

# The Emigrant Mechanic and Other Tales In Verse - Together With Numerous Songs Upon Canadian Subjects

Thomas Cowherd

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Title: The Emigrant Mechanic and Other Tales In Verse  
Together With Numerous Songs Upon Canadian Subjects

Author: Thomas Cowherd

Release Date: December, 2004 [EBook #7122]  
[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]  
[This file was first posted on March 12, 2003]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

**\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE EMIGRANT MECHANIC \*\*\***

Produced by Michelle Shephard, Juliet Sutherland, Charles Franks  
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THE EMIGRANT MECHANIC  
AND OTHER TALES  
IN VERSE,

TOGETHER WITH  
Numerous Songs Upon Canadian Subjects

By Thomas Cowherd

PREFACE.

The Author of this volume does not feel much apology necessary for its publication, though the world is already flooded with Rhyme, upon almost every conceivable subject, and most of it of a very mediocre character.

Though living but a short time upon a Bush farm, my experiences were of such a practical nature as to entitle me to speak with confidence on many rural matters. The religious opinions so frequently and strongly expressed are the result of a careful study of God's Word, and I feel that for them no apology is necessary.

To learning I make but the most slender pretensions. Born in one of the humblest ranks in life, and going to my trade at the commencement of my teens, and working long weary hours for seven years at that trade, I found little opportunity of attaining anything like proficiency in literary composition. Many of my minor pieces have already seen the light in local and other newspapers, etc., and acting on the advice of several literary friends I have at last gathered my principal poems together in a permanent form. Should this effort not meet with public favor, the offense--if such it be--is not likely to be repeated, as I am now over sixty-five years of age. Many of the productions of my humble Muse were conceived, and in a great measure composed, while working at the bench--to which I am still confined, in order to provide for my family's needs.

If the advice of Pope to some of the Rhymers of his day was needful, viz., "to keep their effusions for seven years," I can say truly most of mine have been kept that period nearly four times over. I would not have the reader imagine that they have necessarily grown better by being on the shelf; still this has afforded an opportunity for polishing them up in some measure.

I may further say my "Emigrant Mechanic" was nearly or quite finished before Mr. McLachlan's "Emigrant" was published, and before I had ever heard of "The U. E.," a beautiful and very interesting Emigrant poem by Mr. Kerby, of Niagara.

My warmest thanks are due the Rev. W. W. Smith, of Newmarket, Ont., for his kindness in undertaking the preparation of these pages for the press. Also for many valuable emendations.

Such as they are I send forth my unlearned rhymes, with the earnest

prayer that they may benefit the reader as much as they have benefitted me, for I can say in the words of Coleridge, "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward."

THOMAS COWHERD.

Brantford, Ontario, January, 1884.

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#### THE EMIGRANT MECHANIC

#### A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

\_"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil."--  
Gray.\_

## BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.--Birthplace of the Mechanic. Affliction of the family. Death of mother and two sisters. The father's second marriage. Family tradition. Youth's thoughts and feelings in regard to it. Places visited: Crossthwaite, Underbarrow, Lake Windermere, Esthwaite. Incidents, poetic tastes, etc. Conclusion.

My harp awakes! And as I touch each string,  
The poor Mechanic Emigrant I sing.  
Eighteen eventful years, or rather more,  
Have fled since first he left his native shore--  
That much-loved shore! that dear old English home!  
So oft regretted since first led to roam.  
My Muse, 'tis thine to give in artless lays,  
A genuine history of his early days;  
Make known the place where first he saw the light,  
Portray the scenes which pleased his boyish sight,  
Unfold his parentage, and backward trace  
Their line, descended from no common race;  
Speak of his eagerness to learn a trade,  
Mark what proficiency in that he made,  
Glance at his love scenes, and a lesson show,  
Which youths in general would do well to know.  
Fail not to tell how, in his eighteenth year,  
He did, as \_Christian\_, publicly appear.  
Make known the cause that led him first to feel  
A strong desire to seek his future weal,  
In emigration to that distant shore  
Where flow great rivers, and loud cataracts roar;  
Where mighty lakes afford the fullest scope  
For future commerce, and the settler's hope.  
Go with him to his home in the wild woods--  
That rude log cottage where he stored his goods;  
Paint faithfully the scenes through which he passed,  
And how he settled in a town at last;  
What then befel him in successive years,  
Or aught which to thee suitable appears,  
To make his history such as may be read  
By high-born race, or those more lowly bred.  
Let usefulness be still thy constant aim,  
Nor care a jot for merely worldly fame.  
Help me to seek, by constant, earnest prayer  
That God's approval be my chiefest care.  
And if a Poet thou would'st wish to make  
Thy guide and pattern, gentle COWPER take.  
Thus, O my Muse! may we together spend  
Some happy hours, until my task shall end.  
And when 'tis finished, may it ne'er be said  
That we a useless memoir have displayed.

In the northwest of England's verdant isle,  
Where beauteous scenery meets one with a smile,  
Where lakes and rivers burst upon the sight  
And fill the mind with transports of delight,  
Where lofty hills unite with lowly dales  
To furnish matter for instructive tales,  
There is a town, a very ancient town,



Which, should enjoy a share of high renown.  
My native place! I need not sink the name--  
Such act, sweet KENDAL! thou might'st justly blame,  
A place so dear, I trust I still shall love,  
Where'er I am, or wheresoe'er I rove!  
It has its site fast by a pleasant stream,  
Beside whose banks our hero learned to dream.  
Though quiet, it gave birth to many a name,  
Which for good deeds obtained a moderate fame.  
Some few there were well skilled in Science deep,  
Who now within its several graveyards sleep.  
Its once-proud Castle that in ruin lies,  
The birthplace was of one who lived to rise  
To queenly state, and sit upon a throne  
And the eighth HENRY as her lord to own.  
Within this town some very rich men live;  
But many more who poverty receive  
As their low birthright, with the fullest share  
Of its attendants, constant toil and care!  
These oft, though poor, in honesty may vie  
With most of those who hold their heads so high.  
Of this large class young COOPER'S parents were;  
To peace inclined, they heeded not the stir  
Which proud Ambition's votaries create  
To gain such objects as their pride may sate.

E'er since this father was a little boy,  
Hard out-door labor did his hands employ.  
The mother, too, to work was early taught,  
And take delight in what her hands had wrought.  
This hardy training proved of use to them,  
A blessing they did never once contemn;  
For 'twas the means of gaining honest bread--  
And on no other would they e'er be fed!

In course of time four children needed care,  
And claimed from them of food and clothes a share.  
Nor did they grudge them what they could afford--  
For they had learned to live and serve the Lord!  
But soon Affliction, with her visage dire,  
Called them to pass through purifying fire!  
And first a smiling girl was snatched away--  
The mother next, to Death became a prey.  
The father, too, was sick, and laid aside  
For many weeks; thus sorely was he tried.  
Anon their pet, a lovely infant, died,  
And she was laid by her dear mother's side.  
Such fearful strokes, to one in poverty,  
Were hard to bear, as all may clearly see.  
But this poor man, all strong in holy faith,  
Was led to take a proper view of death--  
E'en to regard him as an enemy  
Conquered by Him who died on Calvary--  
And view his loved ones but as gone before.  
To Canaan's blest and truly happy shore!

Ere long the Lord a partner did prepare  
To aid this Christian, and his sorrow share.  
She had for many years in service been;

Of careful habits, in good pay I ween.  
And this enabled her to lay aside  
A goodly sum, and keep her needs supplied.  
This virtuous woman thus became "a crown"  
To that poor man, by trials well bowed down.  
And by her cleverness in housewifry,  
With constant practice of economy,  
The family soon enjoyed a greater share  
Of household comforts, and had much less care.

Thus early schooled, our WILLIAM grew apace,  
And though still young, wore oft a thoughtful face.  
By nature studious, and of ready turn,  
He needful tasks most eagerly did learn.  
And being inquisitive, 'twas his desire  
On winter nights, and by their frugal fire,  
That his dear father should to him make known  
What kind of ancestry they chanced to own.  
To this the father, with a smiling face,  
Soon made reply, "We spring from noble race!  
Long, long ago, I can in truth declare,  
A wandering Minstrel visited a fair,  
And there saw one of very noble blood,  
Who liked him well and deemed his music good.  
They soon contrived each others' minds to learn,  
And felt Love's flame within their bosoms burn;  
But knowing well this would not be allowed,  
Disguised, away they fled amongst a crowd.  
Soon they were fast in honest wedlock tied;  
And thus the Minstrel gained a lovely bride!  
Yet were they destined not to live in peace--  
For ELLEN'S brother vowed he would not cease  
To search for them through all the country wide,  
And quick return with ELLEN at his side!  
Long time he searched, then gave them up for lost,  
And proved his boasting vain, unto his cost.  
But on one night he, weary, sad and faint,  
Espied a house, and to that house he went--  
Just reached the threshold, and sank down quite spent.  
The fair young mistress, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld the man, and feared that he would die.  
She loosed his vest, then laid his bosom bare,  
And spied a mark which well might make her stare.  
It was her brother! and her gentle heart  
With love o'erflowed to act a sister's part.  
Most earnest efforts quick the man restored,  
And ELLEN felt most grateful to the Lord.  
She, fully conscious of strict rectitude,  
Confessed her kindred, and for pardon sued.  
The astonished brother clasped her in his arms;  
Their early love afresh their spirit warms,  
And all his hatred very soon disarms.  
This Minstrel, with his lovely ELLEN, were  
Our ancestors, as you may well infer."

[Footnote: In proof that the above legend has some foundation in fact,  
I may state that one of my hero's cousins in England has a gold headed  
cane, and another a splendid jasper snuff-box, both said to have been  
left by the party who came to seek the runaway lady.]

Young COOPER heard, and could not well conceal  
Some stirring thoughts that he began to feel.  
He still was of a very tender age;  
Far, far too young to feel Ambition's rage.  
But he had heard of Dukes, and Earls, and Lords,  
And all the splendor which their rank affords;  
Had seen in prints their castles and their halls;  
Had heard of servants who obeyed their calls;  
Of their vast parks, well filled with noble deer,  
Their tables loaded with the best of cheer;  
Of horses, carriages, and fleetest hounds,  
And cattle feeding over all their grounds;  
Of gardens filled with precious fruits and flowers,  
And of sweet music to beguile their hours;  
Fancied their mansions full of lovely girls,  
With beauteous eyes, and richly flowing curls;  
In short, conceived that these men were no less  
Than mighty lords whom every eye should bless.  
And 'twas no wonder if in reverie  
This boy indulged with greatest frequency.

But years flew by, with all their constant care,  
New hopes, new scenes, and feelings of despair.  
He owning still a constitution weak,  
Would better health in change of air oft seek.  
At times like these, his second mother's care  
Did send him forth with relatives to fare.  
And then sweet Crossthwaite, with its paper mill,  
Its pretty brooks, and many a trickling rill,  
With dearest pleasure would his bosom fill.  
Deep gratitude impels him now to pay  
A tribute due to relatives, and say  
That purer kindness could not be displayed  
To any one who needed friendly aid,  
Than they still showed to him while living there,  
As their own child, he did their goodness share.  
Dear, aged friends! grim Death has laid you low,  
And you no more to him can kindness show!

Often thy scenery, fair Underbarrow,  
Has cheered his spirit and dispelled his sorrow!  
Thy hazel copses, and thy rugged \_Scaur\_,  
With yellow-blooming whins have banished far  
All thoughts of his poor, weak and sickly frame,  
And raised his love of Nature to a flame!  
Yes, often now, though living o'er the sea,  
And many years have fled since he saw thee,  
Dear Memory brings thy early charms to view,  
And all their pleasures to his mind seem new!  
Again, fresh scenes would his attention crave,  
Ev'n noble Windermere with rippling wave;  
And frequently he crossed o'er its short ferry,  
In huge flat-boats, or pleasant sailing wherry,  
And viewed, well pleased, its many lovely isles,  
Clothed with rich verdure and sweet Summer's smiles;  
Or watched the fishes, darting to and fro,  
As o'er its crystal waves the boat would go;  
And still remembers those rich wooded hills,

While deep emotion all his spirit thrills.  
Sometimes tired Nature would assert her sway,  
Then gloomy thoughts rose up in dark array;  
He thus would wander, weary and alone,  
Listening the breezes in their fitful moan,  
As in their anger they swept through the woods,  
While thunder-clouds sent down their copious floods,  
And ask himself, in bitterness of soul,  
Why he his destiny could not control?  
Why some were wealthy, and could take their ease,  
And ride about wherever they should please?  
While he, poor lad, on foot his weary way  
Kept plodding still, till nearly close of day!

At other times a pleasant lodge was seen,  
Where life seemed spent in happiness serene;  
Its graceful lawn, its gardens and its fields,  
Spoke loudly of the comfort \_money\_ yields;  
And oft he vainly dreamed that he possessed  
Just such a home, and with such comforts blest.  
Sweet day-dreams these, quite frequently indulged;  
Too oft, alas! were all his thoughts divulged.

Before him soon more charming views arise,  
Enchanting scenes meet everywhere his eyes.  
See Low Wood Inn, a sweet, secluded spot,  
Most lovely sight, not soon to be forgot!  
It stands upon the margin of the lake--  
And of it all things round conspire to make  
A mansion such as poets well might choose--  
Fit habitation for the heaven-born Muse!  
Well might he linger with entranced delight,  
Though Sol gave warning of approaching night.  
Aroused by this, ere long he forward hied  
To that small village still called Ambleside.  
We now again will cross with him the lake,  
And thence the road that leads to Hawkshead take;  
There Esthwaite water on a smaller scale  
Unfolds her beauties, to adorn my tale.  
She, like a mirror, on her silvery face  
Reflects the mansions that her margins grace.  
Those mansions fair are seen on every hand,  
(What may not wealth, in such a place, command?)  
And mark their owners men of wealth and taste;  
Not miserly, nor yet inclined to waste.

Near this small lake does a rude hamlet stand,  
In which there dwelt a poor, hard-working band.  
The parents, both, were well advanced in age,  
And yet, from kindness, they at once engage  
To give this youth a welcome to their board,  
And all the comforts that their means afford.  
To see him happy was their chief desire,  
Which did his soul with gratitude inspire.  
They now are dead! Oh, may their ashes rest  
In peace, and still their memories be bless'd!  
WILLIAM oft thinks of all the pleasant scenes  
He there enjoyed before he reached his \_teens\_;  
And well remembers how he loved to stray

By that pure lake, soon after break of day.  
'Twas at such time, that once he chanced to spy  
A splendid \_pike\_ upon the beach quite dry  
He viewed the prize; it had not long been dead,  
As he well knew by looking at its head.  
Surprised, he gazed about, on every hand,  
But saw no soul upon the lake or land;  
Then thought, since no one came the fish to claim,  
Take it he might, and yet incur no blame.  
This settled in his mind, without delay  
He seized the fish, and carried it away.  
When he reached home, friends thought it would be best  
'Gainst noon-tide hour to have it nicely dressed.  
But candor now obliges me to say,  
That the right owner soon appeared next day;  
Who said he lately caught a noble pike,  
And laid it carefully beside a dyke;  
But, while he went still farther up the lake,  
To draw some lines, and other fishes take,  
A dog, or person, had purloined that one:  
A cousin told him WILL the deed had done!  
Told how he brought to them, with boyish glee,  
As fine a pike as ever one could see!  
This heard, the loser took it in good part,  
Enjoyed the joke, and showed a kindly heart.

Hail, human kindness! Often have I been  
Indebted to thee for same pleasing scene;  
Although our race have sadly fallen low,  
Thou still appearest like the heavenly bow,  
Amidst the storms of human passion now;  
And where, dear Angel, thou art to be found,  
Sweet peace and comfort flow to all around!

An incident I now would introduce  
Which may, perchance, be now and then of use  
In leading youths to greater carefulness,  
When to sweet pleasure they themselves address.  
Near Esthwaite's foot exists a lonely spot,  
Named by the country people "The Priest's Pot";  
A strange, deep hole, with crystal water filled,  
By land surrounded which was never tilled;  
Of spongy texture, yielding to the foot--  
Quite full of danger is this marshy spot.  
To this place WILLIAM once a fishing went,  
And, ere his patience was completely spent,  
Took up a fresh position; but, alas!  
His foothold proved but little else than grass.  
While sinking fast he, with a fluttering heart,  
Gave one quick spring and reached a firmer part.  
This proved a lesson which he ne'er forgot--  
He visited no more that dreaded spot.

Before this time, for years, he went to school,  
And caught some learning by the common rule;  
In \_parsing\_ showed a fair amount of skill,  
Wrote a plain hand, and \_read\_ with right good will;  
Almost a "book-worm," seemed he to devour  
What books he got, and read from hour to hour.

And, oh! how pleased and gratified was he,  
To hear the Master read sweet poetry!  
Once he read well a very touching tale,  
In which the Poet does the lot bewail  
Of orphan "Lubin," who, while tending sheep  
For a hard master, oft was seen to weep.  
While this pathetic tale was read aloud,  
The tears to WILLIAM'S eyes would quickly crowd;  
And from that time a Poet he became--  
In joy or sorrow felt a glowing flame.  
Though still so young he, at this very time,  
Oft framed rude numbers, and poured forth his rhyme;  
And 'twas no wonder if, by Nature taught,  
He wrapped himself in sweet poetic thought.  
He, to this day, is pleased to recollect  
What few, who knew him then, would e'er suspect--  
How much he loved to wander in the woods,  
And watch the trees put forth their opening buds;  
Or list the sound created by the wind,  
Which sought a passage through the leaves to find.  
He also loved, with wonder and delight,  
To gaze on flowers bedecked with glory bright;  
On polyanthus and auriculas,  
In pleasing contrast with the ribbon-grass;  
On wall-flower, too, with richest odor filled,  
Like sweet frankincense daintily distilled;  
On roses fair, in great variety  
Of scent and color; and the peony,  
Or scented violet, which scarce shows its head,  
Yet does its odor o'er the garden shed;  
On prince's feather, wearing stately plume,  
With much of show, but nothing of perfume;  
Loved tulips, lilies, pinks and gilliflowers,  
With woodbines trained o'er lovely garden bowers,  
That give forth sweetness and their charms display,  
While, in rich robes, they stand in full array;  
The foxglove, daisy, and demure monk's-hood,  
With lilacs, and the scented southern wood;  
The guelder-rose, with its fair, whited balls,  
And creeping plants, high climbing up the walls,  
These at all times our hero warmly loved,  
And showed it, too, when he in gardens roved.  
While, to himself, he had a patch of ground,  
Where, at his leisure, he was mostly found.  
Thus passed, most pleasantly, his youthful days,  
All intermingled with his boyish plays,  
And sometimes meriting a need of praise.

## BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.--Address to domestic bliss. Its influence on society. Principal source from whence it springs, viz: conjugal union faithfully cherished. An appeal to parents and law-givers on the subject. WILLIAM'S training under its influence. Difficulties in procuring a trade. Success at last. Reflections on, and encouragements to, such

trades. Temptations and trials. Anecdotes. Appeal to masters and others. Narrow escape from a cut-throat. Courtship and its consequences. Conclusion.

Domestic bliss! what tongue can speak thy praise!  
What poet give, even in his noblest lays,  
An eulogy that shall thy charms express,  
Clothed in Truth's language, thy own native dress?  
To thy sweet influence do we owe the choice  
Of all mankind, whoever raised their voice  
In Freedom's cause, or stood on battle-ground,  
While Liberty her banner waved around.  
To thee, when governed by God's holy book,  
Must we in future for true heroes look.  
For if thou dwellest in each family,  
Then long may wave the flag of Liberty!  
To keep thee shining brightly round each hearth,  
Is worth the wealth contained in all the earth!  
It does become us then to study well  
(Who knows the secret? Would some Angel tell?)  
The best of means by which to foster this  
Great earthly blessing, pure domestic bliss!  
Hail sweet conjugal union! Hail to thee!  
May I thy humble votary ever be!  
Take thee away, and each dear earthly home  
Would soon a scene of dreadful strife become;  
And from this source would spring a thousand woes  
Which to imagine has my heart's blood froze!

Dear fellow countrymen! Stand forward now,  
And faithful prove unto your marriage vow.  
I conjure you by all the sacred ties  
By which you're bound unto your families,  
Whatever faults, through weakness, you display,  
In this be faithful to your dying day!  
Why will you leave the wife you swore to love,  
Who should to you be as a precious dove,  
To wanton with a harlot void of shame,  
And bring disgrace upon a father's name?  
Why will you pierce yourselves with sorrow through,  
And ruin bring upon your children, too?  
Oh! let a broken-hearted wife's deep sighs,  
And children's woes, bring tears into your eyes!  
Give to yourselves no rest, by day or night,  
Till you have made their saddened faces bright.  
Oh! there is One above who sees you now,  
If you repent not he will bring you low!  
Regard this warning, flee to God for peace,  
From loving your dear families never cease.

And ye, whose task it is to make our laws,  
Lend your strong influence to aid this cause;  
See that your hands are clean--or make them so--  
You've much to answer for, of weal or woe.  
Young COOPER'S parents did on him impress  
The way to gain domestic happiness:  
More by example than by precepts strong  
They their dear children sought to lead along  
Their constant conduct to each other told

What they preferred before the richest gold.  
And one who knows them well can testify  
That they themselves would evermore deny,  
Ere they would risk their own or family's peace,  
As some have done, who scarce from jarring cease.  
In such a family, as we might expect,  
True discipline met not with long neglect.  
And this, employed aright, the Lord will bless,  
In spite of childhood's frequent waywardness.

Trained in this manner, WILLIAM soon arrived  
Just to the time when means should he contrived  
To get for him at once a proper trade,  
And he to this not one objection made.  
It was his choice that he might he employed  
In marble works, and had the thought enjoyed  
That some good master would his service need;  
But disappointment was for him decreed.  
Some other places then the father tried,  
But all with \_boys\_ appeared to be supplied.  
The youth more anxious grew from day to day,  
Nor could well brook what seemed such sad delay.  
He oft retired at night unto his bed,  
With various plans contrived in his young head;  
But vanished soon were all these well-formed schemes,  
As though they were so many empty dreams;  
Until, by "hope deferred," he was made sad,  
And even home scenes failed to make him glad.  
He now had nearly reached his thirteenth year,  
And did a small, weak youth, indeed, appear;  
Yet though so very young and small, this boy  
Had felt deep sorrow, and no little joy.

Good news at last he heard, with much delight,  
When his dear father came from work one night;  
He said a tradesman an apprentice wanted,  
And told what wages would to him be granted.  
WILLIAM at once accepted of the place,  
And met the man next morn with smiling face.  
'Twas soon agreed that he a month should try  
The work, and his new master satisfy.  
This soon flew past, and he was strongly bound  
Till seven long years should, in their course, move round.

To mention all his trials and mishaps  
Would please no reader of this tale, perhaps;  
Suffice to say, he did himself exert  
In his new business, and was soon expert  
In making up their wares of shining metal--  
A teapot, can, or otherwise a kettle.  
Let none despise him for his occupation,  
For God has stamped it with His approbation.  
'Tis therefore lawful, and should always be  
Approved of men, though e'en of high degree.  
God's holy book commands that saints engage  
In honest callings, throughout every age;  
That they may lead a just and holy life,  
Nor needlessly be found in worldly strife;  
That they themselves and households may maintain,



From the just proceeds of a righteous gain.  
Let none be found so foolish or so base,  
As to regard mechanics as a race  
Devoid of intellect and common sense,  
Who to true honor have no just pretence.  
Our ranks can boast of one far higher name  
Than e'er was found in other paths of fame.  
This, my assertion, may to many prove  
A puzzle great, while puzzles they do love.  
Cheer up, ye poor mechanics! and pursue  
Your lowly trades, and Heaven keep still in view.

Ye who have naught to boast save rank and wealth,  
Look round you openly--or look by stealth;  
See what our factories have done for you--  
And for the world--whichever side you view!  
Without them, Ocean ne'er would bear a sail  
To catch the breeze, or fly before the gale;  
Without them, where could we obtain the Press--  
That mightiest engine in the universe?  
Take it away, and we should back be thrown  
Into dark ages, which would Science drown.  
While all the household comforts that we boast  
Would disappear, and be forever lost!  
Such thoughts as these would ramble through the brain  
Of our apprentice, while he did maintain  
A due respect for those above him placed,  
And kept these things within his mind encased.

Let none suppose that he his trade pursued  
Without exposure to temptations rude.  
In that small shop he found a vicious youth,  
Who feared not God, nor yet regarded truth:  
One who deep drank, who gambled, swore and lied  
Most awfully; nor can it be denied,  
Some other practices he did pursue  
Which, I would hope, he long has learned to rue.  
'Twas well for WILLIAM that this vicious youth  
Was, undisguisedly, averse to truth;  
That, in attempting to sow evil seeds,  
He made no secret of his foulest deeds.  
Howe'er it was, our hero stood his ground,  
In such sad vices never was he found.  
He now acknowledges 'twas God's rich grace  
Kept him from falling in that dangerous place.  
And, from his heart, that goodness would adore  
Which did preserve him 'midst such trials sore.  
"Evil communications," God declares,  
"Corrupt good manners." Who then boldly dares  
To say their influence will not be seen  
In those who long exposed to them have been?  
For, well we know, the unregenerate mind  
Is proper soil wherein to seek and find  
The seeds of latent evil, which may spring--  
And springing, grow, till they destruction bring.  
Even so it was with WILLIAM'S carnal heart,  
Some mischief settled in its fleshy part.  
Nor was this all; he oft became the butt  
Of journeymen or 'prentice, who would glut

Their hardened hearts by showing greatest spite  
'Gainst him for following what he thought was right.  
Often that wicked youth, in wantonness,  
Would try all means to give him sore distress.  
And once, with all a dreadful demon's rage--  
In such acts none but demons would engage--  
He threw him down, and held him; then applied  
A lighted candle to his throat and tried  
To make him think it merely was a joke!  
Which was as true as most of what he spoke.  
The sore thus made gave him most cruel pain,  
And left a scar that does even now remain.

Bad as this was, it was not half so bad  
As what was done unto another lad.  
I heard the story, and believe it true--  
And shudder while I have it in my view.

The town in which this shocking act was done  
I have passed through--it was an English one.  
The scene, a Tinsmith's shop, where several men  
Were wont to work, and all were present then.  
A monster man two solder-irons took,  
Made them quite hot, and, with a fiendish look,  
Went right behind the boy, and on each side  
The heated irons to his face applied!  
The youth saw one, his head aside he threw,  
Received a burn, before his fate he knew;  
He quickly turned it then the other way,  
And had two scars unto his dying day!

Methinks I hear the thoughtful reader ask,  
"Why was the man, at once, not ta'en to task?  
Why did the other men not take a part  
With that poor boy, and show a feeling heart?"  
I am informed \_they all enjoyed the joke!\_  
Not one reproachful word they ever spoke.  
I blush to think that any of my trade  
Should of such monsters ever be afraid.  
The very thought still makes my blood to boil--  
And shuddering, from such thoughts I back recoil!  
I would have dragged the fiend unto a jail,  
Or had him fastened to a wagon's tail,  
Laid bare his back, and let the lash descend--  
And, doing this, would still my act defend!

Ye masters, foremen, journeymen, and all  
Who view such scenes, on each of you I call  
To try your utmost now to do away  
Such shocking deeds, enacted day by day!  
If this you do not, you deserve the blame,  
And richly merit good men's scorn and shame.

Our WILLIAM'S trials led him oft to think  
That, while from duty he would never shrink,  
It would be better far to leave his trade,  
Than the sad object of such sport be made.  
And to his father spoke to this effect--  
Not in ill humor, but with much respect.

The father's counsel was, that he should stay.  
As soon the other youth would go away.

I here may mention he had one good friend,  
And one on whom he always could depend;  
This was his dear young master, who oft took  
Much pains in reading o'er the Christian's Book--  
Received its lessons in his gentle heart,  
And showed by this he chose the better part.  
He would encourage and defend the youth,  
Who saw it right to let him know the truth.  
Alas! this master soon was seized by Death,  
And died rejoicing in our "common faith."  
COOPER with grief beheld the sorrowing scene,  
And called to mind how kind that friend had been;  
And often wished more like to him were found  
In all the workshops through the country round.  
Still time moved on; the elder youth took leave,  
And those he left had no just cause to grieve.  
'Twas WILLIAM'S turn to take the other's place,  
And do his best to bring it no disgrace.  
He now had under him a younger boy,  
While better work did his own hands employ.  
The workshop was a cellar, close to th' street,  
And passers-by would oft the workmen greet.  
The light came through an iron-grated space,  
Making a prison-like and dismal place.

One day a stir was made that street within,  
And each felt anxious to behold the scene.  
The errand-boy was busy cleaning knives,  
As others have done often in their lives.  
He in a moment climbed upon the bench,  
And the huge \_carver\_ in his hand did clench.  
WILLIAM was looking up, with outstretched throat,  
Quite unobservant, being lost in thought.  
"I'll cut! I'll cut!" fell quickly on his ear;  
He felt sharp pain, and thus had cause to fear!  
The boy, for fun, across WILL'S neck had drawn  
The carving-knife, and stood still as a stone;  
Quite terrified at sight of blood, he said,  
"I thought it was th' \_back!\_" it proved the edge instead.  
The wound was slight, but might have been far worse--  
And he might ne'er have figured in my verse.  
One thing the serious reader would expect--  
To give God thanks he could not well neglect.  
Ah, me! his passion drove such thought away--  
Strong Passion's call he hastened to obey;  
And feeling in a dreadful angry mood,  
He beat the boy that it might do him good!  
Yes, beat him without mercy, and declared  
'Twas well, indeed, the lad no worse had fared!  
God dealt not thus with thee, my hero fine,  
He long forbore with all those sins of thine;  
And 'twas but just thou should'st some mercy show,  
To that poor boy, who did no better know.

My Muse, most willingly, would quit these themes--  
Which are not seemly in a poet's dreams.

More pleasing topics now demand my pen,  
Though often sung by many wiser men.  
The subject of my verse had early felt  
That sensibility within him dwelt.  
So constituted was he, that at school,  
When he should have been conning grammar's rule--  
In deep arithmetic--or other task--  
His eye would wander to a distant desk,  
Which, having reached, itself it stationed there,  
Fixed on some beauty-bud of promise rare!  
'Twill not seem strange, then, if in after years  
This thing called Sensibility appears.  
Strange, or not strange, our hero's heart was warm,  
Which made him seek the other sex's charm;  
And when his mind was brought to fix on one  
Who, in his eyes, all others far outshone--  
He loved to ramble, on a moonlight night,  
With that dear girl--so charming in his sight--  
And listen to the murmuring of Kent's stream,  
Whose face reflected full each pale moonbeam;  
Or wander by the side of some lone wood,  
In sweet discourse, which both considered good.  
Or else they clomb, delighted, up that hill,  
Upon whose top the Castle's ruins still  
Invite the mind, in pensiveness, to know  
The end of all things in this world below.  
Yes, these have stood within that gloomy place,  
Which now exhibits many a striking trace  
Of the rude ravages of Man and Time,  
As seen upon that edifice sublime.  
And, as he stood upon that green hill's brow,  
Has felt inclined abiding love to vow  
To her, who fondly on his arm was leaning  
With upturned eyes, which well bespoke their meaning.  
That place is sacred to such lovers' vows--  
As could be witnessed by each tree that grows  
Around those ruins; which have also seen  
Some sad, strange sights within their day, I ween!  
Sometimes they chose to see a mutual friend,  
And in sweet singing would the evening spend.  
At other times through beauteous Gillingrove,  
[Footnote: A well-known lovers' retreat.]  
They, arm in arm, and rapt in love, would rove.  
This walk they mostly took on Sunday nights,  
As most in keeping with that day's delights.  
For both had long quite strict attendants been  
At a small Chapel, thought to be too mean  
To be oft visited by wealthy men;  
Though some would wander to it now and then.  
As yet nor WILLIAM, nor his girl, professed  
To be by saving Gospel Truth most bless'd;  
Yet both went there three times each Sabbath day,  
To join in singing, if they did not pray.  
And 'tis but right that Christian parents should  
To church take children, for the children's good.  
To lead them to regard the Lord's own day--  
Nor spend its hours in idleness or play.  
These two young people might be quite sincere,  
For all their friends could ever see or hear;

But though their love was warm, and pure as day,  
Time spent in this wise runs to waste away.  
Of leisure he had never much to boast,  
For every work-day found him at his post;  
From six at morn till eight o'clock at night,  
He faithful wrought, as in his Master's sight.  
Yet oft he wished--that wish was strongest then--  
Improvement in his \_learning\_ to obtain;  
But, such love frolics made that wish in vain.  
This grieved him much when, afterwards, desire  
He felt to nurture true poetic fire;  
And did regret that youthful follies cost  
So much in precious time forever lost.  
This folly seen, he strove with eager haste  
To let his leisure run no more to waste,  
And rose each morn at four or five o'clock,  
To walk abroad, and gain of health a stock;  
Or listen to the lark's sweet morning lay,  
As he rose up to greet the King of Day;  
Or let the lively, thrilling blackbird's song,  
Charm his fond ear as he walked slow along.  
Sometimes through well-fenced fields of new-mown hay--  
Breathing out fragrance--he was wont to stray;  
Or climb a bill with firm, elastic tread,  
While Sol his early beams in radiance shed.  
The Castle hill he mostly did prefer,  
As quite accordant with his character.  
Upon its ruins he would musing sit,  
Till he was seized with a strong rhyming fit;  
Then frame his welling thoughts to some rude verse--  
Which friends were anxious he should oft rehearse.  
If thus his leisure was not always spent,  
He read what books his friends had to him lent.  
Of such good things he owned but very few--  
And parents needed all the \_cash\_ he drew.  
Thus was his time most constantly employed,  
While life passed smoothly on--not unenjoyed.

### BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.--Holidays: the Schoolboy's anticipations in regard to them. Improper use made of such times by some Apprentices. Evil consequences of their conduct. An appeal to them on the subject. The sad tale of young DAYCOURT. Address to Liquor: its evils. WILLIAM'S holiday rambles. Father's birth-place. Tragic scene there. Farleton Knot. Glance back to Grandfather, etc. Joins Temperance movement. Visit of a man from Canada. His account of the country. Its consequences. WILLIAM'S taste in books. Rural rambles on business. Reflections on cruelty to animals. Retrospective glance. Conclusion.

Hail, Holidays! To you, with great delight,  
The schoolboy looks--exulting with his might  
At the fair prospect of enjoying play,  
Or visiting relations far away.  
Ere your propitious dawn he lays his schemes,

And pleased, rejoices in his bright day dreams.  
He, in anticipation, views the charm  
Of being for days exempt from birchen harm!  
When, free from tasks--nor caring much for books--  
With some companion he can fish the brooks;  
Can ramble through the woods for flowers or nuts,  
Play with fair girls who live in sylvan huts,  
Mount with agility some green hill top,  
And, with a mate, roll full length down the slope;  
Or take his fill from loaded bramble bushes,  
Or from rich fruit bedecked in Autumn's blushes.  
Such is the bliss that's placed before his view,  
In all its fulness, Holidays! by you.  
And thus, without a single shade of sorrow,  
He greets his mates with "Holiday to-morrow!"  
These pleasures seem unto his boyish mind  
Of the right sort--and for schoolboys designed.  
He seldom thinks of all the anxious care  
His parents feel, to give their son a share  
Of useful learning, that he may discharge  
His part to God, to them, and men at large.

Apprentices as well with pleasure hail  
Their holidays--\_O, may they never fail!\_  
These are too often spent in idleness,  
Or such sad courses as brings them distress.  
This is the case when grog-shops they frequent;  
For ruin follows time and means ill spent.  
Pause, O, ye youths! before you yet begin  
A course that may lead you to every sin!  
Restrain your feet from entering those \_holes\_  
Which prove the ruin of so many souls.  
Would ye not pause, if right across your path  
There lay a monstrous serpent, full of wrath?  
Would we, fool-hardy, rush into his jaws  
To certain death? or would ye rather pause?  
Youths, ye have cause, yea, weighty cause, to dread  
This horrid serpent, on strong liquor fed,  
Which lurks in every place where \_Rum\_ is sold,  
Though they may be all covered o'er with gold--  
They often are; nor deem it hard of faith--  
The way to present and eternal death!

God does by His most holy Book declare,  
"Into God's kingdom none shall enter there,  
Who liquor drink till drunkards they become!"  
Yet, day by day, some meet this awful doom.  
Oh, warning take! Flee from this dreadful crime!  
Pause and consider, while you yet have time!

Listen the story which to you I tell;  
Dwell on its moral--mark the sequel well;  
Then look abroad, and see its counterpart  
In many a case that shows a broken heart.

DAYCOURT was a youth, possessed of wealth--  
Had manly beauty and the best of health;  
In learning he excelled--was quite a wit--  
And oft indulged in a deep musing fit.

Of very warm and truly tender heart,  
He did his best to act a proper part;  
Which made him much respected all around--  
Against him, filled with envy, none were found.  
His widowed mother, then, might well be proud  
Of such a son, and speak his praises loud.  
He bore for her respect, and strove to prove  
In many ways the fulness of his love.

For many years this widow, in her grief,  
Looked up to God, and found from him relief.  
She knew the Lord, before her husband died,  
And found Him one in whom she could confide;  
In all her trials meekly bowed her head,  
And found sweet peace was o'er her bosom shed.  
Her son, to her, was all a son could be--  
Yet on one point she felt anxiety:  
He had not then experienced the New Birth,  
And his best thoughts had all been of the Earth.

