sake to check the rising sigh ?

And could I mourn the flight of health and mirth,
While those soft looks of love my couch attend?
Happy those hours of weakness!—From the earth
Sorrows can never rise; they blest descend,
And touch with heaven's pure love, the true, the faithful
friend.

March 2 and 6, 1828.



FAREWELL TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



FAREWELL, loved island ! peaceful and serene,
Bedecked in nature's choicest robes of green ;
And while thy shores are fading from my view,
Full mournfully I bid my last adieu.

Vectis ! What hidden fairy charmer dwells
Among thy lone woods, and thy shady dells ?
What wood nymphs round me sport the springtide day,
And fill my soul with rapture ? Vectis, say !

For while I gaze upon thy soft blue hills
A heavenly peace my ravished spirit fills ;—
Beauty's own outline touched with nicest art
The loveliest shades her pencil can impart.

Would that with softest touch I could pourtray
Thy scenes in mimic colours ;—that my lay
Could breathe the tenderness thy charms inspire,
Or catch from thee one spark of sacred fire.

All, all is beautiful! Each dale and hill,
With peace and purest joy my spirit fill.
Each breathing scene awakes a kindred glow,
More pure, more calm no human heart can know.

But shall this glow be kindled, and expire?
And shall the soul, once touched with heavenly fire,
Still grovelling sit, to earthly passions bound,
Nor seek to rise from darkness and the ground?


O may my soul be filled with holy love!
My peace below lead me to joys above!
And while I gaze enraptured, may my mind
A holy purifying influence find!

WIDCOMBE, *May* 1, 1828.



TO ANNA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

—*—

 Y sweetest sister ! Oft this day
We've passed in laughing mirth away ;
We've brought thee off'rings sweet ;
Round thy smooth locks fresh flowerets twined,
And while the chain of love we bind,
Sealed it with kisses sweet.

My dearest Anna ! We'll not mourn
That down the stream of life swift borne
Youth's flowery banks recede ;—
The troubled waters round us roar,
An unknown ocean lies before,
Where no kind pilots lead.

Then if a friendly land we hail,
With joy unfurl the swelling sail,
And onward urge our bark,—
Some tide resistless checks our way,
A lowering cloud obscures our day,
And all around is dark.

Yet if no friendly haven's nigh,
We still can fix our looks on high,
And see among the clouds
That ever bright and morning star,
Which still shall guide us from afar,
Though thickest darkness shrouds.

ODSEY HOUSE, *September 17th*, 1828.



JEREMIAH XXII., 10.—“*Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away;—for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.*”



MOURN not for those who slumber in the land
Where rest their fathers;—grieve not that the
hand
Of Him who led them on has closed their days,
While walking still in Zion's pleasant ways.

Bemoan not those, preëminently blest,
Whose toils are ended, who have gained their rest.
No haughty conquerer shall bid them roam,
No foreign lord shall tear them from their home.

But weep for those whose hearts within them burn
To see that land to which they'll ne'er return;
Who sigh in vain for Jordan's pleasant rills,
Judea's fertile plains, and Salem's hills.

Shed bitter tears for them, for they are driven
E'en from their trust in God, their hope of Heaven:
Estranged in heart and clime, they dare not sing
The enraptured praises of their prophet king.

Yet, O ye guilty stock of Judah's race,
Still will ye turn and seek your Father's face,
Submissive 'neath the rod, still Zionward pray,
Ye shall be heard, your sins be washed away.

And though your suns sink on a foreign strand,
Still breathe your latest wishes toward the land,
Where, all their captive sighs and bondage o'er,
Your sons shall serve their God, and stray no more.

ODSEY, *December*, 1828.



ON THE DEATH OF R. C.



LET us not grieve that thou art gone,
And that thy holy spirit's fled ;
Thy trials past, thy work well done,
Thou retest with the blessed dead.

Why should we bid a sad adieu ?
Thou hast to cross no troubled seas ;—
With thee a tranquil shore's in view ;—
Light is thy bark, and soft the breeze.

Thy Father calls ! Without dismay
Thou hear'st his voice ; 'tis sweet to thee ;
With joy thou hail'st life's parting morn,
And quietly hast ceased to be.

And as thy peaceful spirit flies,
Angelic music greets thy ear ;
While heavenly visions round thee rise,
To check thy doubt, dispel thy fear.

Why grieve we thus? Not e'en a sigh
Stole from thee with thy parting breath;—
O joy, O blessing thus to die?
Where is thy victory here, O Death?

February 7, 1830.



A DREAM.



HAD a dream. Methought I passed away
Into the land of spirits, and I knew
To-morrow's sun would not behold me here.
Around me were no horrors of the tomb;
Gently the Messenger of Death had come,
And I was summoned ;—so I bade adieu
To those I loved on earth, with peaceful trust
That shortly we should meet to part no more.
O then what precious thoughts were mine ! To heaven
I turned my longing eyes, and knew that soon
I there should ever *rest*, to *sin* no more ;—
Should see those friends with whom my spirit here
Had oft held sweet communion, and with them
Dwell in th' eternal glory of my God !
O blest such hopes ! Upward I longed to soar,
And peacefully I bade the world farewell.

My dream was o'er. I started yet to feel
The glow of health and strength ;—yet joyed I not
To wake from holy rest, to toil and sin ;—
To find no port at hand, but the long voyage
Of life before me ;—I would fain have sunk

Back to the gentle sleep which led to heaven.
But then a voice aroused and startled me.
"Forgetful one! Thou *hop'st* to see thy God?
Hast thou no *fears*? O bless the Gracious Power
Which lengthens still thy little span of life,
And gives thee time to learn to serve Him more."
I owned the heavenly counsel, checked my haste,
And sad forgetfulness of all my sins,
And with fresh ardour trod the Vale of Life.

September, 1830.



ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.



YES! Our full hearts must mourn the holy dead;
Him, whom a little space our God hath given
To sojourn with us; the pure spirit fled
To join its native skies, to rest in heaven.

Still for ourselves we mourn the moments past
When, like some Prophet of the Sacred Word,
To thirsty souls he living waters cast,
And taught the wandering to seek the Lord.

How often have our souls within us burned,
When in majestic flight he soared on high;—
And to our sight, in vision upward turned,
Revealed the glorious mansions of the sky.

Yet thou *wast* one of us, and thou hast borne
Full many trials in this world of woe,
For grievous thorns thy mortal flesh have torn,
And Satan's messengers have laid thee low.

Then should we mourn that all thy troubles cease,
And that with those, like thee, supremely blest,
Thou'st gained thy Father's everlasting peace,
That blessed home of pure untroubled rest?

Yet, though no longer in this Vale of Tears,
Thou shar'st our sorrows, still shall mem'ry breathe
Thy much loved accents to dispel our fears,
And raise our thoughts from this dark world beneath.

Yes! Still to gain the high celestial prize
Onward thy voice shall summon us above.
O be it ours on wings of faith to rise,
To taste in bliss with thee, our Father's love.

March 13th, 1831.



SONNET

On the eve of Anna's Birthday.

—*—



T is a holy and a blessed hour
When, upward soaring to the heavenly height,
The spirit hails the pure celestial light,
And, though on earth, feels somewhat of the power
Which calls it onward to its high born dower.
What then is wanting to its rapid flight,
Or what shall make the kindling flame more bright?
Love sheds new radiance on the fairest flower,
That blooms in Paradise. And He whose hand
First kindled in us this immortal flame,
Bade still more brightly each with each to twine.
My sister! Ever close shall be the band
Which binds us to each other; still the same,
In holy love may'st thou be ever mine.

September 16th, 1831.



SOFTLY I slumbered on my peaceful couch,
And sweetest visions floated round my head ;—
I waked,—and saw the moon's full radiance
Poured down on me in silent majesty
From that bright sphere where is her blest abode.
Yet I had tranquil slept, and seen her not !
—And is there not a glowing halo shed
Ever around us ? Rays of love divine ?
We feel its blessed fruits, yet slumber on !
O may we wake to taste its blessedness !

January 1st, 1832.



SONNET.



Y spirit sighs to leave this vale of night,
Where a dark mist shades off heaven's
glorious blaze
From our too feeble vision, and to gaze
Upon the boundless source of endless light.
Freed from this mortal clay, when shall my sight
Behold unmingled goodness? Mercy's rays
No longer dimly;—the all perfect ways
Of Him who cannot err supremely right?—
But yet I sojourn here! His will is best!
Be still my soul! Check thy too fond desire,
E'er half thy race is run seek not for rest;—
Thy burden still to bear, faint not, nor tire.
Joy that thou may'st *now* turn thy longing eyes,
To the celestial mansions of the skies.

January 7th, 1832.



*" There are shades which will not vanish,
Thoughts there are thou can'st not banish."*

MANFRED.



HERE are thoughts we quickly banish,
Forms that flash on us,—and vanish,
Visions light and gay,—
For a moment beauteous seeming,
But, like April sunshine beaming,
Swift they fade away.

There are thoughts we would not banish,
Scenes that ne'er on earth shall vanish,
Hours of darkest woe ;—
From on high blest light descending,
With the shadows sweetly blending,
Made a heaven below.

There are hours of deepest pleasure,
When the heart's best, dearest treasure
Seems to be its own ;
When pure spirits lowly bending,
Holy prayers on high ascending,
Seek the heavenly throne.

Are these hours that e'er can vanish ?
Are these joys the world can banish ?
 Light that e'er can fade ?
Blest its radiance is around us,
And with peace shall still surround us,
 Midst the blackest shade.

And times there are when o'er the soul,
Is breathed a holy soft control
 Such as blest spirits know ;—
A foretaste of eternal peace,
A type of joy that ne'er shall cease,
 A glimpse of heaven below.


And then with transport ardent burning,
Fain would the spirit upward turning
 Seek th' eternal rest.
O these are joys no age can banish !
Ne'er may these heavenly visions vanish,
 Till we are ever blest !

March 9th, 1832.



R. C. DIED JANUARY 30TH, 1830, AGED 22 ;
HIS SISTER SARA FOLLOWED HIM JANUARY 30TH, 1832.

— ❦ —
“ *Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.* ”
— ❦ —

 O hence in peace, spirit most pure and blest !
Deep were thy longings in this vale below,
To cease the mortal strife of sin and woe ;—
'Tis ended !—thou hast gained eternal rest.
Yet if a sigh could ever reach that breast,
Dwelling of faith and trust, where but to know
Thy Father's will, was to obey, to grow
In grace, to joy at His behest,—
It might have been that *he*, for whom thy love
Was as a mother's, thy young brother, here
Should toil without thy arm ;—but thou wast near
When his pure spirit winged its flight above.
Thou blessed one depart ; depart in peace,
To dwell with him in love which ne'er shall cease.

April 15th, 1832.



TO MY SISTER SUSAN ON HER BIRTHDAY APRIL 19TH, 1832.



USETTE! Thou wast our childhood's treasure
With thy innocent face of laughing pleasure,
And thy locks of golden hair;
We loved to hear thee sweetly singing,
Every note so joyous ringing;—
Was there e'er a child so fair?


And now is thy infantine beauty past?
Has the rough hand of sickness faded fast
The lustre of thine eye?
Be it so, for she has not deadened the flame,
Which still in thy sister's heart is the same,
A love which ne'er shall die.

And still as ever we can rejoice
To list to thy sweet and mellow voice,
Thy merry or plaintive lay;
And still in *thy* love we may feel secure,
That 'tis ever ardent, and ever sure,
And will not pass away.

April 18th, 1832.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN PROPOSED TO BE ERECTED
AFTER THE GRANTING OF THE REFORM BILL,
OUR SECOND CHARTER.



TRANGER! that viewest here with wondering eye
This queen of cities, where yon Senate house
Points out the scene of England's glory,—stop,
And read the names a nation here has carved
Upon this marble, but far deeper traced
With characters of love in English hearts!—
For blessed freedom long these Patriots toiled,
And thankless toiled,—but yet they patient steered
Right onward, and they used no other arms
But such as Christian Patriots might wield.
And, stranger, learn that Britain's sons can boast
A bloodless revolution ;—that they know
And truly prize their country's sacred rights ;—
And that with high resolve they boldly claim
Their precious birthright ;—that on these blest shores
A people justly asks,—a sovereign grants.

May 28th, 1832.



The birthday of our Patriot King, William IV.

ON LEAVING HOME.



THOU sigh'st to leave thy home
In distant climes to roam,
And see the friends beloved in days long past ;—
But when the parting's nigh,
Thou heav'st the mournful sigh,
And a sad tender farewell is the last.

Thy peaceful little cell !
Each object there can tell
Of some loved hand, or hours of past delight
And thy fresh blooming flowers,
That cheered thy pensive hours,
Unveiling all their beauty to thy sight.

Thy sisters ! Their sweet smile
Doth oft thy cares beguile :—
Thy home, — thy sisters, — all thou now must leave ;
So when the parting's nigh,
Thou heav'st the mournful sigh,
Thou wishedst to depart, but now dost grieve.

June, 1832.



TO ANNA

(With a copy of my verses).

HERE is a bright world round us; heaven and
earth

Teem with the glowing beauty of His hand,
Who dwells in loveliness unspeakable.

Here man is placed, a heavenly visitant

Where all he sees around him swells his soul
With holiness and love, and bids it soar
To seek th' Eternal Spirit, who hath breathed
Such glorious life on all. And can it be
That man, thus blessed, should not raise his voice,
And sing, though in most humble strains, the thoughts
That fill his soul with ecstasy, and shed
Around his being, e'en in this world below,
A heavenly light? My sister! 'tis to thee
I bring these lowly lays;—thy tenderness
First called me to attempt the poet's art;—
Thy sympathetic love is ever nigh
To listen to my numbers;—then be thine
This my attempt t'express a sister's love.

July, 1832.



Written in the garden walks at Lenton.

SONNET

To my Father on his Birthday.



HY father! Oft we've hailed this hallowed day,
And joyed to print our kisses on thy brow,
And share thy ever welcome smile;—but now
When more than fifty years have rolled away,
And time begins to tinge thy locks with grey,
Each year more grateful at the throne we bow
In humble thanks to Him who doth allow
Thee still to be our guardian and our stay.
The Sabbath dawns! How fervent in that house,
Where thy loved accents raise our souls to God,
With many worshippers shall rise our vows,
That thou may'st still be with us on the road
Of this our pilgrimage,—till ever blest,
We all may share with thee eternal rest!

Sunday, September 2nd, 1832.



THE SOUL'S HIGHEST LOVE.



HERE dwell the soul's best, holiest thoughts of
love ?

Joy is around us, and the glad heart beats
In sympathy with all, for all is fair
And bright as its own glowing world within ;
Fain would we make this earth our dwelling place.
The sunny morning fades ;—dark louring clouds
Hang heavy o'er us, and no trace remains
But some fair spots which memory still discerns
Bright in the distance ;—they are on the earth,
Our hopes are now in heaven. Where are those friends
Whose light step trod with us the flowery way ?
The cloud hangs thick between us,—if perchance
It overshades them too, its cold dank gloom
Has quenched the flame which earth alone had raised.

Peaceful we travel to th' appointed goal :—
A chain invisible, is round us thrown ;
We feel it not, but yet within its bounds
Each in his destined path, we onward tread
Our pilgrimage more lightly ;—and when passed
Youth's fair romantic visions, Hope's bright dreams
Of phantom happiness, gay prospects drest


In morning's gaudy mists,—each well known form
Clad in Truth's robes of never fading light,
Is dearer than aught else possessed on earth.
Each look and word of feelings unexpressed,
Deep seated in the soul, awakes a thrill
Of love so pure and holy,—that if yet
When life eternal issues from the tomb
Love rises with it to the realms of bliss ;—
If, when the voice of Faith and Hope has ceased,
Love sings more sweetly her glad hymns of praise,—
Then surely on this dark and lonely vale
A light serene is beaming, which shall glow
With brighter lustre in another world.

And there are hours of deep and sacred love
Which the world cannot know. The silver cord
Of our beloved is loosened, and in vain
We seek our friend ! A Father's hand hath touched,
And quickened the whole soul to dwell within
Another sphere not earthly. What was bright
Is dead and dim before it ;—what called forth
Its highest powers, hath lost its rousing charm.
Love deep, absorbing, fills the sorrowing heart,
The love of the departed, now with God
In heavenly rest. Our Father's chastening hand
Which strikes in mercy, gently leads the soul,
To the most holy place, where perfect love
Is ever brightly beaming.

February 5th, 1833.

H E A V E N .



 HE veil of sickness o'er me dark was thrown,
And shut out from my eyes the dazzling joys
And gloomy cares of this terrestrial sphere.
My soul in still communion with itself,
Dwelt in its own pure light. From bondage free,
Though still chained down to earth by time and sense,
Where should it soar but towards those realms of bliss,
Which on this vale of night so oft diffuse
Their own pure beamings. *Hope* enraptured smiled,
And placed before me blest, undying forms
Of those I love ; and ranged around the throne
Of my Almighty Father, I beheld
Those heavenly witnesses, whose holy faith
Has oft awakened me to serve my God !—
Filled with unearthly joy, I gazed and prayed
That such might be the bliss of Paradise !—
But then I sought with anxious, troubled heart
Some who with me were bound by closest ties,
But who had wandered from the narrow road
Into the flowery way. Could they enjoy
The presence of the Lord, whose hearts were strange
Unto His holiness ? Could mine be heaven

While those I loved were plunged in outer woe ?
Hope's visions quickly vanished, and I turned
With doubting wistful eyes, to one whose voice
Had ever soothed my sorrows, with her strains
Of sweet and distant music. From a mist,
Illumined by the rays of setting suns,
Memory stole gently on me ; at her touch
I was transported to a much loved isle
Where nature reigned in all her tranquil joy.
I gazed upon the hills whose mingling tints
Of softness inexpressible, inspired
My soul with peaceful love of Him who formed
A world so fair. The magic touch of spring
Had clothed the trees in their bright joyous dress ;
Each flowret hastened to receive her smile ;—
The lark's gay carol sent its hymns of praise,
And all around was harmony and love.
And there was one with whom I wandered forth
To breathe the freshness of the early morn :
Her God had touched her soul with deepest woe ;—
But 'twas a Father's hand, and not the less
Joyed she to see His love displayed around
In beauteous nature. Blest such intercourse,
And blest the hours when nature lifts our thoughts
To its Great Author ! Must these holy scenes
Be as of old a chaos dark and drear ?
And must these tender scenes of peaceful love
Sink fruitless in the deep abyss of time ?

Yet, why, my soul, dost thou still cling to sense?
Why love so much the world where joy and woe
Are ever near;—where e'en in that fair isle
Which should be virtue's home, the bane of sin
Is ever felt around. "Eye hath not seen
The glorious dwelling of the Son of God."
The heavenly city, new Jerusalem,
Shall be far lovelier than this spot of earth,
Where all that's fair but turns our thoughts above
To seek for better things.

I closed my eyes
Upon this isle, but Memory still was nigh,
And straight my soul was filled with holy peace.
Beneath o'erhanging trees I sat alone,
And watched the glories of the setting sun.
No mortal eye was there, but yet my soul
Dwelt not alone within its narrow sphere.
It soared to bow before the Eternal Throne,—
To be with God. All seemed to fade away,
Save the sole thought of His all perfect love.
No hope was mine but to be one with Him.
And was not such bliss heavenly? Yet the shades
Of sorrow soon fell o'er me, for I thought
How often I had sinned against the light
Which would have led me heavenward, and how oft
I had forsaken Him in whom I trust.
Loved Memory! I joy to dwell with thee,
But 'tis not thine to tell of joys, which yet

No mortal eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.
—A bright aerial being, who, not of earth
Seemed meet to dwell above this transcient sphere
Midst clouds of light celestial, bade me rise
And pass with her the narrow bounds of space,
To find at last the blessed glorious home
Of my immortal spirit in the skies.

“*Imagination* is that sacred power,
Imagination holy and refined.”
With her I soared into those “depths of space”
Where I beheld Creation’s works unveiled ;
I saw eternal worlds all moving on,
Hung upon nothing, through their tractless course,
Unswerving from their Great Creator’s will.
—But my weak eye, bewildered by the sight
Of such immensity, turned down with joy
To its own spot of earth, where, bright and fair,
Nature disclos’d in all her matchless stores.
Whate’er before was dark, in order lay,
And loveliness unspeakable. One glance
Showed me what sages long had fruitless toiled
To disentangle from the chaos vast
Of human ignorance ; and where I oft
Had wandered, lost amid my vain attempts
To trace the gracious plans of Providence,
I saw all perfect wisdom, boundless love.
But here I sank beneath the awful sense
Of His dread presence, whom no mortal eye

Hath e'er beheld.—And shall this feeble soul
Aspire to know at length the Great Unknown?
How can a heart so weak, so stained with love
Of things terrestrial, pour an offering meet
Into the holy fount of boundless love.

—Descend my spirit! Rest in humble peace
Where His kind hand hath placed thee, Who best knows
Thy mortal frame, remembering thou art dust.
There *Faith* shall whisper thee sure promises
That if thou steadfast pressest on the way
Of thy high calling,—thy affections rise
To things above, nor centre here below;—
If living in the world, mixing with men,
Thou treadest not in their unholy ways;—
Then shalt thou share a joy which human heart
Cannot conceive;—thus an immortal crown
Shall circle brows that here would dazzled shrink
From its pure brightness. As poor blighted flowers,
Or as the winter rose, that scarce unfolds
Its sickly leaves to catch the midday sun,—
Our feeble spirits sink before the blast,
Nor dare t' imbibe the strong meridian ray;—
But there the mortal seed, in weakness sown,
Shall rise in power and glory, heirs with Christ,
Glorious partakers with the sons of God.

All mortal powers, however bright and strong,
Must sink in shade before the eternal blaze
Of bliss unutterable;—but the soul

Filled with a humble faith, though mourning oft
For its unworthiness, shall feel a trust,
A blessed peaceful trust, that all is well
Which our kind Father doth ; and that His hand
Still guides us onward to the heavenly home
Where, 'mid the many mansions, we shall hail
All who with us have trod the way of life,
And *him*, the herald of these glorious hopes,
Who now awaits us in his Father's house.

Finished March 23rd, 1833.



SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

(At Bristol, September 28th, 1833).

I.

THY nation sat in darkness; for the night
Of pagan gloom was o'er it:—Thou wast born
Midst superstition's ignorance forlorn:
Yet in thy breast there glow'd a heavenly light
Of purest truth and love; and to thy sight
Appear'd the day-star of approaching morn.
What ardent zeal did then thy life adorn,
From deep degrading guilt to lead aright
Thy fallen people; to direct their view
To that bless'd Sun of righteousness, whence beams
Guidance to all that seek it—faithful—true;
To call them to the Saviour's living streams.
The cities of the East have heard thy voice—
“Nations behold your God! rejoice—rejoice.”


Is. xl., 9.



ON THE DEATH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.



II.

XIL'D from home, e'en in thy earliest youth,
The healing balm of woman's love was pour'd
Into thy troubled breast: and thence were stor'd
Deep springs of gratitude and pitying ruth.—
To lead thy race to that primeval truth
Which, bright and pure, on all alike bestow'd,
Points heavenward; and to guide them on the road
Of Christian faith—was thine: but yet to soothe
Neglected woman; to assert her right
To drink of wells of everlasting life;
To snatch her, trembling midst the dismal night
Of pagan horrors, from the fiery strife
Of dark-soul'd zealots—*this* must wake our love,
This fervent raise our thanks for thee above.



ON THE DEATH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.



III.

FAR from thy native clime, a sea-girt land
Sits thron'd among the nations ;—in the breasts
Of all her sons immortal Freedom rests ;
And of her patriots many a holy band
Have sought to rouse the world from the command
Of that debasing Tyrant who detests
The reign of truth and love. At their behests
The slave is free ! and Superstition's hand
Sinks powerless.—Hitherward thy steps were bent
To seek free commune with each kindred soul,
Whose highest powers are ever willing lent
To free their race from folly's dark control.
To our blest isle thou didst with transport come :
Here hast thou found thy last, thy silent home.



ON THE DEATH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.



IV.



HY work thou didst fulfil while yet 'twas day ;
And still right-onward towards thy beacon tend
With faith and zeal. And now thy footsteps
bend

Where Christian friendship offers thee the stay
Of sympathy and love. But who shall say

What joy was ours, the eager ear to lend
To all thy accents, and thy steps attend ?—

The Angel of the Lord hath called away
His faithful servant, at the evening hour,

While glowing tints still gild the western sky.

Yet though around our hearts dark sorrows lour,

And tears of sad regret must dim the eye,

We mourn not without hope. Thy race is run,
Enter thy rest ! Servant of God—" Well done ! "



ON THE DEATH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

— * —

v.

RIGHT hopes of immortality were given
To guide thy dubious footsteps, and to cheer
Thine earthly pilgrimage. How firm and clear
Arose thy faith, that as the Lord hath risen,
So all his followers shall meet in heaven!—
Thou art gone from us; but thy memory, dear
To all that knew thee, fades not: still we hear
And see thee yet as with us:—ne'er are riven
The bands of Christian love!—Thy mortal frame
With us is laid in holy silent rest:
Thy spirit is immortal; and thy name
Shall by thy countrymen be ever blest.
E'en from the tomb thy words with power shall rise,
Shall touch their hearts, and bear them to the skies.



ON THE DEATH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

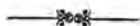


VI.

WHEN from afar we saw thy burning light
Rise gloriously o'er India's darkened shore,
In spirit we rejoiced ; and then still more
Rose high our admiration and delight,
When, steadfast to pursue thy course aright,
We saw thee brave fierce persecution's power.—
As yet we knew thee not,—but that blest hour
Which first disclosed thee to our longing sight,
Awakened in us deepest Christian love,
And told us thou hadst sat at Jesus' feet.
But now a glowing halo from above
Circles our thoughts of thee, when to the seat
Of mercy, rapt in ardent prayer, we come,
“ Our Father ! lead Thy wandering children home ! ”
October 27th, 1833.



SUNRISE.



THE morning dawned, but no bright glorious sun
Kindled our waking souls to hope and joy.
Dark clouds obscured the pure etherial vault,
And deadening mist the earth. I sighed,
The gloom sank on my soul. Again I looked,
A roseate hue touched th' o'erhanging clouds,
And glowed with light approaching. Now behold,
Midst floods of glory, still more glorious,
The sun ariseth!—The weak eye in vain
Attempts to gaze, in awe and wonder lost,
Yet on some isles, floating in radiance on,
Outskirts of heaven, it turns its longing look,
And thoughts unearthly fill the ravished soul.
—My spirit! Hast thou never faithless sighed
When clouds o'erhung thy morn? Has ne'er a doubt
Darkened thy faith? Behold, thy Father's love
Shines brightly over all, illumines all
With rays of peace and hope;—then in thy soul
Receive its beams of light ineffable.

October 18th, 1834.



TO MARTHA.



FAREWELL, my friend! Henceforth within my
soul,

Midst those whose toil is past, whose rest is
gained,

Ever enshrined in holiest thoughts of love
Thou dwellest,—for the fragile silver cord
Which bound thee to the living, hath been touched
By that sure, chilling hand, that summoned hence
Thy sainted mother.—Dear and much loved friend,
How did I mourn when first the fatal truth
Sank heavy on my soul! What grief was mine
That I shall ne'er again behold thee here!
That now, when first the full maternal springs
Are gushing from thy heart, their tide should stop
For ever! That the aged parent stem
Whence Death's keen axe hath lopped full many a branch,
Should lose its fairest prop!—But from my heart
There breathed unbidden the soft words of prayer,
“My Father! let thy will, not mine, be done!”
Now all is calm, my friend, and the warm tear
Shall fall un murmuring, in the blessed hope
That we shall meet around the Father's throne.

November 12th, 1834.

THE DEPARTURE OF 1834.



AREWELL! One sad farewell, thou much loved
year,

Thou year of many sorrows! Thy last hour
Is fleeting quick, the awful time draws nigh
When thou art ours no more. What tender
tones,

Wakeners of thoughts that thrill my swelling heart
With mingling joy and sorrow, blend with them
Their sorrowful adieu? What airy forms
Of those once ours, but now for ever gone
Glide round me and absorb my longing sight?
They vanish with thee;—thou wilt lead them on;—
Thou bearest them where time shall be no more.—

One young and fair is with thee, whose bright course
Seemed strewed with many flowers,—yet thoughtful, sad,
She stayed not to pluck them, for the shades
Of those she loved were hovering round her path,
And beckoned her away.

A mother loved
By her sweet orphans, tenderly beloved,
Thou bearest to her home;—O let their hearts
Go with thee, let their thoughts be raised above,

While yet they tarry here !

And thou hast laid
To rest in Jesus, one bright opening flower,
Cropped in the early morning. Tender tears
Fall on his grave who Samuel like had trod
Betimes the path of God, and lies in peace
Beside his two young sisters.

He is gone,
He too, who gently watched our infancy
With e'en a Father's love ;—his sun is set
In clouds and gloom, but it shall rise in joy,
Where all is light and peace.

And thou my friend !
How can I calmly bid a last farewell
To one so much beloved ? But yet these hours,
These dying hours shed heavenly peace around !
The parting year shall bear with thy pure soul
No murmuring sigh, but holiest thoughts of love,
Which ever shall be with thee, till we meet
Around our Father's throne.

Yes ! you shall dwell
Blest spirits ; shrined for ever in our hearts
While yet we sojourn here ; and with you now
For ever joined, that friend so long beloved,
So tenderly, who still submissive waits
To leave her frail and shattered tenement,
And to be clothed upon, on that " bright morn "
Which calls her *home*.

Farewell thou much loved year !

Thou year of many sorrows ;—for with these,
Spirits no more of earth, my soul shall rise,
And may my conversation be in Heaven !
Farewell ! With thoughts of prayer I saw thee dawn ;
And prayer shall give thee back again to God.

Begun December 31st, 1834.

Finished April 11th, 1835.



BEFORE SUNRISE.



HAT mists hang o'er the earth of dire potent,
Louring with fiery red ! The vapours rise
Thick from the lower world, and mingling gloom
Conceals the fair horizon. Clouds above
Darken terrific, wak'ning fear and doubt

In every heart. And now the awful tints
Assume a deeper glow, and earth awaits
The coming storm which soon must dreadful burst,
Wrapt in cold sullen grey.—Yet raise thy eyes
Above these clouds ;—behold the crimsoned sky
Melts into pure bright gold, while that again
Fades into tender blue, celestial, calm.
And there the herald of a peaceful morn,
Reigns undisturbed, glowing with heavenly light.
—Why should thy sight for ever gloomy rest
On dark forboding clouds, while Heaven's own star
Is bright and calm in promise of a day
Of never ending rest !

February 17th, 1835.



MARTHA DEPARTED JANUARY 27TH, 1835.

HER BABE FOLLOWED HER APRIL 18TH, 1835.



WEET Elinor! Thou babe of many prayers,
How all our thoughts around thy life were
twined!

For thee how precious were our tender cares!
What hopes in thee, loved infant, were en-
shrined!

Thou wast thy mother's hope, thy mother's joy,
With whom her brightest hopes on earth were blent;—
Thy fair life was to her without alloy;—
To gild her parting days thy light was lent.

And then, when she was gone, thou wast the spot
Of sweet remembrance, where our thoughts would dwell;
And far less desolate would seem our lot,
While Hope of future happy years would tell.

For thou didst tell us with thy mother's smile
When there was sunshine in thy sweet young soul;
O how our hearts would yearn to thee the while,
And yield their sorrows to thy soft control.

How oft with trembling fear we fain would say,
 "O Father, spare us yet this babe so blest!"—
His love hath borne thee, dearest one, away,
 And laid thee gently on thy mother's breast.

No murmuring sigh was heard on that "bright morn,"
 Which set thy mother's sainted spirit free;—
Our joy, our hope, our love with thee are torn;—
 Yet no repining thought shall breathe o'er thee.

Yes! All is well! Our God hath kindly given
 These loved ones to be with us, and our heart
Rests in their holy peace, until in Heaven
 We *all* have found our home, to part no more.

May 27th, 1835.




O D E.



"Mourn not therefore, child of immortality ! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God is subdued : Jesus hath conquered Death. Child of immortality ! mourn no longer."

*First Voice.*

“TRIKE, strike, my lyre, the solemn notes of woe,
 For all that's fair is fleeting, here below.
 Swifter than April gleams they pass away,
 The joys, the hopes, that rise but to decay.
 They seem our own,
 We know no fear,
 But they are gone
 For ever here,—
 Our life's long hopes, our purest joys, all withered in a
 day ! ”

Second Voice.