Adjoining their estate was living one--  
A blithe young lady, who in beauty shone;  
With health endowed, and with fair learning graced,  
By wealth in easy circumstances placed.  
AMELIA DOVE we well may call her name--  
Like that sweet bird she seemed exempt from blame.  
Her parents loved her--they could do no less--  
She was the soul of all their happiness!  
Early she rose, and, dressed in neat array,  
Assisted her dear mother through the day.  
Thus passed her time, beloved by all around--  
She was as good a girl as could be found;  
And a fair match for DAYCOURT all conceived--  
This he himself had for some time believed.  
They loved each other, and obtained consent  
From their kind parents, and were well content.  
And, having leisure, they would often walk,  
Or, sitting in some bower, would sing and talk;  
Or else they read some book which both admired,  
Till their young hearts with ecstasy were fired;  
Through hill and dale--through woods--were wont to rove,  
Well pleased with all they saw, they drank in love!

The day arrived when DAYCOURT and his bride  
Were at the altar in pure wedlock tied.  
The day was spent as such like days have been,  
And passed away in happiness serene.  
At night, a bounteous marriage-feast was spread,  
And Love's sweet influence over all seemed shed.  
The friends invited strove to show their joy,  
In wishing happiness without alloy  
To that young couple, who, in youthful bloom,  
Were the admired of all in that large room.  
But, Oh! I shrink! 'Tis my ungracious task  
From bliss like this to tear away the mask!  
On such occasions wine's oft made to flow--  
As if it were the source of joy below!

The bridegroom felt in a most merry mood,

And drank each \_health\_ till his young, joyous blood  
Coursed through his veins as if quite all on fire,  
And his kind thoughts gave place to bad desire.  
His brain began to whirl--he boisterous grew--  
All eyes on him, observant, quickly drew--  
He seized a bottle, which he madly threw.  
Sad to relate! it struck his beauteous bride!  
And she fell dead, by her dear mother's side.  
This dread catastrophe soon sobered him,  
And he was sick, and felt his eyes grow dim.  
But while all stood in terror and dismay,  
He roused himself, and fled from thence away;  
Then headlong rushed into a deep, deep, stream--  
And thus was ended that bright, youthful dream!  
The pious mother tried in God to trust,  
But this dire blow soon sank her in the dust.  
Her parents, too, felt this most dreadful stroke  
Too hard to bear, for both their hearts it broke!

Oh, cruel Liquor! Thou hast millions slain,  
And still their death-throes cry to thee in vain!  
Ten thousand broken hearts may soon be found  
In almost every land the world around.  
Millions of orphans' cries thine ears assail,  
While parents' early death they loud bewail;  
The prisons and asylums which we build,  
From thy sad victims' ranks are chiefly filled.  
War's dreadful ravages are justly blamed;  
But war with thee deserves not to be named!  
And still, insatiate monster! thy dread jaws  
Are daily filled--being unrestrained by laws!  
When will the day, the happy day, arrive,  
When thee the injured nations forth shall drive?

Beware, Apprentices! In time beware!  
Flee from those places which would you insnare;  
Regard that man as your real enemy,  
Who, tempting, leads to inebriety!  
Now, while you daily toil, I wish you may  
Have many a truly happy holiday!

The hero of my tale of such had some,  
And felt well pleased whenever they did come.  
On such occasions he was wont to go  
To visit friends, who did much kindness show.  
With ardent joy full beaming in his face,  
He more than once revisited the place  
Where his dear father spent his youthful days,  
In toilsome labor, or in childish plays.  
To him 'twas still a sweetly quiet spot,  
A picture of content--a small, neat cot--  
And just beneath the hill called \_Farleton Knot\_.

He had a strange, romantic turn of mind;  
To taste adventure ever felt inclined.  
This being premised, we may expect to see,  
That by slight dangers undeterred was he  
From venturing to the edge of precipice,  
To have a peep into some dark abyss.



The hill of which I spoke has sometimes been,  
As was well known, the site of tragic scene.  
It is a solid mass of limestone rock--  
And there oft falls some huge misshapen block.  
On one occasion a poor quarryman  
Saw danger pending, and away he ran;  
'Twas all in vain! the lately-riven stone  
Came thundering down, and crushed his every bone!  
A tale like this might well some minds appal--  
But WILLIAM felt, just then, of dauntless soul;  
And, with his cousin, hasted up the hill,  
With eager steps and most unyielding will;  
A scene there met his gaze which him repaid,  
And threw the toil required far in the shade.

On every hand a charming prospect lay,  
In all the beauty of a bright Spring day.  
All Nature smiled, in loveliest green confessed,  
Like a fair maiden for her bridal drest.  
And songsters of the grove, no longer sad,  
Their notes were warbling forth to make her glad.  
And need we wonder then, if there he stood,  
With glowing heart, and wrapt in musing mood?  
As was his wont, he felt a strong desire  
From such sweet views to draw poetic fire.  
And so it was, for out his numbers flowed,  
Which, quickly penned, he on his friends bestowed.  
And though these numbers were but very rude,  
They were, by rustic friends, with wonder viewed.  
While he stood there his thoughts were backward thrown  
To days which on Time's fleetest wing had flown--  
When his grandfather, in that humble cot,  
With sweet contentedness enjoyed his lot;  
Wrought quietly at his most lowly trade,  
And honest lived--though small the profits made.  
In his mind's eye, he saw his father climb  
Those rugged cliffs, in youth, or manhood's prime;  
Or, with his brothers join in lively play,  
On the long evenings of each Summer day.  
Anon would view the time when each forsook  
That humble cottage, some fresh toil to brook;  
Saw them all settled in a wedded life--  
In honest work employed, exempt from strife.  
Or glanced at some of his own early days--  
When he gave up, on Saturdays, his plays,  
To go with his dear grandfather, to sell  
The neat \_bee-hives\_ the old man framed so well.  
And often wondered what made selfish men  
Try at less price those \_bee-hives\_ to obtain;  
And why the tears would oft the eyes bedim  
Of that old man, when they thus bantered him?  
And then with lightning speed his thoughts would stray,  
To when his grandfather was ta'en away,  
To meet in church-yard with his kindred clay.  
As thus he stood and mused, his cousin's call  
Roused him again to consciousness of all  
The widespread beauties of that landscape bright  
And he, reluctant, left the beauteous sight.

To hint at all he saw my time would fail,  
And might too much but lengthen out my tale.  
Suffice it, therefore, just for me to say,  
That he spent pleasantly each holiday.

Ere this, when he was in his fourteenth year,  
Amongst the Temperance ranks he did appear;  
Attended meetings, heard the speeches made,  
And grew indignant at the liquor trade.  
He signed the pledge--the strict "teetotal" pledge--  
And felt determined constant war to wage  
Against the huge, fierce monster, Drunkenness  
Which caused, on every hand, such sore distress.  
A drunken parent he had never had--  
The Lord preserved him from a fate so sad!  
But still his fervent soul was filled with grief,  
From which he vainly strove to gain relief,  
So long as this dread vice o'erspread the land,  
And strong drink's victims died, on every hand.  
He thought upon the thing till bold he grew,  
And framed a speech to tell of all he knew  
Of this vile demon's doings in the world,  
And wished that out of it he might be hurled.

Soon after this, from Canada there came  
A Christian man; no matter what his name.  
He long to WILLIAM'S parents had been known,  
And hospitality to him was shown.  
On that good country's merits much he dwelt,  
And COOPER'S ears being open, soon he felt  
A strong desire to reach that distant shore,  
And all its giant wonders to explore.  
Oft he had heard of its vast, splendid lakes,  
Stupendous cataracts, and great cane-brakes;  
Of boundless woods, well filled with noble trees  
And hugest rivers rolling to the seas.  
The man described quite well Niagara's falls,  
Its thundering sound as it o'erleaps its walls;  
He told the distance they could hear the sound,  
And how with ceaseless roar it shook the ground;  
Of Summer's heat, of the long Winter's cold,  
And at what price the finest lands were sold.  
This, and far more, the settler told the youth,  
Who did regard it all as sterling truth,  
And wished--but wished in vain--that he was free  
To cross at once the stormy, deep blue sea.  
No way appeared but quietly to wait  
Till he was loosed, and grown to man's estate.  
Some years must pass before that day arrive,  
So to be patient he thought fit to strive.

One-half of his apprenticeship had fled,  
And now he fairly earned his daily bread.  
Of clothes, his parents' ever constant care  
Provided him with quite a decent share.  
Of pocket money he ne'er had a store,  
His needs supplied, he did not care for more;  
And his step-mother oft thought fit to say  
That "money burned his pockets all away."

Howe'er it was, he never had a cent  
But found a \_hole\_, and out of that it went!  
Though still close-worked, he did contrive to spare  
Some precious, time to spend in rhyming ware.  
He read sweet COWPER'S poems through and through--  
And, more he read, the more he liked them, too;  
His "Task" the most of all--an ample field--  
What heart-felt pleasure it did to him yield!  
Then MILTON'S lofty genius fired his soul,  
Nor did he tire till he had read the whole.  
Again began, and o'er the pages pored,  
And drank the sweets with which they are well stored.  
Then THOMPSON'S \_Seasons\_ with delight he read,  
And YOUNG'S \_Night Thoughts\_ in mournful dress arrayed.  
Some few sweet pieces he from BYRON drew,  
And read poor BURNS with much advantage, too.  
But of all poets he loved COWPER most,  
For in Miltonic grandeur he was lost;  
And THOMSON lacked that great variety  
Which in sweet Olney's bard we clearly see.  
Afflicted Poet! Thou didst well thy part,  
By pouring balm into the wounded heart;  
And while the world endures, thy verse will cheer  
Poor down-cast souls, and bid them not to fear!

Nor did he read alone the poet's page,  
Good books in prose would oft his mind engage:  
For he had joined th' Mechanics' Institute--  
And in its praises I would not be mute.  
Mechanics! It deserves your best support,  
And to its rooms you often should resort.  
There you may learn from books to act your parts,  
While they refine and elevate your hearts.

He with great travelers took delight to roam  
In distant countries, far away from home;  
And frequently has dropped a silent tear  
O'er PARK'S great trials in the desert drear.  
Oh! who can read of all his heart-felt woes--  
His frequent sufferings, and his dying throes--  
And fail to drop a sympathetic tear  
For his sad end--without a friend to cheer!

In LANDERS' patient, persevering toil,  
Through greatest dangers, on wild Afric's soil,  
He felt the deepest interest, and partook  
Their joys and sorrows, while he read their book.  
And hailed, with pleasure and unfeigned delight,  
The happy moment when the welcome sight  
Of Niger's junction with the great deep sea  
A period put to their sad misery!

Read BRUCE, whose book, received with cold distrust,  
Was only prized when he was laid in dust.  
And HUMBOLDT, the admired of all mankind,  
Of gentle manners and accomplished mind;  
Who scaled the lofty Andes' snow-clad towers,  
Where danger lurks, and fell destruction lowers.  
And COOK, who bravely sailed around the Earth--

A friend to man--ev'n man of lowest birth.  
Whose peaceful voyages to each far coast  
Were for man's benefit--as we may boast--  
Yet at sad price, since his dear life was lost!  
Of warlike heroes' lives he read a few,  
And of War's horrors thus obtained a view--  
Which made him sick at heart, nor wish to know  
More of man's bloody doings here below.

His sober and industrious conduct gained  
The Master's confidence--which he retained;  
And so, in services requiring trust  
He was employed, and still continued just.  
Sometimes to distant places he was sent--  
And well he did enjoy the time thus spent.  
It scope afforded to reflective powers--  
And thus he profited by these spare hours.  
Greatly did it delight him to behold  
Fair Nature glittering in green and gold:  
And the pure melody in different groves  
Reminded him of his own early loves;  
Or led him to break out, with tuneful voice,  
In some sweet hymn, which made his heart rejoice.  
For he had now begun to feel the worth  
Of Heavenly things, and pour God's praises forth.

In this way, once he passed through Dallam Park,  
To see its deer, and other objects mark.  
These lovely creatures to his mind did seem  
Most unfit objects of man's sporting dream.  
He greatly wondered how some men could be  
E'er guilty of, such wanton cruelty,  
As to pursue, with horses and with hounds,  
Such harmless creature over all their grounds;  
Hunt him o'er swamps and fields, and mountain slopes,  
Through pebbly streams, or shady hazel copse,  
Till they have driven him at last to bay,  
Toward the close of some most sultry day.  
Wondered how any one, with tearless eye,  
Could mark his sufferings, and then watch him die.  
Oh, cruel man! when will thy thirst for blood  
Be turned to energy in doing good?  
When will Creation's groans come to an end,  
And men delight in love their days to spend?  
While such reflections occupied his mind,  
The place he went to seek he strives to find,  
And is successful; gets his business done,  
Then back pursues his homeward way alone.

Now Fancy wings her flight; I view again  
Scenes which my memory will long retain;  
See Kent--unsung--flow on in winding course  
Through woods and fields, with very gentle force;  
Or where, by Sedgwick's side, its waters pour  
O'er jagged rocks, with never-ceasing roar;  
Or where they smoothly glide past Leven's hall,  
Sweet landscapes forming, which can never pall  
The minds of those who love a beautiful scene,  
And wish to spend a day in bliss serene.

For there this stream just flows as if by stealth  
Through splendid parks--past gardens formed by wealth!  
I oft look back to those most gladsome hours  
Spent, while a schoolboy, in those garden bowers;  
Where tall box-trees are trimmed to various shapes--  
Old women--pitchers--or, it may be--\_apes!\_  
Where plants and beauteous flowers are ever found,  
To breathe out fragrance all the garden round.

'Tis time for me to curb my vagrant Muse;  
A subject waits my pen she well may choose.  
Now aid me, O my God! who dwell'st above,  
While I attempt to sing Redeeming Love!  
Nor let one line, or word, be writ by me  
Not in accordance with that Mystery!  
May I, to profit fellow-sinners, strive,  
And good from this for my own soul derive.

#### BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.--Address to the Sacred Scriptures, glancing briefly at their various excellencies. WILLIAM becomes a Christian. His reception into a Church. Different view of things after Conversion. Voice of Nature heard in God's praise. Wonders why \_Man\_ is so backward in this. Discovers reasons in Man's inbred corruption, temptations, etc. Salvation all of Grace. The humbling nature of this truth to Man's pride; but the security it affords Believers. Its effects on him. Fresh love trials--consequent resolutions. Sabbath morning walk--Church bells. Visit to farm-house; family worship. Glance at what England owes to Prayer. Sunday school teaching. Other exercises on that day. Their influence on him. Prepares to emigrate. Parting scenes, etc. Embarks at Liverpool.

Hail, Sacred Scriptures! Blessed volume, hail!  
Thy worth I fain would sing to grace my tale.  
Thou very best of Books, whose truths like balm  
Can heal the broken heart, the conscience calm;  
Give peace unto the sin-stained, troubled mind,  
And, by God's grace, can save a lost \_mankind!\_  
Thou precious casket of the rarest gems!  
Whose priceless value a vain world contemns;  
Thou great revealer of that Savior's birth,  
Who came from Heaven to bless a guilty Earth!  
Thy pages do unfold the wondrous plan  
By which that Savior has redeemed lost man!  
How He, who was in form of God above,  
Laid by his glory out of purest love  
To wretched sinners, who his goodness prove!  
Thou makest known the amazing \_fact\_ to Faith,  
That Jesus conquered hell and sin by death!  
And show'st how all who do believe this truth--  
Or rich, or poor, or old, or in-their youth--  
Forever shall be saved from death and sin,  
And feel "Eternal Life," while here, begin;

And safe, at last, in bliss be brought to dwell,  
Whose fulness never mortal tongue can tell!  
Thou the Repository of just laws--  
True civilization's first and greatest cause!  
A code of morals on thy page is writ  
To regulate men's lives, and conscience fit.  
There we may read the best biographies,  
And dwell on many truthful histories;  
Find grandest Poetry that e'er was penned,  
Which to devotion pure its aid doth lend;  
There pore on grand yet awful prophecies  
That do reveal great nations' destinies.  
There we pay learn what yet awaits this Earth--  
Soon to be burned, and spring again to birth!  
If we chaste Fancy wish to gratify,  
What pleasant fields for this before us lie!  
Pathetic love tales charm the sober mind  
Of young or old, of vulgar or refined.  
In short, thou formest quite a perfect Whole,  
Of what we need to please, direct, control.  
And--wonder great! O, Blessed Book divine--  
With all thy vast rich treasures--thou art mine!

So felt our hero, when pure Gospel truth,  
Came home to him, while yet in days of youth.  
He was brought up beneath the "joyful sound,"  
And from great snares by this was fenced around;  
Yet, Oh! what grief and sorrow filled his soul,  
When he first saw his heart and conduct foul--  
Was led to view God's holy law aright,  
And know he was condemned in His just sight.  
Then, what true joy did Jesus' love inspire!  
It kindled in his heart sincere desire  
To leave, at once, the World's wild, giddy throng,  
Whose joy and pleasures all to Earth belong,  
To join with those whose joys are from Above,  
And who have tasted of a Savior's love.  
He, with a choice companion, then applied  
For Christian fellowship; nor was denied.  
All those kind brethren hearty welcome gave,  
For each was glad a sinner's soul to save.  
And joyful praises straight to God ascend,  
To whom the new-made members they commend.  
An Elder, grave, gave each an exhortation,  
To which their hearts respond in approbation.

Soon COOPER felt new life, new aims, new themes--  
Which gave fresh turns to all his youthful dreams.  
The Bible then became his choicest friend;  
At home, abroad, did all his steps attend,  
And its blest influence was known to lend.

Now what a different aspect things assume;  
What once was darkness, Gospel truths illumine!  
In the sweet services of Sabbath days  
He takes delight--in spirit sings and prays.  
Views Family Worship as an altar raised  
To the true God, who should be always praised.  
And now, whene'er he takes his walks abroad,

Hears Nature's voice well tuned in praise of God.  
Each blade of grass that springs beneath his feet,  
The new-made hay, in Summer's fragrance sweet,  
The flowers that to his eyes their charms disclose,  
The waving grain, and every tree that grows,  
Each insect fluttering in the bright sunbeams,  
Or fishes sporting in pure crystal streams,  
Or birds that raise their songs by morning light,  
At High mid day, or through the moonlit night;  
Each storm that rises, or pure breeze that blows,  
The copious rains, or Winter's drifting snows,  
Vast mountains rearing their hoar heads on high,  
Each gem-like star set in the fair blue sky;  
The herds wide feeding in the fields around,  
All living things in every country found,  
All these in their peculiar ways give forth  
Praises to God, the Author of their birth!  
"Then, why are Men so silent?" he'd exclaim;  
"And, those especially, who know His name:  
Who, through His grace, enjoy a heavenly birth,  
Why rise they not above the things of Earth?"  
The "why" to WILLIAM, in his warm first love,  
Did truly seem most difficult to prove.  
He by experience knew but little then  
Of the sad trials of his fellow men;  
Nor e'er suspected that the flesh remains  
In each poor sinner who true faith obtains.  
This bitter truth he soon was made to feel,  
Which greatly damped his young and ardent zeal.  
How humbling was the thought that human pride  
Within God's children must be mortified!  
"Salvation all of Grace" first cuts the roots,  
Then the huge blanches, and the smallest shoots,  
Lays bare the fact, that all of Adam's race  
Are but vile sinners, and in woful case.  
That the most moral among human kind,  
As the most vicious, are to sin inclined.  
And if not saved by Grace, not saved at all,  
But are hell-doomed, and held in Satan's thrall!  
While endless ruin stands before their view,  
And does with slavish fear their minds imbue.

This Scripture truth was soon by WILLIAM seen,  
For he had from his very childhood been  
Used to the teachings of God's holy word,  
So that with it his mind was early stored.  
However strange indeed it may appear  
To some men's minds, he felt no cause to fear:  
For though this truth had stripped him of all worth  
In sight of God, it called his praises forth,  
By showing him Salvation full and free  
To sinners, whatsoe'er their age, sex or degree,  
Who credit the account that God has given  
Of Jesus Christ--the precious gift of Heaven!  
Now, feeling truly happy in his soul,  
He felt most free to speak the Truth to all;  
That, if by any means, he might succeed  
In saving souls, of whatsoever creed.  
His shop-mates saw the difference with surprise,

And at his cost indulged in foul surmise.  
He heeded not, but placed in God his trust--  
To his employer still continued just--  
And strove with all his might to rectify  
Each thing improper which he chanced to spy;  
That his old master might have no complaint  
Against his servant for thus turning Saint.  
He plied his trade from better motives now,  
As God with wisdom did his mind endow,  
And to his just commands led him to bow.  
By such a course pursued he did enjoy  
True peace of mind--though not without alloy.  
And Time, who past him flew on fleetest wing,  
New joys, new sorrows, to his mind did bring.  
At times he still was caught in Love's sweet snare,  
Which of fresh trials brought no little share.  
He was by nature very apt to fall  
So deep in love, it did his mind enthrall.  
Yet clothed in purity was his desire,  
Nor e'er to rank unequal did aspire.  
One thing to this time had his thoughts possessed--  
"To have the girl that pleased his fancy best."  
He had not noticed what the Word declares  
On this great matter, so that in his prayers  
He ne'er had asked the Lord to him direct,  
And disappointment came for this neglect.  
'Midst doubts and fears he therefore put away  
All thoughts of marriage to a future day.

When we regard the record of God's will,  
A duty to ourselves we best fulfill!  
From past experience, I would now advise  
That all young men, in this respect, be wise.  
Few weightier matters can attention claim,  
If at pure peace and happiness we aim,  
Than the selection of a proper wife--  
One that may be a true help-mate for life.  
"A prudent wife from God alone can come,"  
And only such can make a happy home.  
What dreadful strife, what wretchedness and woe,  
From error here is almost sure to flow!

'Tis Sabbath morn, a pleasant, one, in Spring,  
And Nature's varied voice is tuned to sing.  
The swallows twitter underneath the eaves,  
And zephyrs stir the newly-opened leaves;  
The cock's loud crowing sounds on every hand,  
Each bird is warbling praises through the land.  
Young COOPER thinks it were indeed a sin  
If he to tune his harp did not begin.  
He rises from his bed, pours forth his praise  
To his Preserver in some artless lays;  
Then quickly dresses, and, though humbly born,  
With mind elate he tastes the sweets of morn.  
And such a morn! Ah, who would he abed,  
That has the power to taste these sweets instead.  
Most grateful odors greet the well-charmed sense,  
From blooming fruit-trees o'er yon garden fence;  
The sweet wild-flowers amid the new-sprung grass



Make it seem carpeted in Fancy's glass.  
And it a carpet proves to those blithe lambs  
Which play around their several watchful dams.  
All Nature smiles in loveliest green attire,  
And seems to manifest a strong desire  
To speak the praise of All-Creating Power,  
In striking language, at this early hour.  
She, bursting forth from Winter's cold embrace,  
Exulting leaves behind his every trace.  
So, on the morning of this hallowed day,  
The Savior tore the bars of Death away.  
He Resurrection-truth brought forth to light,  
And we with rapture hail the glorious sight.  
Now hark! that sound fast floating on the breeze,  
And streaming forth from 'midst those dark yew trees  
'Tis church-bell music! and peal follows peal,  
Till strong emotions we begin to feel.  
Now it pours full on the delighted ear;  
Soon, changing with the wind, the strains we hear  
As if the bells were many miles away,  
And some few tones had merely chanced to stay!  
Again, it comes in full harmonious swell,  
With thrilling power--as I remember well.

Thus pleased in mind, WILLIAM his way now wends  
Toward a hill, which he at once ascends;  
And thence pursues the road to Birkland's farm,  
Where from kind friends he meets reception warm.  
The aged matron--since in grave-yard laid--  
Was wont to render him her friendly aid  
In shape of counsel--or delicious fare--  
Of which good things he needed then a share.  
The breakfast over, straight the Bible's brought,  
A proper chapter found as soon as sought;  
Remarks are made, or they some question ask:  
To gain instruction proves a pleasing task.  
This done, sweet hymns of praise to God arise.

From well tuned hearts--a joyful sacrifice!  
Then, on their knees, in fervent prayer they join  
To Him, their Savior and their Friend benign.  
Give thanks for care extended through the night,  
And blessings they enjoy at morning light.  
Not only Sabbath days they thus began;  
On, week-days, too, it was their constant plan  
To join in worship every night and morn,  
That the Religion ever might adorn.  
By this made fit to meet the ills of life,  
They were preserved from much of worldly strife:  
"Surely," thought WILLIAM, "God will deign to bless  
This worthy family with rich happiness!"  
Ev'n so he did; all seven knew the Lord,  
And took, to guide them, His most holy Word.

England! whate'er thy foes may do or say,  
Thousands of families for thee will pray,  
By love and duty led. They will not cease  
To seek that God would bless thy shores with peace!  
Know thou, my Country! thy great naval store,

Thy numerous armies, and thy cannon's roar,  
Are \_Impotence\_ itself compared with prayer,  
Poured forth from hearts which in thy blessings share!

Refreshed in mind and body, to the road,  
With good companions from that dear abode,  
WILLIAM returns; and in most pleasing talk  
Time swiftly flies, while each enjoys the walk.  
They reach the School before the time begin,  
When each prepares some precious soul to win.  
They, having tasted God's forgiving love,  
Their gratitude for that rich blessing prove,  
By teaching children placed beneath their care  
How they may best escape from every snare,  
Be saved from hell, and reach heaven's mansions bright,  
To dwell forever in the Savior's sight.

In Sunday School engaged twice each Lord's day,  
And hearing three discourses, some would say  
No time could then remain for aught beside;  
But this, my friends, has only to be tried.  
For COOPER, in reserve, two hours still kept  
An Elder's invitation to accept,  
Him to accompany to his home, and there  
Join in sweet conversation, hymn or prayer.  
Thus mostly passed his Sabbaths for two years,  
Which kept him free from many doubts and fears;  
Enabled him to work at business still  
With easy mind, and with right hearty will,  
And find that Wisdom's ways are pleasantness,  
While all her paths are peace and heart-felt bliss.

But little now remains for us to note,  
Of grief endured, or of true pleasure sought,  
While he remained in his dear native place,  
The pain of leaving which he had to face.  
Except Religion, he had but one theme,  
That much engaged his mind in each day-dream.  
This one was Emigration, which increased  
In strength till his apprenticeship had ceased.  
Accounts from different Colonies he read--  
Their capabilities, and state of trade;  
The various climates next he pondered o'er,  
And Canada preferred still more and more.  
He learned, indeed, the heat and cold were great;  
But thought that Nature's works would compensate  
For what one suffered from her climate's rigor;  
So preparation soon was made with vigor.  
His father's family no objection raised,  
As they had friends there who the country praised.  
Yet all thought well to seek the Lord's direction;  
Secure His aid and fatherly protection.  
This done, they did no longer hesitate  
To take the steps required in change so great.  
The kind employers of both man and son  
Showed plainly that their confidence was won;  
Each made them offers if they would remain--  
Of which they had no reason to complain.  
The sire, at that one place, employed had been

For something over twenty years, I ween.  
There he wrought hard--but for a decent wage--  
And was approaching fast toward old age;  
So, dare not longer such a place engage.  
While William's natural romantic turn  
Led him all offers, good and ill, to spurn.  
He thought of little but Canadian farms,  
And heeded not Rebellion's loud alarms,  
[Footnote: The Rebellion of 1837.]  
Which his old master pointed out to him,  
To put a stop to such a foolish whim.  
Yet it caused them sincerest grief of heart  
From all kind friends and relatives to part,  
Without a prospect of beholding more  
Each much-loved face, on dear Old England's shore.

At last arrived that most important day,  
When they from all must tear themselves away,  
And feel, what Emigrants had felt before,  
That parting scenes to tender hearts are sore.  
Their Christian brethren did them all commend  
To their kind Father, Savior, Guide and Friend,  
And gave to them, as pledge of their regard,  
A Bagster's Bible--God's own precious Word.  
Their kind, deep feelings, other friends displayed  
By various gifts, till parting time delayed.  
And these love-tokens sensibly affect  
The Emigrants, as proof of their respect;  
And often, when they view them even now,  
A shade might seem to cross each thoughtful brow.

Association, most mysterious thing!  
What striking wonders thou hast power to bring!  
Aided by thee, we can review each day  
A hundred scenes, though thousand miles away,  
A single thought, amidst much happiness,  
May call up others which give sore distress.  
At other times, reverse of this is true,  
Most pleasing things are placed before our view.  
But to return; the first of May appears--  
A day for fond embrace and shedding tears!  
Some few go with the friends to see them off,  
Nor seek to hide their tears, though fools may scoff.  
They take the boat; the signal's made to start;  
The \_"Water-Witch"\_ shoots forward like a dart;  
Some lingering looks, some tokens of adieu--  
Sweet town, dear friends, and all, is lost to view!  
Why felt not COOPER then in rhyming mood?  
Why did he slight the Muse, who should be wooed?  
Why did he not pour forth a parting song  
Expressive of his feelings--always strong?  
His loving heart was painfully oppressed,  
As for some nights he had but little rest;  
Most weighty cares, too, seemed his mind to fill,  
Or he might then have sung with right good will.  
They onward sail, and PRESTON reach at noon;  
Then take the coach and travel further on.  
At night they gain the port of LIVERPOOL,  
All greatly chilled, because the night was cool.

Dear relatives who live there, welcome give,  
And take them to the house in which they live.  
Next day they visit many different docks,  
Or wondering view the buildings huge, in blocks.  
Then seek a proper ship without delay,  
And, having found one, passage money pay;  
Secure their berths, and place their goods on board,  
Commend themselves and friends unto the Lord,  
And buy such comforts as their means afford.  
Mistakes about the charges, and delays,  
Gave them uneasiness for several days.  
At last the vessel's towed toward the sea;  
And, Reader, for the present, rest with me;  
Or wait a moment while I briefly add  
That they, to leave this port, were truly glad!

## BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.-Address to Commerce. Emigrants reach the Sea. Farewell to England. WILLIAM'S employments on board. Storm described. Reach Banks of Newfoundland. Foggy weather. Icebergs seen. Land seen. Emigrant's joy. Ship spoken. Cross Gulf of St. Lawrence. Enter River. Scenery, etc. Arrive before Quebec. To Montreal. Thence by Ottawa to Kingston. Thence to Hamilton. Settle near Brantford, on a bush farm. Shifts for furniture. WILLIAM'S narrow escape from Death in logging. His relish of bush sights and sounds. Wants a companion. Resolution formed and kept. Remarks incident to it. Conclusion.

Hail, peaceful Commerce! in thy glorious train  
Rich blessings come to those who thee maintain.  
England by thee for centuries has been blest;  
Thy worth to her can scarcely be express'd.  
By thy facilities the Scriptures spread  
From shore to shore, on God's own errands sped!  
Impelled by thee our ships proud Ocean bears,  
While each fair port a thriving aspect wears.  
Millions of gold by thee are well employed,  
And the rich profits by each class enjoyed.  
Through thee great Nature's overflowing stores  
From distant lands are brought unto our doors;  
Increasing much our comfort and delight,  
Without abating any civil right.  
Nay, more; producing, by thy sway, sweet bands  
To bind us to give Peace our hearts and hands;  
And thus to strike a death-blow to all war,  
Whose brutal spirit keeps our minds ajar.  
Through thee our mammoth manufacturing places  
Send forth their wares to Earth's remotest races:  
By which means many thousand poor are fed,  
And trained to Industry--by Virtue led--  
Use right the skill with which they are endowed;  
Of such like men may England long be proud,  
And ever foster, by good wholesome laws,  
Those trades which help so mightily her cause!  
O, may that day be distant that shall bring

Neglect of thee, from whom such good doth spring!  
Hail, peaceful Commerce! still a hearty hail!  
As I proceed with my unvarnished tale.

Our ship had not been long at Mersey's mouth  
Before a breeze sprung up from east by south;  
And then the welcome sound fell on the ear  
Of "Square the main yards! Sailors, do you hear?"  
A hearty "Aye, Sir!" was the loud response,  
And she had glided into sea at once!  
With haste they for the Northern passage make,  
But that good breeze did them too soon forsake.  
Awhile they lay becalmed, and then return,  
And reach the Southern passage just at morn.  
Soon, soon they lose the truly precious sight  
Of English shores, bathed in the morning light!  
A few more hours, and land has disappeared;  
They see no more Old Albion's cliffs upreared.  
Let us suppose that then this poor young man,  
In plaintive strains his Farewell thus began:

"Adieu, my native Land! a long Adieu!  
Years, years must pass before again I view  
Thy much-loved shores, fast fading from my sight,  
Or scenes preserved in fondest memory bright!  
Should I be spared to reach yon distant coast,  
Remembrances of thee will not be lost.  
Should I be prospered in Canadian woods,  
With a sufficiency of this world's goods,  
I still with pleasure will look back to thee,  
And hail thy tokens of prosperity!  
Will still remember, with a joyful heart,  
Each much-loved face--each interesting part.  
O, may thy peaceful Arts still flourish round,  
And happiness in every nook be found!  
May thy great Rulers feel an interest still  
In all thy weal--and duty thus fulfil!  
Adieu, my Country! may'st thou ever be  
A Friend to Truth, and Mistress of the Sea!"

Now on the dark blue Ocean's bosom cast,  
Naught but the sea and sky are seen, at last,  
Save finny tribes, which, sporting in the deep,  
Seem swiftly past the noble ship to sweep;  
Or flights of birds returning from abroad,  
By instinct led, to charm each English wood.  
With sails well filled, the vessel plows her way  
In gallant trim, nor heeds the dashing spray.  
Yet WILLIAM'S time ne'er seemed to hang on hand;  
His days flew swiftly by, on sea or land.

Sometimes a book his close attention craves--  
At times, for hours, he watches the dark waves,  
Or sits and gazes on that liquid blue,  
And calls up phantoms of strange shape and hue;  
Or tries to realize a shipwreck scene,  
Till he scarce knows but he through one has been;  
Or, having found a worthy Christian friend,  
In sweetest converse many hours would spend.

One storm they had--it was the only one--  
Which lasted but a day, and then was gone.  
He oft had longed most eagerly to see  
The foaming billows in their majesty;  
And now they came, with desperate fury fraught,  
As if they set all human skill at naught!  
Strong and more strongly blows the mighty wind,  
Till the tall masts like merest saplings bend!  
Anon, the vessel ships a weighty sea,  
Then all below is dread and misery;  
While the salt water pours in torrents down,  
As if inclined the Emigrants to drown!  
Some women shriek, and children cry aloud,  
While men toward the hatchways quickly crowd,  
Not now inclined to utter oaths profane,  
Or break a jest a meed of praise to gain.  
Some, on their knees, implore the "Virgin's" aid;  
And some true prayer is to the Savior made.  
The wind abates, but still the surges roar,  
Hearts fearful beat, and consciences feel sore.  
Ere long, the calm begins to be perceived  
And many feel as speedily relieved!  
Some hasten to the deck to look abroad,  
But few are found returning thanks to God!  
Yet some there were who truly grateful felt,  
And spake God's praise as they before Him knelt.  
Then WILLIAM saw, more clearly than before,  
His wondrous wisdom and His mighty power!  
He felt God's goodness in both storm and calm,  
And sense of this was to his soul like balm.

Now they approach the Banks of Newfoundland,  
And densest fog prevails on every hand.  
More danger does beset them than before,  
For they might be by larger ships run o'er.  
Strict watch is kept, and lights hung out with care,  
That they may not be taken unaware.  
Small sail is carried till the sky be clear;  
Yet onward, in their proper course, they steer.  
Icebergs are seen; and now the welcome cry  
Of "Land O's" heard from off the top-mast high!  
All eyes are strained to catch the joyful sight,  
And Newfoundland is hailed with true delight!  
Now soon a smart-built ship is near at hand--  
A splendid craft! just come from Yankee land.  
How gracefully she bounces o'er the wave,  
Which seems desirous her fair form to have!  
A speaking distance very soon she gains,  
And "Ship-a-hoy!" is heard in loudest strains.  
Salute thus courteous is by each addressed,  
And questions put--in seaman's phrase expressed.  
This done, away the gallant ship has sped,  
Like some fair phantom which we do not dread!

Saint Lawrence Gulf they very swiftly cross,  
And reach the River without harm or loss;  
Then enter south of Anticosti's Isle,  
While each glad face is beaming with a smile.  
COOPER had read of this majestic stream;

Of half its beauties he could never dream!  
A pilot taken, blest with proper breeze,  
They soon are carried past fine groves of trees.  
Sweet islands spring, like fairy scenes, to view,  
And each fresh turn presents them something new.  
The pure green water tempts their thirsty souls,  
As forward in its course the river rolls!  
Neat, painted houses on each hand are seen,  
And tin-clad spires say, "Here Religion's been!"  
The Emigrants conceived that Nature wore  
A lovelier green upon Canadian shore  
Than they had ever seen in Spring before!  
But this was all delusion, and the effect  
Of shipboard life, which they did not suspect.  
Now they soon mark a ledge of rugged rock,  
Stretching near half across the river deep--  
Fit place to give unwary ships a shock,  
And cause their crews in sad despair to weep.  
Quite high and dry upon that rude Rock's crest  
A ship they spy; a total wreck it seems!  
This vessel had old Ocean's billows pressed,  
And neared the Port--oft seen in sailor's dreams.  
How came it there? Had they no Pilot ta'en?  
Was he unskillful? No one could explain!  
Then felt the Emigrants most truly glad  
That they a safe and pleasant voyage had.  
At last they reach that well-known place, Gros Isle,  
And are obliged to anchor for a while.  
For "Quarantine inspection" they prepare;  
The berths are cleansed, and decks are scrubbed with care.  
And human beings who had lost all traces  
Of cleanliness, were made to scrub their faces!  
This done; they muster in clean garments dressed,  
To meet the Doctor, at the Mate's behest.  
No serious sickness to his eye appeared;  
Yet some for want of decency are jeered.  
Permission to proceed they then obtain;  
The \_He-ho-heave!'s\_ sung out in jovial strain,  
And rests the anchor in its place again.