“ Yet there is gladness round ;
Why list we only to the voice of sorrow ?
Hark ! that full joyous sound !
Sweet child, so gay, so thoughtless of the morrow,
O turn on me thy smile ;
The sunny promise of a day so bright,
Let it my soul beguile,
And shed on me its hope, its love, its light ;
Yes ! let it banish dismal care and sorrow’s gloomy night.

“ And hark ! the voice of Spring !
It sounds full cheerily ;
The blithe young greenwoods sing
Merrily, merrily !
And see the buds all opening fair and bright,
Promise of loveliest flowers ;
And see the trees all decked in virgin white,
Gladdening the bridal bowers :
O ’tis a world of life and love ! a joyous world is ours !

“ And there is many a fair young form
Too bright to die ;
And strong and high
Beats many a heart with feelings warm ;
And there are heads round which the laurels twine
In earliest youth ;
There are blest spirits hallowed at the shrine

Of holy truth :
O these are lovelier far than Spring, these cannot fade and
fly."

First Voice.

" Thus may'st thou sing whose springtide hour is bright,
On whom no wintry storms as yet have burst,—
Who hast not seen cold Autumn shed his blight
On beauties Spring and Summer hours had nurst.
Now Hope is round thee—
Soon she'll fly ;
Sorrow hath found me—
Let me sigh ;
Stay not my dirge of grief for joys that quickly fade and fly.

" Once, too, for me the laughing day
Shed sweets around ;
Life was in all most bright and gay ;
Too soon I found
That Death is in the world ; his gloomy pall
Once seen is ever near,
And coldly sheds its ghastly shade on all,
Filling the soul with fear,
And telling us our dearest joys, our highest hopes, must fall.

" Why does that mother always mourn, nor raise her
drooping eye ?
Why does a cloud o'ershadow all, and never pass her by ?

Her morning star is hid in gloom,
Her daughter sunk into the tomb!
Why does that matron grieving sit within her palace-gate,
Nor heed, while years roll tedious on, her noble mansion's
state?
Her thoughts are ever in the grave, her only hope and
trust,
Soon with her husband and her son to mingle dust with
dust.
O gloomy is this narrow vale! sad—sad is mortal fate!

“Yes! there hath been a gladness in my soul
Like that of infancy;
Now nought but gloomy sorrows round me roll—
I've lost its buoyancy!
Once in my heart young hopes were gay and fair,
Like bright leaves springing,
Like sweet bells ringing,
But never more shall happiness be there;
Deep sorrow ever o'er me broods, and dark corroding care.”

Third Voice.

“Thou sorrowing child of dust, why grieves thy heart
That earthly charms depart?
When the green earth its choicest treasures brings,
It tells of heavenly springs;
The dying year touches with brightest hues
The drooping trees and flowers,

Which in our souls the blessed thoughts infuse
Of ever sunny hours,
Where the blest Tree of Life shall bloom, and be for ever
ours.

“ E’en when Death circles in his icy arms
All that thou hast most dear,
And from our sight vanish all earthly charms,
A heavenly hope is near.
Faith gilds the mists of human feeling,
Love glows more brightly near the tomb ;
Peace in the sorrowing bosom stealing,
Sheds light amidst the thickest gloom,
All to the prayerful soul a glimpse of brighter worlds
revealing.

“ Such was the faith that cheered the dying bed
As o’er her son the mother bent,
And soothed with tender love his drooping head,
On whom her fondest hopes were lent.
“ These sufferings of a day
Soon, soon shall pass away,
And I shall see my dear Redeemer’s face :
My mother ! follow me to that blest place,
And let us all together share our Heavenly Father’s grace !”

“ And would that mother call to earth her son
To share the toils of life’s perplexing way ?
No ! Though in grief her course she now must run,

And o'er his vacant place her tears will stray,
Religion's soft control
Illumes her inmost soul ;
In hopeful trust she says, ' Thy will is best,
My Father ! Be Thy Name for ever blest :
I would not take my son again from his eternal rest.'

" Death blights not, chills not, but awakes
The heart's immortal, pure desires ;
O'er the dark vale a glory breaks
From Heaven, to which the soul aspires.
I've seen the wife and mother dying,
All her fair earthly visions flying ;
Yet as her life was ebbing fast,
These accents were her last,—
' My Father ! 'tis a glorious morn—all, all is bright within !'

" Live in the power of an eternal life !
'Twas thus the Saviour, dwelling still on earth,
O'ercame its cares and sorrows, toil and strife ;
And thus his followers of the second birth,
To whom immortal hopes and joys are given,
Fear not to die ;
The holy ties of earth can ne'er be riven,
For soon on high
The ransom'd shall with Christ partake their purer bliss in
Heaven.

“Let Hope and Joy kindle their fairest rays
In all that’s lovely here,
Faint earnest of a brighter blaze
In the celestial sphere.
Let Pain and Sorrow shade the dazzled sight,
Unused to such excess of light :
Death draws the veils aside
Which endless glories hide,
And opens to the faithful soul its high, eternal home !”

Begun in the Spring of 1835.

Finished December 28th, 1836.



THE SPIRIT AND POWER OF POETRY.

—*—



BLEST heaven-born Poesie! Midst spheres of
light,

And peace eternal is thy dwelling place;—

Yet thou disdainest not thy humbler seat,

In the still hallowed depths of human hearts.

Attend thy votary's call, of *thee* I sing!—

Ever around our being thy presence sheds

A glowing charm;—thou breathest on the soul,

And fillest it with holy peace,— with love

Of all that's bright and pure, but chief of Him

Fountain of perfect love;—with beauty free

From every world stain, the beauty e'en

Of spotless holiness.—Around the soul

Thus filled with thy blest spirit, thou dost shed,

E'en in its sojourn in the gloomy vale,

A heavenly light; and from the sunny fields

Of Nature, gilded by thy glowing charms,

It reaps new harvests, still to yield their store

Of richest fruit poetic. Be it mine,

Though with a weak and trembling hand, to show

Thy hand in Nature's works ;—then to trace
Thy workings in the heart ; to touch the strings
Whence every pulse with keenest pleasure throbs,
Or which draw forth the sympathetic tear.—
Then shall th' aspiring Muse attempt to sing
The sovereign sway thou hold'st o'er human hearts.
How at thy call the patriotic flame
Arises bright and pure ;—how led by thee
A nation boldly stands to assert its rights
Against a tyrant's power ; and then when peace
Sheds its sweet influence round, its highest powers,
Its noblest spirits, hallow at thy shrine
The purest offerings of the human heart.—
Next, heavenly Poesie ; I'll sing thy gifts
To Nature's youngest children, varied still,
With every varied clime, with every soil ;—
Or rugged with dark Alpine ridges bold,
Or rich with waving fields of golden grain,
Or hills and smiling dales ;—how to her sons
Of later, nobler birth, thou hast vouchsafed
Thy choicest treasures, raising them aloft
Above the murky clouds whence earth appears
A gloomy spot, to those bright realms of peace
Whence all is seen transplendent,—whence the mists
Which veil this nether world, but make it seem
More fairly decked with varying light and shade.
Yes, Poesie divine ! 'Tis here thy spring
Of noblest pleasures ; here thou show'st thyself

In thy own blessed form ; thus beautiful,
Thus pure and holy be thou ever mine !

1833.



This was intended to be the opening of a poem, in which the sources, scope, objects, and power of poetry should be attempted to be developed. Since I began it, sickness, the death of friends, and then more important objects of thought have prevented me from thinking of continuing what is of itself so engrossing. I therefore think it best to relinquish it altogether.

Saturday, March 12th, 1836.



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

"Voices of the dead,—sweet solemn voices."



ES! From the dead thy much loved voice shall
 sound
 In sweet and holy strains;—the Sabbath bell
 With its low, distant music on thee fell
 Wakening thy lyre once more; it breathed around
Its last farewell, and waiting thou wast found
 To join the heavenly choir. Still shalt thou tell
 E'en from the tomb, how warm affections swell
In fairest hearts;—how each to each is bound
In joy or woe, to live, to toil, to die.—
 With thy sad music we shall hear the moan
Of forest glades, when summer glories fly;
 With thee shed sympathy's sweet tear alone.
Thy own unfading flowers thy garland twine,
Thy gentle breathings form thy memory's shrine.

September 1st, 1835.




Mrs. H.'s last poetry was a sonnet on the Sabbath.



H Y M N
FOR A PRAYER MEETING.



1.

LEST is thy presence, Lord ! While lowly bending,
Abased by sin we humbly seek Thy face,
On children of the dust Thy love descending
Shall bid us rise, and fill us with Thy grace.

2.

And as the glorious sun from dark clouds breaking
Dispels the sorrowing dew-drops of the night,—
So in our hearts Thy presence, Lord, awak'ning,
Chases our fears, and turns our gloom to light.

3.

Hallowed Thy presence, Lord ! Before Thee kneeling
Pure thoughts, and holy transports fill the soul ;—
Thy peace within our troubled spirits stealing,
Far off life's storms and ocean billows roll.

4.

Heavenly Thy presence, Lord ! While here before Thee
In faith we see the mansions of the just ;
Enraptured join th' angelic hosts to adore Thee,
And *feel* Thee all our joy, our hope, our trust.

5.

And let Thy blessed presence, Lord, attend us
While struggling in the world with sin and care ;—
O may Thy everlasting shield defend us,
May all our hearts be Thine, our thoughts be prayer.

January 10th, 1836.



HYMN

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF A PRAYER MEETING.

—**—

1.



ERE at our wonted hour of prayer,
Father, we come to Thee,
Thankful to tell Thee every care,
And set our spirits free.

2.

Weak, erring, faint, with sin oppressed,
Thou hear'st our contrite sighs;—
Thy promises shall calm the breast,
And dry our tearful eyes.

3.

When doubts and fears perplex our way,
Father we seek Thy face,
And on our gloomy path, a ray
Beams from Thy Holy Place.

4.

When those we most have loved depart,
Father with Thee they rest!
Thy love shall heal the broken heart,
And make our sorrows blest.

5.

If with Thy well beloved Son,
Our guide to heaven and Thee,
We trusting say, "Thy will be done,"—
Our doubts and sorrows flee.

February 21st, 1836.



APRIL 3RD, EASTER SUNDAY.



TO MY MOTHER.



Y mother! Well thou lovest this happy morn,
When, while fresh vernal flowers were brightly
springing,
And woods with the young birds' glad notes
were ringing,
Thy daughter, first beloved and blest was born!
And still, as April's opening charms adorn
Each passing year, the same sweet records bringing
Of thoughts to which thy inmost heart is clinging,
In grateful hope thy prayers to Heaven are borne,
That this thy earliest nurtured, and each flower
A Father's hand hath given, may beauteous rise,
Shielded by Faith while Earth's dark tempests lour,
To bloom unfading plants in Paradise.
This day we hail a risen Saviour's love;—
O let us raise our prayers with thine above.

March 21st, 1836.



THE ASCENSION.



1.



SEE our blessed Lord ascending
To behold his Father's face ;
All his earthly sorrows ending,
Full of peace, and love, and grace ;—
Hallelujah,
Ever blessed be the Lord.

2.

Ye, his followers ardent gazing,
Till his brightness dims your sight,
Upwards still your spirits raising
Dwell with him in endless light ;—
Hallelujah,
Joy, ye followers of the Lord.

3.

Soon ye shall be with him ever,
Here his spirit is your guide,
Nought your faith in him shall sever,
Nought the love of God shall hide ;—
Hallelujah,
Blest the presence of the Lord.

4.

Christians! still with patience striving
To obey the Lord ye love,
Soon *your* glorious morn arriving,
Ye shall dwell with him above;—
Hallelujah,
Christians, haste to meet your Lord!

June 5th, 1836.



THE LOGOS.

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.



LET me gaze in silence ! Let that glance
Still hold me captive in its high control,
And breathe a heavenly peace into my soul.
In perfect stillness,—in a holy trance,
Let me, enrapt, from height to height advance,
Catching from thee the burning thoughts that roll,
Blent in one calm, majestic, glorious whole,
Which nought around can lessen, nought enhance.
And if a mortal pencil may aspire
To trace the workings of that hallowed face
Whence beamed the glories of celestial fire,
'Tis his, when first fitted with his Father's grace,
He was called forth to suffer, toil, and die,
To raise mankind to share his bliss on high.

August 25th, 1836.



SABBATH EVENING HYMN.



FATHER! round Thy footstool kneeling
We have sought Thy grace and love,
To Thy throne our voices stealing
For Thy blessings from above.
From this gate of Heaven ascending
We have longed to see Thy face;—
Now our peaceful Sabbath ending,
We must leave Thy holy place.

Father! When the world is round us
Let Thy spirit be our guide;—
When Death's stormy waves surround us,
Be Thou ever at our side.
Then on high our voices raising
Where no Sabbaths pass away,
May we still, Thy goodness praising,
Dwell with Thee in endless day.

December 4th, 1836.



"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

JOHN XI., 28.



INNER! the Master is come!
Wilt thou not list to his voice?
Gently he calleth thee home,
Let his blest word be thy choice!
Then haste, sinner, haste, for thy Saviour is here!
He loves thee, he calls thee, thou needest not fear!

Penitent, come! For thy sighs,
Thy tears shall be all wiped away;—
"Thy sins are forgiven!" then rise,
Thy darkness is turned to day;
Thy Father hath sent thee His well beloved Son,
To call thee to bliss when thy race is well run.

Mourner! The Master is here;—
Haste thee with him to the grave;—
Tho' warm flows the fast gushing tear
Thou knowest his power to save,
Thou knowest through him that the bliss shall be given,
Of being with thy lost one, for ever in heaven.

Christians ! Thy Master is come !
He knows all thy faith and thy love,
He calls thee on high to thy home,
Thy Father's bright mansions above ;—
The world is o'ercome and thy trials are o'er,
From the house of thy God thou art parted no more.

May 6th, 1837.



"Whether in the body, or out of the body I know not."

2 COR. XII., 3.



SORROW and darkness fled away,

And I beheld eternal day !

No night was ever there ;—

None feebly drew the parting breath,

Gained *was* the victory over death,

And life was ever there.

I felt as ne'er I had before,

I knew that I should sin no more ;

And straight within my soul

There was a calm and holy peace,

A joy so true it ne'er *could* cease,

A gentle sweet control.

I knew that I was with my God,

Yet feared I not His chastening rod,

Fear dwelleth not with love ;—

I felt His presence ever nigh,

'Twas bliss to live beneath His eye,

It was in Heaven above.

I was so filled with holy awe,
I nothing heard, and nothing saw ;—
Yet every power and thought
Was bent on that excess of light,
Absorbed in fulness of delight,
In Him whose face I sought.

But then a mortal veil was thrown
Upon me,—and I was alone !
My course was still to run,
I came from realms of endless day,
To see the dim and troubled ray,
Of the earth's midday sun.

Yet now, methought, a fairer glow
Was shed on all things here below,—
Light from above was given ;—
My Father's love dispelled the gloom,
And made the Valley of the Tomb
Appear the Gate of Heaven.

December 5th, 1837.



A DECEMBER SUNRISE.



THE curtains of the morn were slow upraised,
And their broad folds glowed with a crimson
light.
Forth from the radiant dwelling of the sun
Day's glories broke,—and in them I beheld
A distant glimpse of Heaven. But soon the earth
Spread mists and boding clouds before my eyes,—
And all around was the dark Vale of Tears.
When will the day-spring rise of endless morn?

December 23rd, 1837.



VENUS, THE MORNING STAR.



MOST fair and beauteous Star, how bright thou
art,
Reigning alone, in thy calm majesty,
In the blue heavens, expectant of the morn !
The boding clouds that hide earth's distant
plains

Dare not approach thy loveliness ;—dull mists
May veil thee for a moment ;—then thou shineest
With heightened radiance on our longing eyes.
Thou art our Star of Faith ;—while telling us
Of the approaching dawn, thou bid'st our souls
Expect with patient hope the heavenly day
Whose glories ne'er shall fade !

February 14th, 1838.



MY FRIEND MRS. H. A. P. BREATHED HER LAST JAN. 2ND,
1839.



HERE hath thick darkness fall'n on many hearts,
For she who was their light, their hope, their joy
Sleeps in the silent grave!—How beautiful,
How bright her morning, promise of a day
Which was e'en fairer than the dawn had told!