Ere this, some strange maneuvers on high land  
Gain our friends' notice, and they gazing stand.  
Some men, at mast-like pole, to work are seen  
With different balls, and what can it all mean?  
WILLIAM inquires, and learns with much surprise,  
In this way they send news and get replies!  
That now they're \_telegraphing\_ to Quebec--  
The fine old city, seen just like a speck--  
Of their good ship's arrival, safe and sound--  
Her name--the people's number in her found.  
Men dreamt not then how soon it would transpire  
That news, by lightning, could be sent through wire!  
The fame of this, O Morse! to thee belongs,  
And thy great name does honor to my songs.  
Long may'st thou live, and reap the just reward  
Of thy great labor, in good men's regard!

They reach Quebec, and anchor in due time  
Before its heights--so towering and sublime!

What views now meet their truly raptured sight--  
All Nature's smiling in the evening light!  
The falls of Montmorency, just below--  
With all her foam, most like to driven snow,  
And ever-rising mist--proclaim aloud  
The Being and the Presence of her God!

What glorious Craft is that which now appears  
With graceful movement, as the ship she nears?  
\_ "Canadian Eagle" \_ steamship she is called;  
Like that great bird she seemed both proud and bald!  
The Emigrants behold her with surprise,  
Quite sure such splendid sight ne'er met their eyes.  
Ere long our eager friends are made to know  
That to the steamer they will have to go.  
This pleases them, for they have prisoners been  
For six long weeks, and want a change of scene.

The sailors now are heard to swear and scold,  
As each one's luggage is drawn from the hold;  
The bustle great makes passengers look round,  
Lest aught belonging them be missing found.  
Our WILLIAM soon had need enough of this,  
As he their best large box just chanced to miss,  
And to the sailors spoke, who quick replied  
They had just sent it o'er the vessel's side.  
To this their statement he denial gave,  
Which made the men with strongest anger rave.  
He then, most speedily, went down below,  
And found the box quite safe enough, I trow!  
He dragged it forth before their very eyes,  
And they thought best to feign complete surprise.  
The box secured, they bid the ship Adieu,  
Then with great joy their journey soon renew.  
By that conveyance they reach Montreal,  
Leave that by barges which had comfort small,  
And take the Ottawa, whose waters dark  
In pure St. Lawrence leave their dingy mark.  
Up this dark river, and canal Rideau,  
They journey on, with speed at best but slow;  
Sometimes through swamps, of dread mosquitoes full;  
Now towed by Steamers, now by horses dull;  
In this way come to Kingston, on the Lake--  
The great Ontario--and a Steamer take.  
Upon their journey quickly they proceed,  
With much more comfort, and far greater speed.  
Safely and soon they reach their destined place,  
To meet with friends and friendship's warm embrace.  
Thankful to God for journeying mercies granted,  
They settle in a Village newly planted.

The friends they met with their warm love displayed  
By good advice and necessary aid,  
In trying to procure for them a farm,  
Where they might live, and have some comforts warm.  
These with our friends were joined in Church connection,  
And none were backward to evince affection.  
Young COOPER soon was pleased, as man could be,  
That three of them, whom we shall name as "C----,"



Would leave their homes and business cares awhile,  
To trudge with him, on foot, for many a mile,  
Through Summer's heat, and with most kind intention,  
For purposes of which I have made mention.  
He at such times would gaze upon the trees,  
Whose lofty heads were bowing to the breeze,  
Till he could fancy them a band devout  
Engaged in worship, beyond any doubt.  
Now he first heard those "soft and soul-like sounds"  
From vast "pine groves," which seemed to have no bounds,  
Thrill his pure soul with their sweet melody,  
Till it awoke his own rude minstrelsy,  
And made him long near by to settle down  
In some small hut which he could call his own.  
This wish, in part, ere long was gratified--  
The father bought a farm, to which they hied.  
'Twas six miles from the village, and a place  
Where much hard labor stared them in the face;  
And there they found that, having spent their money,  
It would not soon yield them much "milk and honey."  
But yet it promised, from its rich, black soil,  
A full reward, in time, for cash and toil.  
So, in good heart, without one "if," or "but,"  
They set to work to fix a roofless hut.  
This done, they placed their goods in ship-board style,  
With furniture dispensing for awhile.  
Their boxes served quite well for chairs and table,  
And on the floor they slept--if they were able--  
For dread mosquitoes, and the heat intense,  
Made good sound sleep be often banished thence.  
Yet God's kind care kept all in health and spirits,  
And they found Industry had still its merits.  
From day to day they did their axes seize,  
And labor hard in cutting down fine trees,  
Or cleaning up a \_Fallow\_ 'gainst the Fall--  
For which their skill was truly very small.

Ere long they purchased a young, wild ox-team,  
Which had for months been wandering in the woods,  
Where they did not but eat, and drink, and dream,  
Like lords of all in those deep solitudes.  
Our WILLIAM acted as the Teamster still,  
And did his best to train them to his will;  
Yet for a time they would not brook restraint,  
But ran to th' woods, on dangerous frolic bent.

Once, while at logging, our raw teamster fell,  
And the \_nigh\_ ox trod on his foot as well;  
He tried to rise, but found it was in vain,  
And thoughts of their mad tricks shot through his brain.  
He gently touched them with his sapling goad,  
When they sprang sideways with their heavy load.  
Quick as a lightning's flash the log they drew  
O'er WILLIAM'S prostrate form--O, sad to view!  
When--wonder great--the cattle stood quite still  
(In strict obedience to their Maker's will)!  
His head was on a log, his neck was bared,  
As if for some dread ax-stroke quite prepared.  
The log they drew upon his shoulder rested--

And thus his courage was severely tested.  
One more slight move would surely crush his head;  
In one short moment more he might be dead!  
Still they move not!--Was this not Providence?  
Come, Sceptics, answer; here is no pretence;  
What I relate are only simple facts.  
Given with that faithfulness which truth exacts.  
The father forward ran, in dreadful fear;  
"O, WILLIAM, thou art hurt!" fell on his ear.  
The log was raised, when up at once he rose,  
Though feeling much as if his blood was froze.  
To parent's kind inquiries he replied,  
"I feel no hurt except a bruised side."  
But faintness o'er him soon began to come,  
When he was glad to reach his rude log home;  
And from that hour has ever thankful been  
For God's deliverance--so clearly seen.  
A few short hours sufficed to bring him round,  
And he at logging speedily was found.  
There still was something in this wild bush-life  
To suit a mind ne'er formed for worldly strife.  
The chopper's quick reverberating stroke--  
The well-trained oxen, toiling in the yoke--  
The distant cow-bell's ever-changing sound--  
The new-chopped tree's deep thundering on the ground;  
The patter of the rain on forest leaves,  
The tree-frog's pipe, which oft the ear deceives,  
The blazing log-heaps, and the rude rail fence--  
The wild-bee's hum of gratitude intense  
For hoards of honey, which our woods still yield;  
The plenteous crops contained in each small field;  
The Summer evening's song of "Whip-poor-will,"  
Near, or remote, while all beside is still;  
The clamorous crow's most harsh discordant note;  
The blue jay, prone to steal--by nature taught;  
The beauteous woodpecker--the pigeon's flight;  
The snake, innoxious, gliding out of sight--  
These sights and sounds brought pleasure to his mind,  
Most heart-felt pleasure, leaving peace behind.  
And though he toiled with all the eagerness  
Which youths Of ardent temperaments possess,  
Till his poor body every night was tired,  
He evermore these sounds and sights admired.  
And naught but broken health could e'er have drove  
Him from those woods, in which he loved to rove.

Meanwhile, he took the first convenient time  
To get some cherry logs, in soundness prime,  
From which rude bedsteads he contrived to make,  
That they their rest might with more comfort take.  
He made a table, too, and felt quite glad  
That they, at last so good a table had.  
These things were spoken of not boastingly,  
But with a view to let new-comers see  
How, in the Bush, strange shifts and turns are made,  
By those who, rightly, are of debt afraid.  
The COOPERS, simple minded, could not brook  
To stand as debtors in a tradesman's book;  
And even to this day--through eighteen years--

'Twould grieve them sore should they be in arrears.  
And I am sure it would be better far,  
That families should themselves from debt debar,  
Than blast their prospects, as too many do,  
By what they have so often cause to rue!

From this digression let us now return,  
To note what WILLIAM found with deep concern;  
That "'Tis not good for Man to be alone,"  
As said by God, in Wisdom's solemn tone.  
This now appeared to him a serious truth,  
Far more than it had done in days of youth.  
The birds still paired, and had their separate nest,  
From love responsive in each songster's breast;  
But, though he loved on Nature's face to gaze,  
And mark the beauties which each day displays,  
He felt a vacancy in his young breast,  
For he no lov'd companion then possessed.  
Far different was it in his native land--  
There, such an one might always be at hand.  
Where was he now to look? Religious views  
Left him small space from which a mate to choose.  
God's word came to his aid, and then in prayer  
He threw himself upon his Father's care.  
That word declares, that "He who had not spared  
His well-beloved Son, was not prepared  
For once withholding from his children dear  
Aught which they need, while still sojourning here!"  
This precious promise proved to be as balm,  
To keep his troubled heart at present calm;  
And he resolved in patience still to wait,  
Till God should find for him a true "help-mate."  
This resolution formed, was kept intact,  
Nor was the strength his own, for that he lacked.  
He, though so young, had very clearly seen  
That Man, in every age, is prone to lean  
Upon an arm of flesh--most frail support!  
Which often fails us, oft makes us its sport.  
And yet, O strange perversity! we cling  
To that which never can us comfort bring.  
He knew 'twas better to feel flesh so weak  
As to be forced his strength from God to seek;  
To feel, like Paul, "However weak we be,  
We may still glory in Infirmary."  
From day to day, from week to week may prove  
The preciousness of trusting in God's love!  
Should we do this, our joy will never cease--  
Dark things will all look bright! Our end be peace!

## BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT--Address to Rural Life. An average sample of a Logging-bee described. The Feast. The Logger's jests, and other incidents. Burning Log-heaps. The Loggers' Song. WILLIAM'S thoughts and employments in Autumn. The Autumnal garb of trees. Reflections connected therewith.

The family's Sabbath-day employments. Beginning of their hardships. WILLIAM leaves the Bush for Village life, but soon returns. Father's narrow escape from being crushed by tree falling. Winter employments. Preparations for Sugar-making. Process described. \_Sugarer's\_ Song. Conclusion.

Hail, Rural Life! from whom such pleasures spring,  
That I invoke my Muse thy charms to sing.  
Whether I view thee in my native land,  
Where Science lends to Industry her hand,  
To make her cornfields yield a double store,  
Or beautify her landscapes more and more--  
Where wealth immense is very freely spent,  
By those who on thy weal are still intent;  
Or here, in Canada, thy face I view  
On well-cleared farms, or those which are quite new;  
However rude thy features, or despised--  
Though in Town-life, thy charms by me are prized.  
A sense of these still urges me along,  
As I proceed with my unlettered song;  
And every line which I may write on thee,  
I trust will evidence sincerity.

The new-come settlers now with speed prepare  
To log the fallow they have cleared with care.  
For Summer, with her heat intense, has fled,  
And fruit-crowned Autumn has come in her stead.  
The \_brush\_, well dried, is burnt; and all around  
Logs, black and charred, are lying on the ground.  
These into heaps must every one be drawn,  
By means which to all Bush-men are well known.  
Have they not strength or time the work to do?  
They ask their neighbor's help, and oxen, too.  
And fellow-feeling, sprung from their own need,  
Leads these the summons to obey with speed.  
Should the set day be fine, they start from home  
Without regret, and to the fallow come.

One looks so pale, he seems not fit for work;  
Has had the \_Ague\_, and it still doth lurk  
In his poor frame, and may again appear  
A dozen times before he's closed the year!  
Some others, also, wear quite sickly looks,  
As though they had run deep in \_Doctors\_' books;  
Or are reduced, by heat and toil intense,  
Till work, with them, would seem, but mere pretence.  
But let us not pre-judge them; they have hearts  
Brave as a lion, and will act their parts.

The "fixings" ready, some experienced hand  
A "Come, boys! Let's to work!" gives as command.  
This said, their strength and numbers they divide;  
"Haw, Buck!" "Gee, Bright!" is heard on every side.  
"Boys, bring your \_handspikes\_; raise this monster log  
Till I can hitch the chain--\_Buck!\_ lazy dog!  
Stand o'er, I say! What ails the stupid beast?  
Ah! now I see; you think you have a feast!"  
\_Buck\_ snatches at a clump of herbage near,  
And deems it is, to him, most savory cheer;

But thwack, thwack, thwack, comes from the blue-beech goad;  
He takes the strokes upon his forehead broad  
With due submission; moves a little piece,  
That those unwelcome blows may sooner cease.  
The chain is hitched; "\_Haw\_", now!" is loudly heard,  
And the half-buried log is disinterred.  
"Get up! Go 'long?" vociferously shouts  
Every ox-teamster, at these logging bouts.  
The heap is reached; now list the loud "Whoa-ay!"  
Louder and louder, till the oxen stay.  
The chain's unhitched; "Now, boys! your handspikes seize;  
Lift! Altogether! Rest it on your knees;  
There; roll him over. Ah! 'twas nobly done!  
The fire will dry his coat, as sure's a gun!"  
And thus, to lighten toil, they pass the joke,  
Or stand a moment to have serious talk.  
One of some accidents his neighbors tells,  
Till each warm bosom with emotion swells;  
How Jack Maguin was logging at a "Bee,"  
And got his right leg broke beneath the knee;  
How he, through careless treatment, was laid up  
For full two months, and had scarce bite or sup.  
Or how Will Sims was chopping near his house,  
And his best ox was feeding on the "browse,"  
When all at once the quivering tree descended  
Upon the beast, and thus his life was ended!  
Anon we notice that each smutty face  
Beams with good humor, and the cause we trace  
To the supply of \_whisky\_ just parta'en--  
A thing which often proves the settler's bane.

Again they work with stimulated strength,  
And, 'midst more noise, the log-heaps rise at length.  
The dinner hour arrives; the horn is blown  
To make the fact to all the loggers known.  
The teams to some near pasture now are led,  
Or with new hay most plentifully fed.  
The men make for the house with decent haste--  
None are inclined to let time run to waste.  
But this does not prevent the laugh and jest,  
At the black face by every one possessed.  
To wash is needful, and refreshing, too,  
So all go at it without more ado.  
This task performed, which all should take delight in,  
They to the feast prepared need no inviting.  
Their heavy labor gives an appetite,  
And they can eat with relish and delight.  
But first their host, if he's a Christian man,  
Gives thanks to God with all the warmth he can.  
Then all the workmen ample justice do  
To those good things so tempting to the view.  
Dear Reader, have you seen a logging feast?  
No? Wait a while, and I will place at least  
The chief ingredients before your eyes;  
Here's a huge prime \_ham\_; there are pumpkin pies;  
Mealy potatoes next our notice claim--  
The bread and butter we need never name,  
They must be there of course; and here's a dish  
Of no mean size, well filled with splendid fish.

\_That's\_ boiled, fresh mutton; \_those\_ are nice green peas;  
This huckleberry pie is sure to please!  
And now I'll cease--no, three things yet remain;  
Tea, cream and sugar, might of slight complain!  
There, will this do? Or is there something more  
Which you would think it right to set before  
Such worthy eaters? I am satisfied  
It can't be bettered in our Bush-land wide!  
Good as it is, and hungry as they are,  
They cannot from good jests themselves debar.  
One sees his neighbor cast a longing glance  
Toward that berry pie; and, rare good chance!  
'Tis nearest \_him\_, he chuckles with delight,  
And is about to whip it out of sight;  
But Fortune, still capricious, gives the \_No\_;  
His nearest neighbor does an interest show  
In this proceeding, and the pie has snatched,  
Quite in good humor, ere the scheme's well hatched!  
The disappointed couple sympathise,  
And signal to each other, with their eyes.  
The third one, quite unselfish, deems the jest  
Gone far enough, and now resolves 'tis best  
To help himself, and hand round to the rest.  
Another to the fishes takes a notion,  
With more of selfishness than wise precaution.  
His work-mate spies this, and removes the prize  
A \_leetle\_ further from his longing eyes.  
Such jokes pass free; and no great wrong is done  
To real good-fellowship by harmless fun.  
'Tis o'er at last, when most of them partake  
The pipe delicious, for its own dear sake.  
They rest and smoke, and smoke and rest again,  
Until the "Come, boys!" sounds in loudest strain.  
Once more to work, with fresh alacrity,  
They reach the fallow, pleased as men can be.  
The teamsters call their cattle, not far strayed,  
But chewing cud beneath some green tree's shade.  
\_ "Co' Buck! Co' Bright!"\_ throughout the woods resound,  
And each trained ox moves forward at the sound.  
Again the work goes forward, as before.  
Till nearly night-fall, when their task is o'er.

Naught now remains but scattered chips and sticks,  
Which their host's hopeful son at leisure picks,  
And lays upon the heaps--some here, some there--  
The burning to assist, which needs due care.  
'Tis supper time; again the horn is heard,  
And its deep tones has woodland echoes stirred.  
Most charming sound to my poetic ear;  
And every time 'tis heard still far more dear!  
They hear the sound, but yet seem loath to go;  
And when they do, their steps are very slow.  
They are well tired; no wonder; such a day  
Of work laborious would some tire for aye!  
Once more they wash; once more they freely eat;  
Then light their pipes; and now each other greet  
With warm "Good night!" but, ere they have departed,  
Their host thanks them, from gratitude warm-hearted.  
Now all are gone, save two, who skulk behind,

Of the younger son; and, if I am not blind,  
A couple of bright girls I failed to mention,  
Are not quite unaware of their intention.  
But this is not my business, so I'll pass  
To other things, and let each court his lass.

Should next day prove a fine one with a breeze  
So strong as just to move surrounding trees,  
The Settler may his new-raised log-heaps fire,  
And see them burn to suit his heart's desire.  
The fire is placed; \_where\_, think you? Not below,  
But on the top, and burns at first but slow.  
See, now, the wind has blown it to a flame;  
And soon the log-heap fire's no longer tame!  
Dry sticks and chips, in all the openings placed,  
Will prove the time spent on them was not waste.  
The embers, falling, make these soon ignite;  
And now the heap, from end to end, is bright!  
With pale or ruddy flame; the smoke ascends  
Thick, black and curling, as its way it wends  
Toward the sky. Now twenty heaps are fired  
And form a sight I often have admired.  
The heat becomes intense; for Sol's warm rays  
Uniting with the wood-fire's fiercest blaze,  
Make it past bearing; yet the Settler bears  
The heat and toil, and smiling aspect wears,  
Because the work progresses to his mind.  
Let us draw nearer, then--'twill seem more kind--  
And watch him with the handspike thrust the brands  
Closer together. He a moment stands  
To wipe the perspiration from his face,  
Which streams fast forth again, and leaves its trace  
In his pale looks and daily shrinking frame.  
Now, every pile's a mass of glowing flame!  
The wind, increasing, whirls the fire about,  
And makes the workman, if he's wise, look out  
For stacks and fences--dangerously near.  
He knows the risk; he deems there's cause for fear;  
So keeps his eyes still wandering all around,  
To mark the rising smoke where'er 'tis found.  
Neglect might very soon cause damage great,  
In that which should, his labor compensate.  
Hence his wise caution as the wind grows stronger,  
Until the "burning" needs his care no longer.  
This o'er he drags the ground, and sows his grain,  
And of the toil required does not complain.  
He "sows in hope;" and, if he take due care,  
A splendid crop sill soon be growing there.  
In view of this, let us suppose him singing  
The LOGGER'S SONG, while peaceful thoughts are springing.

#### THE LOGGER'S SONG.

Come, Boys, to the Logging be cheerfully jogging,  
A day's work's before us, I trow;  
The Fall is advancing, Sol's mild beams are dancing  
On the brook, in the Fallow below.  
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily, O!

Let's log in the Fallow below.

The oxen are waiting, they need no fresh baiting,  
Till dinner-time come for us all;  
Now, while we are pushing, our work the new Bush in,  
Let none into carelessness fall.  
Steadily, steadily, steadily, O!  
Let's work in the Fallow below.

The logs, thickly lying, our strength seem defying;  
But forward, Boys! true courage show!  
With hand-spikes unbending, this day we will spend in  
The capture of each charred foe.  
Speedily, speedily, speedily, O!  
We'll capture each black, charred foe.

Now, lads, in your teaming, let's have no blaspheming!  
Your oxen are patient and strong;  
Our logging laborious need not be uproarious,  
Nor lead us to anything wrong.  
Decently, decently, decently, O!  
Let's act, as the huge log-heaps grow.

When dinner-horn sounding, calls all that are found in  
The Fallow to come to the Feast,  
Let's guard 'gainst satiety--eat with sobriety--  
So shall our joys be increased.  
Soberly, soberly, soberly, O!  
We'll eat what our friends may bestow.

When day is departing, and we are all starting  
For Home, with its sweet earthly bliss,  
May thoughts of wives smiling be still reconciling  
Our minds to hard labor, like this.  
Then freely, most freely, still freely, O!  
To all neighbors' loggings we'll go.

Such work as that I have described above,  
And holding plow, kept WILLIAM on the move.  
Of active turn, he worked beyond his strength--  
And felt the sad effects, in full, at length.  
Yet at this season, in Canadian woods,  
He could not well refrain from musing moods.  
Nor was it any wonder, when each day  
Added fresh charms to Nature's grand display.  
The once-green leaves, struck by the early frost,  
Made up in gorgeous tints what they had lost!  
He felt that never in his life before  
Had he e'er seen such hues as those trees wore.  
Some that were shaded still preserved their green,  
While others near were decked in golden sheen.  
Some in deep crimson robes were gaily drest,  
Others in shades of brown, as seemed them best;  
While not a few, of pride in dress were fuller,  
And had their robes of every splendid color!  
The weather, too, was of that balmy kind,  
So suited to a dreamy state of mind;  
For mighty Sol felt his yet powerful rays



Subdued, being wrapped in a thin, blue haze.  
'Tis true, there came the oft-recurring thought,  
That all these beauties were too dearly bought;  
That soon, too soon, tempestuous winds would rise,  
And murky clouds veil those bewitching skies!  
That Winter but delayed his coming now  
To gather blackness on his cold, knit brow,  
That he might rush with tenfold furious rage,  
And all the elements in war engage,  
To strip the trees of all their splendors bare  
And make sweet Nature a stern aspect wear!  
Such thoughts at times filled him with melancholy,  
Which then, shook off, were looked upon as folly  
And after-thoughts brought in their joyous train  
Pleasures prospective, during Winter's reign.  
The fleecy snow's wild dancing through the air;  
The clean, white sheet, wove for the soil to wear,  
To guard the plants designed for next year's food  
From Frost's attacks, when in a vengeful mood.  
The sleighing, too, in prospect, had delights  
For one like he--so used to Fancy's flights.  
He heard already, in imagination,  
The jingling bells, producing sweet sensation.  
And 'midst such dreaming Time flew swiftly by,  
While he, to stay its course, wished not to try.  
His Sabbath days met with observance due,  
For he to Christian ways continued true.  
The family with loving Brethren met,  
Some miles from home, as oft as they could get.  
With them "broke bread," and joined in praise and prayer,  
Or heard Christ's doctrine read, or preached, with care.  
This they continued every Sabbath day,  
And found much benefit from it always.

Meanwhile their worldly means grew less and less,  
And fear of debt led them through some distress.  
At last their circumstances were made known  
To a dear friend, who did a kind heart own.  
He WILLIAM took, to help him in his store,  
And gave good wages--which endeared him more  
To those, thus favored, who by this perceived  
He carried out, in practice, truths believed.  
In this employment WILLIAM staid not long,  
His sensitiveness soon made things go wrong.  
He therefore back returned into the Bush,  
Where Want stood ready his fond hopes to crush.

Ere this, dread Winter had set in with rigor,  
Yet he his bright axe took again with vigor.  
Throughout the woods the snow lay very deep,  
And Nature's face betokened death-like sleep.  
Few sounds were heard to break the stillness round,  
Yet in those few our hero pleasure found.  
The loud report of Indian hunter's gun,  
Which sometimes made the cattle homeward run;  
The beauteous woodpecker's quick rap-tapping  
At girdled trees, that long since had no sap in;  
Besides, the chopper's almost constant stroke  
Rang through pure air, and louder echoes woke;

While ever and anon a tree would fall  
With thundering crash, which might some minds appal.  
These all were sounds which he loved well to hear,  
For they, 'mid hard employ, his heart did cheer.

Severe the Bush-man's life, and full of danger,  
While, to most scanty fare he is no stranger.  
It needs good eyes, strong arms, and courage, too,  
To live the life which most new settlers do.  
The elder COOPER'S sight was very bad,  
Which came nigh bringing him a fate most sad.  
They were both chopping at a basswood tree--  
Stroke followed after stroke most rapidly--  
When, lo! a sudden blast of wind arose,  
WILLIAM perceived it, and withheld his blows;  
Looked up, saw danger, bade his father fly!  
Reached a safe place himself, which was near by;  
The tree came down; he quickly then returned,  
And stood amazed as soon as he discerned  
His father's near escape from tree-crushed fate;  
He quite unconscious of his danger great.  
There rested, just a foot above his head,  
A huge crook'd branch, that might have struck him dead,  
Had it not been for God's most watchful care,  
So plainly manifested to him there.  
This wondrous mercy called forth gratitude,  
And Love's warm glow fresh in their hearts renewed.

In cutting logs for barn, and drawing lumber,  
Our hero spent of days a goodly number.  
Amongst deep snow, and with a slow ox-team,  
One thinks 'twould prove a damper to his dream.  
Not so, however; though his food was scant,  
Of liking for the Bush he felt no want.  
He and his brother scoured the woods around,  
Where'er 'twas likely straight logs could be found.  
These cut, were left till snow had "settled down,"  
When to the barn-site they with speed were drawn.  
Thus passed the hardest months of that hard season,  
And Sol's increasing warmth was hailed with reason.  
The more, because that Sugar-time drew near,  
With its romantic scenes, to WILLIAM dear  
From what he heard the older Settlers say,  
So, for it he prepared without delay.

South of their home there grew a splendid lot  
Of noble maples, in a sheltered spot.  
Convenient to this place, there also grew  
Some good black-ash, of which he chose a few  
From these he made small troughs to catch the sap,  
Whene'er the time should come the trees to tap.  
A good pine tree he sought, with eager eyes,  
To form a store-trough, of most ample size.  
Obtained a \_gouge\_, and next his \_spiles\_ prepared;  
For all the toil required he little cared.  
"Good axe-men fifty small troughs make per day;"  
So said old Woods-men, in a boasting way.  
This roused ambition in his youthful breast,  
And he worked hard, scarce taking time for rest.

His pride was somewhat humbled when he found  
That he could make but \_thirty\_ each day round.  
Yet courage took from this, that their's were made  
Of soft pine wood, which did their smartness aid.

'Tis March, and now the snow has settled down  
To half its former depth; Sol's beams have grown  
Sufficiently direct to make clear days  
Feel warm enough to raise the sap, which plays  
With life-renewing power, through all the trees;  
And yet, at night, 'tis cold enough to freeze.  
The \_Sugarer\_ knows no time must now be lost  
To be successful; so he takes his post  
About the centre of the "Sugar-Bush,"  
Whence he his labors can most freely push.  
If wise, in lieu of gash he bores a hole  
With auger, at right height, in each tree's bole;  
Drives in his gouge a-slant, inserts his spile,  
Places a trough--fast lessening thus his pile.  
At first, perhaps, the sap will scarcely flow;  
He heeds this not, but onward still doth go,  
Till every tree that he intends to tap  
Is quite prepared to yield its share of sap.  
This done, without delay he now will fix  
His boiling place, and get two strong, forked sticks;  
These, well secured, with pole to reach across,  
For hanging kettles he is at no loss.

By this time, if the day continue warm,  
His work assumes a more than common charm.  
The huge store-trough conveniently is placed,  
And he, to gather sap, begins in haste.  
With pail upon each arm he moves along,  
O'er the soft snow, the noble trees among.  
If \_tunable\_, perhaps a song he sings  
Of "Auld lang syne," or some more serious things,  
Which tends to make his work more easy seem,  
Or drive away some foolish, waking dream.  
The Bush, if large, will need another band  
To tend the fire; and this one must command  
Sufficient knowledge of the Sugaring feat  
To guard the syrup from too great a heat.  
He must mind, too, to fill the boilers up;  
And if he choose, he may ev'n take a sup  
Of maple-honey, whose delicious flavor  
More than repays their outlay and hard labor.  
It now has reached that point when constant watch  
Must be kept o'er it, lest they spoil the batch.  
New milk, or eggs, are used to clarify  
The saccharine juice, that it may truly vie  
For purity, with any sugar made,  
By those who have been brought up to the trade.  
'Tis read now for straining; and as Eve  
Draws her dark curtains, we the Bush may leave,  
And follow him who bears his precious load,  
Well pleased, but tired, to his rude log abode.  
Let's enter, unperceived, that we may see  
The Sugar take its next and last degree.  
Through flannel bag the syrup now they strain,

And the close texture does the dregs retain.  
Now it is placed o'er quite a gentle fire,  
Till it assume that state which they require.  
This, by repeated trial, they discover;  
When cool, it will "grain" well, and boiling's over.  
I've now gone through this sugar-making process  
In business form; not giving, more or less,  
A hint of frolics which the young folks play,  
In sugaring-time, and after close of day.  
My readers may imagine, if they choose,  
The fun that from such gatherings ensues;  
While I proceed to frame a harmless Song,  
Expressive of the \_Sugarer's\_ feelings strong,  
As he his most delightful work pursued,  
Midst leafless trees, in deepest solitude.

#### THE SUGAR-MAKER'S SONG.

Sol's warmth is increasing, the Frost-King is ceasing  
His hold on the sap of the trees;  
And having wrought steady, my troughs are all ready,  
So now I will eagerly seize  
My few rude tools, ere ardor cools,  
Nor heed the melting snow.  
Some days of toil will never spoil  
The pleasure before me, I know.

I need no inviting, to work I delight in;  
Of such I have plenty to-day;  
The soft blush of Morning the scene is adorning,  
Then why should I longer delay?  
The Maple tree will give to me  
Its bounty most profuse;  
One huge sweet cake I hope to make  
Each day, from the saccharine juice!

Last night's splendid freezing as truly most pleasing  
To those who the Sugar-Bush love;  
This morn's indications' need no explanations,  
As the day will abundantly prove!  
Then haste, comrade, and bring your spade;  
To clear away the snow,  
That our wood-fire may soon acquire  
A beautiful, bright, ruddy glow.

Now, whilst I am tapping the trees with sweet sap in,  
Prepare you a good stock of wood;  
Be watchful in boiling, run no risk of spoiling  
By carelessness, prospects so good!  
O, as I tap, out flows the sap  
In a small crystal stream!  
I feel as gay, on this fine day,  
As I have in some youthful dream!

Now, comrade, each kettle of cast-iron metal  
Is full enough quite for a start;  
Pray keep the fire going, but yet not too glowing,  
For thus you will best act your part.

While I am off, guard the store-trough  
From cattle browsing near;  
This splendid "run" may soon be done--  
The north wind is coming, I fear!

The syrup needs skimming. "Leave it to the women?"  
Ah, comrade, it never will do!  
They may mind the straining without much complaining,  
Yet think it is quite enough, too.  
Now eventide, and frost beside,  
Bid us our labor cease;  
For home we'll make, and syrup take  
To them, as an offering of Peace!

The lively strain which I have just indulged,  
Must change full soon, if facts were all divulged.  
For darker shades come o'er my hero's dream;  
But we must pause, ere we resume the theme.  
And trust this sketch of rude Bush-life may prove  
Acceptable to those who Nature love.  
Such retrospect has charms for one like me,  
Who has passed through such scenes most happily.  
Pardon me, Reader, if my unlearned song  
Should seem to you quite dull, and much too long;

The good of all I would most gladly seek,  
From purest motives, and with spirit meek--  
Not counting Fame, so dazzling to men's eyes,  
But God's approval, as my wished-for prize.  
Should this be mine, I shall be quite content,  
And deem my time and labor wisely spent.

## BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.--Address to Memory. Spring-time described. Thoughts and fancies connected with it. Builds a log barn. Spring employments. Increase of trials. WILLIAM'S sickness. His Song on Christian Warfare. Good to himself from its composition. Leaves Bush for Village again. \_Tinkers\_ in the country. Thoughts and feelings in connection with it. Preaches in public under peculiar circumstances. Introduced to his future Father-in-law's family. Visits their house. Reception. Description of his future Wife, and Sisters. Anecdote. Commences business. Visits the States to bin tools. Takes Niagara in his way. Scenery above Lewiston. First sight of Rapids; of the Falls. Song to them. Conclusion.

O, Memory! What art thou? Whence thy power?  
Thy wonders are displayed from hour to hour  
Of my existence. By thy powerful aid  
Sweet Childhood's scenes most truthfully are made  
To pass before me in such vividness,  
I stand amazed, and thy great skill confess!  
By thy assistance, things long lost to view

Spring forth surprisingly--both fresh and new.  
I travel back through more than thirty years,  
With all their toils and pleasures, griefs and fears.  
Go where I may, thou ever art with me,  
As Counsellor and Friend, dear Memory!  
Thy secret depths I would again explore,  
And must draw largely ere my task be o'er.  
Be thou no ignis fatuus to allure  
Me from the paths of truth, nor it obscure,  
While I attempt to paint the coming scenes,  
Which COOPER passed through with such slender means,  
'Tis early Spring-time, and the opening buds  
Bestud the boughs of trees through all the woods.  
The snow and frost remain till rather late;  
But Sol's great power for this will compensate.  
He, aided by soft winds and copious rain,  
Will melt the snow, and break stern Winter's chain.  
The Frost-King, thus so suddenly dethroned,  
May vent his rage, as if a giant groaned;  
Or muster scattered forces and come back  
Once and again, to the repulsed attack!  
And when he finds his efforts all in vain,  
May hurl defiance on Spring's beauteous train;  
And, from his region of eternal snow,  
Send rude North winds to strike a deadly blow;  
To nip the fairest blossoms in the bud,  
And blast, in spite, the gardener's prospects good.  
Yet One, Almighty, will his rage control;  
His fiat has gone forth, "Let Seasons roll  
In quick succession, while the Earth endures!"  
And this, great benefits to us secures.

The birds begin to pair; the grass to spring;  
And Maple sap is scarce worth gathering;  
Yet, when it won't make sugar, some prepare  
Syrup, and vinegar, of flavor rare.  
On every hand the brightly green-robed trees  
May hear their finery rustling in the breeze;  
And pleased, like mortals, with their gay attire,  
May feel a strong, vain-glorious desire  
To have a glass in which to view their charms,  
Or mark the effect of each rude blast's alarms.  
Some, far more highly favored than the rest,  
Have such a mirror as may suit them best.  
Of these are they which grow beside a stream,  
And, all day long, of their own beauty dream;  
Or those that grace the margins of a lake,  
Whose face reflects the grand display they make.  
Ah, these imaginings are far from just;  
Fair Nature would much rather sink to dust  
Than thus dishonor her great Maker's name!  
And we, vain sinners, should be filled with shame,  
To be so far behind in praises meet--  
Neglecting duty that should still be sweet.  
Up to this time our Emigrants contrived  
To keep from debt, though they themselves deprived  
Far, far too often, of substantial food--  
Which, in the end, did them but little good.  
Yet day by day they toiled with eagerness,

In hope that God would their joint efforts bless.

To build a barn of logs they now prepare;  
This gives them much hard labor, and some care.  
To put it up they call a "Raising Bee;"  
And, wishful to prevent ebriety,  
They buy no \_whisky\_; but, instead of it,  
Have cakes and coffee, which are far more fit.  
The work was gone through in true Bush-man style,  
Although a few assumed a scornful smile,  
And would, no doubt, have been well satisfied  
To have the \_liquor-jug\_ still by their side.  
This job completed, Spring work next came on,  
And, truly, there was plenty to be done!  
The man from whom they bought their "Indian lease"  
Had made \_brush fences\_, and there was no peace  
From "breachy" cattle, breaking through with ease,  
To eat the crops as often as they please!  
To cut down trees, and split them into rails  
For laying fence, is work which seldom fails  
The new Bush farmer, who must ever be  
Upon the move, and used to industry.  
Such was their case; and. Oh! the aching limb,  
And sinking heart, as prospects grew more dim!

Anon, the sun shoots down such powerful rays,  
As seems to set the air almost a-blaze!  
They felt the previous Summer very hot;  
But that, through Winter's cold, was quite forgot.  
Besides, as yet 'twas Spring; then why this heat?  
Their strength was small from lack of proper meat.  
'Tis true, they did not want for daily \_bread\_;  
But Bush-life should with stronger food be fed.  
In lieu of tea, they used root \_sassafras\_  
So much and often, that they all, alas!  
Not only cleansed their moderate share of blood,  
But thinned it far too much to do them good!  
WILLIAM, especially, became so weak  
He could scarce bear to work, or e'en to speak.  
When he essayed to stoop, his back seemed broke;  
And courage failed beneath the heavy stroke.

The different remedies which friends advised,  
All failed to bring the health he so much prized.  
His fond hopes crushed, he tried to bow his head,  
Submissive to the will of Him who bled  
For such poor sinners, on the "cursed tree;"  
And found some comfort in his misery.  
One day his spirits sank extremely low--  
And Faith, herself, fled from him in his woe;  
When, like a flash of lightning, to his mind  
A passage came, sent by his FATHER kind!  
"Fight the good fight of Faith," with magic worth  
Rang through his soul, and very soon gave birth  
To a most lively, energetic Song,  
On Christian Warfare--in which he was long.  
I give the verses, with an earnest prayer  
That all my Readers may their spirit share,  
And seek for grace to help them still to fight

The "Fight of Faith," as in their Maker's sight!

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S BATTLE-SONG.

"Fight the Good Fight of Faith."

Soldiers of Jesus! say--Where is your armor?  
The word has gone forth; you are called on to fight!  
Still doth the conflict grow warmer and warmer;  
Then trust in your Captain for wisdom and might!

Soldiers of Jesus! mind well your behavior;  
See those proud foes, how undaunted they stand!  
Hark well to the words of your loving Savior:  
"Be ye also ready!" Regard this command.

Soldiers of Jesus! O, be not alarmed!  
Your glorious Captain has conquered them all!  
Rouse, then, your courage! Be never disarmed!  
Your enemies seek to accomplish your fall.

Soldiers of Jesus! Immanuel's banner--  
Most glorious of Ensigns--is reared up on high;  
Fight ye! O, fight ye! in soldier-like manner;  
Jehovah, to help you, forever is nigh!

Soldiers of Jesus! the foes you contend with  
Are subtle, expert, they are many and great;  
Your armor's so tempered, that it will ne'er bend with  
Being used well against them; nor early, nor late.

Take Breastplate of Righteousness--take Shield of Faith!  
By which you are able to quench all the darts  
Of your great Antagonist! For, so He saith  
Who styles Himself "Faithful," and who strength imparts.

To these be there added "Salvation's bright Helmet,  
And Sword of the Spirit--the Word of your God."  
That God who your Foes with destruction o'erwhelmeth,  
And rules both the Heavens and Earth with his nod.

Still praying "with prayer and great supplication,  
In the spirit of Truth, and watching thereto,  
With all perseverance, for the edification  
Of Brethren--the Saints," who are Soldiers like you.

Soldiers of Jesus! now fight with all ardor  
Beneath that bright Banner now high and unfurled!  
O, doubt not but Jesus will be your Rewarder,  
When from their proud standing your foes He has hurled!

Soldiers of Jesus! your Captain is waiting  
To give you a Crown--a most glorious reward!  
Forward! press forward! success contemplating;  
He'll give you the Victory; this promise regard.

Soldiers of Jesus! behold Him descending  
Upon a White Throne, His bright Angels around!  
The "glorified throng" are upon Him attending;



Before Him all Nations and Kindreds are found.

Hear those glad words, "Come, ye bless'd of my Father!  
Inherit the Kingdom prepared long for you!"  
Then glory to Him and the Father together;  
With the blest Holy Spirit, to whom it is due!

The composition of these lively verses,  
Was made to him one of his greatest mercies;  
They roused his courage by their warlike tone,  
And made him feel he was not left alone  
To fight against a host of watchful foes:  
For One was with him who felt all his woes;  
Who had Himself through every trial been,  
And still is with his people, though unseen!  
Such sweet reflections had this good effect  
Upon his mind: they led him to respect,  
More than he yet had done, pure Bible truth;  
And thus he learned to bear Christ's yoke in youth.  
His soul--so sensitive--was led, at last,  
Her every grief, her every fear to cast  
Upon her God, with simple faith--unfeigned;  
And found His promise true; she was sustained.

His body still was weak; and on the farm  
He could not work without receiving harm.  
To be a \_clerk\_ he was not now inclined--  
'Twas not a life congenial to his mind;  
To work at his own trade he thought was best,  
Which thought to several friends he then expressed.  
These all agreed it would be right to try  
To find employment in the Village nigh.  
In it was one who carried on the trade,  
Who, to appearance, had a fortune made.  
To him he then applied, with some success,  
To get a job, and wrought with eagerness.  
Alas! it only lasted for a week,  
And he was thus compelled fresh work to seek.  
That Brother, who before had stood his friend,  
Now kindly offered ample means to lend  
To start in business on his own account;  
But COOPER dreamt he never could surmount  
The difficulties which beset him round,  
So inexperienced as he should be found.  
The work required, to him, was mostly new,  
And made up by \_machines\_, as well he knew.  
To work with these must be his chief concern;  
But where was he to go such work to learn,  
Unless he made too great a sacrifice  
Of Christian privilege? This, in his eyes,  
Was of such moment, that he rather chose  
To struggle with chill Want, and other woes,  
Until such time as God saw fit to show  
To him the path in which he ought to go.

Meanwhile, as \_tinker\_, he two irons took,  
With solder, rosin, and the Christian's Book!

Equipped in this way 'mongst his friends he went,  
And happy hours in work and trav'ling spent.  
Of mending tins he had enough to do;  
And got good board, and decent wages, too.  
Ere long he visited more distant farms,  
And found his calling not devoid of charms.  
On Nature's varied face he still could gaze,  
And each new scene presented fresh displays  
Of God's Omnipotence and boundless love,  
Which raised his thoughts from Earth to things above.  
While, ever and anon, he found a friend  
To give him work, and press on him to spend  
The night, in comfort, 'neath his friendly roof;  
And thus afford the most substantial proof,  
That Human-kindness in its warmest glow  
Wants but Occasion, its full worth to show!  
Sometimes a Settler viewed him with suspicion,  
And paused ere he would give the least permission  
For him to enter his small, rude, log dwelling,  
While WILLIAM'S heart was with keen feelings swelling.  
Anon, a gentle word would turn the scale--  
The man would list the youthful tinker's tale;  
Would give a hearty welcome to his house,  
And introduce him to his thrifty spouse;  
Would bid her bring; that leaky \_pail\_, or \_pan\_,  
Which had been tinkered by "that other man,"  
Who got from her the pewter spoons, and lead,  
His supper, breakfast, and a nice clean bed;  
Then took the metal every bit away,  
Saying he got not half enough for pay!  
When WILLIAM heard such things he did not wonder  
That farmers, sometimes, looked as black as thunder  
When he applied for work, or lodging sought  
With earnestness, which fear of want had taught.  
All he now earned went to the family store,  
And thus he kept 'as poor as heretofore.

About this time, an invitation came  
To their small Church, to spread Christ's glorious name.  
Two Brethren were deputed each Lord's Day  
To do the work, but not for worldly pay.  
They tried to carry out the Lord's command,  
Which few, in this our day, can understand:  
"Freely ye have received--so freely give;  
More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

On one of these occasions COOPER went  
With a dear Brother, who to preach was sent.  
That Brother was ta'en sick, and could not preach;  
WILLIAM, in public, was not wont to teach.  
But He, whose sacred name they bore, was there;  
On Him the youth now strove to cast his care.  
The school-room--such it was--was crowded quite,  
Yet he felt nothing daunted at the sight.  
'Twas well, perhaps, that every face was new  
To him, and all the future hid from view;  
For in that very room two maidens sate,  
Both destined to be his in marriage state.  
And greatly influence his future fate!

Had he known this--so sensitive was he--  
It might have him unmanned to such degree,  
As to prevent completely the discharge  
Of duties which, to him, looked very large.  
But as it was, he saw before him there  
The old and young, whose looks bespoke some care  
For their salvation. That most precious theme,  
Of whose great worth the worldly-wise ne'er dream,  
He with strong feelings urged upon them all;  
And there were hearts responding to the call!  
Such deep attention never had he seen  
In any Meeting, in his life, I ween!  
It thrilled his very soul, and made him speak,  
In glowing language, of the Savior meek--  
Whose love to sinners moved him to lay by  
His own great Glory, and come here to die!  
The good accomplished on that Sabbath day,  
Ten thousand fold his labor did repay.  
His unpremeditated preaching went  
Home to some hearts--a Heavenly message, sent  
By God's good Spirit, as a proof to be  
Of Grace most wondrous to Eternity!

The simple service reached at last its close;  
When the sick Brother to some hearers goes  
To learn their welfare, and his own impart,  
With strongest tokens of a friendly heart.  
Those persons were both English--man and wife--  
Who knew, for years, the toils of Bush-farm life.  
To them was introduced the new-made preacher,  
Just then mistaken for an older teacher.  
Due explanations made, they him invite  
To call and see them, and stay over night.  
He, nothing loath, the invitation kind  
At once accepted, with delighted mind.  
The two return, and with their Brethren meet  
To join in worship--simple, pure and sweet.

The incidents of that blest Sabbath day  
Haunted his mind, till he could not delay  
A visit to his new-made, kindly friends,  
In hopes that it might tend to make amends  
For great privations, every day endured,  
Whilst but a mere subsistence was secured.  
He therefore took his bag and tools once more,  
To call at places never seen before.  
He, in his wanderings, to a Village came,  
Which had, for water-power, acquired some fame;  
There he found work that did a day employ,  
And learned what gave to him much greater joy--  
How some five miles would bring him to the farm,  
Where he might hope to meet a welcome warm.  
Fatigued, he reached the house in strangest plight--  
For sweat and dust made him a sorry sight.  
The mother was engaged in converse there  
With her first-born--a daughter blithe and fair.  
These knew him not--so different his array  
From What it was upon that Sabbath day.  
And though he gave to each a friendly greeting,

It might have proved a rather chilly meeting,  
Had not the youngest daughter whispered thus;  
"'Tis the young preacher come to visit us."  
This was enough; apologies were made,  
And perfect welcome speedily displayed.  
In sweet discourse they sat a little while,  
When \_tea\_ was served, in most superior style,  
Cooper of such a meal had never tasted,  
Since he from his dear native land had hasted.  
This o'er, the conversation they resume,  
While truth's clear rays afresh their minds illumine.  
This was to him a most important day;  
For gloomy clouds then broke and fled away.  
His future, once so dark, now brighter grew,  
And filled his soul with gratitude anew.

That mother's care assigned him the "best bed,"  
On which to lay his weary limbs and head.  
Most sweetly did the Wanderer sleep and rest,  
As though by grief he ne'er had been oppressed,  
He rose, refreshed, soon after break of day,  
And thankfully his "Orisons did pay."

While these dear folks the breakfast were preparing,  
He to mend leaky \_tins\_ no pains was sparing.  
For what he did he would not make a charge--  
His Independence was a trait too large;  
But that kind mother would not be repaid  
In work or money for her love displayed.  
She fixed the price--a very liberal one--  
And paid the \_cash\_ for all that he had done.  
Perhaps my readers think this matron's eyes  
Saw, in the tinker, a most likely prize  
To win, as husband, for her daughter fair;  
But surely they must be mistaken there!  
This family's standing was considered good;  
WILLIAM, amongst the very poorest stood:  
And, in his tinkering garb, was not a match  
For that fair girl, whom many strove to catch.  
Let this be as it might; he left the house  
Without proposing to make her his spouse.  
Yet not without the strongest inclination  
To make short intervals of separation.

Their daughter, Jane, was in her twentieth year,  
And did to him a lovely maid appeal.  
He knew her soon as skilled in house affairs,  
But ever lacking vain, coquettish airs.  
Her form was graceful, and of medium size,  
And sweet good nature beamed in her bright eyes.  
Her face, for most part, wore a pleasant smile,  
While her dear heart ne'er harbored aught of guile.  
Her charms were such that COOPER'S heart, ere long,  
Could not resist their influence so strong.  
Nor need we wonder much, for soon he learned  
She had good offers, in great plenty, spurned,  
Before she knew the Tinsmith--so forlorn--  
Whose poor appearance ne'er drew forth her scorn.

Phebe, the youngest girl, was quite a lass,  
Who might not yet have used a looking-glass.  
Possessed of bright brown eyes and cheerful face,  
On which, of sorrow, none could find a trace--  
Unless her paleness might be viewed as such;  
Yet all who read her eyes would doubt it much.  
Of lively spirits, and most active turn,  
Still fond of work, she could not fail to learn  
Such household duties as her mother thought  
Best that her girls should, in their youth, be taught.  
To be a favorite, Phebe scarce could fail;  
And parents rightly named her, "Nightingale!"  
For, while asleep, she oft would sing at night  
Some lively tune, and always sing it right.  
Between these two, in age and temperament,  
Another girl was to that couple lent.  
She, than her sisters, always seemed more shy,  
At least, if strangers happened to be nigh.  
All three grew up good-looking, and became  
As faithful wives as e'er were known to fame.  
One chubby babe, and three more sprightly boys,  
Ranked 'mongst the number of this family's joys.

Meanwhile a curious incident occurred,  
To mention which may harmless mirth afford.  
Our hero long had wished to take a tour  
Still further North, 'mongst farmers far from poor;  
And when returning--say on \_Friday night\_--  
To hold a \_meeting\_, if his friends thought right.  
The place agreed upon was their "large room"--  
One large enough, if neighbors all should come.  
This, settled, off he went for several days,  
Toiling and sweating under Sol's strong rays.  
Sometimes with Christians of most generous souls;  
Anon, with those whose conduct him appals,  
Till the important day at last came round;  
When at a house, hard by, he \_tinkering\_ found.  
The work all done, they ask him to partake  
Refreshment with them, for pure kindness' sake.  
He thankfully complied with their request,  
And found their cheer was of the very best.  
The meal was served beneath a pleasant shade,  
And he, to each good thing was welcome made.  
Soon there rode by a gentleman well dressed,  
And the host's daughter thus herself expressed:  
"Most likely that's the Preacher just gone by;  
He's dressed in black, and wears a white neck-tie."  
"Perhaps so," said the father; "'tis the night  
The Meeting's held, and they did us invite."  
WILLIAM, meanwhile, beheld the mother's eyes  
Cast oft upon him; and, with some surprise,  
She asked, "Did you not preach a month ago  
At the Plains School House?" He replied, "'Twas so."  
"And is it you that's going to preach ere long  
At our near neighbors?" \_He\_ asked, "Is it wrong?"  
"No; only--" There's the rub! O contrast great,  
Betwixt the well-dressed man, and \_tinker\_'s state!  
To do them justice, 'tis but right to add--  
They went to hear him, and for it were glad.

Ere many weeks he is prevailed upon  
To take that kind friend's offer, and has gone  
To Buffalo for tools; and on his way  
Makes for Niagara, without delay.  
Years he had longed to see that splendid sight,  
And now this journey took with great delight.  
'Twas in the month of August; when, he found  
Himself for Lewiston, by steamer, bound.  
The night he reached that was a sultry one--  
And such excitement he had never known.  
The room in which he tried to get some sleep  
Had six poor drunkards in it! [Footnote: Fact] 'So, at peep  
Of early dawn, he rose; then washed his face;  
Paid off his bill, and strove his nerves to brace  
By walking o'er the seen remaining miles,  
With glowing feelings, and face clad in smiles.  
O, what a morn was that! A cooling breeze  
Blew from Ontario, and just moved the trees.  
Around, no clouds obscured the bright, blue sky;  
Yet o'er the Falls a mist was rising high!  
He clomb the "Mountain's" rugged, stony height,  
And often turned to gaze with fond delight  
Upon the scene before him. The blue Lake  
One sheet of golden splendor! Sol, awake,  
Had sent his rays athwart that inland Sea,  
Ere He rose high, in glorious majesty!  
On either hand lay woods, and fields of grain,  
Stretched out, for miles, in one vast fertile plain.  
Upon his left rose BROCK'S plain Monument;  
By "sympathy"--false named--now sadly rent!  
The genuine fruit of murderous Civil war,  
Whose dogs--let loose--stop not at Virtue's bar;  
But oft, by their vile deeds, dare to pollute  
What men most sacred deem as worth repute.  
May thou, my dear, my own Adopted Land!  
Ne'er hear again the tramp of hostile band;  
Whether poured forth from neighboring foreign shore,  
Or fruit of thy own sons' deep thirst for gore!  
WILLIAM, arrived upon the mountain top,  
Pauses not long; he had scarce time to stop.  
He took the River bank, and there, below,  
The wondrous rapids for the first time saw.  
His thoughts and feelings would be hard to tell,  
While he stood there--bound as by magic spell.  
Ere long he felt a very strange desire  
To brave that Water-Spirit's foaming ire!  
And once or twice essay'd e'en to descend  
The precipice's front, to gain his end!

"O for a bathe"--thought he--"in that pure stream!  
Is it reality? or do I dream?  
Am I now standing on Niagara's brink?  
O that I could of its pure waters drink!"  
Soliloquizing thus, a thundering sound  
Broke on his ear, and noise of Rapids drowned!  
Aroused by this, he hurried faster on--  
The veil of mist his guide--until, anon,  
He reached a bend, which brought before his view

The mighty Cataract's wonders, ever new;  
Yet at such distance he could not well trace  
The varied beauties of that matchless place!  
Most eagerly he took the road again;  
Nor paused to seek the company of men,  
Who, reared amid these wonders, seldom feel  
The deep emotions, or the fervid zeal  
Which he then felt, as nearer still he drew,  
And found his dreams of the Great Falls all true.  
At last he stood there; and, in earnest, gazed  
As though he could not weary: quite amazed  
At the vast grandeur of the beauteous scene,  
And half inclined to look on all as mean  
That he had viewed before! Musing, he stood  
Still as a statue, while the mighty flood  
Dashed madly onward, as if eager still  
To take the leap, obedient to God's will!

Again he's roused by shout, away below,  
'Twas from a Boatman, anxious now to know  
If he would cross to the Canadian side?  
COOPER obeyed, with Fancy for his guide;  
And soon was bouncing o'er the heaving deep,  
Whose current forced the boat to take a sweep;  
While, ever and anon, a dash of spray  
Made wet his clothes, as would a rainy day.  
They reached the landing; and he now has gone  
To \_Table-Rock\_, and muses still alone.  
The song which follows does express in part  
The strong, warm feelings of his raptured heart:

#### SONG TO NIAGARA.

Niagara! I hail thy magnificent wonders,  
The work of my Father--the maker of All!  
His voice 'tis I hear, in thy earth-shaking thunders,  
As "Deep unto Deep" every moment "doth call!"  
Waters rushing, always pushing  
Over the ledge of crumbling rocks;  
Ever leaping, never sleeping,  
Sound His praise in ceaseless shocks.

Thy mist to my mind seems a Pillar enshrining  
His All-glorious Presence, by day and by night!  
Thy rainbows bespeak Him to Mercy inclining--  
Though none who gaze on thee are clean in His sight!  
Colors blending, mist ascending;  
All are displaying His great power!  
Rapids roaring, are adoring  
Him--their Maker--every hour!

The myriads of pearls, and bright emerald glories,  
Encircling thy brow, 'midst the foam and the spray,  
Unite in presenting the most vivid stories  
Of splendor and riches which He can display!  
Pearls descending, without ending,  
Down that giddy precipice,  
Seem deriding our vain pride in

Works which can't compare with this.

The trees on thy banks look like worshippers standing,  
To pay at Thy shrine their just tribute of praise;  
And loudly, indeed, are their voices demanding,  
That man unto God his sweet anthems should raise!  
Each tree growing, oft is bowing,  
Lowly its tall majestic head;  
Man, still scheming, 's seldom dreaming  
Of this feast before him spread!

My soul, quite enraptured, could stay here forever,  
And drink in thy beauties with constant delight;  
But something within me is whispering, "Never  
Be so taken up with sublunary sight!"  
Paths of Duty should have beauty  
More than what I find in thee;  
For thy glories tell no stories  
Of some things worth much to me.

But yet I can gaze on thy dazzling brightness--  
Thy rainbows, thy pearls, thy clear emerald green;  
On rapids still toss'd into foam of pure whiteness;  
On falls the most glorious that Earth has e'er seen!  
Strength acquiring, in admiring  
All as the matchless work of God;  
Can, with pleasure, leave such treasure,  
And my journey onward plod.

Around the Falls he lingered till past noon,  
And still felt grieved to have to leave thus soon.  
So loath was he a single charm to miss,  
He oft went down and up the precipice,  
By means of spiral stairs which constant shook,  
As if by palsy-fit they had been struck.  
The engine's whistle warns him now to go,  
And take the cars for rising \_Buffalo\_.  
In that new City he arrived ere night,  
Which gave to him but very small delight.  
Tools soon he found--sold only \_by the set\_;  
And with his funds, the price could not be met.  
Here was a \_fix\_! Naught for him now remained  
But to return, with just his \_pleasure\_ gained!  
This, as an offset, stood against the debt  
He had incurred, and kept him from a fret.  
Once more I pause, but with a hope quite strong,  
That I may soon resume my simple song.

## BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.-Address to Hope. Its benefits to William. Commences business. Manner of conducting it. Thinks again of Matrimony. Shop described. Inconveniences in it. An incident. Discouragement in trade.



Compensation for them in visits to his intended. A further glance of her. The home provided her. Marriage. A peep at their home afterward. Forced to leave it. A second move. A Love's-pledge. Imminent peril of the wife. Unhappy condition of first-born. Church matters. WILLIAM'S trials from temper, etc. Continued success in business. Tinsmith's Song. His long sickness, and support under it. Dutiful conduct of Apprentice. Wife's self-sacrifices and matronly management. COOPER'S gratitude to her for it. Continued Poetical predilections. Visits with his Wife the Falls of Niagara. Family increase. Troubles in Church affairs. Excommunication. Fresh Church connection. Troubles arise afresh. Death of Wife. WILLIAM'S lament. Conclusion.

Hail, Hope! thou gem-decked Maid, with features fair!  
Fairer than fabled goddesses of air.  
I still regarded thee as sprung from God;  
As sent to us from his divine abode,  
With the sweet sisters, holy Faith and Love,  
That favored mortals might your virtues prove.  
Led on by thee, we pass through heavy trial,  
Requiring ever constant self-denial,  
Unscathed, yet ridded of defiling dross,  
To find ourselves the better for its loss.  
Prompted by thee, we scale vast mountain heights;  
Or take to Earth's far bounds most rapid flights;  
Face dreadful storms; yea, greatest dangers brave,  
And, unappalled, view the deep, yawning grave!  
In every age thy praise have Poets sung;  
Throughout the world thy praise has loudly rung  
So much and often, that I need not dwell  
Upon thy worth: for it were hard to tell  
The millionth part of good thou hast achieved;  
By finite man it cannot be conceived!  
Thy sovereign virtues WILLIAM deeply felt,  
Howe'er engaged, and wheresoe'er he dwelt.  
In constant toil, and chilled by Penury,  
He knew 'twas blessed to be cheered by thee.  
Thou madest him content in low estate,  
And for Prosperity to patient wait;  
Till some, who thought his course deserved much blame,  
Were led to full approval of the same.

More weeks went past, and his kind patron bought  
Both tools and stock; when he with vigor wrought  
In a small shop, and did his best to give  
Due satisfaction, and made out to live.

Throughout the country nothing now was heard  
Save talk of Civil war; yet undeterred  
Was he, by what was going on around,  
From his employment; and kept gaining ground.  
The village of brave Soldier's was quite full,  
And they, alone, made business far from dull.  
When he at first commended, he made a rule  
For which some folks then deemed him quite a fool  
To make good work and cheap, and have his pay  
For all he sold; and this he did always.  
He had been taught to look Honesty  
As the best part of Business policy;  
And his experience fully proved the truth

Of that old maxim learned in early youth.

Meanwhile, as worldly prospects brighter grew,  
To marriage state he turned his thoughts anew,  
And made proposals for that lovely maid;  
Nor was disapprobation once displayed  
By either parent, who gave full consent,  
As she, to marry him, was quite content.  
Though not a "first love," their's remained still true,  
And smoothly ran--was ever fresh and new!

His humble home, and shop, were all in one,  
And looked, to others' eyes, most woe-begone!  
It was for business truly quite unfit;  
Yet customers still found their way to it.  
Back from the street--up some half dozen stairs--  
Two boards, on barrels, held his shining wares!  
On one side high--the other very low--  
And all unplastered; it was quite a show!  
At one end stood his bench, and close beside it  
Lay his rude couch; let not the rich deride it!

At times, he rose from off that humble bed  
With a fair \_snow-wreath\_ close about his head!

One bitter night, some loyal Volunteers  
Were quartered on him; and he told his fears,  
That much of comfort could not there be found,  
In such a room, with all his fixtures round.  
One made reply which went to WILLIAM'S heart,  
And proved \_that man\_ had "chosen the good part"--  
"'Tis better," said he, "than our Savior had;  
Of such a lodging He would have been glad!"

Our hero, with his \_hand-tools\_ got along,  
At best, but slowly; and sometimes went wrong.  
It was no easy thing to ascertain  
What kind of goods a ready sale would gain.  
His brother Tinsmith showed no friendly spirit;  
He deemed him far too low in workman-merit!  
And threatened vauntingly to drive him out:  
But God's rich blessing compassed him about!  
His patterns he contrived, as best he could;  
And every month, as \_tradesman\_, firmer stood.  
His constant visits to his future bride,  
Much of sweet pleasure every time supplied.  
Rare worth and beauty did the maid possess;  
To see her was to taste of happiness!  
She was too lovely, and too gentle, far,  
For one whose mind was very oft ajar;  
So humble, that she left her father's house,  
With all its comforts, to become his spouse.  
The home which he for that fair girl provided,  
By most young lasses would have been derided.  
'Twas just the farthest half of his rude shop,  
Lined with planed boards on all sides, and the top;  
Quite small in size, 'twas amply furnished,  
With stove, three chairs, a table, box and bed!

In March, his natal month, through sleet and rain,  
He bore his wife, who did not once complain.  
No \_wedding jaunt\_ could their small means afford,  
Yet they had pleasure in true love's accord;  
And what they lacked in way of outward show,  
Was quite made up by warm affection's glow.  
They were a happy couple, with warm hearts:  
Both striving eagerly to act their parts.  
If ever twain were blended into one,  
'Twas in their case, as all who knew them own.  
He, working soon and late to rid his debt;  
She taking care of all he chanced to get.  
And, with sweet smiles upon her face,  
Dispelling of despondency each trace.

Too soon, the place in which their bliss begun.  
Was made too hot by our Canadian sun.  
A Bakery below, Sol's rays above,  
With heat from stove made them most glad to move.  
They next obtained a shop which answered well;  
For all he made, they could most freely sell.  
This place, however, they were forced to quit  
In three months after they had entered it.  
More than one person had on it a claim,  
And each law-suit fanned their litigious flame,  
Until at length it went to Chancery,  
And that sage Court could on this thing agree--  
To have it closed forthwith! And thus our friends  
Were forced to move, once more, to gain their ends.  
Each move brought double rent; but this became  
A thing remembered only by its name.  
Trade still increased, as did Experience, too,  
And WILLIAM now had more than he could do.  
But by this time he had assistance found  
In his wife's brother, as apprentice bound;  
A youth most active, and good-natured, too,  
Who took delight in what he had to do.  
The shop to which they went--last on the street--  
Was, as a residence, to them most sweet.  
Almost in front, a river calmly flowed;  
Close by, a plain wood bridge the stream bestrode.  
There, he could stand at his shop door and view  
A scene which called up feelings ever new.  
Above the bridge, for nearly half a mile,  
It is most lovely, clad in Summer's smile.  
Tall trees, of various kinds, its margins grace,  
While it flows on, with ever gentle pace,  
Past two small islands; each one like a gem  
Set in the stream so softly passing them.  
There, often has he sat, on summer's eve,  
With his fair bride, both loath the scene to leave.  
Lit up by Luna's beams, 'twould larger seem,  
And scope afford for sweet poetic dream.  
One island he would picture as the site  
Of a neat mansion, where he might, at night,  
Retire from business cares to take a boat.  
And on the surface of the river float  
With his most charming--his most loving wife;  
Content to leave behind all worldly strife.

Such freaks would Fancy play, when he inclined  
To let her reign sole Monarch of his mind!  
Yet, when the spell was broke, the sweets of home  
Were such, that from them he ne'er wished to roam.  
And thus days, weeks and months most smoothly passed,  
Till Winter came, each beauteous scene to blast.  
Now, with new hopes, alas! came fears as well,  
The strength of which it is not mine to tell.  
But those who once have fond, young husbands been,  
May well conceive what hopes and fears I mean.  
Scarce bad December sealed the Frost-King's reign,  
Ere these true hearts a Love's-pledge did obtain.

Protracted labor, bringing sore distress,  
Came nigh extinguishing their happiness!  
This oft led WILLIAM to the Mercy Seat;  
And, oh, his visits there were truly sweet!  
Nor was it vain; two precious lives were spared,  
And the young parents were, afresh, prepared  
To grapple with their duties--growing large--  
Conscious of weakness in their full discharge.  
The babe proved cross and fretful; and, for years,  
Frequent convulsive fits filled them with fears;  
And quite unfitted her, in after life,  
For bearing a just share of toil and strife.  
This proved an exercise for faith and prayer,  
Until the fully felt that God's kind care  
Would be extended o'er their suffering child;  
And this thought made their souls more reconciled,  
To bear with patience this great, frequent trial,  
Which called on them so much for self-denial.

A growing interest now in Church affairs  
Filled that young father's mind with weighty cares.  
At this my readers need not be surprised;  
Nor should my notice of it be despised.  
That Church on Scripture truth had ta'en its stand,  
And wished to bend alone to God's command--  
To copy, in their government, the plan  
Marked out by Christ, when first His Church began.  
Now they sought one well qualified to take  
The Elder's office--not for lucre's, sake,  
Nor "as a lord o'er God's own heritage"--  
But one who humbly would, with warmth, engage  
To do His bidding, and bear peaceful rule  
O'er that small Church--that it might prove a school  
For Saints to grow in strict conformity  
To God's just will--as they that will may see.

One soon they found, who had for years been tried:  
Who by Paul's test was willing to abide;  
Well knowing the advice which he had given  
To Ephesian Elders; and how he had striven  
To labor with his hands for the support  
Of self and friends, oft made the worldling's sport.

Let none imagine that this flock obtained  
Another's labor for some selfish end;  
Large sums they raise to help the suffering poor,

And freely give of their superfluous store  
To send the Bible into heathen lands--  
And that while all are laboring with their hands.  
This testimony I would bear of them;  
'Tis strictly true, whoever may contemn.

As deacons they chose WILLIAM and another,  
Who was regarded as a worthy brother.  
In God's pure sight they viewed themselves unfit  
For such high office; yet accepted it  
In deference to their brethren, who made choice  
Of them at once, without dissenting voice.  
'Twas thus it came that he had many cares,  
Beside his family's and trade's affairs.  
In preaching now he took his regular turn,  
And, though but weakly, did with ardor burn  
To tell poor sinners of a Savior's love,  
Or Saints instruct in lessons from Above.  
He 'midst those labors found, with sore distress,  
A constant warfare mar his happiness.  
Dyspepsia-fell disease-his stomach seized,  
And, like a demon, would not be appeased;  
But made his temper, far too quick and warm,  
By frequent outbursts often work him harm.  
This grieved the heart of his beloved wife,  
And might have led to constant family strife,  
Had not the Lord to him his folly shown,  
By greater chastisement than he had known.

And now our friends possessed sufficient means  
To pay their debt, or purchase those machines  
Which tinsmiths use; and WILLIAM asked his friend  
If he, conveniently, could longer lend  
What they were owing him? His kind reply  
Led COOPER soon the needful tools to buy.  
This was an era in their history,  
And they most gladly work more actively  
In manufacturing their humble wares,  
Or giving to old things their due repairs.  
While freely pushing their close labor through,  
They still found plenty for the two to do;  
Which called on them for greater thankfulness  
To their kind God, who did their business bless.  
While thus engaged, pray tell me where's the wrong,  
If they should sing the following "Tinsmith's Song?"

#### TINSMITH'S SONG.

What though our bench labor rob us of the favor  
Enjoyed by the farmer, 'midst fair Country scenes;  
What though 'tis confining to make up tins shining,  
There's naught in the trade which our conduct demeans,  
Then ply the shears, since it appears  
That our calling is honest and fair;  
Yet take good heed, lest, in our speed,  
We should send from our hands leaky ware!

In using the folder we then may grow bolder,

And form and groove pans with our consciences clear;  
Drive each of the turners with skill beyond learners,  
And put in stout wire with our hearts full of cheer.  
Then take a burr and make it whirr,  
As the bottoms spin round like a "top;"  
And fit these tight, which is but right  
If we wish a good name for the shop.

In this case the setter will do the work better,  
And strong double seams will repay all our pains;  
But slight not the soldering, or customers ordering  
Their work at our hands will begrudge us our gains.  
This we can do and yet push through  
Quite a good share of labor each day,  
And in our sales of pans or pails  
Boldly ask those who buy for our pay.

We thus may be working, no selfishness lurking  
Within, though the weather be cloudy or cold;  
And lawfully striving our trade still be driving  
From far better motives than mere thirst for gold.  
Then we may serve and never swerve  
From strict duty's plain, straightforward path,  
Our country's weal with fervid zeal  
By skill which each artisan hath.

O! then our bench labor may bring us the favor  
Of a jaunt now and then midst the forests and fields,  
Which pleasure so joyous can never annoy us,  
If health and contentment it constantly yields.  
Then ply the shears, since it appears  
That our calling is honest and fair;  
Yet take good heed lest in our speed.  
We should send from our hands leaky ware.

And now these parents' hearts were rendered glad  
By a sweet babe as ever parents had;  
A lovely boy, a precious first-born son,  
An April flower ere Spring had well begun.  
Thus were their family and cares increased  
While pleasure was not lessened in the least.  
But a few months were destined to disclose  
A lengthy list of what some think are woes.  
Three serious accidents that year befel  
His aged father, and 'twere hard to tell  
The weary months of suffering he endured  
Ere loss of limb to him relief procured.  
Their patron, too, was by sore sickness brought  
Down to death's door, as all who saw him thought  
WILLIAM at last was on a sick-bed thrown  
For many weeks, and then was fully shown  
The fervent love and patience of his wife  
Increasing still through years of after life.  
Bereft of reason, as his friends declared,  
Rich consolation he at all times shared.  
Death--man's "last foe"--for him no terrors had,  
His blighted prospects did not make him sad.

To leave his wife and babes he was resigned,  
And this while all deemed him of unsound mind.  
The tempter, true, his faith and feelings tried,  
But his suggestions met "God will provide."  
This simple text was strong enough to stay  
Each wavering thought that rose from day to day.

The time when he fell sick was in the Fall,  
When lively business made most pressing call.  
And yet he was enabled to abide  
Content with this, "Jehovah will provide,"  
Ev'n so he did, and that in wondrous way,  
For his wife's brother worked both night and day,  
A striking instance of unselfishness  
But rarely seen in youths of such a class.

Though outward things looked dark, this chastisement  
Was plainly from a loving father sent;  
And they saw constant reason to rejoice  
That what is painful might be made their choice.  
For, while it weaned their thoughts from things of earth  
It made them prize the more their heavenly birth.  
And ev'n their fond affection for each other  
Was purified from that which tends to smother  
The noblest energies of Christian souls,  
And far too often their best thoughts controls.  
This sickness showed, and that most strikingly,  
How good a nurse this faithful wife could be.  
Through all her trials she was quite resigned,  
And not one murmuring thought rose in her mind.  
A more attentive or enduring nurse  
I'm very sure ne'er shone in poet's verse.  
When his recovery was manifested  
Her love and patience were severely tested.  
For \_calomel\_ caused him such great distress  
He was oft found in fits of fretfulness.  
But yet she meekly bore with his caprice  
And her self-sacrifice did never cease.

He, when restored again to perfect health,  
Grew far more conscious of the store of wealth  
By him possessed in having such a wife  
To act as helpmate through the storms of life.  
And not long after, when their lovely boy  
Was very sick, he did his skill employ  
To soothe her sorrows by an artless lay  
Exhorting her to make God's love her stay;  
And holding up to view Heaven's perfect bliss,  
He aimed to show that naught can come amiss  
To those who all their hopes on Jesus rest,  
And "seek through His Atonement to be bless'd."

Their child restored, their joys again increase,  
For God's sweet service yields them constant peace.  
He, constantly employed in hard bench work,  
Let not a thirst for wealth within him lurk,  
And was enabled to preserve his mind  
So free from care that, when he felt inclined,  
He could with ease bring all his thoughts to bear

On Scripture truths, and each with each compare,  
Or let his fancy take her random flight  
To bring from \_Dreamland\_ some new-coined delight.  
At other times would raise his tuneful voice  
And sing sweet hymns which long had been his choice,  
Or else recite some charming poetry  
With touch of skill and much of energy.  
At times his spouse, too, did her sewing bring,  
And joined harmoniously God's praise to sing.  
Thus mostly passed their time for months and years  
In bliss too great to last, as it appears.  
Meanwhile their debt most honestly was paid,  
By which then prospects were much brighter made.  
Yet gratitude glowed brightly in each heart,  
To him who acted such a friendly part  
As to lend money and then wait for years  
In patience for the payment of arrears.

About this time they visited "The Falls,"  
As business was not urgent in its calls.  
WILLIAM felt joyful in no trifling measure  
With such a wife to share so great a pleasure,  
And gladly spent his money and his time  
To view with her that scenery sublime.  
This jaunt gave both the most heartfelt delight,  
And furnished her the first and only sight  
She ever had of wonders there displayed,  
Which were in Spring's fresh beauty then arrayed.  
They stood and gazed, or sat in shady place,  
With glowing feelings pictured in each face.  
He greatly longed to have a dwelling near,  
That he might oftener view scenes grown so dear.  
But family needs would force themselves on him,  
And those bright visions very soon grew dim.  
Yet he inquiry made of settlers round  
To learn what prospects then might there be found  
Of earning a just living at his trade;  
But this quite threw the project in the shade.  
Then he thought fit to let "well be" alone  
Till clearer light should on the scheme be thrown.  
Hopes next arose that he might yet revisit  
Once every year, with pleasure more exquisite,  
Those grand, unrivalled Falls with her he loved,  
More lovely still now that her love was proved.  
The sequel shows how little we foresee  
Of good or evil in our destiny.  
'Tis right; and this should make us place our trust  
In God, our Father, ever wise and just.  
Since naught can happen without His permission  
Who orders our affairs with wise precision.