How did she shed a glow on all around
From her own beaming radiance;—how she twined
Her calm deep love round those whom most she loved,
Leading them gently Zionward! And for all
How full of kindest thoughts was her "large heart!"
E'en from the midst of earth's best, purest joys
Was she called hence;—her spirit rests in peace.

Yet is she not departed!—Though her place
Knows her no longer in the House of God
Where oft we loved to join our prayers with hers;—
Though we no longer have her cheerful aid
In deeds of charity to the distressed;—
And though the vacant home, where she was once
The spring of gladness, now but tells of hours
Too bright to last below;—yet still she lives

Within our hearts, and with a holier voice
Than when on earth, she calls our thoughts to Heaven.
Her spirit wakens deeper faith and trust
In Him who gives and takes away in love ;—
Prompts to be blest by making others blest ;—
And closer binds the yet remaining ties
In mercy left.

O Father may we trust
When here we cannot trace ! It is from Thee
That pure affections flow ; and when Thy hand
Destroys the earthly hope, Faith points the way
To deathless, tearless mansions in Thy house,
Where all shall love for ever.

March 29th, 1839.



ON THE DEATH OF A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

SUSAN WILLIAMS DEPARTED NOVEMBER 12TH. 1839.



THOU wast, erewhile a feeble, drooping plant
Springing mid thorns of poverty and sin ;
But kindly hands sustained thy fragile stem,
Turning it towards the sun's warm beams of love,
And gave refreshing drops of heavenly dew.—

Then thou didst grow, and buds of promise sprang ;
But much we feared that the world's nipping blast
Would blight the promise. He hath marked thy lot
Who loves in wisdom. Ere the fostering care
Which taught thee to spring heavenward was removed,
He placed thee gently where no tempests lour
To open 'neath his smile.—Our dear young charge !
Thou hast before us reached the unseen world,
O may we meet thee there in endless bliss.

November 13th, 1839.

OUR BELOVED FATHER ENTERED THE WORLD OF SPIRITS,
SUNDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1840.



THOU art not dead, my Father ! and the grave
Holds not that mortal form so much beloved ;—
Thou only art before us now removed
To Him, who as our guide and guardian gave
Thee once to be among us. Yet we mourn
As did of old the chosen race of God,
When he who led them onward in the road
To Canaan, was by hands unearthly borne
Into the unseen state.—But let us raise
Our hearts and hopes to the Eternal Hill,
Where, when thou next shalt meet our longing gaze,
All pain and sorrow ended, we shall still,
In all the brightness of our Saviour's love,
Share never ending bliss with thee above.

July 7th, 1840, Almondsbury.



A DREAM.



MY Father! In the visions of the night
I wandered mid the scenes in childhood loved,
Where Devon's Peaked Hill, and wooded vales
Border the deep blue sea. And thou wast there
The life, the joy, the guardian of our way.

Nor yet forgót I that dark awful night;
Nor that the veil of death was thickly drawn
'Twixt thee and us;—but yet methought thou cam'st
To dwell with us "*in Memory.*" 'Twas blest
To have thee still among us, though there hung
Something unearthly o'er thee. "Art thou still
The same, my Father," said I. "Has that hour
Of mortal anguish passed, and left thee now
As once thou wast?" "Yes, there hath been a change,
My child," thou answeredst. "O tell me then,
Since oft we communed on the unseen state,
Whether it were a sleep, or the bright dawn
Of endless day,—since now thou knowest it,
My Father, tell me!" But the vision fled,
And I was left without thee.

Yet be near,
Be with us still, my Father! Not alone

In the deep silence of our midnight thoughts,
But be with us in Memory, unchanged,
As once thou wanderedst with us through the scenes
Of Nature's beauty, raising oft our thoughts
To Him whence all things are ; and when we tread
The path of daily duties,—when we meet
Round the domestic hearth, or when we seek
The House of God ;—ever be with us still
To guide, to cheer, to comfort with thy looks
And words of love !

Yes ! 'tis unbroken yet,
That holy tie which bound thee to us all,
My Father, most beloved !—O may we be
A family for ever blest above !

*September 28th, 1840, my Mother's birthday,
Sallerton, Devon.*



MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.



Y Father ! When we last beheld this day,
We felt that thou wast suffering pain and
grief,
Nor knew what human aid could bring relief ;
Then thou wast from thy loved ones far away,
And they for thee could only hope and pray,
That He who struck the blow would sooth their fears,
Changing to gladness all their sighs and tears,
And bring thee to them in His own good way.
In death thou now art near, thou art at rest !
For thee no grief shall ever intervene
Till we shall meet thee in the world unseen ;
O be our meeting there for ever blest !
O may we follow on where thou hast trod,
To be with thee for ever with our God.

September 2nd, 1840.



TO MY BROTHER WILLIAM'S FIRST BORN,
WILLIAM LANT CARPENTER,
WHO CAME INTO THE WORLD ON SUNDAY MORNING,
AUGUST 15, 1841.



DEAR young Immortal! The blest Sabbath morn
Welcomes thy entrance in this lower world,
And many hearts greet thee with fond delight,
Blessing thee with a love that rises warm
From their full hearts. Thou sweet unconscious
babe,

To what a life thou wakest, and how high
May be thy calling to lead others on,
To fill with thee their glorious destinies
As Sons of God! Thou bear'st the hallowed name
Of him whom coming years shall bid thee know,
And love, although unseen;—whose holy words
E'en from the dead shall form thy infant mind;—
Whose life shall show thee what his Master taught;—
Whose love shall be shed round thee through those hearts
Which he had taught to glow. Thy grandsire's name
Shall be to thee a talisman of might.
O would that he had seen thee, the first born

Of his own first born son. Yet may his strength
Be with thy Father's in thee! May'st thou be
A bond of tender love among us all!
And may we help to lead thee to that home,
Where he shall welcome thee!

Sunday, August 15th, 1841.





DREAMT of death. A gentle spirit passed
Most gently from its earthly tenement.
And then the mouldering form was borne away ;—
I grieved to see the place where he had lain
Now vacant, and to think that one so loved,
Whose patient suffering bound him to our hearts
By tenderest ties, should dwell with us no more.
His dying chamber was bedecked with flowers
Which he had gazed upon ; now he was gone
And they were blooming still.

The vision fled ;—

Upon my couch the waning crescent moon
Shed her still radiance. A mourning hue
Hung o'er the wide dark heavens, but she was calm
And beautiful as ever. Near her moved
In solitary loveliness, the last
Of night's fair children, herald of the morn.—
Again I sank in sleep, till day's full orb
Waked me to Sabbath blessedness ;—new life
Was kindled through all nature ;—the deep gloom
Was gone, and all was joy. Yet where are they
Those bright ones, who but now had fixed my gaze
Entranced in their loveliness ? The eye

Beholds them not, for their faint rays are now
One with His glory, from whose light they drew
Their short lived beauty. Though to mortal sight
They are not, yet they blest pursue their course
In light ineffable.


Why mourn we those
Whose course is ended to our feeble view?—
Their life is now begun in endless bliss !

February 2nd, 1842.



THE REDEEMER,
BY DANNECKER.



“HROUGH me unto the Father!” ’Tis thy
voice
Breathes from the stone, my Saviour! I
would bend
In reverence before thee, and attend
To all thy words, and make thy way my choice.
Thou wast a man of sorrows, and thy frame
Sank ’neath the cross,—but yet a godlike grace
Is with thee, and from forth that hallowed face
Beam wisdom, meekness, and the love that came
To save mankind. Was it a mortal’s thought
That gave the marble, moulding so divine?
Or did a bright celestial vision shine
Upon the Sculptor’s soul? Surely he caught
From the Redeemer’s life a heavenly ray,
Then stamped a living image on the clay.


Stuttgart, Sunday, August 28th, 1842.



CONTINUATION OF

"THOU SIGGEST TO LEAVE THY HOME," JUNE, 1832.



“NOTHER parting's near,
But that thou need'st not fear,
Though thou must leave all best beloved on
earth ;—
Though 'all that's bright must fade,'
And the tomb's awful shade
Be the dread mantle of thy second birth.

“Yet then no parting sigh !
No tear shall dim thine eye !
Thy blessed Father calls thee to thy home !
There many dear ones stay,
And chide thy long delay,
And then thy loved ones here shall shortly come.

“All that thy soul doth prize,
Which here too quickly flies,
And all thy cherished treasures of pure love,
There,—free from mortal stain,—
Shall bloom for thee again,
And be for ever thine in realms above.”

O blessed, longed for hour !
When shall I feel thy power ?
When shall I be for ever freed from sin ?
In fulness of deep joy,
In bliss that cannot cloy,
To drink eternal, endless pleasures in.

July 18th, 1843.



VOICES FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.



The Drawings referred to in the following lines were sent to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, Boston, United States, October, 1846.



VOICE from the Swiss Mountains! Glorious,
free,

Their snow peaks point to Heaven, the Heaven
of love,

While peaceful valleys, with their village spires,
Tell how their sons, who once in deadly strife
Endured and struggled in blest Freedom's cause,
Now tranquil dwell, respecting others' rights,
As erst they laboured to defend their own.

A voice from British Castles! Tyrants there,
Who knew not Christ's pure law except in name,
Long held imperious sway. Stern men of blood
Lorded it o'er their brethren, round their necks
Fastened the chain, and bade them work as slaves.
They gained their Magna Charta, showed that kings
Should never trample on *their* sacred rights,

But knew not that the Christian's God hath made,
E'en of *one* blood, all nations of the earth.
Oppression's reign is o'er; these feudal piles
All crumble in their ruins; beauteous now,
For Nature, shaming that her sons have been
Thus tyrannous and cruel, hangs a veil
Of tender, verdant ivy o'er those walls
Once armed with darts and slings, now crowned with
flowers.

And e'en the curious eye can scarce discern
Where the chained captive dragged his tedious days,
And molten lead was poured by man on man.
The reign of force must pass,—Nature is free!

A voice from Norway's Fiords! Hardy, bold,
Her rugged sons rejoice in their wild rocks,
Which no slave's foot shall tread. The distant sail
Is one of "Freedom's swift-winged angels, flying
To set the captive loose."

Another voice,
From Rydal Water! There the poet sage
Passes life's evening, where his lyre hath waked
The music of the heart, freedom and love.

A voice from Sunset Lakes! The distant hills
Lave their calm summits in the crystal flood,
And glowing clouds, reflected in the waves,
Tell of a brilliant morrow. Shall the soul
Of man, immortal man, less shadow forth
The bright perfections of the Eternal mind

Than do these waters? Shall the promise rise
Of peaceful, happy mornings from these scenes,—
And shall a mournful gloom, unchanged by e'en
One ray of Heaven's own lustre, darkly sink
On the enslaved soul, the child of woe?

And Flowers, too, have their voice! Beauteous and
bright

They live for joy. Shall God so clothe the flowers,
The creatures of a day, in loveliness,
And hath He not clothed man's undying soul
With beauty more enduring, infinite?

A voice from dark Gethsemane! His voice
Who came to set the pining captive free,
To loose the prisoner's bonds;—who died for *all*,
That all through him might gain eternal life.
Let us not crucify the Lord afresh,
And make the Covenant's blood of none effect!

These voices send we thee, America,
From thy old fatherland, our blessed Isle,
To waken thee from thy dead sleep of sin,
To bid thee purge thyself from that foul stain,
That crime beyond all crime, union of all,
Which now pollutes thee. Art thou truly free,
Thou land of boasted liberty? The sighs
Of millions, chained in hopeless bondage, rise
Unpitied from thy shores,— sons of thy soil,
Though dark in skin, with souls as fair as thine.
Art thou a Christian country,—thou whose laws

Follow unto the death, the man who bears
The Book of Life to heal the sufferer's stripes ?
Thou offerest incense to the God of love,
And tramplest on His image ! Thou dost bind
His words upon thy lips, not on thy heart !
Thou build'st the temples of the living God
With blood-stained gold, the price of human flesh.

Yet, Western Land, we love thee. Oft our hearts
Have burned indignant at the heinous wrongs
Our country laid on thee in years long past.
Our fathers oft have sought thy ocean shores
To fly the tyrant's arm ; their pilgrim steps
Hallowed thy soil. Thy patriots are our own,
Sons of our Saxon race. The poet, sage,
Have sent across the waves their heaven-born thoughts,
Kindling our souls with theirs. And 'tis for this
We warn thee now, with earnest, Christian love,
To put thy foul sin from thee. Every brand
Thou burnest on those suffering helpless ones,
Fixes with deeper stain on thy own soul.
And every piercing cry of deep despair
Drawn by the tyrant's lash, is heard in Heaven.

Hear us, our kindred country ! Lift thy voice
With ours against this wrong ! Teach not thy sons,
Thy young and guileless sons, that 'tis the law,
Their nation's law, that binds the wretched slave.
But teach them that America is free,
And that no slave can touch thy sacred soil.

Say not that Northern States must closely join
With Southern to support this deadly sin;—
The Saviour tells us to dissolve the ties
E'en of the closest kindred, if they draw
Our hearts from him. Speak, all ye true-born men,
Bate not one effort, let no tongue be mute,
Until all dwell in glorious liberty,
United in one bond of Brotherhood.

October, 1846.



FAREWELL TO WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
WHO SAILED BACK TO THE UNITED STATES FROM LIVERPOOL,
Nov. 4TH, 1846.



FAREWELL, farewell! Heaven's blessing with
thee go
Thou champion of the suffering and oppressed!—
Lonely thou standest on the crowded deck,
And thy heart lingers with those chosen friends
In this thy island home, who, warm and true,
Have cheered thee onward.—Thou art not alone;—
Thy Heavenly Father is thy tower of strength,
And thy loved Saviour, for whose "little ones"
Thou offerest up thy strength, thy powers, thy life,
Will not desert thee in thy hour of need.—
O that our spirits, hovering round thy path
Could guard and aid thee! Yet believe them near
Kindled with ardour in thy glorious cause,
And striving with thee; let our voices join
With them, and with that faithful earnest few
Whom the world hates, because they testify
Of its iniquities. Fear not, but labour on,
In your great Master's cause, freedom and love.—

List to the Comforter he sends to all,
Who follow in his footsteps, let it breathe
Over your lips and hearts that heavenly truth
Which conquereth, and *must conquer*, e'en the force
That most resists his reign. The Saviour's words
Can never fail, though earth should pass away
E'en as a withered scroll. Have faith in him,
And at your voice Sin's mountains shall remove,
And sink for ever in the deep abyss.

There is a mountain of iniquity
O'ershadowing thy country; high and drear
The towering summits menace e'en the skies;—
Heaven's thunders roll unheeded round its head,
And the forked lightning scathes it not. From forth
Its swollen sides issue deep hollow groans,
Filling the world with awe. Where chasms yawn
Are fearful sights disclosed, of mangled flesh,
And reeking limbs quivering with agony,
Whence stifled sighs of torture strive in vain
T' upheave the stony mass incumbent. Oft,
Dire throes convulsive shake the nations round,
That gaze transfixed, with horror. The huge pile
With its dank shadow shuts out heaven's pure light;
Men walk in darkness 'neath it, and their hearts
Are chilled into a selfish apathy.—

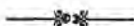
Ye small but zealous band! lift up your voice,
The still, small voice of God, that must be heard.
O let your faith be as the mustard seed;—

Send deep your roots into the hearts of men ;—
Drink the sweet dews of heaven, and shed them round
The obdurate to soften ;—constant grow
Under heaven's blessing, till your branches yield
A refuge to the weary ;—thus toil on,
And in God's own good time *this* mountain e'en,
Shall hear your voice, and vanish from your land,
Engulfed beneath the ocean's lowest depths.

Sunday, November 8th, 1846.



FAREWELL TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
WHO SAILED FROM ENGLAND FOR AMERICA, APRIL 4, 1847,
EASTER SUNDAY.



BLESSINGS be with thee, Freedom's noble Son !
Thou leav'st thy Fatherland of Liberty,
Where thou hast dwelt as man should dwell with
man,

To seek thy cruel Stepdame's blood-stained soil,
Who gave thee for thy birthright stripes and chains,
Nor granted thee, secure, to tread her shores,
Until was paid a paltry sum of gold
To stamp the patent of nobility
Which God's own hand had set upon thy brow!—

Farewell! Thou'rt armed with a rich panoply
Of sympathy and love from English hearts,
And prayers that rise to heaven in thy behalf.
With this thou wilt not feel the darts of scorn,
Arrows from lying lips, weapons of rage
That will assail thee. Nobly wilt thou stand
To fight the battle of thy injured race,
Armed with the Christians' weapons, faith and love.
Go forth, our Friend and Brother! Cry aloud,

And with a voice America must hear,
Tell her of all her huge iniquity
And bid her loose the bonds of wickedness, Is. lviii.
Set her oppressed ones free, break every yoke,
Ere, without mockery she can keep her fasts,
Or raise to heaven a pure and holy prayer.
And comfort thou thy people, for the Lord
Will, in His own good time, be glorified ;—
They that delighted in their evil ways, Is. lxvi.
That cast you out from men, that set their feet
Upon your necks, and e'en blasphemed the name
Of the Most High, to cover o'er their sin ;—
Their fears shall come upon them, and their shame
Shall sink them in the dust, beneath the glance
Of the offended nations.—Still hope on,
For Christ must yet subdue his enemies.

This day the churches ring the gladsome sound,
"The Lord of Life is risen !" He died to save
The world from its iniquity ;—he rose,
That in sure prospect of immortal life,
We might be one in spirit. Come the day
When a pure light shall beam upon thy race,
E'en from the rising Saviour ;—when the Sun
Of Righteousness shall melt their heavy chain,
When, with hearts full of joy and thankfulness,
Forgiving their oppressors, they shall join
The severed links of Nature's holy ties,
And taste the bliss of heaven, while yet on earth !

O may'st thou see that day ;—and may the gifts
In mercy sent thee, of rich eloquence,
A fervent, truthful heart,—warm, earnest zeal
That no repulse can cool, and patient trust
In the subduing power of truth and love,
Hasten its glorious coming !—Thus, farewell !



THE DYING CHILD.

*Child.*

I CANNOT leave thee, Mother,
O say not I must die ;—
Lie closer to me, Mother,
And let me feel thee nigh.

“ I care not for my treasures,
They cannot ease my pain ;—
For me are no more pleasures,
I ne'er shall smile again.

“ But the Angel must not tear me
From thee, my Mother dear.
He must not, must not bear me
From all that love me here.”

Mother.

“ My precious darling, cheer thee,
Thou goest to thy home,
Thy Saviour will be near thee,
And beckons thee to come.

" Then, when thy God shall call thee,
Be ready at his voice,
No evil can befall thee,
In thy Father's love rejoice.

" And when the Angel, flying
On wings of peace and love,
Shall summon thee,—when dying
Lift up thy hands above ;

" Then shall we know thou'rt rising
Above the fear of death,
That all things here despising,
Thou yieldest up thy breath."

* * * * *

Death's Angel now comes near her with gentle, noiseless
tread,
And softly lays his cool damp hand upon her aching head ;—
The restless little sufferer is sweet and placid now,
And heavenly peace sits radiant upon her throbbing brow.

She asks for all her treasures, and lays them near her
heart,
As though she would that she and they should never,
never part ;—
And still her lips keep moving, but utter not a sound,
While tenderly she gazes on the weeping ones around.

"My sweet one, thou art dying!" Then suddenly was
given

New strength to her poor nerveless arms, she raises them
to heaven,

And looking upward joyously without a groan or sigh,
She leaves her frail clay tenement,—her spirit is on high!

'Tis the first of all the seven that has left the parents'
breast,

And mournfully they lay their child in her eternal rest;—
But she will be a guiding star to light them to their home,
Where blessed in her Saviour's arms, she beckons them to
come.

June 13th, 1847.



Mr. and Mrs. P. lost their Elizabeth to this world,
June 10th, 1847, aged 6.



THE INFIRMARY FUNERAL.



HIRELING'S eye
Unlovingly had watched her ;—no one grieved
When the poor suffering, lonely one had heaved
Her last sad sigh.

A rusty pall,
Scarce hid her coffin from the public sight,
With its broad, crumpled fold of tarnished white,—
And this was all.

No mourner near,
Bearers in work-soiled clothes, with careless tread,
Hurried the cold one to her silent bed,
Without a tear.

Earth mourns her not,
And mingles with its dust her mouldering clay ;—
Her spirit wakens to immortal day,
And heeds it not.

No sighs above !
Life kindles every sense and power to joy ;—
With Angels, praise will be her glad employ,
For God is love !

Sunday, June 27th, 1847.





Poetry is the revealing of the unseen and infinite, as shadowed forth in the seen and finite.

June 30th, 1847.




THE MEETING OF LE VERRIER AND ADAMS,
Discoverers of a new Planet,
 AT THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, OXFORD, JUNE, 1847.

—*—

Θνητοῖς πολλὰι ἐλωσσαι, μὴ ἀθανάτοισι.

BAGSTER'S MONUMENT.

—*—

“ O mortals many tongues, to angels one ! ”
 Yet to the Sons of Science is it given
 To hear the *one* immortal voice of heaven,
 Whilst yet on earth their glorious course they
 run.

No mist of varied language dims the light
 With which, in God's own book, they joyous trace
 In glowing characters His love and grace,
 His power and wisdom, ever clear and bright.—
 Ye noble pair ! whose piercing mental eye,
 From different regions first discerned the rays,
 As yet unseen, of the lone distant star
 Last wanderer of our system,—ne'er shall die
 Your heaven-born fame ;—together brightly blaze
 New depths of space exploring ;—from afar
 Now meeting, onward journey to the goal,
 One in harmonious striving,—one in soul !

Salterton, July 27th, 1847.

OFFERINGS FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW,
BY ENGLISHWOMEN.



*"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,
my brethren, ye have done it unto me."*



FFERINGS we bring to thee, America !
Offerings of deepest love and tenderness,
Such as of old the lowly Mary bore
T' anoint her Saviour's feet. Not precious these
Like hers, of costly alabaster wrought,
And filled with odorous perfumes,—offerings rich
To sordid eyes,—to hers most valueless
When measured with her love. Yet fragrant ours
With incense of full many a loving heart,
And rich in patient striving, to bestow
An earnest of its sympathy.—These webs
Were framed by dying hands; the spirit longed,
Ere summoned to its home, to leave a pledge
Of how she loved her Lord, and spent long hours,
Weak, fainting, suffering hours in weaving these.—

The young have offered up their time of sport,
Their cherished playthings, and their infant hearts
Have glowed with purest joy in bringing them.
The old have given their days of restful ease,
And hallowed their small offerings by their prayers.—
The rich have brought their gold in humble love,
The poor their toil, with warm and ardent zeal.—
The pencil's art has traced its fairest lines,
To figure forth, in nature's loveliest scenes,
The deep thoughts of the heart that prompted it.—
And last, not least, this lonely little one
Has craved a humble place for her poor gift,
The work of her small hands,—'tis all she has !
—These bring we, as to our dear Saviour's feet,
Each one what best she could ;—he loves the gifts
Made to his meanest brethren,—heirs with him
Of all the glories of immortal life.
—And we would help to set the bondsman free,
To heal the wounded heart, to raise thy sons,
Thy sons of darkened hue, whose souls are fair,
And kindled like thy own with God's pure breath,
To their first noble heritage,—as *men* !

O hear the prayers of Woman ! Blame us not
That from our homes we lift our earnest voice ;—
Say not we trouble thee with these our cries.
Have we not listened to our Saviour's words,
And sat with loving reverence at his feet,
To drink his spirit in ? Have we not watched

His looks of tenderness to the despised,
And loved them for his sake? And shall we now
Be silent, when we see our Sisters bound in chains,
Heaven's holiest ties polluted,—their souls sunk
In ignorance, degraded to the brutes?—
Shall we behold them on the hated block,
Sold to the highest bidder,—and not speak?

America! Thy country, glorious, great,
As ever it should be, is sinking down
To be the scorn of nations.—All thy gold
Is tainted with the price of human blood,
Too foul of old, not *now*, for sacred use.
Thy churches raise their Babel fronts on high,
And call down heaven to sanction this foul sin,
And thou wilt still endure the mockery?

Land of our Pilgrim Fathers! Hear! O, hear!
Grieve not their ashes by thy children's chains,
Let not the slave-block shame the sacred soil
Their prayers have hallowed! Wipe the Cain-mark off
From thy degraded brow,—and then stand forth
Before the world, a nation glorious, FREE!

October 24th, 1847.



THE OCEAN MONARCH AND THE PEARL.

*Analysis of the poem.*

The Ocean encompassing the British Isles, groans under a vessel laden with wretched emigrants, *The Ocean Monarch*, and complains to his Brother Ocean of the Western World, who returns no answer, since he bears a still more miserable burden of human beings, attempting to escape from slavery. The elements conspire against the emigrants, but the heroic self-devotion of their fellow beings rescues them. The fugitives in *The Pearl* welcome the dawn of the Sabbath in freedom and hope. But the British Ocean beholds a band of fiendlike men setting off in pursuit of them, and conjures the Western Waves to rise and hinder their inhuman purpose. The elements interfere not with the workings of men's passions. The free men are dragged back to hopeless slavery, and received with wild yells of demoniac joy in the free city of Washington. While the preserver of his fellow men is welcomed with honours in a land of liberty, he who heroically devoted his life to his ebon brethren, is received in a slave country with ferocious execrations, not allowed a fair trial, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

“**D**EEP calleth unto deep.” The Ocean waves
 That wash our sea-girt isle, groan ceaselessly
 Beneath a heavy burden,—broken hearts,
 Weighed down with last adieux,—despairing
 souls,—

Spirit oppressed with unrequited toil,
 Exiled, self-exiled, from once happy homes,
 From Erin’s “emerald isle,” from Scotia’s wilds,
 Beloved in infancy. The billows heave
 A mournful, low response—“Say Brethren ours,
 That wash the free New World with joyous tide,
 Bore ye e’er such a burden? Has your voice,
 Glorious and strong, been stifled by such sighs?
 No sound!—no answer!—Tho’ a vessel glides
 Over your waters, yet no breath is heard,—
 Scarcely a throbbing heart can dare to beat,—
 And ye seem fast enthralled, and motionless!”
 Blessings be on your silence, Western Waves,
 Whether ’tis shame that stills your ocean roar,
 Or love for the enslaved, that would be *free*.

* * * * *

Merciful Heavens! The exiles’ vessel burns!

Girt with devouring flames, they maddened plunge,
Parents and children, in one last embrace,
Into a watery grave! O waft them near
Some bark of safety! Breathe in kindred hearts,
Some self-forgetting pity!—See!—They come;—
Briton's brave sailor plunges in the main,
To rescue the despairing,—mounts the hulk,
Flaming and soon to sink, and snatches thence
Forsaken ones;—while noble, princely hands
Receive them gladly with the tenderest care,
And bear them to the port.—Spirit of Man!
Breath of Creative Love!—Glorious thou art,
Rising sublime above the elements,
Godlike and *free*!

Behold!—Across the main
More lightly glides that vessel;—the pent breath
Is loosed, and now more gently beat the hearts
Panting in agony 'twixt hope and fear.
Night's friendly shades withdraw;—the Sabbath morn
Sheds its first holy ray on men now *FREE*!
O bear them safe, ye winds, from man's pursuit;—
From man, their brother-man, who fiendlike dares
T' inslave immortal spirits.

Deep again
Calleth unto his kindred Western main—
“Say Brother! know ye that a *slave ship* dares
Loose from yon port? Shall not your billows rise
To roll it back indignant? Are your waves

So tainted with the pestilential air
Which your great land sends o'er ye, that ye bear
Unheeding the burden? See those men
Savage and wild, fired with demoniac zeal;—
Hear their outrageous cries, their maddened threats!
O let their victims 'scape their fierce pursuit!
More stormy than their rage, O let the winds
Drive them far onward from that peaceful bark,
Sleeping in calm security!—No sound!—
Again no answer!" Can it be, just Heavens!
O must they wake to more than mortal throes?
Shall yet the elements be calm and still,
And shall such fearful cries of agony
Mingle with the blest Sabbath's vesper chimes?
Shall now the brother be from brother torn,
Parent from child, in hopeless, death-like life
Condemned to linger, at a tyrant's will?—
And shall thy city, sainted Washington,
Receive these wretched ones with fiendlike joy
With maddest yells of triumph, while priests bless
The human sacrifice?

Deep calleth now
No more unto Columbia's waves, but turns
To lave Britannia's land of liberty.
There are the exiles in a happy home;—
Parent and child rejoice with gentle care,
Their wounds bound up with oil of human love,
Their wants supplied with generous, bounteous hand,

And he, the British sailor, nobly hailed
With precious gifts, and high extolling praise,
As the deliverer of his brother man.

O where is he who bore those dark ones forth,
And risked his life, his all, in their defence?
In a dank prison see him lonely sit
To wear his life out in his gloomy cell!—
Say, O Columbia! was there none to speak
In his defence? Shame on thee, that thy judge
E'en stopped his mouth, and shuddered at the name
Of liberty for *all*. Say, was there found
No jury just and equal, who would dare
To stand fast to the right? But three alone,
Three from our British Isles, yet strove to raise
Their voice for the heroic man who dared
T' obey unswervingly the law of God!
Blest art thou in thy prison, noble soul,
And by thy sufferings shalt thou fire with zeal,
Men who will give their heart, their soul, and life
To the *Great Cause*,—the *Cause of God and Man*.

Columbia! Thy "offence smells rank to heaven!"
Thou hast no law to guide thee, but the will
Of an insensate mob. Thy Congress hears,
Hears unrebuked, the wild and raging threats
That would still truth and justice. Say where now
Can man, secure in freedom, raise his voice
To succour the oppressed? Doth e'en thy Church
Protest against thy sin,—or gloss it o'er

With words of Holy Writ?—Yet now behold
In those poor slaves the mirror of thy shame;—
Behold it as reflected to the world;—
And then wash out the deadly infamy!
Be just;—be true to thy most holy law,
And the New World shall stand before the Old,
In majesty unrivalled!

October 17th, 1848.



CHRISTMAS DAY PRAYER.



ONWARD and upward, Heavenly Parent, bear me,
Onward and upward raise me to my home.
Onward and upward be Thou ever near me,
While my much loved Father beckons me to
come.

With Thy holy spirit, O do Thou renew me,
Cleanse me from all that turneth me from Thee.
Guide me and guard me, lead me and subdue me,
Till I love not aught that centres not in Thee.

Thou hast touched my soul with brightness and with
beauty,
Thou hast made me feel the sweetness of Thy love,
Purify my heart, devote it all to duty,
Sanctify me *wholly* for Thy realms above.

Holy, Heavenly Parent of this earth-born spirit!
Onward and upward bear it to its home,
With Thy First-born Son eternal joys t' inherit,
Where my blessed Father beckons me to come.

December 25th, 1848.

DEDICATION.



O Thee, my God, to Thee,
Teach me to live.—
To Thee, my God, to Thee,
All would I give.

Whate'er I hold most dear
I would resign ;—
Sure I have nothing here ;—
All mine is Thine.

What most my soul doth prize
The least is mine ;—
Nought that is lovely dies
For it is Thine.

The life that came from Thee
Can never die ;
Teach me to yield it Thee
Without a sigh !

For still my heart doth cling
To what is fair ;—
Heavenward my spirit wing,
And fix it there.

Bear all that most I love
To heavenly rest,
Bear thus my soul above,
And make it blest.

My all, O God, to Thee,
I would resign ;—
O fix my heart on Thee
I would be Thine.

March 6th, 1849.



MY DEPARTED SCHOLAR.



HE loved him in his hours of school, we loved him
at his play,
His gentle looks were full of love, his smile was
bright as day ;—
With the innocence of childhood, the fresh gay
life of youth,
He had the sense of manhood, the very soul of truth.

Then sorrows thickened round him, his loved ones pined
and died ;
I told him of the heavenly home, where all the good
abide ;—
And led him to the Saviour's word, and bade him hear His
voice,
And let the loved ones lead him on to make His ways his
choice.

Most beautiful his budding spring, most fair his opening
flowers,
That promised life's rich autumn fruits, and summer's
brighter hours ;

But fairer climes were planned for him by God, his Father's
love,
He was to ripen in a world of endless bliss above.

Death's messenger came near him with sharp and crushing
pain,
Most lovingly we tended him, but all our cares were vain ;—
Yet sweetly did he smile on me, while of the heavenly
home,
I breathed the soothing promises, that welcomed him to
come.

And then we heard that he was gone ;—fain would we gaze
our last,
Upon that fair and cherished form that now was fading
fast ;—
And yet we feared to see impressed on that beloved face,
Of death's last mortal agony, the sad disfiguring trace.