At the appointed time they home returned,  
While love for it more strongly in them burned.  
One Winter and two Summers now had passed  
Since a fine boy upon their care was cast.  
Again stern winter came, with cloudy skies  
And howling blasts like some fell demon cries.  
Dark, chill November had been ushered in,  
With much of elemental strife and din,



When came another daughter, bright and fair,  
To charm the hearts of that still loving pair.  
The new come love pledge, as time swiftly flew,  
In sweetest bands their souls more closely drew.  
Increasing means more household comforts brought,  
Not greatly coveted if they were sought.  
They asked God day by day for such supplies  
Of worldly blessings as He deemed most wise,  
Took those most thankfully He kindly sent,  
And with their lot, for most part, were content.  
'Tis true that COOPER wished to spend more time  
For the improvement of himself in rhyme,  
But greater duties had a higher claim,  
Neglect of which would bring upon him blame.  
He therefore kept his muse in close subjection,  
And gained God's blessing and most kind protection.  
Yet now and then his pent up feelings broke  
Through all restraint, and his rude harp awoke  
To pour forth numbers with intent to cheer  
Parents or friends, who lent a willing ear  
To his effusions, void of learning's grace,  
But full of feeling, which supplied its place.

Another Spring and Summer passed away,  
Then Autumn, too, and Winter held the sway;  
While January, when half its course was run,  
Brought to our friends a second infant son.  
Two of each kind parental love now claim,  
As sharers of their destiny and name;  
While years of happiness might seem in store  
For, prosperous still, they loved each other more.  
That season was their best in way of trade,  
And thus their prospects wore no darkening shade.

Satan--arch enemy of all mankind--  
Beheld with envy their true peace of mind,  
And most maliciously employed his skill  
To work them woe--defiant of God's will.  
Their worldly property he did not touch,  
For loss of this would not be felt so much  
As trouble with their brethren in the church,  
Severed from whom they might be left in lurch.  
His plan succeeded, as I know too well,  
For some deemed wise were held as by a spell  
In hands of strongest preconceived opinion,  
While Ignorance held them in his dominion.  
WILLIAM had seen this long, and mourned in soul,  
With such emotion as scarce brooked control,  
And, knowing that they held it just and right  
For all to seek increasing Scripture light,  
He, in the search for truth, gave up his mind,  
And was well pleased some few choice pearls to find.  
These lustrous gems he had no wish to hide,  
So held them up to view, and earnest tried  
To lead his brethren to approve their worth;  
But such a course gave to contention birth.  
Nor was it long before occasion came  
For those opposed to lay upon him blame,  
The end of which was that they did him sever

From sweet communion with their church forever!  
Under this blow he tried to bear up well,  
But all he suffered 'twould be hard to tell.  
His spouse and parents with him sympathised  
And broke the bands which each so long had prized.  
Naught now remained for them but to unite  
In holy fellowship with purer light.  
Soon some few other friends who knew their case  
Their humble cause did with much warmth embrace.  
One with our hero labored in the Word  
With what small skill and time he could afford.  
Things went on smoothly for about a year,  
And some success did much their hearts to cheer.  
Ere long, however, troubles unforeseen  
Burst on the little band with shafts so keen  
That WILLIAM'S faith and strength were sorely tried,  
And with his lot he was dissatisfied.  
One of the flock was easily led astray,  
And self-indulgence held him in its sway.  
Two others left because a change of view  
Made several seek to be baptized anew.

Slow passed another very trying year,  
And thick gloom gathered, filling them with fear.  
Our friend was sick from an unquiet mind,  
While Comfort--wonted guest--he failed to find.  
At last his loved, his idolized wife  
In her accouchment left this mortal life.  
Schooled long, he firmly bore this heavy stroke,  
And bowed his head submissive 'neath God's yoke.  
This brought him peace, and his sad muse ere long  
Found utterance in the following mournful song:

#### WILLIAM'S LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED WIFE.

Awake, my harp! give forth in solemn time  
Thy sweetest numbers in harmonious rhyme.  
'Tis time to bid my dormant powers arise,  
Yet I would first dry up my weeping eyes.  
My full charged bosom heaves, and oh, how slow  
Conflicting thoughts in well timed numbers flow.  
Cease, rebel feelings, cease your dreadful strife;  
The theme's my love, the partner of my life.  
Her portrait is before me, and that smile  
Upon her features playing, shows no guile.  
What were thy thoughts, my loved one, on that day  
The artist's skill did our joint forms portray?  
Thou wast not then so foolish as to deem  
An early death a vain or idle dream.  
We oft had converse on that mournful theme,  
As oft looked forward to the solemn day  
When death, grim monster! should tear one away.  
\_I\_ thought my time most surely first would come,  
And \_thou\_, expected'st, first to reach thy home!  
Thus were we apt to number out our days,  
And oft together led to seek God's ways.  
Most unfeigned pleasure did we take in this,  
And gained as fruit sweet tastes of heavenly bliss.

Now, my belov'd one, thou art gone from me  
And our dear little ones! Oh! can it be?  
The sad reality comes o'er my mind.  
Thou'rt gone indeed, and we are left behind.  
Oh for that faith of which thou wast possessed,  
As thy pure spirit strove to gain her rest.  
Oh for that patience which thou didst display  
Beneath our Father's hand to thy last day.  
Methinks that thou art whispering in my ear:  
"Let God's sure promises thy spirit cheer;  
"Remember that our Jesus is the same  
"To all whose trust is in His precious name.  
"A few short days, perchance, or months, or years,  
"May flee away; yet he will still thy fears  
"And bear thee up as if on 'eagle's wings,'  
"Far, far above the reach of earthly things.  
"Remember what thou didst to comfort me;  
"Thou hast God's word, the same it is to thee.  
"Let fervent prayer ascend to God above;  
"He'll deign to listen for He still is love.  
"Rouse then, thy courage, let thy faith be strong,  
"Let Hope, 'an anchor sure,' to thee belong.  
"The time's not distant we again shall meet  
"To part no more. This is a thought most sweet.  
"But yet in patience do thy soul possess,  
"And wait God's time, and then He will thee bless."  
Enough my loved one, I will haste away  
To do my duties without more delay.  
And trust in God who can fresh strength impart  
To me to serve him with a perfect heart.

Here, then, kind reader, I must close my lay,  
As other duties call me now away.  
If you've had patience to go with me through  
My lengthened tale, I bid you warm adieu.  
If my small learning has called forth a sneer,  
Know you from such things I have naught to fear.  
For what is written I have this defense:  
My song at least lacks not for common-sense.

#### WILLIAM AND AMELIA

[Footnote: For the benefit of such readers as are not acquainted with the locality of Lake Windermere, I may say it is the largest lake in England, and lies to the north.]

Near the side of Windermere,  
Down a gentle rising hill,  
Flowed a murmuring brook so clear  
Every portion of the year,  
And no doubt is flowing still.

Hard by stood a small, neat house,  
Tenanted by peasants poor.  
The mother was a loving spouse,

One who never was a blowze,  
But most tidy evermore.

The husband was an honest man  
Working hard on working days,  
Deeming it the wisest plan.  
Each day's labor he began  
By pure prayer to God always.

We shall call them HUMBLEWORTH;  
They such name deserved quite well.  
In that country of the north  
All would speak their praises forth,  
With delight their worth would tell.

Three dear children graced their home,  
Lovely were they in their youth.  
When they chanced in woods to roam,  
Fairies seemed they to become;  
Full their hearts of love and truth.

AMIE, BESS and little ANN  
We their names at present call;  
AMIE'S bloom was richer than  
Any rose which zephyrs fan.  
She had, too, a lovely soul.

BESS was as a lily pale,  
Graceful as a fawn could be.  
She was never very hale,  
Parents' eyes could see her fail,  
And they felt anxiety.

Little ANN, a chubby lass,  
Was the youngest and the pet;  
Friends all thought naught could surpass  
That sweet child in loveliness  
Which they in their lives had met.

I have said that they were poor.  
This was true of worldly things;  
Yet they had an ample store,  
They were skilled in Bible lore;  
And from this sweet comfort springs.

Very close observers might  
Deem them once of higher rank,  
They defrauded of their right,  
But still blest with gospel light,  
Of rich consolation drank.

Near them lived a proud, rich man,  
Wide his lands, but small his heart.  
Of him a report there ran  
That he to be rich began  
Practicing a knavish part.

"GRIPEY" was the name he bore

'Mongst the country people round;  
They could reckon up a score  
Of vile actions, if not more,  
And from these this name they found.

Call I him "SIR FINGERNEED,"  
Such a name is more genteel;  
Had he done one worthy deed  
I would not withhold the meed  
Of sweet praise I truly feel.

He had but an only son,  
WILLIAM was his given name;  
He to love had not begun,  
Yet at times he liked to run  
In the woods when AMIE came.

There for her he'd try to find  
Hazel nuts and berries, too.  
Thus he showed his heart was kind--  
That he had no churlish mind  
When such actions he could do.

Time flew past; poor BESSIE lay--  
On her humble dying bed.  
Parents now beside her pray,  
AMIE watches her by day--  
Moving round with softest tread.

WILLIAM oft some dainty brought  
To her by his mother sent,  
And returned with sober thought,  
Musing as each mortal ought  
On a death-bed scene intent.

He had heard fair AMIE speak  
Of a place above the sky,  
Where dear BESS with spirit meek  
Would be taken, though so weak,  
If at present she should die.

Now he reaches that fine place  
Where he and his parents live.  
Marks of sadness on his face  
Make his father wish to trace  
What could him such trouble give.

WILLIAM, not inclined to guile,  
Did the truth at once disclose.  
This creates a scornful smile  
On that rich man's face the while,  
Then unto his wife he goes,

And in stern and angry mood  
Asks her why she sent the boy;  
Did she call that doing good  
Sending one of gentler blood,

Just to watch a cottar die?

He no reasons deigns to hear,  
Bids the boy not go again.  
WILLIAM drops a silent tear  
While his parent still is near,  
Yet strict silence does maintain.

BESS has left this earthly scene,  
Sorrow therefore fills that home.  
They have to the churchyard been,  
And its clods are now between  
Them and charming BESSIE'S form.

They were not alone in grief,  
WILLIAM sorrowed much at heart,  
Knew not yet the saint's belief,  
And most slowly came relief  
To remove from him his smart.

Those who seek to curb the mind  
Of their offspring in their youth,  
Should show reason why they bind,  
Clothed in language very kind,  
Lest they tempt them from the truth.

Soon the youth began to feel  
Galled by most unjust restraint,  
And did oft in secret steal  
To enquire of AMIE'S weal,  
And to her would make complaint.

Then she told her father all.  
Calm but firm was his reply:--  
"WILLIAM shall no longer call;  
Some great ill might him befall,  
And he must himself deny."

This AMELIA saw was right  
And informed the gentle boy.  
Tears bedimmed his eyes that night  
For the loss of his delight,  
Which would all his peace destroy.

Said he now, "I will refrain  
From my visits, AMIE dear,  
If you'll true to me remain  
Till I can consent obtain  
From my father, whom I fear."

AMIE blushed, her word did pledge.  
WILLIAM snatched a parting kiss  
As he swiftly climbs the hedge,  
Fairest dreams his mind engage  
For he tastes of lovers' bliss.

Pass we o'er five tedious years.  
Years which saw great changes come  
To some thousands in all spheres,  
Raised by hopes or sunk by fears,  
Now alive, or in the tomb

WILLIAM had just come from school  
Summoned to his father's bed  
On an Autumn evening cool.  
Now dread thoughts began to rule  
Him who lay just like the dead.

Why that start, that vacant stare?  
Does he know his son is by?  
Guilty conscience who can bear?  
Hope shut out or blank Despair,  
When one's latter end is nigh?

Stood the youth with tearful eyes  
Fixed upon the dying man.  
He would speak, but when he tries  
His young soul within him dies  
As he views that face so wan.

Speaks the father now at last,  
"WILLIAM, listen to my tale.  
I through dreadful crime have passed,  
But while life is ebbing fast  
Now to you I would unveil

"My base heart, if yet I may  
In some measure crime atone.  
It is thirty years this day  
Since a \_Will\_ I made away,  
To gain riches not my own.

"Him I wronged is HUMBLEWORTH,  
Long a neighbor near this house:  
His my wealth by right of birth;  
All I own upon this earth  
Is my family--and disgrace.

"I would make amends to him,  
But grim death now shakes his dart;  
Breathing fails me, eyes grow dim,  
Spectres 'fore my vision skim,  
And with terrors fill my heart.

"List, my son, your's be the task,  
When I'm past this earthly scene,  
Pardon for my sin to ask,  
My vile conduct to unmask,  
And make known what I have been.

"But, my boy, in pity spare,  
Spare your mother's feelings dear.  
Warning take, from me, nor dare  
Sport with sin; of that beware,

For great danger lurketh near.

"I more would say, but now again  
Death's strong fetters bind my tongue."  
Soon his struggles are in vain;  
WILLIAM'S heart is wrung with pain,  
And his nerves are all unstrung.

Startling groans break on his ear  
Now that ill-spent life has fled.  
WILLIAM sees his mother near  
And attempts her heart to cheer,  
As she sinks upon the bed.

Seems this stroke too hard to bear.  
In the lack of Christian hope,  
Her weak heart from grief and care  
Droops too soon to dire despair;  
With such foe she cannot cope.

Now the youth feels greatest need  
To curb well his ardent grief,  
Calls he loud for help with speed.  
His commands the servants heed,  
They obey his mandates brief.

First the mistress they convey  
To her room and lay her down.  
There would WILLIAM with her stay,  
But he could not brook delay  
Till his father's crime he own.

Goes he to the house once more  
Where his dear AMELIA lives.  
With a heart most truly sore,  
Reaches he the cottage door,  
Knocks; no one admittance gives.

Why is all so still around?  
This place they did occupy!  
"Where can HUMBLEWORTHS be found?"  
Asks he loud, nor heeds the sound  
Of man's footsteps passing by.

Turns the man in haste his head  
And the youth does recognize,  
Tells him, "In the lake's clean bed  
Some one found poor AMIE dead!"  
And that thitherward he hies.

This like thrust of dagger came,  
Near depriving him of sense.  
In his breast's a raging flame,  
Calls he AMIE'S lovely name  
As he rushes o'er the fence.

Down toward the deep lake's side  
Flies he now with greatest speed.  
Forms among the bushes glide,



Sorely is the lover tried  
In this saddest hour of need.

Who can paint his grief of mind  
As the lifeless form he views?  
Vainly strives he peace to find,  
This stroke seems the most unkind;  
He all comfort does refuse.

AMIE'S face has lost its bloom,  
Though her countenance is fair.  
Little ANN within the room  
Deeply shares the general gloom,  
In a dim lit corner there.

Some make efforts to restore  
That sweet girl they loved so well.  
Too long time elapsed before  
Her dear form was drawn to shore.  
Death has cast o'er her his spell.

Women kind now lay her out,  
In pure white her corpse invest.  
WILLIAM then, by nature taught,  
With poetic feeling fraught,  
This warm song to her addressed:

#### SONG TO AMELIA.

Still like to Luna wading,  
Beneath yon silvery cloud,  
Thy beauties are unfading,  
Though mantled in a shroud.

As thou in death art lying,  
Thy lovely form I view,  
And ask if aught in dying  
Has made thy charms seem new.

Say, wert thou conscious ever  
That I to thee was true?  
That naught but death could sever  
The bond 'twixt me and you?

I came with heart nigh bursting  
From thee to get relief.  
My very soul was thirsting  
To let thee share its grief.

And now this stroke has fallen  
Like thunderbolt on me,  
And my poor heart is swollen  
With saddest misery.

Oh, where can I be flying  
For strength and succor now?  
If there were hope in dying,  
I soon to death would bow.

But now my duty strongly  
Bids me my task fulfil;  
Thy family suffered wrongly,  
To right them I've the will.

And then I would be leaving  
Each bitter scene of woe,  
Haply my loss retrieving,  
If that can be below.

Thou wert to me oft speaking  
Of God's sweet place of Rest,  
I would that place be seeking,  
To be with thee most blest.

Farewell, my young life's charmer,  
A long, a last farewell;  
I feel my heart grow warmer  
As on thy love I dwell.

Calls he HUMBLEWORTH aside,  
Speaks to him with faltering tongue:  
"Father's sin I dare not hide;  
Me he bade before he died,  
Soon redress your grievous wrong.

"He destroyed your uncle's \_will\_,  
When you were a little boy,  
And did not his part fulfil  
As your proper guardian still,  
Losing peace of mind and joy.

"I'm prepared to give a \_deed\_  
To you of that large estate,  
But I strongly intercede  
For my mother in her need,  
In her sad affliction great."

"My dear friend," the good man said,  
"Let some time now pass away.  
I am not of you afraid,  
His command you have obeyed,  
Let us talk some other day.

"Go, my boy, and cheer the heart  
Of your mother, still my friend;  
See, I bid you now depart,  
Lest delay increase her smart;  
I will soon to it attend.

"Learn to place in Christ your trust;  
Seek for pardon through His blood.  
God alone can keep you just,  
For we are at best but dust;  
Naught have we ourselves of good."

WILLIAM hastens to the Hall

With a somewhat easier mind.  
Fearing that it might appal  
Mother's heart, he tells not all  
That befel their friends so kind.

Now an inquest has been held  
O'er AMELIA'S corpse so fair,  
Tears have from their fountains welled,  
Grief immoderate has been quelled,  
Which has brought of peace a share.

Now arrangements have been made  
Suiting all who are concerned.  
HUMBLEWORTHS such love displayed,  
As proved all that I have said,  
Showing in whose school they learned.

To the Hall, as theirs of right,  
All the family removed;  
And they strove with all their might  
To make the widow's burden light,  
For she was by them, beloved.

As assistant on the farm  
WILLIAM proved of greatest use.  
With a heart both young and warm,  
He soon found that ANNIE'S charm  
For lost time was some excuse.

Why should I prolong this tale?  
All my object may divine.  
Christian love will still prevail  
O'er its foes when they assail,  
And it will forever shine.

## MY GARDEN

I have a little garden plot,  
'Tis very small indeed;  
But yet it is a pleasant spot,  
And plenty large enough, I wot,  
When out-door work I need.

Two woodbines flourish at my door,  
And climb above its porch;  
One yields of grateful scent a store,  
One flowers till all the summer's o'er  
And winter days approach.

And o'er the walls grape vines are spread,  
Which bring delicious fruit;  
These also sweetest odors shed,  
And please my senses till I'm led  
To hold them in repute.

And then I have of peach trees three,  
Which have begun to bear,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight to see  
My somewhat numerous family  
All eager for a share.

Three apple trees I next would name,  
Though fruit they ne'er gave me;  
For this their tender age I blame,  
And other cause I cannot name,  
And so I wait to see.

Some berry trees I also boast,  
And these of different kinds.  
Of flowering shrubs I have a host,  
Which did in cash and labor cost  
What might affright some minds.

Four kinds of lilac here are grown,  
One double flowering cherry,  
And weeping \_ditto\_, not much known;  
Eight different sorts of rose I own,  
And shrub that yields \_snowberry\_.

Of lily yea, and crocus, too,  
I've some varieties,  
And monkshood, pinks, and violets blue,  
Of double almonds not a few,  
With two kinds of peonies.

Some polyanthus and foxglove,  
Sea-pinks, and columbine,  
Sweet-scented tulips, which I love,  
Whose beauty has e'en power to move  
A heart less fond than mine.

The daisy and sunflower tall,  
Present a contrast great;  
One like to him who, proud in soul,  
Expects his fellow men to fall  
Submissive at his feet.

The other, like true modesty,  
Scarce lifts its lovely head  
Lest you its secret charms should see--  
Just like a lovely maid, when she  
Is to vain-glory dead.

Sweet-briar and sweet-william claim  
A notice from my pen,  
For each of these can boast of fame;--  
Are better known than my poor name  
Among the race of men.

My hollyhocks and lichens fine,  
Spread out their charms to view,  
And other pretty flowers are mine--  
To speak whose praises I incline,  
If but their names I knew.

Of annuals I have but few,  
That fact I fully grant;  
Yet I have larkspur, pink and blue,  
And double poppies of rich hue.  
To serve me while the summer's new  
I've beds of rhubarb plant.

Some household herbs and fragrant thyme,  
With lettuce, sage, and mint,  
Complete my stock; but had I time  
A lingering lesson swells my rhyme  
With many a moral hint.

That as we rear in summer's glow.  
Herbs, fruits and flowerets fair,  
So may we in our natures grow  
Sweet flowers that may hereafter blow  
In Heaven's serener air.

#### The Inebriate's Daughter's Appeal to Her Father.

One frosty night in bright moonlight,  
I left my cheerful home;  
My thoughts were such I cared not much  
Which way I chanced to roam.  
With firmest tread my way I thread  
Through many a winding street  
When drunkard's voice in tones not choice,  
My startled ear did meet.

He cursed a girl whose hair in curl  
Bespoke a tidy mother;  
Whose clothes, though plain, wore not a stain,  
Yet grief her words did smother  
Her beauteous eyes told then no lies  
While she looked at the man.  
As nature brought the words she sought,  
She this appeal began:

"Oh, father, leave this wretched place,  
And hasten home with me;  
For mother and the darling babe  
Are in sad misery!  
They have not tasted any food  
Since morn of yesterday.  
Yet you should hear that mother dear  
For blessings on you pray.

"For when she prays aloud for you,  
Her tears they flow apace,  
And deepest crimson doth suffuse  
Her ever lovely face.  
She says that she must leave us all  
Before 'tis very long,

To go to yonder Heaven above,  
And join in Angel's song.

"And when she looks at our dear babe  
Her tears flow forth again;  
Yet never does she, father dear,  
In words of you complain,  
But says that she will try to make  
A happy home for you.  
Come ill, come well, whate'er betide,  
She'll loving be and true.

"O, father, hasten with me, then,  
Before my mother die!  
When I left home, your charming boy  
Most piteously did cry;  
It would have moved a heart of stone  
To see the tears he shed;  
His shrieks make worse the dreadful pain  
In mother's throbbing head!"

The drunkard stood in solemn mood,  
In riveted attention.  
This strong appeal did make him feel  
Most serious apprehension.  
He took the hand of maiden bland,  
And hastened fast away;  
Nor turned his face on that dread place  
Which had made him its prey.

They reached the house where that dear spouse  
Was breathing out her soul.  
From sense of sin he rushes in,  
Nor could himself control.  
Upon his knees in agonies  
He cries aloud, "My wife,  
Do speak to me, for I will be  
A husband, dear, through life!"

No voice there came; the vital flame  
Had fled, of child and mother.  
He could not stay, so turned away,  
With look that made me shudder.  
That little girl with hair in curl  
At last to him doth speak:  
"My father dear, your heart I'll cheer,  
And blessings for you seek.

"How We must pray, she taught the way  
Who now has gone to bliss.  
Nor would I be the least degree  
In duty found remiss."  
Her artless strain made him refrain  
From purposes most foul.  
In after years she calmed his fears,  
And saved at last his soul.

To the Children in Mrs. Day's School.

1853.

My dearest children, do you know  
That best of all things here below,  
And knowing, you should always show  
    To one another  
Which when received doth warm the breast,  
To troubled souls imparts sweet rest,  
And makes each near connection blest--  
    Of friend or brother.

This precious thing has power to melt  
Man's stubborn heart, as I have felt,  
Subdue all sins that ever dwelt  
    In men benighted.  
If o'er this world 'twere shed abroad,  
The soldier soon might sheathe his sword,  
And God alone would be adored,  
    And all things righted.

What is this thing of which I speak?  
It can be found by those who seek,  
With willing mind and spirit meek,  
    Intent on finding.  
It has its origin above,  
More beauteous is than any dove;  
Those who have felt it know 'tis Love,  
    And well worth minding.

Where was this love most clearly seen  
My children you can tell, I ween.  
The truth both old and young may glean  
    From Scripture's pages.  
For there we read that Jesus came  
To suffer death, endure the shame,  
That he might free us from all blame,  
    Throughout all ages.

SONG TO BRANTFORD.

1854.

\_Air\_--"AULD LANG SYNE."

Thou lovely town in which I dwell,  
    My own adopted place,  
In verse I would most gladly tell

    The pleasures which I trace,

As back I look through all the years  
    Which o'er my head have passed,

Since I began, with many fears,  
My hopes on thee to cast.

For that support which, under God,  
I have from thee obtained.  
Now through life's journey I would plod,  
With gratitude unfeigned.

When I at first began my trade,  
I was not worth a cent.  
That small commencement then I made  
With money to me lent

By one whose name I fain would tell,  
If he would give consent.  
On love like this I'll fondly dwell,  
Till my poor life be spent.

His kindness set me first afloat  
In business and its cares,  
And thy inhabitants have bought  
My humble, shining wares.

So that my needs have been supplied,  
And a most ample share  
Of true home sweets I have enjoyed,  
Such as are far too rare.

But yet I have had sorrows too,  
Sent by my Father kind,  
To make me think, and say and do  
All he in love designed.

And now I candidly declare,  
I would not if I could,  
Have altered my sweet bill of fare,  
It has been all so good.

Our eight dear children growing up,  
My wife and I behold,  
And quaff such, pleasures from life's cup  
As none can get from gold.

And whence does such pure pleasure come?  
I answer, from the Lord.  
His presence cheers our humble home,  
And we can well afford

To praise and glorify His name,  
While we do here remain;  
And be content to suffer shame,  
If but the Crown we gain.

TO ELIHU BURRITT AFTER LISTENING TO HIS LECTURE ON  
"COMMERCE,"



DEC. 26, 1857.

[Footnote: It affords me much pleasure to be able to say that after presenting these verses to Mr. Burritt he was kind enough to call on me at my house, and expressed himself pleased with them.]

DEAR SIR:--

Pray deem it not presumptuous in me  
To give expression thus to what I felt  
Last night, while listening to the poetry  
In your discourse, as you on Commerce dwelt.

I know not if you ever wrote a rhyme,  
Or framed your thoughts in a well measured line;  
But sure I am your language so sublime,  
Shows you possess a deep, poetic mine.

I listened with attention most profound,  
As did the audience that before you sat,  
Feeling as if I was on holy ground;  
Which in my mind deep reverence begat.

And O, when you led us in spirit back  
To Eden's God-formed, most delightful bowers.  
Ere our great parents had endured the rack  
Of sin-struck consciences among her flowers,

I almost fancied that I heard the birds  
Warbling melodiously the praise of God;  
While sinless man in soul-enraptured words,  
Responded as he pressed the flowery sod.

And when Sin came, as with hot furnace-breath,  
To blast the loveliness of all around,  
And our progenitors first tasted death  
With consciousness that they were naked found,

You did portray the scene so vividly,  
Of their rude efforts at an uncouth dress,  
That tears of pity from strong sympathy  
Bedimmed my eyes to see their great distress.

And when you showed how God with skillful hand  
Employed Himself to make them coats of skin,  
I saw mechanic skill take higher stand  
From this divine and early origin.

And O, I thought this fact should ever lead  
Artificers to strive and manage well  
Their several crafts; and show by word and deed  
Their love to him who does in glory dwell.

Then, as I watched the progress made by Art,  
And peaceful Commerce coming by degrees,  
I felt it was your mission to impart  
To this war-ravaged world such views as these.

My gladsome soul did to such views respond,  
And utterance found before my God in prayer.  
Hence caught fresh glimpses of the time beyond  
The present age, which shall such glory share.

Go on, great champion of the Good and True,  
Spread wide the messages of dove-eyed Peace,  
And may God's richest blessing flow to you  
Where'er you are, until your labors cease!

TO A VIOLET. FOUND BLOOMING IN MY GARDEN IN DECEMBER,  
1859.

Beauteous, variegated flower,  
That with courageous mien,  
Not heeding much stern Winter's power,  
Hast let thy face be seen  
At such a season, and amid such dearth  
Of vernal beauty, I would bid thee hail;  
For charms like thine to me have wond'rous worth,  
When Summer's comforts fail.

I had not thought to see a gem  
Like thee, as fresh and fair  
As ever graced a diadem,  
Bloom in the open air  
After such killing frost as we have had;  
And when grim Winter had his ice bolts hurled  
With double vengeance, prematurely mad  
As though to chill the world.

Still thou art here in loveliness,  
But lacking Spring-time's scent,  
And seeming in thy charming dress,  
With thy lone lot content.  
The while that other plants are dead to sight,  
And waiting patiently for Spring's approach,  
When King Frost's forces shall have ta'en their flight,  
Chased by Sol's glorious torch.

But now I bid a warm adieu,  
And place this in a book  
Where I can bring thee fresh to view.  
When'er I choose to look.  
Regretting only that I tore away  
Thee from my garden bed, where thy sweet face  
Lit up with smiles that nook, and made it gay,  
As by a sunbeam's trace.

EMMA, THE TINKER'S DAUGHTER;  
OR, THE BENEFITS OF SABBATH SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

1854.

In a wretched, narrow street of an old English town,  
A roving tinker lived; one who would often drown  
Of Virtue every trace, by drinking much strong beer;  
Oft mixing in a fight, a stranger to all fear.

Right before his door-step, mud did the gutter fill;  
And once to cleanse it out he never had the will.  
The windows of his house with patch-work were supplied,  
And all within the door by coal-smoke well was dyed.

In such a place as this, we would not hope to find  
One of the human race with pure and noble mind;  
Yet one indeed there was, whom we shall \_Emma\_ call--  
Most beautiful her face, most lovely in her soul.

She was the only child of that sin-hardened man--  
Her sainted mother died as her tenth year began;  
The father brutal seemed to all the World around,  
Yet never with his girl was he in anger found.'

And much his kindness told upon her gentle heart;  
It soothed her childish grief, and made her act her part.  
The lessons she had learned before her mother died,  
Were now of greatest use, for she was sorely tried.

And when her father went to stay a week away,  
She read her Bible oft, and cared not much for play;  
But, feeling ill at ease, with dirt within and out  
She whitewashed all the rooms; of this you need not doubt.

The gutter still remained, just in its former state;  
That she could not mend, so left it to its fate.  
But now she scrubbed the floors, and waited patiently,  
Till came her father home, who smiled the change to see.

His feelings were roused up when he viewed the comforts round,  
And wondered where the child could so much skill have found?  
Then clasped her in his arms--felt now inclined to be  
More worthy of his girl, and work right steadily.

About this time there came a Sabbath visitor,  
Who had got youths to school, but wanted many more.  
The tinker angry sat, nor asked the man within;  
Said, "Emma read her Book, and did not live in sin."

But she, quite conscience-struck, said, "Father, you're not right,  
We all great sinners are, in God's most holy sight;  
My Bible tells me this--I'm sure it speaks the truth;  
Please let me go to school, while I am yet a youth!"

This unexpected thrust went to his parent-heart;  
Yet still he did not like with his dear girl to part;  
But bid the man sit down, and tell him what was taught  
In these same Sabbath Schools, of which he had not thought.

This friend was nothing loath; he sought the good of souls--

Had tasted Jesus' love, which selfishness controls;  
So told how many folks, by best of motives led,  
Gave their own pleasure up, and taught the young instead.

'Mongst these were often found some great in rank and wealth,  
Who loved the cause so well, they did it not by stealth;  
But honor counted it to teach in Sunday School,  
And thus to square their lives by their dear Savior's Rule.

The tinker was surprised to hear such news as this;  
He thought that all fine folks were full of selfishness;  
But, if it all was true, the girl at once might go--  
Whatever good she got, she soon that good would show.

Then Emma threw her arms around his neck, and said,  
"Dear father, for your love you shall be well repaid;  
When I come home from school, I'll tell you all I learn,  
Then the good of Sabbath Schools you may soon discern."

She asked the man to tell where she would have to go;  
Who said, "My little girl, 'tis there, in \_Union Row\_;  
In that large, lofty house; the time is half-past two."  
This heard, forth Emma went, and made no more ado.

The father, when alone, sat long time lost in thought,  
Then took the Bible up, and through its pages sought;  
He wished to see himself if all they said was true;  
But little progress made--such work to him was new.

Soon came his bright-eyed girl, with face like rose in June,  
Who told of hymns they sung, and of each pretty tune;  
What chapters there were read--the questions asked she told--  
What prayers were offered up, both for the young and old.

She said her teacher was a lady very grand,  
Who, when she first went in, most kindly took her hand,  
And led her to a seat where she herself sat down,  
Nor seemed afraid to crush her beautiful silk gown.

The tinker heard it all, and wondered in his mind  
How gentlefolks could be so very good and kind;  
And promised her she should next Sabbath go again,  
But wished that she would now her former words explain.

His conscience told him oft that he was far from right,  
That he had wicked been, in sinning against light;  
Oh, was there then no hope that he should yet be saved?  
This thought was hard to bear, and could not well be braved.

Then Emma meekly spoke, and told him all she knew;  
And searched the Bible's page, to prove her words were true.  
This was an easy task, for there 'twas clearly seen  
How men, because of sin, by God condemned had been.

He found this prove as gall, and felt so much distressed,  
By day he could not work, at night obtained no rest.  
Before the week was gone he, almost in despair,  
Went forth into the woods, and wandered here and there.

When Sunday came at last, he hailed it with more joy  
Than he had done before, and did its hours employ  
In poring o'er that Book which had so roused his fears--  
When Emma went to school his eyes were full of tears.

So strongly on her mind was his sad state impressed,  
She to her teacher flew, and thus herself expressed:  
"O, Madam, please to tell what sinners great must do,  
When they, because of sin, feel quite pierced through and through?"

"My father, all the week, not worked, nor ate, nor slept;  
But seemed much like a man who was of sense bereft.  
Oh, speak, dear lady, speak! for surely he will die  
Unless he soon can learn which way he is to fly!"

With pity in her eyes, the lady kindly took  
The humble, loving girl, whose frame with terror shook,  
And placed her in a seat, and whispered in her ear  
That Jesus came to save poor sinners filled with fear.

She told her how He was both God and Man in one--  
The Lord of Heaven and Earth, yet God's beloved Son;  
That He for sinners died, just out of purest love,  
And on the third day rose, and went again above;

But sent His Spirit down to work upon our hearts,  
Through His blest Word of Truth, sent to our inward parts;  
And says in that same word--the Bible you have read--  
That all who do believe are saved, because he bled!

She further kindly said, "Wait now till school is done,  
And I will go with you--so much my love you've won."  
Then Emma dried her tears, and with a pleasant face,  
Amongst the other girls she quickly took her place.

Again, from portions read, the teachers questions ask;  
They strove to work from love, and felt it was no task;  
Once more sweet hymns were sung which suited Emma's case,  
And prayer from all arose up to the Throne of Grace.

The truth that Emma heard went home into her soul,  
And joyful feelings rose which she could scarce control.  
The pleasant service o'er, the teacher with her went  
Into that filthy street, nor thought her time misspent.

They entered soon the house; the wretched man was found  
Nigh overwhelmed with grief, and waiting for the sound  
Of news, which, as he thought, his darling girl would bring;  
But at this proof of love his tears afresh did spring.

He truly felt ashamed that one like she should come,  
To try to do him good, in his most wretched home;  
The lady told him soon what she might do for such  
Was done for Jesus' sake, which did his feelings touch.

She then sat meekly down, and in a heavenly frame,  
Told him how Jesus Christ a Sacrifice became;  
How sinners of all ranks, by Faith, might be forgiven--  
Be saved from sin and hell, and go, at last, to Heaven!

The Lord her labors blessed--they both believed the Word--  
And thus it did appear the prayer of Faith was heard.  
For such a state of things had Emma's mother prayed,  
And she had her request, though for a time delayed.

The tinker, now reclaimed by God's almighty power,  
His business still pursued, nor lost a single hour;  
On Sabbath went to Church, with his neat, pretty maid,  
And in temptations strong received the Savior's aid.

Then, feeling that the place where they were living now,  
Was not the place at all for Faith and Love to grow,  
He took a small, neat house, just outside of the town,  
And, for a proper life, gained from the good, renown.

In time dear Emma came to be a teacher, too,  
And God did her employ much lasting good to do.  
Her father, in due time, was taken to his rest,  
And she, with loving man, as a wife was truly blest.

I might prolong my tale, but quite enough is told,  
To show that Christian Love is better far than gold;  
That those who wish to be most happy here below,  
Must strive with all their might the Savior well to know.

TO MY FATHER  
SUPPOSED TO BE DYING--SEPTEMBER, 1841.

My dear, afflicted parent! Ere thine eyes  
Are closed in death, accept this tribute due  
From one who is allied by Nature's ties,  
And ties which firmer bind both me and you.

My strain is humble, and my muse is rude,  
Yet you my lay will now be pleased to hear.  
Deem it not vain in me thus to intrude  
My unlearned warblings on your dying ear.

'Tis not a thirst for fame that bids me wake  
My youthful harp, and strike its solemn chords;  
But 'tis the strong desire, for your dear sake,  
I feel to treasure up your dying words.

Then come, my Muse; O, condescend to aid  
My feeble efforts, while I touch this theme;  
Ev'n thou who hoverest now o'er COWPER'S, shade--  
Thou Source of Truth! and, with enlightening beam,

Remove the film that does becloud the eye  
Of my dark understanding while I sing;  
O, guide my trembling fingers, for I'll try  
To tune my harp, and touch its every string.