O wonder and astonishment, O sweet and long surprise,
In loveliness and beauty our dear young lost one lies ;—
His own sweet smile is on his lips, and calm is on his brow,
A heavenly radiance lights his face, so still and placid now.

His spirit ere it parted to bright and endless day,
Had touched with its own peace and joy the suffering,
lingering clay ;
And tenderly it breathed on us a loving last farewell,
While tears of gentle sorrow in torrents from us fell.

Our beautiful ! our well beloved ! sure such as thou are
given

To gild this world of pain and sin, with hopes of life and
heaven.

Be with us yet, and guide us on, till we shall joyful come,
To dwell for ever with the Lord, in our own blessed home !

April 20th, 1849.



JOY.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."



JOY! Whence art thou? Not of human birth
Though dwelling still on earth;—
Thou flutterest here and there with restless wing,
Waiting toward Heaven to spring.

I've seen thee sporting with the laughing child,
So frolicsome and wild;—
He thought that thou wert his;—but thou wast gone,
And he was left alone.

I saw bright youths in the gay springtide time,
Life's hopeful, glowing prime;—
Thou madest for them all around so fair,
They knew not grief was there.

And much I feared when thou thy flight didst take,
Their very hearts would break;
But thou hadst given them words of promise sweet,
"Full shortly we shall meet."

* * * * *

Thou hoveredst soon near one with drooping head,
Weeping his sister dead ;—
He saw thee not, but felt thy heavenly breath,
And sweetness found in death.

And then I saw that bright one faint and dying,
His springtide days fast flying :—
But tender love was round his suffering bed,
And soothed his aching head.

And near him lay Spring's freshest, fairest flowers,
That told of happy hours ;—
Their beauty cheered his wearing pain awhile,
And sweetly did he smile.

For thou wast near,—no more with flitting wing
Threat'ning away to spring ;—
But with thy heavenborn sisters, Faith and Love,
To waft his soul above.

Blessed and beautiful ! I know thee now,
By thy calm, radiant brow !
Thou comest from God's own eternal throne,
To mark us as *His own* !

April 28th, 1849.

WANDERINGS OF THE OTTER FROM OTTERTON TO THE SEA.

(SKETCHES BY MARY AND ANNA.)

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I.



HE Otter ripples on joyously, having just escaped from the last abodes of man, and then calmly flows on between peaceful meadows and hanging woods. Flowers bedeck its banks, and trees bend lovingly over their favourite stream.

II.

The Otter is full of peace. Large forest trees do not disdain to hang their strong protecting arms over the rivulet, while more slight and delicate branches entwine themselves over it. The Otter lovingly reflects their varied hues,—and glides on.

III.

The banks open. The red cliffs appear from amidst ancient gnarled trunks, and bright young foliage. Many-coloured lichens bedeck even the protecting hurdles of the watering place.

IV.

A solitary bird stands musingly on the banks near a little island. The Otter smiles peacefully though clouds thicken in the sky.

V.

The spirit of the Otter ascends the high banks, and from underneath the fir trees, catches a first glimpse of the blue sea, the home to which it is hastening.

VI.

The last bridge is passed. The banks recede. The cattle refresh themselves in their favourite stream. The Otter gives a tender farewell glance at its beloved woods.

VII.

The sea cliffs are gained. The nymphs of the caverns welcome their longed-for one. Yet the Otter still looks lovingly at the green spots of its own Devon.

VIII.

All is now forgotten but the joy of having reached the home. The setting sun sheds its brightest light on the rocks and sea-green weeds. Wild gulls greet it gladly.

IX.

The joyous stream blends its pure and sparkling waters
with the calm crystal waves that wash Devon's sea cliffs,
and reflect her bright heavens.

Undine has gained her home !

September, 1849.



A DREAM.



OME, home, beloved Father ! In thy home
Thou wast in my night's visions. Down the way
So often trod by thee I saw thee come
Strong in renewed health. I felt thy arms
Clasped round me in one tender, long embrace.
Our Anna stood beside us, and I told
How on her heart, and on her Sister's too
New joys were richly shed ;—for it was long
Since thou hadst dwelt among us, and hadst known
Our daily cares.—Now thou wast here again,
To be once more our own.

Blest shades of night,
Why will ye bear away that form beloved ?
Shall then our eyes behold him here no more ?
Must mourning still be in the home, once bright
And gladdened by his smile ?—No, blessed one !
Though in thy Father's house, thou still art here,
And minglest in our joys, and hopes, and cares,
E'en with a living presence. Still thou dwell'st
Near me in all my ways. My daily work
Is cheered by thy kind looks ;—my holy thoughts
With thee ascend on high. Thy earthly love,

So precious to thy child, is now of heaven.
Still dost thou shed it on us in thy home.
Yes! Home, beloved Father, thou art here,
Till the same voice that called thee above,
Shall summon us to join thee!

Salterton, September 20th, 1850.



"He shall give His Angels charge concerning thee, to bear thee up."



HEY bear me up, O Father, unto Thee,
That blessed Angel band ;—
They bear me up, till I shall come to Thee,
In Thine own better land.

They bear me up! O Father, bright I see
Those much loved, long loved forms,—
Though hid from mortal view, full clear to me,
To guide me midst life's storms.

It is because their life is hid with Thee,
And Thou art in my soul,
That thus their angel presence is with me,
While sorrows round me roll.

September 3rd, 1854.



MY BELOVED FRIEND, LADY NOEL BYRON, DEPARTED
MAY 16TH, 1860.



HE veil of death hides thee from mortal sight,
Friend ever dear ;—
It opens thine to pure celestial light,
Eternal, clear.

Long tried and faithful servant !—Thou did'st run
A weary race !—
The distant goal is reached !—Thy crown is won !
Thy resting place.

Thy Lord well knew in weakness thou wast strong,
And on thee laid
A burden of rich gifts, to use them long,
E'en as He bade.

How thou didst strive to spend the treasures well,
So largely given,—
How constant toil,—no mortal tongue can tell,
'Tis known in Heaven.

Midst blighted joys thou trodd'st thy path of youth,—
Midst griefs thy prime,—

But thou didst glean from all eternal truth,
Vanquishing time.

Thence it would seem thou hadst received a dower
Of strength and love;—
And thy pure soul shed forth a wondrous power
Drawn from above.

Thy toils of life are o'er, for thou didst hear
A heavenly voice,—
“Thy life on earth is ended,—stay not here!”
Thou didst rejoice!—

Why should we grieve that the poor suffering clay
Holds thee no more,—
That from earth's trials thou art borne away
To Canaan's shore.

Yet, friend beloved, our tears must warmly flow
That thou art gone!—
An awful void is nigh us here below,
We feel alone.

Be near us yet, because thou art with God,—
Be with us still!
And help us on to do, on life's rough road,
Our Father's will!

May 18th, 1860.

THE CHILD'S QUESTIONINGS.

(After morning family worship, the child is looking at an engraving of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross.")



DOES he still wear that crown of thorns, and does he wear it now ? ”

Thus asked my little child ;—

“ Who put it on ? Why did they hurt the loving Saviour’s brow,—

The Saviour meek and mild ? ”

“ No, darling child ! No crown of thorns the blessed Jesus wears,

He is in Heaven now !

There can no pain or sorrow come !—A glorious crown he wears,

Upon his holy brow.”

“ Who took it off ?—I see it there, I see it on the ground,
That dreadful crown of thorn ;

And who are those ?—those weeping ones that mournful stand around,

His body pale and torn ? ”

"'Twas Death's kind angel, darling child, who took it
from his head,—

And those are loved ones near;—

His griefs and pains are o'er;—to peaceful rest the holy
dead

His weeping followers bear."

And as I told my little one of the Saviour's dying cry,

And of all his suffering love,—

The large warm tears ran freely down from her full earnest
eye,

And her thoughts were raised above.

"Shall we be with him? How I long our blessed Lord
to see

On Zion's holy hill!

And will he put his arms round us, as yours is now round
me?"

My darling asked me still.

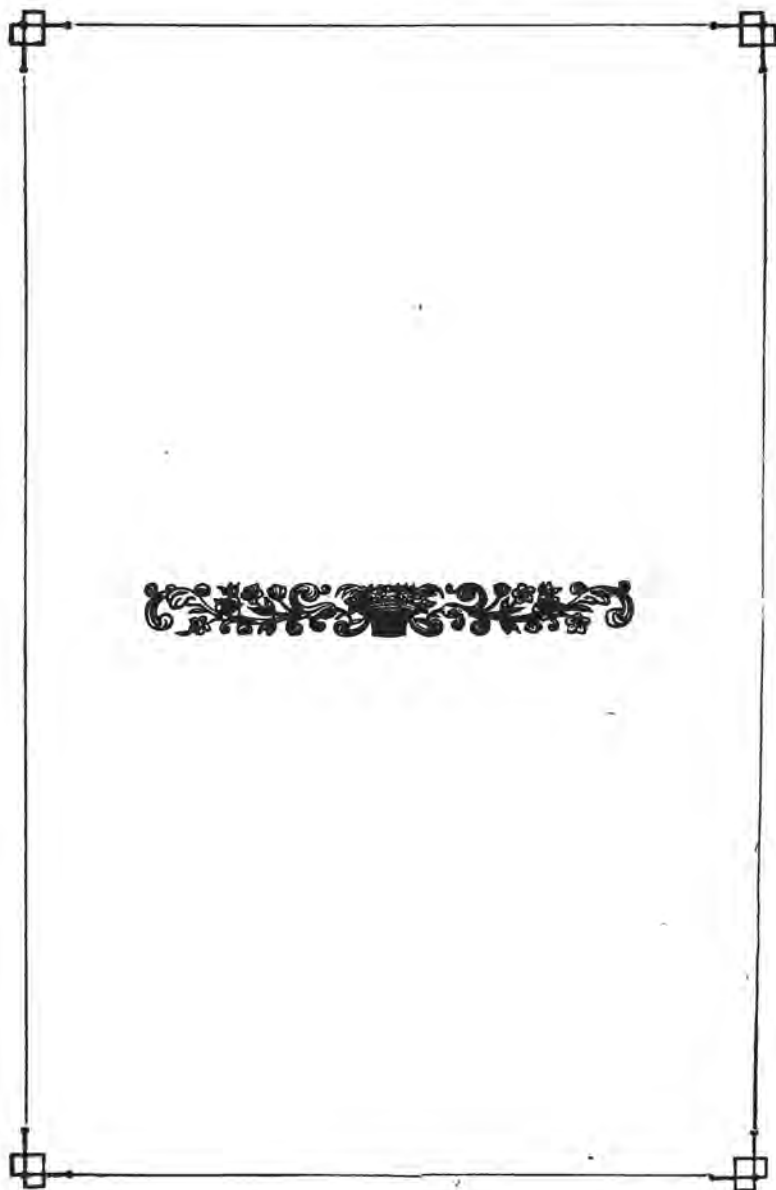
"Beloved child! While here on earth, eternal joys to
know

The Father hath not given;—

Let us together love our Lord, and serve him here below,
And we shall meet in Heaven."

February 23rd, 1861.





SPIRIT PICTURES.



"Thought that is fair can die,
For it is **TIME**."

"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that
are not seen, are **ETERNAL**."



THE ORATORY.



WAS alone in the cloistered woods. Nature had thrown her arches into more heaven-pointing forms than man can do, and had hung over them the loveliest tracery of light twining wreaths of varied beauty. It was *living* beauty;—every form was varied, new, yet in perfect harmony;—each springing out of the bosom of the earth, of joy;—all seemed emanating from Him who alone is love and life, and joy; I was absorbed into still, happy communion with Him.

A Sabbath morning found me on the shores of the mighty deep. The fresh pure air, the bold towering cliffs, now lightened by the rays of the rising sun, the free joyous waves of the dancing waves all joined in one hymn of praise for the blessed morning when immortal life, sealed by the risen Saviour, shed a new glory over this lower world. I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou has made this material universe, otherwise so dead, so replete with memorials of the perishing nature of all below, so glorious, so heavenly, so full of memorials of Thyself;—that Thou hast so touched it with Thy vast and glorious attributes, that it can join in glorious hymns of praise with our immortal spirits, and help to raise them to Thee.

Bright and blessed memory of the "morn when Christ arose!"

The sun was setting. I was alone on the open heath-covered cliffs, whence the low dying murmur of the waves breaking on the shore was barely audible, yet harmonized with the solemn stillness of the hour. The departing luminary sank calmly and grandly behind the hills. I had an unusual and deep perception of the presence of Deity. He was there;—I, a weak perishing mortal, and yet an emanation from His spirit was there also. Twilight gathered round, but the parting glories of the setting sun revealed bright openings in the clouds that justly hovered before the entrance to the unseen world; the eye almost seemed to penetrate their mystery;—and solemn tints settled on the landscape;—there was a profound of animal life;—no human being was near;—God's presence was on all, and I was in the "Holy Place." The thickening shades of night veiled these earthly glories from me, but not the heavenly glories they had raised me to contemplate.

"I breathed no prayer, I proffered no request,
Rapt into *still communion*, that transcends
Th' imperfect offices of prayer and praise."

It was night. I rode in solitude over an extensive plain;—I saw nothing around me, and above me was infinite space, lighted by the rays of vast and distant worlds. Reason could not guide me among them;—"thought astonished dropt her wearied wing;"—yet the soul feared not to penetrate the vast unknown, for it would

find there its *Parent*, its *Home*. I had no desire, no hope, no aspiration ;—I seemed during this short period of entrance into the highest heavens, to desire only communion with the Father of spirits.

“ I was so filled with holy awe,
I nothing heard, and nothing saw,
Yet every power and thought,
Was bent on that excess of light,
Absorbed in fulness of delight,
In Him whose face I sought.”

Forgive me, Heavenly Father, if my spirit can seldom soar so high, that *Thou only* art the object of my soul's longings ! Yet surely it cannot displease Thee, that I should greatly love the beings towards whom my warm affections have been kindled ; with whom I have held here below high and spiritual communion ;—whom I have loved with a pure love, which has not separated me from Thee, but made me comprehend better the blessedness of that love in which Thou dwellest. Christ, Thy Beloved Son, has revealed Thee as our Father, and Thou wouldst have Thy children love one another. Yes ! In the Heavenly Home Thou hast provided for them, they may love each other without fear, with ever growing ardour, with the purest exercise of their highest powers,—and *for ever !* Yes ! There I am persuaded I shall hold high and blessed commune with the “ Author and Finisher of our Faith ;”—with all those, who, unseen on earth, to whom my very existence was unknown, yet have helped to form and raise my spiritual nature ;—and with those blessed and beloved

ones who have gone before me, but whose spirits are ever with me to guide me heavenward !

O Father ! Grant that thus my sorrow may be turned into joy, a joy which no one can take from me !

May 26th, 1849.



SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.



IT was the Sabbath evening;—I had been in the house of God, a house made with human hands, and where my fellow Christians had been offering prayer and praise at the throne of grace. I sigh for spiritual communion with my fellow beings.

Soul kindles soul into a warmer flame of love to the common Father of Spirits. But a thick veil had been over my heart while with them, and had prevented it from communing with them. The imaginings of man had mingled with their worship, and to me destroyed its purity; earthly thoughts had weighed down my soaring spirit; I departed from the Sanctuary with a hungry soul, an unsatisfied heart.

And I went to God's own temple, to commune with Him beside the mighty deep in the sacred silence of my own soul. The shades of evening were falling round; the moon was struggling through a cloud, and shed her calm beams on the nearer waves. This was my worship. There were others on the strand, but I felt that I was *alone* with my God. Soon I perceived the figure of one who appeared like myself engaged in silent adoration. After a time we approached each other, for we felt our souls united in one holy thought. I cannot retrace anything that passed between us, but I never felt my spirit so united with another in soaring to the heavenly regions, or so raised in

a calm and holy joy. The glorious and beautiful works of God's own hand around us, seemed to awaken in us the chords of a heavenly harmony, and we felt that it was a foretaste of the blessedness of the unseen world. But darkness closed round, and we felt that we must part. Yet after we had separated I desired to change one other thought with her. She wore the outward signs of mourning, and evidently had known sorrow. Who has not, that is able to enter the inner sanctuary? I desired to tell her that I too had felt the chastening hand of God, but knew it to be that of a Father;—that my dearest earthly treasure had been borne away,—that my affections were no longer centered in this world. So we shared each other's sorrows, and each other's high and holy consolations, and thus we parted, hoping to meet in heaven. I should not recognize her if I met her in this world; I do not recollect her form, or even her voice;—I do not know her name; she knows mine, for I begged her to think of this moonlight evening, by the mighty waves, if ever she heard the name I mentioned to her. It is therefore most improbable that we shall ever meet again, in this world, nor do I desire that we should, but the thought of that holy hour should be mingled with others less sacred. Yet I feel assured that we shall hold an enduring and more blissful communion of spirits "where all shall live that sanctifies;"—when "time shall be no more."