Say now, what was that sound which caught my ear,  
While I sat mute upon my father's bed

A sound so sweet it did my spirit cheer,  
And made me muse, by contemplation led.

It was the triumph of that holy man--  
His deathbed song, in view of yonder heaven  
And as he spoke--till then his face was wan--  
A brightened countenance was to him given.

"I have a glorious prospect now in sight!"  
He said, then raised his voice--"'Tis through the blood  
Of Jesus Christ; it fills me with delight,  
And makes me long to cross dark Jordan's flood!"

But then, as if his words might be construed  
To be impatient, he serenely said,  
"Let not my language now be wrongly viewed;  
I wait God's will--on Him my soul is stayed."

He still continued, "Though my suffering's great,  
My strength has been quite equal to my day;  
God's love to me indeed is very great,  
Nor will I murmur though He still delay.

"I reckon all the sufferings of this time  
As nothing, when compared with heavenly things!"  
He ceased, and left me this to pen in rhyme,  
And ponder o'er, when he in Glory sings.

I stood; my eyes were fixed upon that face  
Which oft had worn a smile for me, his son;  
In retrospect, I then began to trace  
The many acts of kindness he had done.

Well I remember--though he was but poor--  
How ardently he wished to have me taught  
At least to read and write, if nothing more;  
My interest to advance was what he sought.

And, aided by a frugal partner's care,  
He furnished was with means to gain his end;  
Most careful still, they always had to spare  
To purchase books which might assistance lend.

Great pleasure then they took to hear me read  
The Bible's sacred page; though I, averse  
To what was good, would rather have been freed;  
And they were grieved to have me to coerce.

I then knew not the value of that Book  
Which, since that time, I have so precious found;  
And my perverse young temper would not brook  
Restraint, though it did much their feelings, wound.

They persevered in pointing out to me  
The dangerous path that I was treading in;  
At last, it pleased the Lord to let me see  
How dreadful was the nature of my sin.

What joy then filled thy bosom, father dear

Thou, too, my mother, didst express delight,  
That I was brought to lend a listening ear  
To Jesus' voice, and with his soldiers fight.

But ere that time, what pleasure it did give  
To hear the warbling of my youthful Muse;  
It made you wish that you might only live  
To see the day when I would not refuse

To sing of Love omnipotent, Divine!  
Such love as Jesus bore to wretched man!  
And, aided by the truth which clean doth shine  
Shout forth aloud Redemption's finished plan.

For seven long years we have united been  
Within a Church, in fellowship and love;  
And in that time how often have we seen  
Afflictions sent, dire evils to remove.

Let all now left, in gratitude to God--  
In meek submission to His sacred will--  
Both praise and bless His name! then kiss the rod:  
This will our souls with consolation fill!

#### ODE TO PEACE

Come, dove-eyed peace-offspring of heaven, descend;  
Thy calm, sweet influence do thou me lend;  
Dispel the gloom that broods upon my mind;  
Bid melancholy flee; make me resigned  
To bear with patience and submission due  
The will of God; and still my mind imbue  
With reverential awe and just regard  
For all his ways, as taught in his blest word.  
Yes, thou sweet Peace, whom, when the Savior great  
Had nearly closed sojourn in earthly state,  
He gave as his last legacy to those  
His dearest friends, who from mankind he chose,  
In those dear words, "Peace now I leave with you,  
My peace I give; you soon shall prove it true.  
Not as the world its boasted treasure gives,  
'Tis of my grace to each one who believes.  
Let not your hearts be troubled, then, nor fear,  
The Comforter--the Holy Ghost--is near.  
And, when I shall to yonder heaven ascend,  
Him, with His vast, rich blessings, I will send."

Not only these this gracious boon enjoyed,  
But Saints before that time, pure, unalloyed,  
And blissful peace within their breasts possessed,  
Both in dread dangers and when much oppressed.  
Adam, our great progenitor, received  
With Eve, his wife, this gift, which much relieved  
Their guilty minds. It was the promise great  
Made to them while in their most abject state,



"That their illustrious Seed should bruise the head  
Of the Arch Tempter, in their room and stead,"  
Which wrought the change produced in their sad minds,  
And soon bid flee that slavish fear which blinds  
The eyes of mortals; gave them soon to see,  
"Though the offense was great the gift was free,"  
And would extend unto their progeny.  
O blissful change! from dark foreboding fear,  
A wounded conscience, and Hell's prospects drear,  
To joy unspeakable and purest peace,  
Which once received were never more to cease.  
A prophet said--the prophet was a man  
Who did enjoy that peace which only can  
Flow from one source--God's own redemption plan--  
"Mark well the perfect man; behold the upright,  
Whose death so precious is in Jesus' sight;  
His end is peace." He goes down to the shade  
Of death's dark valley, and is not afraid  
To come within the precincts of the grave,  
Well knowing Christ is ever near to save.

Deluded Balaam also sweetly sung,  
In words of solemn grandeur, bold and strong,  
The happiness which Israel through his tribes  
Enjoyed beneath God's care. Not Balak's bribes  
Nor vain enchantments, with their altars reared,  
Nor bleeding victims sacrificed, appeared  
To move their God from blessing them to curse  
His chosen people, oft to God averse.  
Well Balaam knew that if he were to die  
"Their God was not a man that he should lie."  
He bated Truth, but was constrained to sing  
Of their blest state beneath God's fostering wing.  
And when he sang the latter end of such  
His harp gave tones as though from Seraph's touch  
He sang aloud their bliss, not did he cease  
Till all the hills re-echoed sweetly "Peace."  
Nor could refrain from envy when he viewed  
Jehovah's covenant of Peace renewed;  
But breaking forth in rapture loud did cry  
"O let me die the death the Righteous die!  
Let my last end be only like to his  
Whom God dost bless with thee, delightful Peace!"  
Even I, who write this simple Ode to thee,  
Have felt thy thrice bless'd influence on me;  
And feeling fresh the vigor thou dost give,  
Would gladly trace thy merits while I live;  
Would fain enumerate the mighty host  
Of those who've had pure peace of mind to boast;  
But ah, how great the sum! even time would fail  
Or if to gain its aid I could prevail,  
My powers of mind would fail to set them forth  
As they appear in Scripture; yet 'tis worth  
The little time which I can freely spare  
To choose a few from many that are there.  
The pleasure it affords would well repay  
The labor needed, if I spent the day.

Behold that holy man who, strong in faith,

Lends an obedient ear to what God saith.  
See, when the Lord his strength of faith would test,  
How quickly he obeys the high behest.  
The task indeed was great, but he, possessed  
Of peace of mind, was always quite at rest.  
Yes, though his Isaac dear was doomed to die,  
No murmuring escaped his lips, and why?  
He knew that God had promised him to bless  
With numerous progeny, and nothing less.  
He felt assured that from this very seed--  
His darling son--ere long was to proceed  
So vast a host that if the stars but could  
By man be numbered, then his offspring would.  
And forth from them was Christ the Lord to come,  
The Refuge of his Saints, to lead them home.  
And Abraham knowing this ne'er sought release  
From God's sweet service, and his end was peace.

Now mark his son. He in the shining track  
His father trode, sincerely walked; no lack  
Had he of the great blessings which from thee  
Flow in such rich profusion, but did see  
By eye of Inspiration what God said  
Was soon to be fulfilled. Then he was laid  
Beside his father, and his end was peace.

Jacob, his youngest son, Supplanter named,  
Parent of Patriarchs so greatly famed,  
Found too that peace of mind was always sweet  
When he sojourned with Laban in retreat.  
What was it, I would ask, which made him bear  
The heat by day and midnight's frosty air?  
The loss of cattle stolen from his hands?  
Such churlish conduct, and such harsh commands?  
With loss of sleep, and wages changed ten times,  
And twenty rigorous years in wasting climes?  
What was it then, I ask, but peace of mind  
Arising from the thought that God was kind  
And ever faithful, and would soon fulfill  
His promise made, to be his Guardian still!  
He had sore trials, yet with great avail  
He wrestled with his God and did prevail.

Joseph, his son, beloved above the rest,  
Felt soothing peace within his youthful breast.  
His is an history that as a child  
I loved to ponder, and to mark how mild  
And affable his conduct, yet how great.  
The bitterest envy joined, with fiercest hate,  
The brethren hare toward the godly youth  
Who trode the path of rectitude and truth,  
That they in spite of his prophetic dreams,  
Disposed of him, and, as they thought, the themes  
His soul dwelt much upon, by banishment.  
Straitway to distant Egypt he was sent,  
While they, with strange feigned tale, now homeward came,  
And vainly thought to clear themselves from blame  
By falsehood foul and black hypocrisy  
Before their unsuspecting father. He

Their lies believed and mourned his much-loved son  
In tears of anguish, whom he thought undone.

Meanwhile the youth, directed by his God,  
In journey with the Ishmaelites did plod  
His weary way to Egypt. He arrived  
Possessed of peace of mind, nor could be bribed  
To part with this, his only treasure left  
Save sweet reflection, when he was bereft  
By his hard brethren of the sweets of home,  
And banished forth a wanderer to roam.  
Say now, O Muse, what was the cause why he  
Enjoyed a state of mind completely free  
From all the sad effects which freely flow  
In tasting long accumulated woe?  
'Twas having peace, that best of all reward  
To those--and none beside--who Truth regard.  
And long as Joseph did in Egypt live,  
The record of his life this truth did give.  
Behold him when in his first master's house,  
Who placed beneath his care all but his spouse,  
How nobly he withstood temptation great,  
How suitable his conduct to his state.  
Behold him when his mistress tried so hard  
To tempt him into sin. Did he regard  
Her strong entreaties or her flowing tears?  
\_Those\_ fell like emptiness upon his ears,  
And \_these\_ but more impressed his tender mind  
With wish to better serve his master kind.  
He gave this answer: "Oh, how can I do  
This wickedness so great and sin with you  
Against that God who hath my feet preserved  
In holy paths from which I never swerved?"  
But oh, what poor return did he receive!  
A dungeon followed next, nor did he grieve,  
But cheerfully endured the heavy cross,  
And found his gain where others saw but loss.  
And he who was his trust did not forsake  
His much loved child when Truth seemed all at stake,  
But brought him through these trials manifold,  
And, still preserved that peace of mind which gold  
Could ne'er have purchased, and much less secured;  
But having which, he patiently endured.

Now mark the steps by which he did ascend  
To that high pitch of honor, when did bend  
The knees of Egypt's sons at King's command  
As he went forth in state to view the land.  
It was not flatt'ry, nor vain compromise  
With Egypt's many gods no, he was wise  
With wisdom from above, and well he knew  
That the predictions he had given were true,  
And that ere long both heaven and earth would see  
His youthful dreams fulfilled were sure to be.  
Even so they were. His brethren did bow down  
Their faces to the earth 'fore him unknown,  
When they were sent by Jacob to obtain  
For him and his the necessary grain.  
It was a time of famine, and the dearth

Had then extended over all the earth  
But Joseph was raised up by gracious heaven,  
And unto him for this was wisdom given.  
Now when his feelings he could not restrain,  
He formed a scheme by which he might detain  
The brethren, who a second time had come  
To purchase food, for those they left at home.  
The scheme was tried and it succeeded well;  
But O, how Joseph burned to break the spell  
Which hitherto had bound them! He made known  
That he was Joseph to whom they had shown  
Such cruel usage, but their deed forgave,  
And told how God had raised him up to save  
Them with their offspring and great Pharaoh's land.  
The news now reached the King, who gave command,  
"Joseph, let all thy relatives appear  
Before my face; they nothing have to fear.  
Lade all their beasts and bid them haste away;  
Take wagons from my hand, make no delay.  
Inform your father and let him come down;  
The best of my dominions is his own.  
Bring all your progeny, not once regard  
Your household goods, if they your speed retard."

I'll now take leave of all that passed between,  
And come at once to that affecting scene--  
The meeting of the father with the son.  
Poor Jacob saw what glory he had won  
By perseverance in the "narrow path,"  
And having seen it, wished to meet his death.

Mark now the truth of what I wish to sing,  
This interview to Jacob peace did bring.  
He said: "In bitterness I will descend  
Into my grave and meet my latter end."  
But God in mercy and rich love decreed  
That he should see both Joseph and his seed.

Ere long the time arrived when Jacob's age  
Gave proof he too must soon leave this world's stage.  
Therefore he gathered round him, near his bed,  
His twelve dear children, unto whom he said,  
"List now, ye sons of Jacob, hearken well  
To Israel your father. I foretell  
What shall befall you in your latter days.  
O then, my sons, take heed unto your ways."  
He ended not till all received the share  
Which God allotted them, when with due care  
The Prophet drew his feet into the bed,  
And in sweet Peace his spirit softly fled.

Now, when the last sad rites had been performed  
O'er Israel's corse, the brethren, now reformed  
By God's just dealings, soon began to fear  
That Joseph would their enemy appear;  
So sent a message, fell before his face,  
Confessed their sin, and wished he would erase  
Out from his mind remembrance of their deed.  
He gave soft answers, hence they all were freed

From ills expected, and were now agreed.  
A few short years saw each of them removed  
By peaceful death, and so my point is proved.

STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A FUNERAL, ON SEEING ONE PASS WITH MANY  
ATTENDANTS, WHEN JUST RECOVERING FROM A LONG SICKNESS, 1841.

For me there'll be no great display,  
No turning out of people,  
When I do quit my house of clay,  
Nor tolling from the steeple

Of yon tower with its tin capped dome,  
Whose bell the time is telling,  
When some lone wanderer reaches home--  
His narrow churchyard dwelling.

Nor yet will pompous equipage,  
Or such like things sublun'ral,  
Nor music sweet with charms engage  
Those who attend my funeral.

Nor will I care if but my death  
Take place while friends are tending;  
And I can see with eye of faith  
My blessed Saviour bending

Down upon me a gracious eye,  
And bid my spirit enter  
Into her rest. O, then I'd fly  
And cleave to Him---the Center

Of those sweet joys which do abound  
In yon bright world of Glory,  
Where I shall hear the blissful sound  
Of that delightful Story,

How Jesus did our cause engage,  
When he left Heaven's portal,  
And stooped to conquer hellish rage,  
In weakness like a mortal.

How he fulfilled in its demands  
The Law that we had broken;  
How God exacted at his hands  
The strongest, clearest token

Of matchless Love, so that He gave  
His life's blood for transgression,  
And left the confines of the grave  
In glorious Resurrection.

ACROSTICS.

I.----TO MR. J. P----N, IN THE STATE OF MISSOURI,  
1841.

The dolorous cry, from far was heard  
How groaned poor Afric's sable sons.  
Our hearts with pity moved, we feared  
Much evil by the monster done.  
Ask ye his name? 'Tis slavery dire,  
So big with crime, so red with gore.

Could Christians feel his dreadful ire  
Oh how they'd wish he was no more.  
Would they not send to Heaven this prayer?  
Hear thou on high, O God of love;  
Ere time be long thine arm make bare.  
Rend him with judgment from above;  
Down from his seat hurl him to dwell.

Built round with walls of fire in hell.  
Raise thy strong arm and fix him deep.  
Add this: in anguish make him weep.  
Now hell, make room in thy domains,  
This dreadful foe will soon no more  
Firm bind poor slaves in galling chains,  
Or lash their backs till flows their gore.  
Remorseless still, he cares not for their fate,  
Doom speedy, therefore, should on him await.

II.--TO MY ELDEST SON, IN SEVERE SICKNESS.

Thou sweetest, loveliest babe--my first born son;  
I low great has been thy sufferings from disease!  
Oh, my poor soul doth, ever and anon,  
Make prayer to God, that he would give thee ease.

Ah, dearest babe! from this thy case, I read  
Sad, yet true lessons of imputed sin.  
Can we conceive that thou indeed art freed--  
O, thought most strange--from guilt by man brought in?

Would we but read, mark, learn, and still digest  
His word, who gave at first to man his being,  
Error would vanish, and His will expressed,  
Respecting this, we could not fail from seeing.

Doubt would remove, and so would murmur, too;  
Justice would still be seen most clearly such;  
Unquestionable, this fact would stand to view,  
No one is free from Sin's defiling touch!

I see thy pale, emaciated face,  
Once decked with bloom of health's most ruddy glow!  
Regard for man would lead me still to trace--  
Bent on the truth--whence all these evils flow.

Rich in possession of the Book Divine,  
All I desire is that the Lord would give  
Needful instruction, while I scan the line--  
The line of truth, on which my soul must live.

For there I read--though Death hath ever reigned  
O'er every one of Adam's sinful race--  
Righteousness of Christ, by Faith unfeigned,  
Delivers from its sting: all of free Grace!

Cease then, my soul, to murmur or complain,  
And place thy trust upon the God of Love.  
Now look to him who rose from th' grave again,  
And reascended to the realms above.

Dread not the stroke, though great may be the pain,  
And hard to bear, for it will work thy gain!

III.--A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN DENT.  
[Who lost his life by an accident in raising a barn.]

1843.

A task so painful, yet so justly due  
To thee, my dear, my much respected Brother,  
Rightly devolves on me whose heart beats true  
In Zion's cause; yet, would it were another!

But as it is, my Muse, though rude, shall sing--  
Used as she is to such a mournful strain--  
That I may cause true sympathy to spring  
Ere long, for those who feel for thee most pain.

'Tis scarce a week since thou, in manhood's prime,  
Of things quite dear to both hadst spoke with me!  
'Tis now my lot to tell, in mournful rhyme,  
How short a space there was 'twixt Death and thee.

Ere thou wert well aware the fatal dart  
Met thee amongst thy fellows, shot by Death;  
Ev'n now I feel that dread from friends to part  
Methinks thou felt, though thou wast strong in faith.

O, that I could but paint in language strong,  
Regarding truth, thy sufferings so severe;  
Yes, then I'd sing, in pure and holy song,  
Of Him whose presence cheered thee much while here.

"Fear not," saith God, to all his people dear;  
Just then thy heart responded, "Fear ye not!"  
O, what a precious truth our hearts to cheer!  
How sure to reconcile us to our lot.

Now is the time to glorify our God,  
Depending on His gracious arm to keep  
Each footstep treading in the narrow road.  
Nor let us murmur, though constrained to weep

The while o'er those who now in Jesus sleep.

IMPROMPTU.

TO MY FRIEND, J. W---T.

When troubles arise, my friend, lift thine eyes  
To that Being who died on the cross!--  
Rest assured of this: the Mansions of Bliss  
Ne'er were reached without \_some seeming\_ loss!

AN ADDRESS TO BRANTFORD.

1853.

Hail, truly pleasant, fast increasing Town!  
Thee I address, in rude but earnest strains.  
My own adopted place! Some sixteen years  
Have rolled fast o'er my head since first my eyes  
Got sight of thee, from off yon Eastern hill.  
How welcome was the sight! O, how cheering,  
Grand and beautiful, to a mind like mine!  
I oft had heard of thee before I came--  
Had heard the name thy beauteous river bears;  
As oft had wondered if I e'er should live  
To cross the broad Atlantic's deep blue waves,  
And reach the shores of that vast Continent,  
Whose many wonders, in my boyish days,  
I tried to sing, and still longed much to see.  
As often tried to picture, in my mind,  
The appearance thou presented to the view;  
I fancied thee much less than what thou wert--  
Consisting of a few small, straggling huts,  
Both rude in shape, and ruder far in things  
Which make home, what it always ought to be,  
\_The dearest place that men possess on earth!\_  
I next would paint thy river deep and broad  
As great "Saint Lawrence," or the giant streams  
That everywhere abound throughout this land!  
In this I was deceived; its name misled  
My loving fancy; for I surely thought  
It must be great, indeed, beyond compare,  
In such a country to receive such name.  
[Footnote: The "Grand River."]

This great mistake corrected; I have found  
Some wonders rare, though of a different kind;  
And often have I wandered on the banks  
Of thee, sweet River! where maple, elm or oak  
Have spread their boughs and verdant foliage,  
And have felt the cool, refreshing breezes



Which blew from off thy stream in Summer's heat.  
There I would indulge, awhile, my fancy;  
Give her the reins, and let her soar aloft  
Into the vast infinitude of space,  
Or try to tie her down to earthly things;

Make her portray what now the prospects were,  
That this fair Town had placed before her view.  
Would she soon rise to eminent estate?  
Or would she struggle vainly, for a while,  
To reach to greatness, and so just remain--  
A monument of ruin and decay?  
As I have stood upon the pleasant hills  
By which thou art encircled, I have cast  
My eye from East to West, from North to South,  
And often marked the vast extent of ground  
Which thou may'st fill; laid out by God's own hand  
To be a glorious city--and that soon!

Then "put thy shoulder to the wheel!" Arise,  
In all thy might, and let thy hardy sons  
Put forth united efforts in the work.  
Deepen thy Canal; let thy Railroads make  
Both quick and certain progress; and neglect  
No proper means to push the town ahead!

But, while thou strivest thus in temporal things,  
Oh, forget not things of greater moment!  
Strive to purge away all that's offensive  
To true Virtue. Let the grogeries cease  
To deal out liquid fire to kill thy sons!  
Strengthen the hands of those who would maintain  
Good wholesome laws. Give adequate support  
To those who minister in holy things,  
That they, unfettered, may aloud proclaim  
Christ's great Salvation to a ruined World!  
Let all true Christians in thy midst unite,  
In holy efforts and God's strength, to stem  
The torrent great of foul Iniquity.  
Yes, fellow Christians, let our lives be such  
As many commend the Truth which we believe,  
Unto the consciences of all around.  
Let those of us, especially, who claim  
A parent's honored name, now boldly stand,  
And show in bonds conjugal, faithfulness;  
Still manifesting love and tenderness  
Unto our partners; always aim to make  
Our homes the scenes of happiness and peace!  
Then will our children rise and call us blessed;  
And generations yet unborn will tell--  
That Brantford was determined to be great  
In every thing which is both wise and good!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER SEEING THE "HURON" LOCOMOTIVE, FOR THE FIRST  
TIME, AT CAINSVILLE, JANUARY 6, 1854.

[Footnote: This piece was the second that was printed in a Brantford

paper, I would here take the opportunity to say that Henry Lemmon, Esq., of the Courier, though differing from me in politics, was exceedingly courteous in giving my rhymes free admission into his journal. The same testimony I also willingly hear to the late Herald, and the Expositor, still flourishing.]

The Iron Horse has reached at last Cayuga's heights so near;  
Look out, ye men of Brantford, now, for soon he will be here!  
He brings with him a weighty load, his way before him feels,  
As slowly o'er the new-laid track he moves his ponderous wheels.

Mechanics, use your utmost skill, and ply each brawny arm,  
Let sight of yon huge iron steed your very heart's-blood warm;  
Nor let cold Winter's raging storms your progress now retard,  
But quickly get the bridges built; nor doubt a rich reward.

Be steady, men! the hammers lift, send home the sturdy nails;  
Make every fixture quite secure, and solid lay the rails;  
'Tis done right well! and now, again, the Monster moves along,  
But cautiously, for fear the work should not prove very strong.

He does resemble very much the mighty Elephant,  
That let our new-made wooden bridge his courage sadly daunt;  
Who, when he came to cross the stream which flows right through our town,  
Did fancy his great clumsy foot would break the fabric down.

So slowly moves this horse along, but soon his speed he'll quicken--  
Nor care a straw though Winter's snow right in his track may thicken;  
For when the works are finished well, he'll seem to snuff the breeze,  
And fly at such a rapid rate as may his masters please.

Look out, ye men of Brantford, now! See, he has reached your doors;  
He heaves and pants, he snorts and looks to sweat through all his pores;  
And yet he stands in harness trim, not cares a fig for rest,  
But is quite ready still to move, and waits but your behest.

And now, above his whistle shrill, is heard a deafening noise--  
The people all, in loud hurrahs, give vent to heartfelt joys;  
The cannon roars, while all around is vigorous effort made  
To make this Celebration throw all others in the shade!

Processions form, the banners wave; now mark those hardy Bands--  
The Fire Brigade--who well deserve much honor at our hands;  
For they in war-like deeds excel, yet not in bloody fight--  
The battle with destroying fire, by day as well as night!

These form, with others in their rear, a very numerous host;  
The Marshal gives command, and now each company takes its post;  
The drums are beat, sweet music fills the ear with much delight,  
And splendid Fireworks are prepared to grace the coming night.

O, ye who have the management of this most glorious fete,  
My Muse would your attention crave, and earnestly entreat,  
That you would not forget the poor, but give to them a share  
Of all your choicest eatables, as much as you can spare.

And let them have a good supply of tea and coffee, too;

They well deserve as rich a treat as either I or you;  
For do they not, with constant toil, such works as this complete?  
Then welcome them unto the board, and bid them freely eat.

Now I will close my hasty rhyme, with earnest wish expressed,  
That all our town would well behave to each and every guest;  
Let all our conduct on that day be orderly and quiet,  
And none lay out a single cent in drunkenness and riot.

## THE YOUNG MOTHER'S VISION

1854.

I saw a fair young mother sitting,  
With a babe upon her knee;  
Fast through 'er mind sweet thoughts were flitting--  
So it did appeal to me.

Her eyes with fondest smiles were beaming  
On that infant's lovely face;  
She seemed upon the future dreaming,  
And I tried her dream to trace.

While her face with love was glowing,  
As her babe looked up and smiled;  
Thus I sketched her numbers flowing  
Freely forth unto her child:

"Charming boy, in beauty vieing  
With the fairest rose I see;  
This I need not be denying,  
That thou dearer art to me.

"Whilst thou slept, I fell to musing  
On thy present happy lot;  
And thy future for thee choosing,  
Soon all other thoughts forgot.

"Thus I chose at first to paint thee--  
Growing up toward thy teens;  
No corruption near to taint thee  
Passing through thy boyish scenes.

"Then I traced out all the labor  
Which I would bestow on thee,  
That thou mightest grow in favor  
With the Lord, as well as me.

"Next I viewed thy mind expanding,  
With the best of knowledge stored:  
Light divine, and understanding  
Gained from God's most holy Word.

"Years flew by; thou wert approaching  
Very near to man's estate,  
And, to those, around, wert broaching  
Thy deep thoughts, with soul elate!

"Again I saw thee; thou wert coming  
To the heights of world-wide fame;  
My fears arose, I saw ills looming,  
And bid thee guard thy spotless name.

"I looked again, and found thee wooing  
Damsel modest, rich and fair;  
And wicked men sought thy undoing,  
Ere thou wert the least aware.

"But, thanks to God! He did preserve thee--  
Gave thee, too, a lovely wife;  
For duty this afresh did nerve thee,  
Struggling with the ills of life.

"Again the vision passed before me,  
But some years had fled away;  
Thou hadst been sick, the Lord restored thee--  
Children were around at play.

"I saw thy wife and thee were growing  
In sweetest chaste conjugal love;  
To things of God attention showing,  
Fitting you for bliss above.

"The curtain drops: thy smiles recall me  
To discharge my duties right;  
Rich mercies I enjoy console me  
For the loss of Vision bright."

STANZAS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAGGED NED, AN ORPHAN."

1854.

Friend, I've read thy touching verses  
Poured from gentle, loving heart,  
Glad that sense of thy own mercies  
Gives thee-zeal to act thy part  
In bringing sweet, poetic art  
To bear upon the orphan's case,  
And show as by a sunbeam's trace  
How such as he are made to smart.

Would I had thy skill in writing;  
I would give thee tribute meet,  
Showing those too fond of slighting  
Th' orphan's cause, that it is sweet,  
Pure modest worth with love to greet,  
Though that worth may not appear  
In form bedecked in gorgeous gear,  
But one in tattered garb complete.

Well indeed hast thou depicted

What the ragged boy endured;  
How his soul with grief afflicted  
Could alone by One be cured.  
O, would that such could be allured  
At once to fly to Jesus' arms--  
To prove how great are all his charms;  
And thus have peace of mind ensured.

Poor dear ragged orphan, weep not;  
There is one thy Friend above.  
Know then that this Friend will sleep not  
But watch over thee in love.  
He will thy foes in wrath reprove.  
For this he strongly pledged his word,  
Which should true comfort thee afford  
Till death all thy sad woes remove.

Did thy mother die confiding  
In the Saviour's precious blood?  
'Neath that covert be thou hiding,  
If thy soul would seek its good.  
Yes, dearest child, have faith in God,  
Then the rich blessings he can give  
Will all be thine while thou dost live;  
As from the Word is understood.

I would join this friend and others.  
Who have hearts and feelings right,  
To acknowledge for our brothers  
Such as thou; though foulest spite  
May be displayed in earnest quite,  
By those who are so fond of self  
That they cant spare a little pelf  
To make your saddened faces bright.

#### I SAW A YOUTHFUL MOTHER LIE

I saw a youthful mother lie  
Upon the bed of death.  
No bitter tears bedimmed her eye  
Though parents, spouse, and friends were nigh,  
Expecting her last breath.

And when a little daughter came  
To see her mother dear,  
She did not call her child by name,  
But, quite composed, appeared the same  
As if she were not near.

I asked myself what made her act  
In this way to her kin?  
Was her poor frame with torture racked,  
Or was it consciousness she lacked,  
Or dreadful fears within?

I well divine 'twas none of these  
Concerned this mother's mind.  
'Tis true her cough gave her no ease,  
That she was sinking from disease,  
And was to all resigned.

O, was it the dear Saviour's call  
That she was listening to?  
It was, and rapture filled her soul,  
Feeling content to leave them all,  
With heaven in her view.

And then, by some strong impulse led,  
She wished us next to sing.  
We sang the praise of him who bled  
On Calvary in the sinner's stead,  
That he to us might bring

Salvation from both sin and hell,  
A song she much admitted,  
And one on which she loved to dwell;  
One suited to her case so well  
That of true joy inspired.

And oh, methought were she but strong,  
She would have raised her voice  
To join us in that pleasing song,  
And let it waft her soul along  
To Him who was her choice.

Yet doubtless then her spirit sung,  
Yea joined us too in prayer;  
And now her golden harp is strung  
Which will ne'er be "on willows hung,"  
In weakness or despair.

## FAMILY PIECES

### TO MY BELOVED WIFE, DURING AFFLICTION, 1842.

Ann, we have lived in peace for three long years.  
Much pleasure we have had, some crosses too;  
Enough to show that in this Vale of Tears  
Affliction's needed still to bring us through.

Why should it not be so? Our God is good;  
He also wise, and better far doth know  
What's best for us, and if we understood  
Our interest well we should confess it so.

A man both wise and good did once aver--  
"At th' hands of God we have received good;  
And shall not we, who are so prone to err,  
Receive our evil too, as best we should?"

My dearest Ann, let not your spirits down,  
But with me kiss the rod that God hath sent  
His promise is that he will not disown  
Those dear to him, though by sore troubles bent.

O, that the sacred influence of truth  
Which we profess may ever dwell within;  
That we may bear the yoke now in our youth,  
And always flee the devious paths of sin.

O, that the Holy Book which does contain  
The greatest charter our kind God can grant,  
May prove to be like precious heavenly rain  
To nourish, strengthen, and keep us from want.

Then, hand in hand in unity and love,  
In holiness we'll walk before our God,  
And have affections fixed on things above,  
Our feet with "gospel preparation shod."

And thus may we hold on Life's journey through;  
Nor e'er forsake pure Wisdom's sacred path.  
Still as we journey always keep in view  
Those glorious things "the righteous nation" hath.

In sure and certain prospect, far beyond  
In point of worth this world and all its toys,  
Treasure in heaven, beside the blissful sound  
Of Jesus' voice, with sweetest heavenly joys.

And may our children all likewise receive  
The richest dews of heavenly blessing now.  
O, may the Lord make each of them believe  
The gospel pure, and to its teachings bow.

And then indeed should we be called to part  
While in this world, we all shall meet above,  
Where we with every power and all our heart  
Will praise the Saviour's name and sing his love.

O, blest, blest thought! through vast Eternity  
In purest bliss and holiness to dwell.  
There our glad eyes shall Jesus ever see,  
And hear the Saints his greatest wonders tell.

TO MY DAUGHTER MARY ANN, ASLEEP.

1842.

Sweetly asleep is Mary Ann,  
In calmest infantile repose  
Her lovely face no longer wan,  
Seems lovelier still when in a doze.

Sleep on, my babe, I'll not disturb,  
Thy silent rest I love to view;  
For now thou needest not the curb  
I use in trying to subdue

Thy peevish temper, which, I ween  
Needs constant care from me, thy site,  
While through thy childish ways are seen  
Thy passions strong in wildest fire.

Sleep on, my child, some future day  
May see thee walking in God's ways.  
For this great blessing will I pray  
Still guided by the Truth's clear rays.

Sleep on, my little girl, till morn,  
And when awake pursue thy play;  
Yet, when grown up, may'st thou adorn  
The sphere in which thou mov'st by day.

Sleep on, my daughter, sleep in peace.  
Thou has been toiling through the day.  
Thy little tongue doth seldom cease  
From talking much in thy own way.

Sleep on, sweet prattler, and may bright  
Angelic Spirits guard thee round,  
Till Sol with his resplendent light  
Doth break thy slumbers quite profound.

Yes, sleep, my child, through every night,  
As fast revolving years proceed.  
By day enjoy the heavenly light,  
Of which we in the Bible read.

But oh, sleep not when duties bid  
My girl awake to run the race  
Which Christians run, when thorns amid  
May make her see her need of Grace.

And oh, sleep not in ways of sin,  
For dangers lurk with serpent wiles;  
And false security within,  
Each unsuspecting mind beguiles.

And when the solemn time arrives  
For thee to sleep in death at peace,  
And thy pure spirit strongly strives  
To gain her longed-for wished release,

O, may she mount to yon abode  
Where God's blest Saints and Angels dwell;  
And there rejoice in him who trode  
The path to death to save from hell.

TO ELLEN AND WILLIE.

Ellen, my prattler dear,  
Willie, my darling boy,  
My children need not fear,  
They shall my gift employ.



To you, by great neglect,  
I have no rhyme addressed.  
This you would scarce expect,  
So much you've been caressed.

For it I now will try  
To make amends quite ample,  
And trust the time is nigh  
When you can read this sample.

Ellen, I think I see  
That thou resemblest mother;  
Thou'rt not so much like me  
As Willie, thy young brother.

One thing I wish you both,  
That you in your behaviour  
Like her, may not be loath  
To follow Christ, the Saviour.

For never have I seen  
One of a lovelier spirit;  
No mortals do, I ween,  
Such loveliness inherit.

She was of temper mild,  
Was often smiling sweetly,  
In malice was a child,  
As a Christian walked discreetly.

To have this said of you  
Would give your father pleasure.  
It would be worth, if true,  
To me a world of treasure.

So Ellen, prattler dear,  
Willie, my darling boy,  
While father's stay is here,  
O, fill his heart with joy.

As soon as you can read,  
Peruse the Bible's page,  
And to your ways take heed  
As you advance in age.

Then to the Savior fly,  
Who, only, you can save  
From woes that never die,  
In death beyond the grave.

That we may meet at last  
In Heaven, that happy place,  
When every storm is past,  
To view our Jesus' face.

TO MR. AND MRS. C. BATTY.

1847.

Parents-in-law, a Rhymer much in debt  
Deems it full time to try his debts to pay;  
And as some large arrears are standing yet,  
To give this mite I will no more delay.

And if I cannot make a full discharge,  
Perhaps I may induce you to forbear,  
For though this portion is not very large,  
'Tis quite as much as I can freely spare.

Preliminaries settled, I proceed  
To seek the assistance of my humble Muse;  
Well knowing that she will in time of need  
Give forth such numbers as you'll not refuse.

Impelled by gratitude for kindness shown,  
I bless my God I now so long have known  
That sweet connection in which I have stood  
With you and yours. Thoughts of it make the blood  
Run freely through my veins; they cheer my mind,  
Revive my spirits, make me leave behind  
Vile carking cares, dispel my melancholy,  
Fire my devotion with desires most holy,

Fill my sad soul! Thus am I drawn away,  
And in imagination soar to-day  
To those blest regions where my Ann has gone,  
And feel that even now I'm not alone.

For her pure spirit is with mine  
Holding fellowship divine.  
Hark! she whispers in the skies,  
"Let thy prayers to Heaven arise;  
Let thy songs ascend above;  
Sing evermore Redeeming Love;  
For all those who here do enter  
Cleave to Jesus as their Centre,  
And we now on holy ground  
Join in one unceasing round  
Of purest pleasure, and do raise  
Our voices in the Saviour's praise  
And thus throughout Eternity  
Dwell in sweetest harmony.  
To all my kindred I would say.  
Work while 'tis called 'to-day.'  
Always listen to the voice  
Of Jesus, and in him rejoice.  
Make his righteousness your boast,  
For without it you are lost.  
Listen now, he calls to-day;  
Flee, Oh, flee to him away!"

She ceased to speak, and back her spirit fled  
To yon bright Mansions where her Saviour led;  
And we are left confined in tents of clay,  
To "groan, being burdened," for Redemption's day.  
Oh, then, dear parents, let us not forget  
The "still small voice" of Mercy's speaking yet.  
Let us put on afresh our heavenly armor,  
The Christian warfare is but growing warmer.

Should our weak courage fail, let us in meekness  
Look still to him who gives us strength in weakness.  
And thus supported, may our lives declare  
How blest the portion which through grace we share.

TO MY INFANT ANNIE.

1847.

Motherless babe, I can't forbear to make  
Some rhyme to thee for thy dear mother's sake.  
Thy pleasant looks, thy smiles, thy temper mild  
Do much surprise me in so young a child.  
In thy sweet face I view in embryo  
My lost wife's charms; it is, it must be so.  
Quiet thy ways, and smiling oft through tears,  
An earnest surely this for future years,  
That the same lovely conduct may be shown  
Which marked thy mother's life, as is well known.  
Then as thou dost advance to womanhood,  
May God's own Word by thee be understood.  
Can I look forward to the time  
When thou shalt reach a woman's prime?  
When youth and beauty, linked with grace  
May beam forth from thy smiling face?  
Alas, the future, hid from sight  
Of all but Him who dwells in light,  
May see us numbered with the dead.  
And knowing this may I be led  
To train my children in the way  
That leads to Heaven's eternal day.