I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for these pledges that thou givest me that the "things unseen are *eternal*!"

August 15th, 1849.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

FLOWERS.



LOWERS! beautiful flowers! Ye are types to me of the divine love, so free, so bright, so pure, awakening in the soul an indescribable serenity and joy, a sense of exceeding loveliness, a feeling of the beauty of holiness, of the love of Him who is all lovely. There is nothing which fills me with so lively a sense of the overflowing, diffusive, unbounded love of our Heavenly Father, as the beauty which He sheds so largely over the smallest and meanest work of his hands, even where no human eye, no living eye, has ever beheld it. It is love only which can breathe forth nothing but beauty.

A summer evening, calm and bright, such as my own beautiful native Devon knows well, found me on one of those high sea cliffs of hers which overhang her glassy waves. A tiny stream had worn its patient way through a cleft in the rock, and now danced joyously along, under the garlands that nature had thrown over it, darting eagerly down to unite its pure waters with the mighty ocean. There was a holy gladness in my soul. I gathered a bramble blossom, that hung carelessly over the stream.

What beauty is lavished around us, unseen, unknown. No cherished garden flower could have exceeded it in the exquisite tints of its delicate crumpled petals, contrasted with its bright stamens, the innocence of its half opening buds, and the grace of its leaves, whose green was still slightly coloured with the russet, transparent and clear, of its finely turned stem, that rose strong and straight with its sharply moulded thorns, and then bent pensively with its half-folded leaflets. But it must not be alone. The pink of this wild rose will harmonize with it, and its sportive grace set off well the uppointing spire of its companion. Let there also be a contrast;—let me add these golden blossoms in their richness and splendour. I know not *what* beauty is. It has a wonderful and mysterious existence;—indescribable, intangible, inscrutable;—yet it has a *reality*, a penetrating power which none can know who have not felt it. It breathes a calm and satisfying light, a perfect harmony, a heavenly repose. It can exist only where God has placed it;—it can be perceived only by a breath of His spirit. I shall never forget my feeling when I placed these three flowers together, without premeditation, but from a sort of secret impulse which so arranged them as to infuse into me a wonderful perception of *perfect* beauty,—which rose in a prayer to Him, who had given this loveliness, but who is Himself *all* lovely. I thank Thee, O Father, for having afforded me in that holy hour a foretaste of the “beauty of holiness,” which *cannot* die, for it is *from Thee*.

Sweet has been often to me the ministry of flowers. I have lain in an agony of pain through every limb, and imbibed with thankful joy the calm, pure loveliness of the early, half opened rose, that turned to heaven only its blushing virgin beauty. I have felt my spirit troubled, wearied, depressed, unable to rise above daily cares, and have gone in the solitude of my own loved chamber, to the ever fresh joy and peace of flowers, and felt my spirit soothed and raised. When a dear one was to take some of that love which had been mine from childhood, and give it to another, and my heart was sorrowful, the rich offering of choice flowers, where love was varied and ever new, seemed to pour balm into it. I greet the Sabbath morning with the loveliest produce of my garden, and place it in the most beautiful order, bestowing it on all those I love, that my soul may be brought into harmony with Him who giveth all, and loveth all, who hath made the world so fair. And even most have I been grateful to carry flowers to the couch of the sick and the departing; I have seen the pallid sunken countenance beam with a smile of unwonted happiness at the sight of the fresh spring flower, and inhale its fragrance with the thirsty longing of a wearied traveller;—I have seen an unearthly radiance diffused over the suffering face of the dying one when his eye lighted on the beauty of a flower he had never seen before:—it was a reflection of the Heavenly Father's love.

My God! I thank Thee for flowers!

August 20th, 1849.

THE OPENING IN THE CLOUD.



HAD been dwelling among the glorious mountain scenery where man's spirit seems to commune more freely with its Maker, where it feels within an unwonted greatness, the presence of a grandeur and beauty united, which none can conceive who have not felt it. I had held happy communion with friends. All was past! I was leaving my beloved mountains behind me. I had no friend near with whom I could interchange a word or look of sympathy. All seemed cheerless within and without. The dull coldness of an early morning, when no sunbeams have power to pierce the misty unbroken clouds, subsiding into gloomy heaviness after a stormy night,—seemed well to depict my feelings. I yielded to them, and pursued my journey in silence, in deadness of spirit. After a time I looked again at the sky, for there was nothing on earth to attract my gaze. In one part of the heavens there was a faint lightening of the gloom. I watched the spot. Gradually the veil became thinner. I discerned through it a light tinge of blue. Soon it was drawn back as a curtain, and beneath its festooned hangings I beheld the pure ethereal azure of the heavens. It was but a narrow opening into

the depths of space, but it was enough. I breathed freely. I felt no longer bounded by the clouds of earth. I could penetrate through them, my spirit could soar into the infinite, and the dulness of earth no longer oppressed me.

Blessed opening in the clouds, through which we can soar to the pure heavens, which are ever clear and bright.

And may we not always discern an opening in the clouds if we look for it? They are often thick around us in this lower world, and they seem rather noxious exhalations from earth than the pure fertilizing dews of heaven, which refresh and strengthen the frail plant even while it weeps at receiving them. They are dank and cold;—they are dull and gloomy;—they have not the beauty of those tender drops that bedeck themselves with the rainbow when they catch a glimpse of the sun's light, nor the grandeur of the storm-compelled vapours that fill the soul with awe, while they rouse its loftiest energies. They are chilling,—they are heart sinking,—they dull all that is beautiful on earth, they hide all that is lovely in heaven. Let us fix our anxious gaze till we see an opening in them, which may open to us the bright serenity of heaven.

The moral world around us often hangs thick and heavy clouds over our spirits. There is nothing in them beautiful or grand that we can discern, there is no life-giving influence in them that we can feel. They hide from us what is lovely on earth, what is glorious in heaven. They oppress our souls. Heavenly Father! Thou wilt always make an opening through them for us if we truly ask

Thee. If we fix our earnest gaze to discern Thy brightness, Thou wilt not hide it long from us, and Thou wilt open the heavens to us, and we shall see Thy Beloved One in his calm holiness, Thine own bright effulgence, and those blessed ones whom Thou didst lend us for a time on earth, but who are now gone to Thee;—they will show us how glorious a heaven is above the clouds, and the opening through them will show a holy radiance all around!

So be it! O Father.

November 8th, 1849.



SORROW.



LOVE thee, Sorrow, twin Sister of Joy, with thy downcast eye, from which gleam upwards bright glances mid thy falling tears!

They that live without God in the world love thee not,—know thee not;—they discern thee not from that earth-born sorrow which stirs within them thoughts of bitterness, which clouds their vision with impenetrable mists of dark brooding, which chains them to the seen and temporal, and then with a stern and cruel hand tears it from them,—which worketh death. But THOU! How shall I speak with mortal tongue thy heavenly beauty?

Thou didst touch with gentle hand the glad child. He had but glimpsed before the twilight haze in which thou hidest thyself from the gay, busy world,—and he feared it, for he knew not what awful form was behind it, and he loved nothing but what was bright as his young heart, and full of springing life like his fresh spirit. But thou didst clasp him lovingly in thy arms, and whisper to him of a fairer garden than that he delighted in, with sweeter flowers;—of a more beautiful world,—of a happier home. And when he wept at the first cold touch of Death, thou didst show him blessed spirits that dwell with the Saviour,

and that can never change; thou didst tell him of Heaven. So he loved thee, for he felt that thou camest from the Home of his spirit, to bring him a message from his Father, and he never forgot thy heavenly visit to him.

Thy beautiful Sister, Joy, oft precedes thee. At times she joins together two young spirits, and earth seems heaven to them. Joy has ever something in her radiant eye that tells she is not of this world; but yet she hid her wings from them, and they thought that she was theirs for ever. So she was, but not *hers*. For soon she became invisible, and there was only one, instead of two, and thou wast by the mourner! Yet gentle were thy ministrations, Oh Sorrow, to the lone one. Thy Sister had hid her wings;—thine were outspread softly to shade the grieving one from the world's glare, and to be ready to bear her too aloft when her hour should come. She saw that thou wast from Heaven, and she loved thy gentle, pensive look that told her of her lost one, and where he was;—she was refreshed by the dew droppings from thy wings, which revived her fainting spirit; and with thy tender hand ever guiding her, Joy not being far distant, she went on her way.

But in thick darkness dost thou sometimes visit us frail mortals. Ever art thou thy Father's messenger of love, but then even thou hast shrunk from thy dreadful task, and thy hand was icy cold. Thy blow was very hard, though it was in mercy sent. O take with thee thy Sisters, Faith and Love, when thou art so awful a visitant. The

poor sufferer will not perhaps see them at first; but when the midnight gloom is past, when the morning dawns, and the Star of Hope beams above the horizon, then shalt thou appear in thy true loveliness; then shall the mourner greet thee reverently as one of the Heavenly Father's Angel Messengers. And when the grieving heart is thus humbled, then shall the afflicted one see joy also, who cometh in the morning after the night of sorrow; she shall bring with her many blessed gifts, and the earth shall no longer seem a wilderness, but the passage to Canaan;—no more the Valley of the Tomb, but the Portal of Heaven.

Then again there are fearful storms in the elements, whirlwinds of men's passions, that assail us pilgrims through this passage desert. Perchance we have not a cave to hide us, nor a rock to shelter us from their fury. For a season our eyes are blinded, and we are tossed to and fro we know not whither. We prostrate ourselves in the dust, that the hot stormy wind may pass over us, and that we may gather strength from weakness. We listen—it is thy still small voice, Oh Sorrow, that breathes into our souls God's holy spirit. We rise and take courage, for we see thy form, as one of the Heavenly Messengers, mingling even in the thickest affray of the powers of darkness. We go boldly on, thou leading us, and midst the wild howlings of the enemy, we hear the sweet accents of Joy, rejoicing that through strength divine we have overcome the world.

Yet even fiercer dangers attack the homeward-bound wanderer; the fiery darts of Satan assail him, his soul is

pierced, he is torn asunder with inward agony. He cries aloud, "Is there none to save? Who shall deliver me from this body of death? Oh wretched man that I am!" Thou comest to him, Oh Sorrow, and pourest balm into his wounded spirit; thou bedewest his burning eye-balls with refreshing tears; thou anointest him with the softening oil of God's grace; thou givest him to drink the strengthening wine of Christ's love. Now he can look up, his face beaming with faith and joy and hope. Thou hast healed his sores. Oh Sorrow, thou wilt not leave him; he will have need of thee always while he is here below, for thou bringest him a peace the world knoweth not of, that it can neither give nor take away.

Oh Sorrow! Blessed Messenger from Heaven! I have known thee long and well! While the light of new life was first freshly beaming on my young spirit, I was the darling of thy Sister Joy, who tenderly caressed me, and imprinted a kiss on my smooth forehead, yet so that no one should see it but thou; it was never worn off even when that forehead was wrinkled with cares, and seemed old while still young;—I scarce remember those early days. Then thou, who hadst seen the token on me, didst flutter near me in many different forms, and sometimes overshadow my sun with thick gloom. But I always knew thee to be a Heavenly Messenger, and never tried to shun thee, for I trusted that thou wouldst bring with thee thy Sisters, Faith and Hope;—I had not learnt yet that Joy is thy twin Sister. When Death's angel bore away from me

my beloved one, my Father, then thou camest to me with all thy Sisters to comfort me, and after the first gloom of nature's deep anguish, I saw thee, as thou wast, in all thy beauty. Thou didst not fold down thy wings, for thou knewest that I should never wish thee to leave me; thy breath was my life, for with it I seemed to be with my lost one. Thus be with me ever, Oh long beloved, till Death's angel summons me also; then, with thy Sisters round thee, bear me aloft on outspread wings, into the Heavenly Father's presence; then, when he receives me as His own child, shall I behold thee bright and beautiful as thy twin Sister, Joy, among the Ministering Spirits of God's eternal throne, whom He sends to bring us to Himself!

January, 1851.



THE WELL OF WATER.



HERE is within my inmost soul a Well of Water ; it is very pure,—very clear, bright and sparkling,—very deep, so deep that no mortal eye has seen to the bottom of it, nor have I myself ;—it is a Well of very holy water,—the water of Life.

When I was a very little child, many looked into the Well, and saw there the beautiful blue sky of heaven reflected in it, and loved to see it rippled with the passing breeze, yet still transparent, and then springing up sportively as if a stream from some mountain hollow was suddenly gushing into it. It was a lovely Well, circled with many beautiful trees and flowers.

But then the Well was arched over, and no one could look into it ; few knew that it was there. I always knew it, and sometimes heard the pleasant gurglings of its hidden waters, and felt a refreshing cool breeze from them. My father and mother built a beautiful edifice over the Well ; they built it very carefully, with great wisdom, and adorned it with many costly works of art. I admired the structure they had raised, and when I was in the full prime of youth and life, I rejoiced in it, and wished that it should

shelter many, and they might enjoy with me its treasures. But I could not forget the Well, that still kept on its surface the reflection of my springtide sky, and that was always trying to gush out, and to make its way through the load that had been placed over it. Sometimes I sat and listened to it, but not often, for it made me very sad to do so; besides, I had many duties in the house, and I would not neglect them for my own delight. My dear father saw me look into my Well, and knew that I wanted to let its waters gush out. But they could not stay there. They forced themselves out by many little passages. They seldom sprang up into the house, but would run into bye ways where no one could see them but myself, or knew whence the refreshing came, if plants by it flourished better than elsewhere. At times there seemed a strange geyser boiling in the Well, and it would gush out by some unnoticed opening. People tried to stop it up, and told me that I ought to keep it down, or that it would do great mischief to myself or others. Then I felt grief within me, for I knew that God put the Well in my soul, so I was often sick at heart; I took no pleasure in the beautiful house, nor did I delight in other fine houses, where one could not even know that there was a Well in them, so completely was it covered up if it was there. I was weary of the world; I did not wish for myself that I might die, for I knew that I should patiently wait God's time;—but I longed to be where my Well could spring up freely, and sparkle again with the brightness of heaven's sun. My

father was not here to help me to uncover the Well, or even to know how much I longed to do it. But my Heavenly Father helped me. The waters at last made their way very quietly but surely through all the land surrounding my house, and came to a low, bad, wretched place, full of hurtful weeds and poisonous vapours;—one would have thought that the water would have been quite lost in such a place. But instead of this, it sparkled up very brightly and joyously;—many young plants that had not yet been poisoned by the noxious vapours, sprang up more healthily;—little children whose hearts were still innocent came and looked into this pleasant stream, and smiled to see their own bright faces there, mingling with heaven's blue. One young spirit above all rejoiced in the water from the pure deep Well, for his heart was loving and pure; the Heavenly Father knew that this beautiful flower was fit for His garden, and sent His angel to pluck it gently ere it was blighted or withered, though it was but opening;—the gentle boy saw Heaven reflected in the waters, and drank gladly of them as he was dying.

So let the waters flow on;—they have found themselves the true channel, and my heart is lightened;—they can spring up now to eternal life. I thank Thee, O my Father!—So let them flow on brighter and purer, until they can mingle their streams with the broad river that runs through the paradise of God!

January 17th, 1851.

WHOSE TEMPLE YE ARE.



GLORIOUS Temple is it, this Temple of the living God,—the earthly abode where He who filleth Heaven and Earth deigns to make manifest His Spirit;—where, in the Holy of Holies,—He dwells.

This Temple stands on a hill;—it cannot be hid;—gloriously does its golden roof, which no unclean thing must light upon, reflect the brightness of the rising sun;—pure, white and glistening are its stones when struck by heaven's rays. Earth's costliest treasures all are gathered in rich profusion to frame this temple; nowhere can be seen the precious metals in such lavish abundance;—no marble blocks of such gigantic size have been carried elsewhere, with such patient laborious toil. Lebanon's snows have not protected her cedars;—their sky-pointing tops have been levelled, their huge trunks have been laid low, and the waves have borne them towards the holy mount, that their fragrant wood may be consecrated in the temple of God.