STANZAS.

IN MEMORY OF ANNIE, DIED JULY 11, 1847.

Thou'rt gone, thou lovely gem, I trust  
To grace the crown of Zion's King;  
And we thy body to the dust  
Commit with faith unwavering.

Thou wast just long enough with us  
To charm our hearts and claim our love;  
And now thou'rt gone. Why is it thus?  
Did Jesus need thy soul above?

For twenty weeks thy lovely face,  
Thy pleasing smiles, thy temper mild,  
Have made thy father hope to trace  
The mother in her darling child.

And yet thou hast for some time seemed  
Too fair a flower to bloom below.  
Thy death but proves our Father deemed  
It best that thou in Heaven should'st grow.

And knowing, as I well may know

That this vain world is full of trial,  
I would not say against the blow,  
Though it may cause me self-denial.

Now, while I write, my thoughts ascend  
More fleetly than the lightning's flame  
To that blest place where lowly bend  
God's saints, In worship of his name.

And there methinks I see thee join  
With mother and a numerous throng.  
In praise of Him who is Divine,  
To whom all honor does belong.

Why should we grudge to part with thee?  
Thou went our Heavenly father's own;  
And he far better knows than we  
What's best to do, as will be shown.

And yet it seems so hard to part--,  
To part with those we love so dearly,  
That, though the keenness of the smart  
Is gone through Jesus' death most clearly,

We cannot help but mourn and weep  
At losing for a time such treasure.  
But we'll, rejoice that those who sleep  
In Christ, shall, in unbounded measure,

Enjoy true happiness and peace  
In yon fair World, where pain not tears.  
Are either felt or seen; where cease  
All sorrow and perplexing fears,

TO MRS. H. BATTSON.

1847.

To you, dear sister, I would now address  
A rude production of my rhyming brain;  
And if it does increase your happiness,  
Of this intrusion you will not complain.

Margaret, nine years have nearly rolled away,  
Since I first met on at your father's place.  
Well I remember, to the very day,  
My first glad glimpse of your young smiling face.

More, I remember for, almost forlorn,  
I was received well 'neath that friendly roof,  
And such pure kindness unto me was shown  
As put my gratitude to strongest proof.

May I not hope that our dear Saviour took  
As done to him what then was done for me?  
If so, your names are written in his book,  
As an assembled universe may see.

'Tis now, when one not only dear to me,  
But to you all, has reached the World of Bliss,  
That I am led more clearly still to see  
The grandeur which in our Religion is.

May I not hope that in some small degree,  
The exercise of my poor gifts did tend  
To lead the youthful, loving sisters three  
Beneath Christ's yoke their willing necks to bend?

And now what shall I say? You are a wife;  
A mother's joys, I trust, will soon be ours.  
O, may you still in blest conjugal life  
Find that true grace which evermore endues.

And may you live for many years to come  
That life which none but Christians true can live.  
Press forward now to reach your heavenly home;  
A sacrifice to God your being give.

And may the Lord give Grace to one and all,  
That we may serve him while we stay below;  
Then, in due time He will our spirits call  
To share that bliss he can alone bestow.

TO MR. AND MRS. W. BATTY, OF PARIS.

1847.

Brother and sister dear, my stay I prolong here,  
While an effusion can flow from my pen.  
May it you gratify, your minds now satisfy,  
That I may have courage to try it again.

Do thou, my dear brother--for there is no other  
Has a claim upon me if thou be denied--  
Accept from me the lay I in gratitude pay  
For services rendered when I was so tried.

When by great sickness low, I was some years ago,  
Thy interest with mine was clearly as one.  
For me thou wast striving, thyself wast depriving  
Of needful repose when thy day's work was done.

In view then of thy strong affection  
As shown to me, my feelings flow;  
And, while I enjoy reflection,  
I'll strive my gratitude to show.

I saw thy conduct with emotion,  
Prayed my God to own and bless  
What thou didst through love's devotion,  
To increase my happiness.

'Twas then I sought thy soul's Salvation;  
In prayer besought the Lord to make  
What proved to me severe probation  
A blessing to thee for Christ's' sake.

And now I see thee with thy wife,  
Ranked amongst the heirs of Glory,  
Partakers of Eternal Life  
Through faith in sweet Redemption's Story.

A blessing this, which fleeting Time  
Can not unfold in all its brightness,  
As 'twill be seen when in Heaven's prime  
We walk its streets in robes of whiteness.

Hail happy day! thy near approach  
Inspires our hearts with joy and gladness,  
Enables us to bear reproach,  
Takes from our hearts much of their sadness.

Brother and sister dear, let us while we are here  
Cling unto Jesus, our very best friend;  
That when Death shall come we may soon reach our home,  
And gain Felicity never to end.

#### FIRESIDE THOUGHTS OF ANN, MY FORMER WIFE.

Wrapt of late in solemn musing  
On the checkered scenes of life,  
Peace was o'er my mind diffusing  
As I thought of Ann, my wife.

Pure in life and conversation,  
Full of smiles and modest worth,  
Showing calmest resignation  
When sad trials called it forth.

Sweet and softly o'er me stealing,  
Like a pleasant zephyr's breath,  
Came pure faith, my sore heart healing  
As I thought of Ann in death.

In her prime and beauty dying,  
Full of love and heavenly joy,  
Safe in Christ, stern Death, defying  
Nothing could her peace destroy.

Faith and fancy both combining,  
Blessings to me freely given,  
Keep my soul from e'er repining,  
As I think of Ann in Heaven.

#### TO MY BROTHER JAMES.

James, 'tis full time for me to write  
Some rhymes to you in earnest quite.  
I've promised long, and now I'll try  
My promise to fulfill, and why?  
Because you have a claim on me  
Which, when paid off, will set me free,  
To run awhile again in debt,

Which in its turn shall sure be met.  
But this is trifling, you may say.  
Perhaps it is, but trifles may  
Effect some good; they often do,  
And quite as often please us, too.  
Who's free from trifling? I would ask.  
To find out one would prove a task.  
But then I candidly confess  
That we should surely trifle less.  
Well, let me see; can any theme  
Be started? Yes, I had a dream [FOOTNOTE: Fact.]  
The other night. Both you and I  
Were standing on a hill so high,  
And soon there came a mighty stream  
Which did not leave of hope a gleam.  
But suddenly a plank we found,  
That brought us safely to dry ground.  
Then I awoke devoid of fear,  
And you the Moral true shall hear.

All mortals now are sailing down  
The stream of time, as you must own;  
And waters roar, and dash, and foam.  
Then say--how shall we reach our home?  
There is a plank, as we have seen,  
And it is safe, most safe, I ween.  
'Tis in the Gospel clearly shown,  
'Tis by all Christians fully known.  
We have its merits long since tried,  
And glory in the Lamb who died.  
Then let us prize it as we ought,  
And serve him who our souls has bought.  
For surely this our duty is  
If we would reach eternal bliss.

TO MY DAUGHTER ELLEN, ON HER WEDDING DAY, MARCH 20,  
1859.

Ellen, on this glad occasion  
I address to you a rhyme,  
And in tones of sweet persuasion  
Would advise you at this time.

If full measure of enjoyment  
You would seek in married life,  
Make it daily your employment  
To avoid what leads to strife.

Prize, O prize, both now and ever,  
Joseph's confidence of love.  
See that fits of temper never  
Drive him forth from home to rove.

Should he show unlooked for weakness,  
Hide the secret in your breast,  
And expostulate with meekness  
When you have God's Throne addressed.

Always aim to dress with neatness,  
Though your clothes be e'er so plain;  
Add to this your mother's sweetness,  
If you would love's sway maintain.

Should yours prove a life of trial,  
May you both still look above.  
Exercise in self-denial  
Strengthens pre-existing love.

I have found that constant blessing  
Springs from troubles sanctified,  
And when needs have been most pressing,  
God himself those needs supplied.

To His care I therefore leave you,  
Bid you lean upon his arm;  
May naught soon arise to grieve you,  
Naught to damp affection warm.

MURDER WILL OUT;  
OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A tale of Jealousy and Revenge, by Bernard Gray.

Turned into a Ballad and some new Scenes added.

1854

[Footnote: I would not wish exactly to be held responsible for what the reader may deem unchristian-like language or statements in this ballad, as I have copied the original in such matters.]

Sullen sat in jealous mood,  
A most brutal-looking man;  
Purpose foul served him for food.  
Against a maid he lately wooed  
His dreadful purpose ran.

Long he sat with vacant stare,  
Large his eyes, quite gray and full;  
Fell in tangled locks his hair,  
O'er his dirty forehead there,  
Fit covering for such skull.

Stands in the room a crazy bed  
And two wretched, worn-out chairs.  
\_That\_ had rested limbs and head,  
\_These\_ now served for \_that\_ instead;  
Thus ill the villain fares.

Heard he on that gloomy night  
Demon foul to urge the deed?  
Would he tremble at the sight  
If some horrid goblin sprite



Came his strong wrath to feed?

He would welcome as his friend  
Ev'n proud Satan, prince of Hell,  
If he would assistance lend  
So that he could gain his end  
In crime--so very fell.

She who thus had roused his ire,  
Lived a little distance off.  
With his jealous soul on fire  
Cudgel stout suits his desire;  
He has one stout and tough.

Soon he reached her shabby home,  
Rapped aloud upon the door.  
"Yes, John Bristol, you may come,"  
Said a voice within that room  
So high on the third floor.

Near the window, very sad,  
Sat she, deeply wrapped in thought  
And appeared but thinly clad.  
Brown her hair, blue eyes she had  
As e'en with love were fraught!

She asked the man to take a seat.  
He "preferred to stand awhile,  
Had been sitting much of late."  
Now, as if impelled by fate,  
He has recourse to guile.

Says she, "Glad I am you've come  
For I thought you took offense."  
Little dreams she of the doom  
Hanging o'er her in that room,  
Or she would flee from thence.

He her conduct now reproves,  
She replies in innocence.  
Softly he behind her moves,  
Right behind the girl he loves,  
In cowardly pretence.

Ere suspicion could arise  
In the hapless victim's mind,  
Up the sturdy cudgel flies,  
Downward on its aim it flies,  
And strikes her as designed.

Right upon her temples fair,  
Murder foul has done its part.  
Eyes assume a strange, fixed stare,  
Flows the blood among her hair,  
No longer throbs the heart.

Now the villain lifts her arm,  
Now he finds the pulse has fled;  
He can do no further harm;

Conscience sounds a loud alarm,  
For surely she is dead.

Now he flees in haste away;  
Shifts the scene again to her:  
She is found by friends next day  
Stiff and gory as she lay,  
And they create a stir.

Quickly gathers round a mob,  
Fleetly flies the horrid news,  
Making hearts more strongly throb;  
Women shriek, and cry, and sob  
As each the body views.

Come the officers of law;  
Cries are heard to let them pass.  
Through, the crowd they forward go,  
To behold the scene of woe;  
Suspense now holds the mass.

Shifts the scene unto the sea,  
Nears a port a stately sail;  
Joyful seems the crew to be,  
Dream they not of misery  
From an approaching gale.

Swiftly comes--a dreadful storm;  
Fast the rigging's torn away;  
Broken masts the ship deform,  
All is terror and alarm  
Amidst the dashing spray.

Angry roars the foaming deep;  
Death now stares them in the face;  
There is found no time to sleep,  
Nor would it avail to weep  
In such a woeful case.

Lift they up a prayer to God;  
Does He heat them in distress?  
See, He waves his righteous Rod,  
For they've on his precepts trod;  
His might they now confess.

Two alone survive the rest,  
These are clinging to a spar.  
One with secret in his breast  
Is by sense of guilt oppressed,  
Which keeps his mind ajar.

Can the reader guess his name?  
"Bristol?" yes, he was the one;  
He a sailor soon became,  
Nor felt any sense of shame  
Till life had nearly gone.

Now Hell's terrors seize his soul;  
Now he sees the murdered maid

In her blood before him fall;  
Hears her for God's vengeance call,  
And ask why it's delayed.

Feels the elements at war  
Nothing to the strife within,  
Therefore to his brother tar  
His locked heart he does unbar,  
To ease him of his sin.

Tells him how some months ago  
He a harmless maiden slew.  
Jealousy had wrought his woe,  
Made him give the fatal blow;  
'Twas very wrong he knew.

"Speak her name!" the other cries;  
"Mary Markham," Bristol screams.  
Rage gleams from that other's eyes,  
As he at John Bristol flies,  
To end his mortal dreams.

Soon he's by the murderer's side,  
Now he fiercely drags him down.  
"Here thou shalt no longer bide;  
Sink, fiend! sink into the tide,  
And all thy baseness drown!"

Loud and louder roars the wind;  
The new murderer is alone  
And has lost his peace of mind.  
Will he seek a port to find  
And there his sin atone?

Fellow sinner, think not hard  
Of the poor remaining one.  
He from proper light debarred,  
Thought it duty to reward  
Bristol for that deed done.

Why? He to the murdered maid  
Was a brother by his birth.  
His love for her did not fade,  
And this journey home he made  
In hopes to yield her mirth.

Shifts the gloomy scene once more,  
To a narrow, crooked street;  
In a wretched liquor store  
Sits a man we've seen before,  
Musing on things not sweet.

He might seem to view intent  
Watered spirits in a glass,  
For his eyes on that are bent,  
But his thoughts are wandering sent  
Alter that murdered lass.

In this street--the very same,

That most shocking act was done;  
It had nearly lost its fame,  
Yet remembered was the name  
Of that pool maiden lone.

When her name was spoke 'tis said  
Chilling honor seized the soul  
Of both high and lowly bred;  
All who heard were filled with dread  
Which they could scarce control.

Seems the man irresolute  
About the drink before him placed.  
Now, his gestures are not mute,  
Showing feelings most acute,  
And such as might be traced.

Bodingly he shakes his head,  
Deep-drawn lengthy sigh then heaves  
His broad chest, for her now dead!  
Bitter tears are freely shed  
As he for sister grieves.

In plain sailor's clothes he's dressed,  
Anchor blue is on his hand.  
A woman's eyes now on him rest,  
Who, with babe upon her breast,  
Speaks him in accents bland.

"Does the liquor suit your taste?  
Is there nothing else you need?"  
From his seat he rose with haste,  
On the floor his feet he braced;  
"I'm thinking of that deed!"

Quickly swallows he the drink,  
Then asks, "Is not this the street?"  
"What street? Come, yourself bethink!"  
"I will; yet from it I shrink.  
Sweet girl, we ne'er shall meet!"

"Tell, good woman, if you can,  
Where she "--Once again a pause.  
Turns she now afresh to scan  
The face of that most wretched man.  
So very full of woes.

Anxious to relieve his mind,  
Stays she still within the room;  
Then says, "Man, what would you find?  
I to serve you am inclined."  
"Where met that girl her doom?"

Now she needs no other clue;  
Says, "You'll see the place from here.  
Fouler deed I never knew;  
Was she anything to you?  
Come, tell me without fear."

"Was my sister, that was all;"  
Soft he said, then paid his bill.  
Something seemed on him to call;  
Speedily away he stole,  
But not with ready will.

Radiant Sol is sinking low,  
And Night coming on apace;  
Roofs in the setting sunbeams glow,  
And his purple tints they show,  
Till he has run his race.

At this time does Markham sit  
In that lonely, dirty room;  
Heeds not how the shadows flit,  
Asks not if such place be fit  
To drive away his gloom.

Felt he quite constrained to see  
That house, where his sister dwelt,  
And refresh his memory,  
Thinking what she used to be,  
When he so happy felt.

Now he tries to realize  
Scenes that harrow up his soul.  
While, successfully, he tries,  
Fancies he can hear her cries!  
This does his heart appal.

Thus engaged, he quickly hears  
Soft steps coming to the door!  
This does not arouse his fears;  
Strong his nerves, it now appears,  
As ere they were before.

Timid hand has lift the latch;  
One more man is now within.  
Very soon he strikes a match;  
Candle's lit! Can Markham catch  
Those features--dark with sin?

Soon. But what a sight to see;  
Eyeballs from their sockets start!  
Trembles he convulsively;  
Should he try he could not flee;  
He's struck, as by a dart!

Bristol locks the door inside,  
And scans well the room around;  
His grey eyes are opened wide--  
Who's that on the other side?  
Too soon the truth he found!

Markham springs now on his feet,  
While his eyes with passion glow;  
Bristol's these defying meet!  
Firm they stand, nor seek retreat;  
They well each other know!

First the brother silence broke;  
"Villain! Come you here again?  
Who did your light doom revoke?  
Died on not from my just stroke  
Upon the stormy Main?

"You've the impudence to come  
To the place she occupied!  
Your foul presence taints the room  
Which to her was as a home,  
Till, by your hands, she died!

"You hardened wretch! Take, quickly take  
Your polluted soul from here!  
Who, for you, Death's fetters brake?  
Satan his own child forsake!  
He'll have you, never fear!

"Monster! you're not fit to live,  
Neither yet to die, at all?"  
Bristol does no answer give;  
The torments no one can conceive,  
Endured by his vile soul!

Again the brother spoke in rage:  
"Think you to escape your doom?  
Other story, I engage  
To read, ere you quit this stage.  
Stern Vengeance now doth loom!

"If there be no other way,  
Law I'll take in my own hands."  
"This you've done"--did Bristol say--  
"At the shipwreck yesterday;"  
Now Markham shuddering stands.

Said he, "Yes, I did it then,  
And you are sent back to me;  
You will ne'er escape again;  
Trial will be but in vain--  
You're doomed to misery!

"Mary, my own sister dear!  
When I last time saw your face,  
Dreamt you not of cause to fear  
Murderer's hand upon you here,  
Within this very place!

"No stain was upon your name;  
Lively, modest girl you were;  
Would you ne'er had felt love's flame!  
Yet you had no cause to shame,  
But bore good character.

"If I live, your murderer's neck  
Pays the forfeit of his crime!  
Loss of time I will not reck--

Nothing shall my ardor check,  
Should he seek other clime!"

Speaking thus, he placed his back  
Firm against the outer door;  
As he had of voice no lack,  
Shouted, till his face grew black,  
And stamped upon the floor!

Presently the neighbors come,  
While poor Bristol trembling stands.  
Now they are within the room,  
And proceed to seal his doom  
By binding fast his hands.

Shifts the scene into a Court,  
Near to suffocation full;  
Counsel unto lies resort,  
And the jury loud exhort  
To make proceedings null.

Bristol's friends had paid them gold,  
And they do their best to show  
Black is white: as, when of old,  
Satan, without fee, lies told,  
To work our Parents' woe.

Let them do their very best,  
There's a witness all must hear!  
It is in John Bristol's breast,  
And it cannot, will not rest,  
Till all the truth appear!

All his quivering lips observe,  
While he now attempts to speak.  
Conscience cries, "Come, muster nerve.  
You must not from duty swerve;  
You shall proceedings check!"

He speaks; all eyes quickly turn  
On the wretched culprit's face.  
"I my crime most deeply mourn!  
Thoughts of it my vitals burn;  
I dare not hope for grace!"

Verdict found, and sentence passed.  
In three days condemned to die;  
Thus he's caught by Law at last;  
Fetters bind his limbs quite fast.  
As he, in cell, doth lie.

Now the Devil steels his heart  
To refuse religion's aid;  
"In that thing he'll have no part,  
It would but increase his smart--  
Of death he's not afraid!"

Vainly strive God's messengers  
To lead him to Jesus' blood;

"There's no need," he still avers,  
And good victuals much prefers,  
So asks, again, for food.

'Tis the night before he die;  
Swiftly speed the hours away;  
They, like seconds, seem to fly  
To a Record, kept on high,  
Against the Judgment Day!

Two--three--four--five! from the clock,  
Sound like guns fired in distress.  
Yet appear to give no shock  
To that man, with heart of rock,  
Though full of wretchedness!

Six! More dismal sounds are heard  
Than the striking of the hour;  
Workmen's blows loud echoes stirred,  
Fixing scaffold--we inferred,  
To rouse him has this power?

Not the least; it scarcely went  
To the chambers of his brain;  
Others thought it cried, "Repent,  
Bristol, ere your life be spent!"  
But yet the cry was vain!

Still he hardens his vile heart,  
And hangs sullenly his head,  
Seven--eight--nine--ten! Did he start?  
No; but fiends from him depart,  
And he will soon be dead.

Comes the Sheriff to his cell;  
Puts the cord around his neck;  
Now his feelings, who can tell?  
Still he careth not for Hell--  
But wait the Sheriff's beck.

Slow the dull procession moves  
To the fatal gallows-tree;  
There he sees no face he loves,  
Though the people come in droves  
His dying throes to see.

Now he hears the warrant read,  
Bids adieu to all around;  
Solemn prayer again is made,  
And the cap's drawn o'er his head;  
Signal's given; his soul has fled!  
The body sinks to th' ground.

"I've followed him unto the end!"  
Said a voice among the crowd.  
Warning take! Young men, attend!  
See the murderer's dreadful end!  
It speaks like thunder loud.



## THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.

WRITTEN IN 1854.

"Would I describe a Preacher such as Paul  
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,  
Paul should himself direct me."

COWPER

BOOK I.

I.

To the deep umbrage of our North back woods,  
And near to Huron's wild romantic shore--  
Where Winter's storms are seen in angry moods,  
To make the Lake's waves dash with loudest roar--  
Came GOODWORTH, twelve years since, and brought a store  
Of Christian wisdom to those lonely parts:  
To try if he could find an open door  
By which to reach the settlers' sinful hearts,  
And them inform of what would heal their inward smarts.

II.

Firm in his mind, robust was he in frame,  
Of human learning having ample share;  
With fervent zeal, love-prompted, there he came,  
Pure Gospel Truth in meekness to declare,  
And backwoods hardships with his hearers share;  
He brought his loving wife and children four,  
Who for their own convenience showed small care;  
Who had with Christian heroism bore  
A heavy share of trial several years before.

III.

These four dear children had been early trained  
To take their part in every day's employ;  
Nor were their youthful hearts by this estranged  
From the kind parents, who did show their joy  
In manifesting no wish to annoy  
Their dearest offspring by undue restraint;  
Aware that this might very soon destroy  
Their influence; and who has power to paint  
The ills which flow from this too prevalent complaint?

IV.

Think not, kind reader, I would overdraw  
My pictures of sweet, chaste, conjugal bliss;  
All I describe I've seen, and, therefore, know  
I err not far--though some may doubt of this--  
And deem my sketches very far amiss.  
It matters not; those who have faithful been

In wedlock pure have often found, I was,  
That a fair share of happiness serene  
Upon this earth in Christian families still is seen.

V.

And such were those of whom I speak above,  
For of God's grace they every one partook.  
Their actions sprang from the great Law of Love,  
So plainly laid down in his Holy Book.  
All might discover from each kind, sweet look,  
That they had been unto the Savior's School;  
That they had seldom Wisdom's paths forsook,  
But made the Word their only Guide and Rule.  
This kept their love alive, nor let their ardor cool.

VI.

Yet they did not to this at once attain;  
Poor human nature in its best estate  
Has much about it that is truly vain,  
And these were not exempt from common fate.  
Some fourteen years before my story's date  
They had been in the purifying fire  
Of great affliction; had been led to wait  
Upon their God who knew their soul's desire,  
And brought them through, clothed in Humility's attire.

VII.

And gave them for their loved ones taken away,  
What was more needful for their growth in grace,  
And led them thus to make His Arm their stay.  
In all their trials His kind hand to trace.  
'Twas this that fitted them for such a place  
As in these woods they were designed to fill;  
And hence they always wore a cheerful face,  
And bowed their own unto their Savior's will,  
While with the Spirit's sword they showed the greatest skill.

VIII.

And such were needed in that settlement  
But just reclaimed from the wild wilderness,  
For its inhabitants appeared content  
With worldly things, which did good thoughts repress,  
And cause the Pastor much of sore distress.  
In truth it seemed a most forbidding field  
For pastoral labor, and it was no less.  
But God could make it precious fruit to yield,  
And be unto his servants constant Strength and Shield.

IX.

Now they had sought the mind of God to know  
Ere they concluded there to settle down;  
And this determined they resolved to go  
To that rough place--quite far from any town,  
Where rude log huts were very thinly strown,

And where hard labor stared them in the face,  
While gloomy woods appeared on them to frown,  
To find earth's comforts were but very scarce.  
For such a step I'm sure they needed special grace.

X.

This they obtained, and providentially  
Were led to find a very splendid \_lot\_,  
Which fronted on that mighty inland Sea,  
And is in Summer a most lovely spot;  
A barren piece of land it sure is not.  
This might be known from its fine stock of trees.  
Now their good fortune gratitude begot,  
Which was poured forth to God upon their knees,  
While green leaves waved above, fanned by a warm, soft breeze.

XI.

A shabby shanty stood upon the ground,  
Perhaps erected by a poor red man;  
Fire-weeds and brushwood thickly grew around,  
To clear off which they now at once began.  
Near by the place a charming spring-creek ran;  
This had its source in a high tree-clad hill,  
From top of which the country they could scan.  
The father and two sons with right good will  
That shanty soon prepare, and they its small space till.

XII.

This proved a wretched shelter at the best,  
For rain came through the worn-out roof of bark,  
And for hard laborers was no place of rest,  
While its small window left it very dark.  
They speak together of a house, when, hark!  
A noise they hear--a sound as of great glee--  
The settlers in their breasts possessed a spark  
Of sweet good nature, and now came to see  
If they could not be useful to the family.

XIII.

This as an omen soon was understood,  
And pressing wants were to each friend made known.  
With axes armed these quick obtained some wood,  
Which by strong oxen speedily was drawn  
To the selected spot that had been shown.  
The Pastor's wife and daughters then prepare  
A good, substantial meal, and with kind tone  
Invite the friends to come and taste their fare,  
Which they in gratitude had made with nicest care.

XIV.

With this good offer all at once complied;  
They came to work and therefore needs must eat.  
The day was fine and beech tree shade supplied  
A place for table, and each took a seat,

Admiring much the dinner spread so neat.  
And GOODWORTH then gave thanks most rev'rently  
For such sweet comforts in their wood's retreat,  
And prayed that each warm-hearted friend might be  
Rewarded for his kindness in Eternity.

XV.

The dinner o'er, awhile in friendly chat  
They sat and rested till the cattle fed.  
Then GOODWORTH freely spoke to them of what  
He and his family to that place had led,  
And sweetly mentioned Him that once had bled--  
The great God-man, who, sinners came to save.  
These men in silence heard all he had said,  
And some shed tears, and all looked very grave,  
Though each rude breast possessed a heart most truly brave.

XVI.

Once more bright axes, wielded by strong arms  
Make chips fly fast, as they the logs prepare;  
Such willing work the Pastor's family charms,  
For they this kindness had not thought to share.  
A strong foundation now is laid with care;  
Of ample size, the fabric upward grows;  
The men take pains to have the corners square,  
Which to effect the spare nor strength nor blows;  
And thus, as if by magic, that neat structure rose.

XVII.

Meanwhile, there came some shingles, nails and boards,  
Brought by two teams, which only now were seen;  
And this fresh kindness fullest proof affords  
That GOODWORTH'S object was approved, I ween.  
Now some for rafters a long way had been;  
And, as the sun had sunk into the West,  
The women had prepared their table clean,  
Well laden, as before, with food; the best  
Which they had power to furnish in that wild wood-nest.

XVIII.

Warm thanks are given: the workers fall to work  
To do full justice to that savory meal.  
No wicked feelings in their bosoms lurk  
Against the family; but they strongly feel  
They have an interest in all their weal,  
And freely speak of coming back next day  
The house to finish; kindly thus they deal  
With those dear folks--who wish them still to stay--  
And they will sing awhile, to cheer them on their way.

XIX.

To this they all consented; then arose  
Song after song, in praise of Jesus' name!  
Such songs can lighten e'en our saddest woes,

And raise in human hearts a heavenly flame.  
Six men there were who, from that night, became  
Quite altered characters--as all might see.  
For Gospel Truth can e'en a savage tame;  
Though this to some men seems a mystery--  
Such have not seen themselves sunk in depravity.

XX.

The singing o'er, the good man said, "Let's pray."  
All down beside him reverently knelt;  
It was a proper close for such a day--  
As all engaged must then have deeply felt.  
And oh, the language of that prayer did melt  
Some stony hearts, as I in truth would tell:  
For GOODWORTH on God's love and mercy dwelt--  
On coming judgment--and on Heaven and Hell--  
Till every one seemed bound as by the strongest spell.

XXI.

This done, those neighbors--though reluctantly--  
Took leave of that most happy household there:  
And were as pleased as any men could be  
They were allowed such company to share.  
'Twas Spring time, and the still and balmy air  
Was most refreshing to the wearied frame;  
And Luna's brightness, though quite free from glare,  
Enabled them to see which way they came--  
For staying rather late they would incur no blame.

XXII.

The morning came, and with alacrity  
Came settlers also, ready as before  
To help the welcome new-come family  
Whose strange, deep news had made their hearts so sore.  
And now the labor of the day each bore  
As if his own advantage he would seek.  
Some went to roofing, some to fix the door  
And windows, and with hearts and arms not weak,  
They make the work fly fast, scarce leaving time to speak.

XXIII.

The muster, greater this day than the last,  
Left some hands free to clear a piece of ground;  
And these, with brush-hooks, o'er two acres passed,  
Making good riddance of what brush they found.  
They then cut down some poles and fenced it round.  
The family, too, were busy all this while,  
For they were moved with gratitude profound  
To show their thankfulness in many a smile.  
Their happy faces do the laborers' hearts beguile.

XXIV.

The meal-times passed with pleasure and some profit;  
Naught did occur to mar the harmony.

If there were whisky every one kept off it,  
And all confessed they worked more easily.  
Too often liquor in the woods we see,  
And much vile mischief is it apt to do  
When neighbors come to help at Logging-bee,  
Or to assist each other at the plow.  
It pleases me to see this practice broken through.

XXV.

The Country would have reason to rejoice  
If not a drop were as a beverage used,  
And I would not be slow to raise my voice  
Till Temperance principles are more diffused.  
For this by some folks I may be abused,  
But where's the harm? I seek alone their good,  
And cannot be by conscience well excused  
If I refuse my aid to stem the flood  
Which drowns its thousands of our common brotherhood.

XXVI.

But to return: The work had so well sped,  
And the new house was so far on the way  
Toward completion, that the family's head  
Thought they might safely move that very day,  
But first enquired what there would be to pay?  
The neighbors smiled and kept the secret close,  
And what the bill was none thought fit to say.  
For satisfaction "he must ask the \_Boss\_."  
To tell who \_that\_ was every one felt quite at loss.

XXVII.

Is this exaggeration? Witness now,  
Ye far backwoodsmen--much too oft belied,  
Are ye inclined these things to disavow?  
Or will my statements be by you denied?  
If not they stand for truth both far and wide,  
And your example may be found of use  
In leading others quickly to decide  
That they for ignorance have no excuse  
In this enlightened age, when Knowledge is diffuse.

XXVIII.

I need not mention every little thing  
That was required to make the house complete.  
My humble Muse would now attempt to sing  
Of subjects which to her are far more sweet.  
The Pastor happy lived in his retreat,  
Preaching on Sabbath, in a school-house near.  
There many came who could not get a seat,  
And such large audience did the Pastor cheer,  
Who spoke to them with zeal--for they to him were dear.

XXIX.

I may be asked, "What was this man's persuasion?"

Was he a Churchman or a Methodist?"  
I answer make without the least evasion,  
He owned no "ism," nor yet "ite," nor "ist."  
But if on further knowledge you insist,  
I only say that he was glad to own  
The "Blood-bought Throng" wherever they exist.  
Nor did he scruple to let this be known,  
The BIBLE still the Source from which his creed was drawn.

XXX.

From it he gathered that ev'n two or three  
Met in Christ's name a Church of God do make;  
That, when so met, they have full liberty  
On each Lord's Day the Bread and Wine to take.  
All vain traditions they in this forsake,  
But get rich blessing from the King of Kings.  
And in that lonely house near Huron's Lake,  
The family enjoyed the bliss which springs  
From means well used, and these afresh each Sabbath brings.

XXXI.

The six of whom I spoke some pages back,  
Sought early fellowship with that small band.  
These of great sorrow had displayed no lack,  
And now as Christians publicly they stand,  
Unto Christ's work they give each heart and hand,  
And one of them called Luth, possessed of means,  
Resolved at once to give a piece of land  
On which to build a chapel, midst sweet scenes;  
A very central place, and near two deep ravines.

XXXII.

Nor was this all; he gave some good pine trees  
And other requisites to build the place;  
The work he knew would all be done by "Bees."  
The friends the opportunity embrace  
To make the matter fully known all round.  
Strong opposition they had now to face  
From those who rather would in sin be found,  
And such cared nothing for the glorious Gospel sound.

XXXIII.

The Minister proposed to wait awhile,  
Till this grave subject could be well discussed.  
He wished that none would act from motives vile,  
For popularity he did not lust,  
And in his Father he could always trust;  
Advised to seek God's mind by earnest prayer,  
In generosity to be still just;  
By such means only could they hope to share  
God's constant approbation and His guardian care.

XXXIV.

This prudent course ensured the object sought.

Some who opposed did, of their own accord  
Propose assistance, and with vigor wrought  
To raise the humble Chapel to the Lord.  
Dear GOODWORTH wielded skilfully the sword,  
Which by God's blessing pierced into the souls  
Of those who came to hear the plain-taught Word,  
Whose rich Truth, for Sin's pleasures lost, consoles,  
And cheers and strengthens those whose lust it still controls.

XXXV.

Truly it was a lovely sight to see  
The opening of that place of worship pure.  
There was displayed no animosity,  
All seemed at home in perfect peace secure.  
Sweet gospel sermons fitted to allure  
The erring sons and daughters of mankind  
Were preached that day, and I feel very sure  
It was no "blind man's leading of the blind,"  
But preaching of that sort which is for good designed.

XXXVI.

The music was by voices rich and clear,  
The words the language of most grateful hearts,  
All forming worship void of slavish fear;  
Most orderly besides in all its parts,  
Though the performers knew not much of arts  
On which some pride themselves in this our day;  
Nor was the singing done by fits and starts,  
As if God's service were but childish play.  
They knew His Eye was on their secret thoughts always.

XXXVII.

I must not fail to mention the chief thing  
For which all saints should meet on Sabbath day;  
But first my Muse would boldly spread her wing,  
For she could always on this subject stay.  
Your kind indulgence, reader, I would pray,  
As this sweet topic is most dear to me.  
Most gracious Savior, who for me didst pay  
Thy precious blood upon the cursed tree,  
That I might be redeemed from sin and misery.

XXXVIII.

Grant me Thy Spirit's aid while I attempt  
A true description of thy "Feast of Love"  
May I from evil motives be exempt,  
Nor mention aught but what Thou wilt approve.  
That small, dear family "born, from above,"  
Just numbering twelve, around the table meet.  
Each one displays the meekness of the dove,  
And hopes to share a most delicious treat  
In joining thus with Jesus in Communion sweet.

XXXIX.



And now the Pastor thought it right to tell  
What were the principles on which they met;  
For great misapprehension he knew well  
Prevailed abroad, and some men's minds beset.  
He trusted no one present would forget  
That the pure Bible was their only guide.  
They had no human system to abet,  
Nor would they by man's arguments be tried.  
What say the Scriptures? these alone the case decide.

XL.

He said, "We meet, dear friends, in Jesus' name;  
By his command who, says, '\_Remember me\_?'  
As He for us Sin-offering became,  
It is but right we should obedient be,  
And O, what wondrous love we here do see!  
To think we are invited all to feast  
With Jesus in His glorious majesty.  
This is a marvel, and 'tis much increased  
When we reflect we are not worthy in the least.

XLI.

"Here at this table I now humbly stand  
Upon a perfect level with the rest.  
We take the Bread and Wine at Jesus' hand,  
He hath these simple Emblems truly blest.  
Our love to him by this act is expressed,  
And though we are indeed a small, weak flock,  
The Lord makes each a highly honored guest.  
On His Atonement as our holy rock,  
We stand secure midst danger, nor fear any shock.

XLII.

"We do this every First Day of the Week,  
Because of old God's people did the same;  
This all may learn who will take pains to seek  
The Word of Truth. All arguments are lame.  
Men use against it, and not free from blame.  
Can we, dear friends, remember Christ too often?  
Ah, no indeed! To save our souls he came!  
And his vast Love to us our hearts should soften,  
And plume the, wings, of Faith, which we may soar aloft on.

XLIII.

"We do not wish to hold the servile views  
To which too many of God's children cling.  
Oh, why should Christians in this way refuse  
What to their souls would sweetest comfort bring?  
'\_Remember Me\_' should make our love to spring  
Like water gushing from a fountain clear,  
And tune our hearts each time afresh to sing  
The praise of Jesus, and should make us rear  
Our Ebenezer high as we to heaven draw near.

XLIV.

"Some ask us if we have the Lord's command  
For breaking bread upon each Sabbath day.  
We ask them in return, have they at hand  
A plain behest for acting in \_their way\_?  
If such they have let them without delay  
Spread wide the fact and let the truth be known.  
I should have nothing further then to say,  
Except my error thankfully to own.  
But friends, as yet none ever have such precept shown.

XLV.