Even the very earth on which it stands is holy: for there was offered of old the most devoted sacrifice that man could give;—there the father returned to the Giver the

child of many prayers, the son of his old age, the heir of promise;—there did Isaac lie in meek submission, in all his living strength, on his funeral pile;—there did the angel declare, that “in the mountain Jehovah had provided,”—that the sacrifice was accepted,—that his son was restored.

Let us enter the temple. No unholy thing must be there. No money-changers must there make their offerings to Mammon, and turn the house of God into a den of thieves. There must be no plaintive bleating of tethered lambs, no angry bellowing of tortured oxen bound for sacrifice;—no sordid bargainings of avaricious dealers here. Take these things hence;—nought that wears not the impress of the divine spirit shall be here; but the lowliest, the humblest, the scorned, the degraded, the publican, the sinner, even the uncircumcised gentile, the doubting Greek, may wander midst the solemn porticos, to shut out the world, and yield themselves to the holy influence of the spirit of God which dwelleth in the temple. They may remain apart, lonely in a multitude, smiting on their breast; or they may stand in reverence beholding the smoke rise from the altar of incense; or they may come and listen to the Saviour, and ask from him living waters, or perchance hear the voice speaking to him from heaven, the angel-message, which to those far from him is only distant thunder.

But now hence to the inner sanctuary, to the court of the holy priesthood, which none may enter but those who have consecrated their hearts to the Lord. Let us then

first pour our best gifts into the Treasury. No earthly offerings must be here; no worthless gold and silver, while the treasures of the heart are withheld; no tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, to make up for the scanty measure of the weightier matters of the law; no jewels bright and shining without, heartless and stony within. Not these! We must offer to Him who hath given *all we have even our whole living*;—the holocaust of the poorest heart is costly in His sight. Gladly will we bring to consecrate to Him, and throw into His treasury, every gift which he has given us, all the talents, few or many, which He has entrusted to us;—every thought, every desire, every affection, every power, shall be His, and He shall bid us use them for whatever pleaseth Him.

Now the consecrated may go within; they may enter the Court of the Priests of Jehovah. There they may sing with joy His praises, and talk of His wondrous works to the children of men. There they may serve Him day and night, rejoicing to do His will. Thence shall arise the fragrant odours from the altar of incense, diffusing their holy perfumes far around; and there the accepted sacrifice of a broken heart and a contrite spirit shall be offered in lowly adoration, and beheld with reverence by the multitudes without. Truly, O Lord! as the Hallel's ascend to heaven, do we exclaim in rapture, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Blessed are the hours which the soul spends in those courts of its living temple, to provide itself with heavenly weapons for the warfare of the world

without,—the shield of faith, the sword of the spirit, the whole armour of God, consecrated to His service.

But there is beyond a Holy Place where none but the priests of God themselves may enter. Blessed are they who depart not from the temple day or night; who here can come in holy communion before the Lord, with nought to distract their spirits, and where every object tells of Jehovah's marvellous dealings with the children of men. My soul! thou canst not be always here; but into this part of His living temple mayst thou often come, to gather strength for the struggles of life; for here thou wilt hold communion with those only whose souls have been consecrated to the Lord,—those who once journeyed with Thee, but now are gone, but whose spirits abide with Thee ever; those whom thou hast not known on earth, but who have left the inspiration of their spirit in their living words, which ages shall treasure till time shall be no more;—those still travelling with Thee onwards!

Yet there is a place still more sacred:—The Holy of Holies. There is a thick veil before it, and no one must go within but the High Priest alone; it is the soul only that can enter that holiest part of its tabernacle, where the glorious Shekinah of God's immediate presence is beheld with mortal eyes, and felt in actual existence. It is the Mercy-seat alone that is there, and the Saviour has brought us to it. No longer but once a year, on a great day of expiation, may it be approached. No longer is it the awful Jehovah, whom none may behold and live, that fills

the Holy of Holies ; but the Father of the Spirit, in whose blessed presence the soul delights to dwell, daily, hourly, with filial reverence, but in all the nearness of love. There only does the soul *exist* ; there only is it no longer separated from life.

Glorious is this early temple of the living God, the Spirit and Life of the universe. But this tabernacle must be dissolved. Then, in the heavenly Jerusalem, shall the freed spirit find its fit dwelling-place. There, is no need of a temple ; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb there receive in full communion the spirits of the blessed, and are the eternal Light and Life of it.

February 5th, 1852.



THE LAST SUPPER OF THE LORD.



THANK Thee, Heavenly Father, for the blessed vision Thou hast given me, to help me on my way heavenward !

I sat at my Lord's table, to celebrate his dying love. It was that sad and solemn evening when he ate bread for the last time with his chosen ones, when the night was coming on to be followed by the day of Calvary. It was a tender and affecting remembrance. Eighteen hundred years vanished from me. I was with him in the city towards which he had steadfastly set his face, as the time drew nigh when he must be delivered up ;—I heard him tell the twelve to seek out for him that large upper room furnished whence the traitor would go forth ;—I was with him in his deep loneliness among his followers who communed not with his spirit :—I heard the words of high significance now revealed to us, which they comprehended not ; I saw him bend before his astonished disciples in the sublimity of that holiness which counts itself as nothing, the Heavenly Father and His work as everything ;—I perceived that even in that dreadful hour the balm of human love was pleasing to him, for the beloved apostle was leaning on his bosom, and alone could speak to him

with the freedom of friendship. Then came the dreadful signal,—the sop,—the rising of that one from table,—the words of terrible import to him who alone knew their meaning,—the outpourings of the Saviour's soul now relieved from the presence of the sinful one,—the consolations,—the exhortations,—the prophetic warnings,—the revealings of his spirit,—the communings with his Father; then the rising from supper,—the last hymn in which that voice should be mingled with theirs,—the crossing with them of that brook so soon to be again crossed in other company,—the reaching of the garden,—the wonted place of prayer, in one hour of mortal agony to become the place of treachery.

My Saviour! I thank thee that thy dying desire to be remembered in the cup of blessing, was extended to all who should believe on thee and love thee;—to *me*! But those hours are for ever gone from thee, beloved Lord, while they remain a tender and present reality to me. Where art thou now? Dost thou behold me? Dost thou bend a gentle look on us as we celebrate thy dying love, while thou art drinking the new wine in thy Father's Kingdom with thy disciples?—And who are with thee?

I seemed at once to rise from this typical and transitory to the real and eternal Supper of the Lamb. Or rather I was brought into immediate and close communion with those blessed ones who have shared this feast with me on earth, and whose spirits have been brought by the Angel of Death into near and constant presence with me.

I closed my eyes on the scene around me, to open them in Heaven. Beloved Father! Thou wast as ever the first form that I clearly beheld there. Thou wast sitting near the Saviour, with whom Thou didst hold converse of his earthly life, of the days of pain and sorrow now past for ever. And didst Thou, did he, look down on us at that moment, our eyes dimmed with tears of loving grief for all he had borne for us that through his stripes we might be healed? That was not revealed to me, but I know, my dear Father, that I am ever borne in thy heart's love, for thy spirit is ever with me. Beside him sat that friend who loved him with a Christian brother's tender affection. They both cast off their fleshly tabernacles within a few short days, and now the wide ocean parts them no more;—him I had loved as a second Father;—I feel myself a child of his spirit, drawn on by him who now with my beloved Parent is lifted up. I beheld them together,—it was enough. There stood by him on the other side a young and gentle being, beautiful with purity and innocence, round whom he folded his arm. I knew that my departed scholar would be with my Father in his heavenly home;—he was listening with reverence. Three short years before, his dying looks were with me at this table, those looks so full of sweetness, which told the peaceful serenity, the loving confidence of his soul; I had helped to lead him to the Saviour;—now he was with him. There was one more in that blessed group, one venerable saint, who, Mary-like, sat at their feet in holy joy. Beloved

Aunt! thy calm, strong, humble, happy faith, beams on me oft times with living freshness. No, thou art not dead! Thou art with those whom most I love in the Father's house.

Must I leave these beloved ones?


I thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, for this hour of vision. O may it strengthen me in the work Thou givest me to do, that I may go on my way rejoicing in Thy strength and love, until Thou callest me too *Home!*

April 18th, 1852.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE, NEARER TO THEE



 HIS is the beginning and the end of my inner life, the longing of my soul, the aim of my aspirations, the desire of my heart. For this have burst from me when in the darkness of separation strong cryings with tears;—in the nearness of satisfied love, calm and still in holy joy, have I at times lived blessed hours in a few moments, and for such seasons have I given truer thanks to my Father than for all earthly blessings. For this do I patiently bear and earnestly strive, toiling day and night, suffering oft times cruel torturings of the spirit, that bringing with me the souls of those whom Thou hast given me, I may be nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

I pray for nothing else. I desire not a throne of glory or a crown of stars;—I long for nothing that can be bought with any price. It is only to be with Thee, O Father, that I ask, to feel myself one with Thee, as our blessed Saviour was, to enjoy the beauty of Thy perfect holiness,—to share Thy love.

When my beloved Parent was here, the earthly Father whom Thou didst in mercy give me, and I was a little child, his presence only was a happiness to me. If I

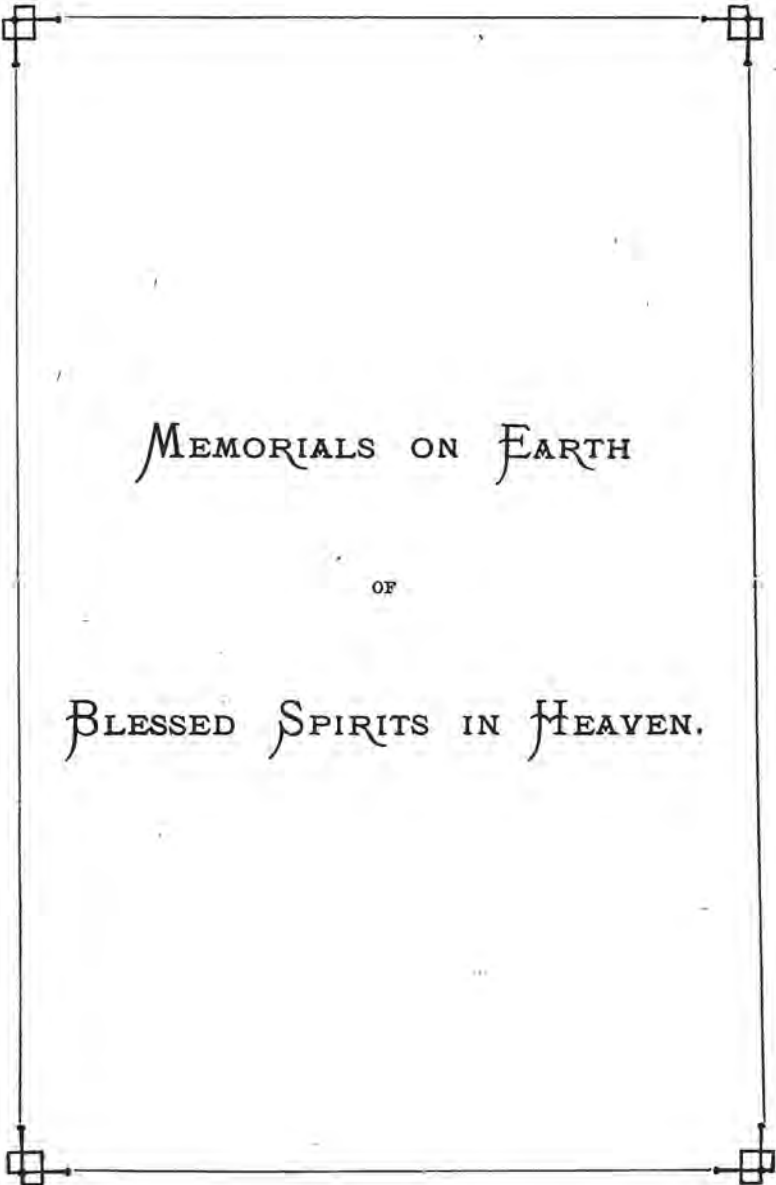
walked by his side holding his arm, it was enough. I needed not that he should speak to me ;—he loved me,—he knew that I loved him,—that I was in communion with his spirit, though it was great and wise, penetrating hidden depths, embracing wide fields of thought, discerning with prophetic eye things afar off,—while mine was feeble, only being able to discern somewhat of the greatness and beauty of his, but loving it, and trusting to it with a child's confiding tenderness. He gave me many tokens of his love, and they are very precious to me,—I treasure every thing that bears the impress of his hand, I see him in all ;—but deepest in my soul are looks and tones which breathed his spirit, which revealed to me that by a mysterious spiritual union I was one with him. The seen is temporal, the unseen is *eternal*. Thus removed as he is now from mortal sight, I feel his nearness to me more even than with us ; he is with me in my goings and my doings, still more in my solitary communings ;—I am separated from him only when that intervened which is not of his spirit.

Heavenly Father ! Thus is it with Thee ! I behold the impress of Thy loving hand on all around me ; I love every beautiful flower, for it is Thine ;—I feel a tenderness for every living thing, for Thou didst form it ;—above all I feel a reverential love for every being into whom Thou hast breathed Thy spirit. But, O Father ! it is in my own soul that I dwell with Thee ;—it is only when I *feel* Thee there that I have peace, that I *exist*. O tear from me all that separates me from Thee ;—cleanse my soul from all

that is impure by whatever means Thou wilt ;—I shall love Thy hand that wounds that it may heal. Do Thou, O Father! *draw* me to Thyself! Consecrate all my best affections, and when Thou hast shown me that they are not of this earth, and taken them to Thyself, still, Father, may they be with me, until Thou callest me too *home* ! Then shall I be nearer, my God, to Thee ! Nearer to Thee.

Sunday, August 22nd, 1852.





MEMORIALS ON EARTH

OF

BLESSED SPIRITS IN HEAVEN.



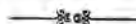
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ANNE ISABELLA NOEL, DOWAGER LADY
BYRON,

Who, ever devoting the many talents entrusted to her to
the service of her Master,

PURCHASED THESE PREMISES, SEPTEMBER, 1854,
For the purpose of rescuing young girls from sin and
misery, and bringing them back to the paths of holiness.



SHE WAS BORN MAY 17TH, 1792,
AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 16TH, 1860.



"Faithful unto death."



May such be our aim also!

January 20, 1866.

TO THE MEMORY OF
ANNE ISABELLA NOEL, DOWAGER LADY
BYRON,

Who ever devoted her varied talents to the welfare of her
fellow beings,

THIS HALL IS DEDICATED.

"We have put up a simple stone near the Memorial Tree, and on it is this inscription. We copied it from one we had seen placed by the bereaved Queen herself under a bust of her excellent Consort, as describing the guiding spring of his life."

THIS TREE

Is planted in remembrance of the great and good

PRINCE ALBERT,

CONSORT OF OUR BELOVED QUEEN VICTORIA,

WHO WAS SUMMONED TO A BETTER WORLD,

DEC. 14TH, 1861.



"His life
sprang from a deep inner sympathy with
God's Will,
and therefore with all that is true,
beautiful and right."

TO THE
REV. DR. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN,
OF BOSTON, U.S.,
Who led the way, both in the United States and in England,
in Domestic Missions to the Poor,
THIS SCHOOL
for neglected and destitute Children,
is lovingly and respectfully dedicated.



HE DIED APRIL, 1840,

AGED 62 YEARS.



"He being dead, yet speaketh."

TO THE MEMORY OF
L A N T C A R P E N T E R ,
the beloved and revered Parent,
whose spirit, ever faithful to his Heavenly Father and to
his Saviour, -
has animated the Institution here established
to seek and to save the lost,
this House is consecrated by Mary, his first-born.

—*—

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

—*—

He entered this world September 2, 1780; he was
married to Anna Penn, Christmas Day, 1805,—by whom
he had six children;—his spirit was summoned hence,
Sunday, April 5th, 1840. His devoted wife was for ever
united to him in the Heavenly Home, June 19, 1856.

Red Lodge, Christmas Day, 1861.

TO MY BELOVED SISTER

A N N A

My fellow worker in the cause of humanity,

THIS HOME FOR HOUSELESS BOYS IS DEDICATED.

APRIL 14, 1872.