"Suppose there were near by a flock of sheep  
Whose sad, gaunt looks bespoke the pasture bare,  
While they have left scarce strength enough to creep,  
From having lacked too long good food and care.  
Suppose that these were brought to pasture fair,  
The gate of which was opened wide to them.  
Would they wait for command to enter there?  
In truth I think not, and can rightly claim  
That we in doing this incur not any blame."

XLVI.

This said, he read aloud the Savior's words,  
Uttered that solemn night before he died.  
Deep, soul-toned language which quite well accords  
With his great sufferings for his blood-bought bride.  
O, let not any this plain feast deride;  
There ne'er was Ordinance appointed yet  
That has more comfort to the Saints supplied.  
'Tis calculated to make them forget  
Their sorrows when they view Christ's death and bloody sweat.

XLVII.

And now most grateful thanks are offered up,  
The Bread is broke, and all in silence eat.  
Then in like manner they partake the Cup,  
In fellowship they sit at Jesus' feet,  
And take from his dear hands refreshment sweet.  
This done, collection for the Saints is made,  
And next praise rises to the "Mercy Seat."  
From right glad hearts and unfeigned lips 'tis paid:  
The meeting closes and each kind farewell is said.

XLVIII.

Yet this day's joyous service was not o'er;  
Some met at night with GOODWORTH'S family,  
And there together searched the hidden store  
Of Bible truth, the prayer of Faith the key  
That did unlock each wondrous mystery.  
All were invited, nay were pressed to speak,  
And show the light which God gave them to see.  
This course served well to strengthen what was weak,  
And all learned much who meekly were inclined to seek.

XLIX.

Nor was pure praise neglected at this time:  
All were well pleased with that day's exercise.  
And freely joined in Zion's songs sublime,  
Thus pouring forth their evening sacrifice.  
This did but strengthen pre-existing ties,  
While warmer grew their hearts in Love's soft bands.  
At nine o'clock reluctantly they rise,  
To part at last with cordial shake of hands,  
More fitted for the coming day, with its demands.

L.

I offer the above as a fair sample  
Of this small Church's worship on First Days,  
And should be highly pleased if their example  
Had on our minds an influence always.  
Their love and zeal are worthy of all praise,  
Though all they have or are is of God's grace.  
His love to them they view with deep amaze,  
And trust ere long to see him face to face  
In heavenly Regions--His own happy Dwelling Place.

LI.

To spare the Reader risk of long digression,  
And keep within just bounds my humble tale,  
I now in order give GOODWORTH'S profession  
That none to understand his views may fail.  
Against these views some men no doubt will rail,  
But let such take the Bible in their hands,  
And with Truth's weapons only them assail.  
This the importance of the thing demands,  
For by the Truth alone his doctrine falls or stands.

LII.

On Scriptural grounds of every Sinner's hope  
He held no wavering views, for Truth shone clear  
Into his soul, and gave him power to cope  
With Error's darkest forms. He had no fear  
Of man before his eyes. The spiteful sneer  
Of Antinomians and proud Pharisees  
Disturbed him not, save to call forth a tear  
From heartfelt pity for the vagaries  
Of their perverted judgments touching God's decrees.

LIII.

He held, then, that the Lord, who sees the end  
From the beginning, did of his own pure grace  
Choose some with him Eternity to spend,  
From 'mongst the millions of our fallen race,  
Determined all such should behold his face  
In peace at last, in spite of Hell and sin.  
These would in time his Gospel Truth embrace,  
Or die incapable for Faith within.  
Thus did he view the triumphs of God's Grace begin.

LIV.

He saw God's Love--Superlative, Eternal,  
Gradually unfold the mystery  
To Man, who by Satanic schemes infernal,  
Had fall'n from happiness to misery.  
And he by Faith's keen eye could clearly see  
Its full development when Jesus came  
The sinner's Surety and best Friend to be;  
Who "bore the Cross and still despised the Shame,"  
Nor shrank from God's just wrath--a fiercely burning flame.

LV.

Christ's glorious Resurrection too, he saw  
To be God's stamp of approbation great  
On that vicarious work which his just Law  
Fulfilled--a ground of hope commensurate  
To man's great needs in every age and state.  
These truths so filled his warm and generous soul  
That he on them would oft expatiate  
Until his feelings seemed beyond control;  
And this secured attention from his hearers all.

LVI.

Of man's free will he had not any doubt;  
Yet he as much believed the declaration  
Of God's own Word--which some men dare to flout--  
That man's heart is, in every rank and station,  
"Always deceitful," filled with profanation,  
"And desparately wicked." This none know  
But God, who has provided expiation,  
And sent his Holy Spirit down to show  
These facts to sinners dead, and on them Life bestow.

LVII.

On final perseverance of all Saints  
He took the highest stand which man can take,  
And found in it a balm for most complaints  
Of Christian souls, to sense of sin awake.  
This glorious truth to him would often make  
Light shine in darkness and dispel his fear;  
Off led him to endure for Jesus' sake  
Loss of beloved objects, and appear  
An ever happy man, 'midst prospects dark and drear.

LVIII.

Besides the views I have already given  
He held it right that Christians all should use  
The talents they possess as gifts from heaven.  
Neglect of this admits of no excuse,  
Though there are times when men their gifts abuse.  
As members of the Church all have their place,  
And none well taught of God should e'er refuse  
To aid His cause according to the Grace

Received since they were led Salvation to embrace.

LIX.

For peaceful rule and needful discipline,  
He held that churches should call two or more  
Of members, who well qualified had been,  
As Elders, by God's Spirit to watch o'er  
The flock of Christ; men skilled in Bible lore,  
And "apt to teach; not novices, but such  
As have seen service in the Truth, and bore  
Good characters becoming Christians much,"  
For only men like these should that high office touch.

LX.

Two or more Deacons they should also call,  
Who by the Scripture rule are qualified  
To keep the Church's funds, and still help all  
Who may by poverty be sorely tried.  
By such arrangements Churches should abide,  
If they would faithful prove unto the Lord.  
We have no right to set His Laws aside;  
Such conduct is by our Great Head abhorred,  
And does with our profession very ill accord.

LXI.

As this Church was but young it was deemed best  
That they should, as their pastor, him retain.  
He thanked them much for confidence expressed,  
And hoped it would not tend to make him vain.  
He thought it right his views thus to explain,  
And trusted they would give them due attention.  
Should his poor life be spared he would remain  
And labor hard to keep them from declension,  
Though of their falling off he had no apprehension.

LXII.

The Salary question next came on the board.  
What should the amount be, how or whence obtained?  
The Church itself could not the means afford;  
Perhaps some others might assistance lend--  
But would the pastor such a course commend?  
Had they consulted him at first they would  
Have found they had no cause to apprehend  
A lack of means to serve intentions good;  
He wished to labor freely for Christ's brotherhood.

LXIII.

He and his family needed then no aid  
Except what new-come Settlers might require.  
And obligation was upon him laid  
To seek the good of souls from motives higher  
Than worldly gain. He trusted his desire  
Was that the Gospel might be free to all.  
What Christ had done for him his zeal would fire,

And make him earnest in the sinner's call;  
Thus gladly would he forward press toward the goal.

LXIV.

Now let not Christians who from him may differ  
Suppose this man could no forbearance show.  
It was his wish to be in nothing stiffer  
Than Truth required, which God led him to know.  
From human creeds his conscience said "withdraw!"  
To stand by such advice he was content.  
To Pharisaic pride he was a foe,  
And to ungodliness where'er he went,  
While to promote true Love his gifts and time were spent.

LXV.

My Muse again of temporal-things would sing,  
And I her mandate hasten to obey.  
Upon all farms there's work enough in Spring,  
And GOODWORTH'S people were not used to play.  
'Tis true their farm was small, yet day by day  
They plenty found to occupy their time;  
That patch of ground the labor would repay.  
As for good crops, 'twas in condition prime:  
Such they all hoped to raise in that fine fruitful clime.

LXVI.

\_Six\_ acres still lay right behind the \_two\_;  
Doubtless it had an Indian clearance been.  
This needs not much to fit it for the plow,  
So they of brush and rubbish rid it clean,  
And broke it up. Then a rail fence was seen  
Most speedily to compass it around.  
Soon spring wheat sown was looking brightly green,  
While in the garden useful plants were found,  
And these good prospects made the family's joys abound.

LXVII.

Their live stock was not large, yet they possessed  
Two milking cows, and yoke of oxen strong,  
Some turkeys, hogs, and poultry of the best.  
These all were bought ere they had been there long.  
For finest fish they could not well go wrong;  
The lake supplied all that they wished to get.  
In small canoe they often sailed along  
The side of lovely isles and cast their net,  
Or fished with line till glorious Sol had nearly set.

LXVIII.

Sometimes a deer would venture near enough  
To run the risk of catching lumps of lead,  
And this well dressed was no unsavory stuff  
With which to help a meal of wheaten bread.  
Of bears and wolves they were at first in dread,  
But soon found out there was no cause for fear;

For if such came and mortal showed his head,  
They soon ran off with a true coward's leer,  
Which made it seem surprising they should come so near.

LXIX.

To clear against the Fall, the sons marked out  
Ten acres of the woods well filled with trees.  
Such work required strong arms and courage stout,  
And those young men could rightly boast of these.  
They now with willing hands their axes seize  
And push the work from early morn till night.  
Loud sound the strokes, till each brave woodman sees  
The trees begin to tremble in their sight,  
And soon with thundering sound upon the ground alight.

LXX.

The chopper's life is not a life of ease--  
And yet to those who understand it well  
There's much about it that doth tend to please  
Their warm, strong minds, as they such monsters fell.  
I have oft stood as if bound by a spell,  
When some huge giant swayed awhile in air,  
And then with crash tremendous shook the dell,  
While cows from fright would scamper here and there,  
But soon return to browse its top for lack of fare.

LXXI.

While those in woods were busily employed  
Swinging their axes in true workman style,  
Their sisters neatly dressed as much enjoyed  
The garden work, quite cheered by Nature's smile.  
Lightening their labor with sweet songs the while,  
They trained the different plants with skillful hands;  
A pleasing task well fitted to beguile  
Such modest, gentle girls, who in Love's bands  
Were bound together, thus obeying God's commands.

LXXII.

Their gardener skill was not alone confined  
To what was wanted for their bodily needs.  
By nature taught, each had a tasteful mind,  
And this was shown by planting flower seeds.  
These by some folks are looked upon as weeds,  
And therefore useless--not e'en worth a straw!  
From such coarse souls I do not look for deeds  
Which, in sweet aspect, do our nature show;  
I envy not their taste nor all they chance to know.

LXXIII.

I love to look on flowers. They to my soul  
Sincerest pleasure and sweet peace still bring;  
Their varied charms can wondrously control  
My troubled spirit--smarting from the sting  
Of cold neglect and sad, crushed hopes, whence spring

Many sore trials to the sons of men.  
I, midst my flowers, can feel myself a king,  
Nor envy much the rich and mighty then,  
With all their pomp and pride, or gorgeous trappings vain.

LXXIV.

And those fair damsels always loved to view  
Sweet tulips, pinks, and daisies' charms unfold,  
The peony's blush, the lovely rose's hue,  
And woodbine's blossoms--lilies like pure gold.  
All these, and more, were pleasant to behold,  
And well repaid them for their frequent toil.  
Their plants throve well in that rich, deep, black mold,  
And though the work did their nice fingers soil,  
It kept them ever free from this poor world's turmoil.

LXXV.

The settlers round beheld with much surprise  
The neat-kept garden in such beauty seen,  
And oft they looked with rather longing eyes  
Upon the flowers bedecked in glorious sheen.  
Sometimes a youth upon the fence would lean  
And Watch with due respect the sisters fair;  
Then anxious ask what this and that could mean,  
Or names of plants which seemed to him so rare.  
Doubtless it was to see the maidens he came there.

LXXVI.

Of this I could not speak with certainty;  
But mutual blushes, looks significant,  
Are very apt to tell strange tales to me.  
I once was young, so you will therefore grant  
I should know something of what youths still want  
When they to such sweet girls quite bashful come,  
And utter words as if their stock was scant.  
Well, 'tis but natural, and I would be mum;  
Of bliss thus sought and gained 'twere hard to tell the sum.

LXXVII.

Often the parents, in their Master's spirit,  
Would link-armed take a pleasant walk at eve  
To visit neighbors, and thus seek to merit  
That just reward which faithful Saints receive  
From Jesus Christ, who never will deceive  
Those working well for him. They therefore went  
Gladly each burdened conscience to relieve,  
And those assist who were by sickness spent,  
Or tell to all, the message which their God had sent.

LXXVIII.

On one of these occasions they became  
Acquainted with a youth to bed confined.  
From early childhood he was always lame,  
And for a year or two had been quite blind.



His manners were most gentle, and his mind  
With human knowledge seemed to be well stored.  
Now these dear people made enquiry kind,  
If he had in affliction sought the Lord,  
Or ever gained true comfort from his Sacred Word.

LXXIX.

To them at first he no reply would give,  
Yet seemed absorbed in thought, and heaved a sigh.  
At last he said, "I always aimed to live  
So that I need not fear when brought to die.  
I feel at present that my end is nigh  
And should not care ev'n now, if I were dead.  
Upon my blameless life I can rely,  
Nor look for harm to fall on guiltless head.  
A purer life than mine no mortal ever led."

LXXX.

"My dear young friend," the Pastor sweetly said,  
"Did your own conscience never whisper you  
That hope like this to ruin always led?  
If not, let me now tell you it is true!  
For none may hope the face of God to view  
In peace unless their sins are washed away  
By Jesus' blood. Our dearest Savior flew  
On wings of Mercy man's worst foes to slay,  
And open wide the gates, to everlasting day!"

LXXXI.

He asked him then if he might read aloud  
A portion of God's Word, and offer prayer.  
The youth consented, feeling much less proud  
Than when these Christians first had entered there.  
GOODWORTH three chapters read with greatest care,  
Three which at length dwell on the sinner's state,  
And then by plainest speech made him aware  
How he might best escape a sin-cursed fate,  
Be reconciled to God, and coming Glory wait.

[Footnote: The 3d, 4th, and 5th chapters of Romans]

LXXXII.

The poor blind lad had never heard before  
The wonders which those chapters do reveal,  
Self-righteousness he ne'er could think of more,  
For sense of guilt he now began to feel.  
This roused up fears he could not well conceal,  
And made him anxious those two friends should pray.  
The Pastor made to him one more appeal,  
Then supplicated God without delay  
That Grace might be shed forth to lead him in the way.

LXXXIII.

Now bitter tears flow from those sightless orbs,

As light breaks in upon his darker soul,  
Prospect of death his wretched thoughts absorbs,  
And makes him wish that he could back recall,  
Those early years which did so fleetly roll,  
Before he lost his health and precious sight;  
For no dread visions then did him appal,  
Nor was he wont to tremble from affright.  
Oh, that he had but sought Salvation with his might!

LXXXIV.

Our two friends told him plain 'twas not too late;  
Such burdened souls the Savior had invited,  
However black their crimes, however great  
Their mad rebellion; even if they had slighted  
This Means of Grace--without which man is benighted--  
He bids them come to him and find sweet rest.  
Those who have thus obeyed have been delighted  
With his light yoke, and often have expressed  
Their sense of such great goodness, feeling truly blest.

LXXXV.

This good instruction had the best effect,  
And as he seemed composed the friends prepare  
To start for home, nor in the least suspect  
How quick the time had fled whilst they were there.  
They bade "good night" and left him in the care  
Of their Kind Father, who had bid them go;  
And in their journey through the woods they share  
Sweet converse and true joy in constant flow,  
And reach their neat log house Content afresh to know.

LXXXVI.

The sons and daughters greeted their return  
With pleasant smiles, then with respect enquired  
What led to their detention, and now burn  
To know the cause they look so sad and tired.  
The parents, nothing both, gave as desired  
A brief account how they had been employed;  
And this once more full confidence inspired  
While each the truly pleasing thought enjoyed,  
That one soul less would be by Satan's power destroyed.

LXXXVII.

Around the family Altar next they meet  
To worship God by reading, prayer and praise,  
Which all ascend like richest incense sweet  
Before the throne of Him who guides their ways.  
Surely bright Angels might delight to gaze  
Upon this happy family at such time,  
And feel those Christians fit to join in lays  
That they are wont to sing in heavenly clime;  
In rapturous devotion to their King sublime.

LXXXVIII.

If e'er a glimpse of heaven is had below,  
If there is aught of Bliss upon this Earth,  
A family like this it best can show,  
For they need not the worldling's boisterous mirth;  
And yet of social feeling there's no dearth.  
Each does enjoy true peace and happiness,  
Which, rightly valued, in their turn give birth  
To noble deeds designed mankind to bless,  
To strengthen what is right, and what is wrong redress.

LXXXIX.

I would not undervalue Church connection,  
For 'tis of God's appointment, and should show  
True Christian principles in much perfection,  
And be the sweetest bond of all below.  
But oh, it happens, I too truly know,  
There is mixed with it so much worldliness,  
So man members to vile Mammon bow,  
That my poor soul is filled with sore distress,  
And scarce dare hope the Lord will such connection bless.

XC.

Under these circumstances I with others  
Await most anxiously that day's appearing,  
When Jesus Christ will with his chosen brothers  
Dwell in sweet fellowship and love endearing.  
The hope of this should always be most cheering  
To every Christian of each state and name;  
And make them patient hear with the rude jeering  
Of those who love to glory in their shame;  
Who for their soul's perdition are alone to blame.

XCI.

This hope was dear indeed to GOODWORTH'S heart,  
And made him feel a very strong desire  
Right Knowledge on all subjects to impart,  
And use but proper means true zeal to fire.  
He wished not that his hearers should admire  
His humble teaching, but the truths he taught,  
And tried to show them how they could acquire  
The power to judge all subjects which were brought  
Before their minds, as they with good or ill were fraught.

XCII.

Under such teaching this small Church became  
An humble, cheerful, happy, loving Band.  
While they by industry their wild lands tame,  
They did not oft neglect to lend a hand  
To him who thus on Scripture took his stand.  
Their conduct and profession both agree,  
And every instance of God's goodness fanned  
Love's flame, and made it burn more steadily;  
For which they praised the Lord with great sincerity.

XCIII.

Amongst their number there was poor McKan,  
Weakly in body but yet firm in mind.  
His means were small when he at first began  
To clear as wild a bush farm as you'll find.  
The neighbors round had all to him been kind,  
Feeling much pity for his family;  
For he, though toiling hard, had run behind  
In payment for his lot and soon might be  
With those dependant on him brought to misery.

XCIV.

While certain ruin stared him in the face,  
He felt he'd rather die than beg from friends;  
And so prepared to sacrifice his place--  
Persuaded that the Lord would make amends.  
The Pastor hears his case and straight attends  
Upon him at his house with wish to know  
The full particulars, and gladly lends  
An ear attentive to his tale of woe;  
How the stern creditor would no more mercy show.

XCV.

His case was not a solitary one.  
Too many find when they have toiled for years,  
That sweet Hope leaves them when their strength is gone;  
Which fills their future with alarming fears,  
And nothing for them but despair appears!  
O, why is this? Have they imprudent been?  
Or has great sickness sunk them in arrears?  
Perhaps it may be these; and yet I ween  
Another cause of trouble may be clearly seen.

XCVI.

That cause is this: Our Government thought fit  
To sell their land at far too high a rate,  
And those who bought thought they could pay for it  
Within the time, which would be something great.  
If common-sense had chanced to bid them wait,  
They mostly had an answer close at hand:  
"Men whom they knew had bettered much their state  
By buying on long time that wild bush land,  
Ami now as able farmers 'mongst their fellows stand."

XCVII.

By pinching work they raise the first installment  
For lot on which the claim pre-emption right,  
And from that time they find complete enthrallment,  
As with Adversity they constant fight.  
Where's now the prospect which was once so bright?  
"Not quite all gone," may some poor settler say.  
But health is broken, and no more delight  
Fills their parental hearts from day to day,  
While each succeeding month adds something more to pay,

XCVIII.

Until at last the time allowed has fled.  
More time is granted, but alas, in vain!  
With aches and pains they now are nearly dead.  
Such help as they require they can't obtain;  
And yet perhaps of fortune they complain,  
Or blame the friends whose "luck" led them out there.  
But from such course 'tis better to refrain;  
For, had they been still \_servants\_, with due care  
They might have bought good farms and had some cash to spare.

XCIX.

Just so it was with that poor Christian brother,  
And this at once the Pastor clearly saw;  
Yet had no wish in haste to judge another,  
But felt inclined pure Charity to show.  
Then, having learned all he now wished to know,  
Home he returned and sought his Father's ear.  
From his full heart strong supplications flow,  
Which cease not till he sees his duty clear,  
And gains fresh help from God his brethren's hearts to cheer.

C.

He next the matter told to his dear wife,  
For she was wise and often could suggest  
What was most useful in affairs of life,  
Which made her counsel be in much request.  
Her mind to him she freely then expressed,  
And mentioned what she heard the day before--  
How brother Luth, who was of friends the best,  
Would take the farm and willingly give more  
Than would the Creditor, if they the land restore.

CI.

GOODWORTH heard this, then spoke to Luth alone--  
Told him quite plainly how the matter stood,  
Yet not in harsh, authoritative tone,  
But meekly, as more likely to do good.  
By this he showed regard for brotherhood,  
And led Luth candidly to speak his mind.  
Then, as both felt in very kindly mood,  
They deemed it best to try McKan to find  
And let him know what they in Christian love designed.

CII.

They found him soon and Luth made his proposal,  
Which filled the humble family with delight.  
The whole affair appeared as the disposal  
Of their kind God, who always acted right.  
Most thankful were they that in His pure sight  
They found such favor in their hour of need.  
That brother's kindness they could ne'er requite;  
His was a noble--a most generous deed,  
Which could alone from love at any time proceed.

CIII.

Luth took the place, and for improvements paid  
Beside what to the Creditor was due;  
"And if the family chose, they might," he said,  
"Remain his tenants for a year or two,  
And daily labor he would take in lieu  
Of money payments for a moderate rent."  
This plan aroused their gratitude anew,  
While with the bargain all appeared content,  
And deemed the time employed most profitably spent.

CIV.

The two on their return called in to see  
The sick blind youth, who now was sinking fast.  
He was no longer in despondency,  
Though he of late had through great suffering passed.  
On the Atonement all his hopes were cast,  
And now enjoyed a happy frame of mind.  
The work of Jesus did appear so vast,  
He could not doubt but it had been designed  
By Him whose name is Love, to save poor lost mankind.

CV.

The parents had beheld the change thus wrought  
By Gospel Truth in their afflicted boy,  
And called to mind how often they had thought  
Religion was invented to destroy  
Whatever mortals have of peace and joy.  
"But now," they said, "we think it something worth.  
For our son's happiness has no alloy,  
Although about to leave the joys of Earth,  
And all those pleasant things which used to yield him mirth."

CVI.

The Pastor now gave each an exhortation,  
And kind friend Luth engaged awhile in prayer,  
Which met, at present, no disapprobation.  
Much death bed comfort does the sick one share,  
But soon his eyes assume a brighter glare,  
The rattle in his throat bespeaks death near.  
Anon they raise the dying youth with care,  
Whose smiling face shows plain he has no fear,  
For Jesus in the valley does his servant cheer.

CVII.

A strong, brief struggle, and now all is o'er!  
No more the heart will in his bosom beat.  
His soul triumphant gains Heaven's peaceful shore,  
And raptured stands to view each scene so sweet;  
Then joins the thousands tasting Bliss complete,  
In all the Hallelujahs which they raise  
Unto the Lamb of God, while at His feet  
They cast their crowns and ever wondering gaze

On Him who sits enthroned as worthy of all praise.

CVIII.

Our friends strove now to cheer the drooping hearts  
Of that lone couple in their deep distress;  
For they knew well each promise which imparts  
To mourners hope and heartfelt happiness.  
These on their minds they forcibly impress;  
And their kind efforts are not used in vain,  
For the bereaved ones readily confess  
That faith in Jesus brought substantial gain  
To their dear boy who now is free from grief and pain.

CIX.

The neighbors, apprehending such event,  
Drop silent in and heartily engage  
With solemn mien and truly kind intent,  
The old folks' ardent sorrow to assuage.  
Some one prepares the needful shroud to wage,  
While others wash and lay the body out,  
And in soft tones make observations sage,  
The truth of which none are inclined to doubt,  
For all at such a time seem serious and devout.

CX.

Meanwhile the Pastor and his friend take leave,  
And reach their homes before 'tis very late.  
The news they take their families receive  
As fresh inducement on their God to wait,  
And ever watch by Wisdom's sacred gate.  
Two days elapse and bring the Sabbath round,  
And settlers join the humble funeral state,  
Which reaches soon the new-made burial ground,  
Where all list to the service with respect profound.

CXI.

Those simple, mournful rites do much impress  
The minds of all assembling on this day;  
And now the Preacher lays the greatest stress  
On danger consequent upon delay  
In matters of Salvation, when the Way  
To Everlasting Life, himself stands ready  
To welcome those who make His blood then stay,  
However weak their faith, howe'er unsteady  
Their trembling souls become when tossed in Life's rough eddy.

CXII.

The text [Footnote: The three last verses of Matthew XI.] was one  
that wonderfully stated

The sinner groaning under loads of guilt,  
And mourning souls have found weak faith recreated,  
As on its consolations they have built  
Their stable hopes, against which Hell full tilt  
Has often run, determined to prevail--

And might have done if Jesus, who has spilt  
His precious blood for them, had chanced to fail.  
But that \_can never be, whatever foes assail\_.

CXIII.

Has any mortal skill to estimate  
The solid good that such a text has done?  
Ah, no! the task's so wonderfully great,  
By finite man it need not be begun.  
Fit for the work, of Angels there is none.  
God can alone the glorious secret tell,  
Or mark the value of the mighty boon  
To all the souls whom it hath saved from hell,  
And landed safe in Glory, ever there to dwell?

CXIV.

And at this time the mourners dried their tears,  
As the Departed's state they realize.  
Raised were their hopes, abated were their fears,  
On each new view of Christ's great Sacrifice.  
Now might be seen joy beaming in their eyes,  
As they learned acquiescence in God's will.  
Most precious promises the word supplies,  
To cheer their hearts and every murmur still,  
While they together walk adown Life's slippery hill.

CXV.

Others, who long had boon companions been  
Of that young man in his most joyous days,  
With tearful eyes are in that Chapel seen,  
And seem desirous to amend their ways.  
They never had before beheld Truth's blaze,  
But, like too many, boasted of their state,  
Not dreaming that their light was lost in haze  
Of stupid ignorance and folly great;  
God grant such may repent before it is too late.

CXVI.

'Tis thus the Lord oft makes most lasting good  
To flow from what we mortals view as ill;  
And we pass through each strange vicissitude  
To find that peace again our souls can fill;  
While Mercy's shed, not like a trickling rill,  
But in full streams, with never ceasing flow--  
Softening our hearts obdurate, and our will  
Conforming unto God's; until we know  
It was all needful to keep us from sin and woe.

CXVII.

We now will pass from sad to lively scenes,  
And bask awhile in July's warmth and smiles;  
For settlers,' homes can furnish ample means  
To have a \_Picnic\_ 'mongst the beauteous isles  
Bestudding Huron's face for many miles.



Why should not those, who live on such wild farms,  
Enjoy a pleasant pastime, which beguiles  
The jaded mind: affording many charms  
To those who wish to flee from anti-social harms?

CXVIII.

The subject some weeks previous had been broached,  
And this enabled farmers to have care  
Lest the event on needful work encroached--  
A thing of which they all should be aware;  
As they, through Summer, have scarce time to spare  
For needful recreation in this way.  
Now, by contrivance, they enjoy a share  
Of sweet delight, on this auspicious day:  
When several families make for a most pleasant Bay.

CXIX.

Fine was the day, and settlers' boats were ready  
To bear their precious cargoes from the shore.  
The Pastor's presence kept the young folks steady,  
Though blandest smiles the happy party wore.  
Strong, manly arms plied well each sturdy oar,  
To make the boats fly swift o'er sparkling waves.  
These seemed quite conscious of the freight they bore,  
And kissed the water which their trim forms laved;  
While all enjoyed a scene that ne'er the heart depraved.

CXX.

And thus they reach a lovely Isle, tree-clad--  
At no great distance from their starting place--  
From whose high front most splendid views are had  
Of other isles, all clothed in Summer's grace.  
With rapture they now gaze on Nature's face;  
See trees bedecked in brightest green attire,  
Which look well pleased with July's warm embrace--  
Their forms view in the Lake, and much admire  
Their fine proportions; and more stateliness acquire.

CXXI.

For camping-ground they had not long to look;  
A sheltered place, from underbrush quite free,  
Was known to all as a most charming nook,  
Where they might rest and eat in privacy.  
On choice of this they every one agree;  
Then place the baskets-laden with good things--  
And now their voices, in sweet melody,  
Present pure praises to the King of Kings:  
A truly pleasant service that much blessing brings.

CXXII.

Young GOODWORTH'S then good poetry recited;  
"Hymn to Mont Blanc," and GRAVES' sweet "Elegy;"  
While MILTON'S lofty strains each one delighted,  
And COWPER'S sketches-full of harmony.

CAMPBELL and WORDSWORTH yield variety,  
And BURNS his quota furnished with the rest.  
WILSON'S good Dramas, too, were deemed to be,  
By all the company, among the best:  
And I would find no fault with what was then expressed.

CXXIII.

For lengthening out the pleasure thus obtained,  
The Pastor undertook to criticise  
Those pieces heard, and what was dark explained.  
Next, needful illustration he supplies,  
Or shows defects not seen by common eyes.  
Comparing the best with sacred poetry,  
He unfolds beauties in the Prophecies  
Of great Isaiah, and quite readily  
Paints in most glowing terms the Psalmist's minstrelsy!

CXXIV.

Then speaks of Jeremiah's plaintive strain--  
The "Weeping Prophet" and true Patriot,  
Who often wept for Zion, and felt pain  
For her great sins; who, when God's wrath waxed hot  
Against his country, ne'er her weal forgot,  
But prayed and wrestled with the Lord of Hosts,  
If, peradventure, he her crimes would blot  
From out his Book; and yet he never boasts  
Of love to country, as some do who seek high posts.

CXXV.

The book of Job--great in poetic lore--  
He dwells upon, till wonder and delight  
Seize all his hearers; most of whom before  
Had not enjoyed a very clear insight  
Into that Book, which tells of God's great might,  
His wisdom, goodness and forbearance long  
With his poor servant, brought to saddest plight  
Through Satan's eagerness to drive him wrong;  
When he poured forth his woes in deep impassioned song.

CXXVI.

Next glanced at Moses' song on Red Sea shore--  
When Pharaoh and his mighty host were drowned--  
In which the Tribes most gratefully adore  
Their great Deliverer, who on Egypt frowned.  
No mortal uninspired could e'er have found  
Such fitting language for that great event,  
Those strains sublime, with glorious grandeur crowned,  
Came forth from heaven, and back were thither sent  
As worship to the Lord, from hearts, on praise intent.

CXXVII.

'Twas now full time that they should all partake  
Of the refreshment thither brought with care.  
While thirst was quenched with water from the lake,

They each with each their choicest viands share.  
But ere they eat of that most ample fate,  
Due thanks are given in a proper song.  
Such happy lot with any can compare,  
So none need marvel if they tarried long,  
For everything conspired to make Love's bonds quite strong.

CXXVIII.

The dinner o'er the older ones retired  
To give the Island a complete survey.  
In doing this they very much admired  
Sweet scenes thus visited on that fine day.  
The younger part had no desire to stray,  
So they remained in that nice shady nook,  
And joined together in a harmless play,  
Or read awhile in some delightful book,  
And thus of purest pleasure old and young partook.

CXXIX.

The sun, quite fast into the West descending,  
Now warned them all it was full time to go  
To their dear homes, where sweetest comforts blending,  
Gave no just cause neglect of them to show.  
But yet their hearts, with gratitude aglow,  
Prompt them once more to join in praise each voice  
And now the Pastor sought from them to know  
If they of proper hymn have made their choice,  
As he had one composed, and truly would rejoice

CXXX.

If his attempt to speak the mind of all  
For this day's pleasure and substantial joy  
Should meet, with approbation and recall  
The hours so sweetly spent without alloy.  
He spoke of this to them with manners coy,  
Like one not used to boast what he had done.  
"Perhaps," he said, "They might their time employ  
To more advantage if he ne'er begun  
To give to them the Song which he in haste had spun."

PASTOR'S SONG ON LEAVING THE ISLAND.

Soon Sol will sink into the West  
And Luna shed her silvery beams;  
Each songster seeks its wild-wood nest  
To spend the night in love's sweet dreams.

And we, dear friends, prepare to leave  
This Isle and each delightful scene,  
And feel we have no cause to grieve  
That we upon its shores have been.

For all, throughout this lovely day,  
Have had much pleasure free from pain.  
Then let us, ere we go away,  
Lift up our hearts in praise again.

"O Thou who from thy bounteous hand  
Dost give thy children all they need,  
Behold us now--a loving band,  
And all our boats in safety speed

"To yonder bay; then guide us home.  
Accept our thanks for mercies great  
We have enjoyed beneath thy dome,  
In humble, yet contented state."

Farewell, sweet Isle; may thy fair scenes  
Ne'er witness orgies, vile, profane;  
For this man's character demeans,  
And never yields him solid gain.

CXXXI.

With this short song they all were satisfied,  
And soon agreed that it forthwith be sung.  
In strong, warm feelyngs then each singer vied,  
And some gave proof they had no lack of lung.  
To Duke Street tune were their fine voices strung,  
And thus verses went off charmingly,  
While through the distant woods their loud notes rung.  
The party now, with great alacrity  
Regain the boats, and push into that deep, blue sea.

CXXXII.

And what a beauteous scene was there presented  
To their admiring gaze on that fine lake.  
'Twas such that they could all have been contented  
To stay forever; but a something spake  
And bid them hasten, as life was at stake!  
This may seem, strange, but they with dread behold  
Heaven's face grow black, while mighty winds awake.  
And now 'tis well that men both strong and bold  
Have charge of those frail boats well filled with young and old.

CXXXIII.

In this their trouble they look up to God,  
Who bids the angry elements be still;  
And thus suspends o'er them his chastening Rod,  
While deepest gratitude their bosoms fill,  
Inspiring them afresh to do His will.  
It nerves each heart and arm to ply the oar  
With ceaseless efforts; working hard until  
In safety every boat has reached the shore.  
When the curbed storm at last does all its vengeance pour.

CXXXIV.

The rain comes down in torrents, and the flash  
Of vivid lightning penetrates the gloom!  
Loud roars the mighty thunder, and the dash  
Of angry waves upon the ear doth boom!  
The friends, escaped as from a watery tomb,

All stand together 'neath o'erhanging rock.  
Somewhat appalled and rather pinched for room,  
They list in silence each tremendous shock;  
Yet Christ, their Shepherd, watches o'er his feeble flock.

CXXXV.

The storm subsides, and they not much the worse,  
Cheered by the bright moon beams haste on their way.  
God's special mercies warmly they rehearse,  
Which yields fresh comfort, as so well it may.  
Upon the whole they had a pleasant day,  
And ere each separate party leaves the track,  
The Pastor says, "Dear friends, now let us pray."  
All gave consent, and forth there rose no lack  
Of earnest prayer to Him who safely brought them back.

CXXXVI.

Now while they separate and thence pursue  
The several paths that lead them to their farms,  
I seize occasion to bid warm adieu  
To my poor Muse, who lent to me her charms  
In my adventurous flight; and free from harms  
Will live in hope the subject to resume  
As leisure serves me and the topic warms  
My height and fancy, which may truth illumine,  
That what I have to sing may live beyond the tomb.

BOOK II.

I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine, and all besides,  
Through learned with labor, and though much admired  
By curious eyes and judgments ill informed  
To me is odious  
Such should still be affectionate in look  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of Grace to guilty man

\_Cowper\_

I.

How strange the various scenes through which we pass  
In our life's journey--onward to the grave!  
Sometimes all smiles and sunshine; then alas,  
Dark clouds hang o'er us, and God's help we crave.  
Weak in adversity--when prosperous brave,  
We often act a very foolish part;  
Forsaking Mercies which our Father gave.  
To follow our devices, till we smart  
With self-inflicted pangs sent through our inmost heart.

II.

So I, who many times have sung; of duty,  
Too oft am led to slight my own, and feel  
God's chastening hand, until I see the beauty  
Of all His dealings with me for my weal.  
And yet the hand that wounds is sure  
The injured part; designing all in love;  
And in such manner that He can't conceal  
The Father's kindly heart. 'Tis thus we prove  
His earnest wish to have us always look Above.

III.

Some months have fled since I this task began,  
Bringing to neat completion its first part.  
Awhile my thoughts in easy measure ran,  
Which much beguiled an often saddened heart.  
And made me lay my pleasing task aside.  
Now, as I write not for an earthly mart,  
I have a wish that my poor rhymes may bide  
The test of Scripture Truth by whomsoe'er applied.

IV.

I feel a sacred pleasure warm my breast  
As I resume my simple tale of love:  
A tale which is not in rich language dressed,  
I fain would look for help from God above,  
To leave a record of my principles;  
And seek the guidance of the Heavenly Dove,  
Whose influence the darkest doubt dispels,  
And fills with purest peace the heart wherein he dwells.

V.

This glorious truth was never more displayed  
Than in dear GOODWORTH'S every day's employ;  
Or in the fields or in the woodland shade,  
His love of duty yielded constant joy;  
Sweet Heaven-born Peace naught could in him destroy.  
For why? He had in God most steadfast trust,  
And things which do so many minds annoy  
Led him to curb all anger, pride and lust,  
While in each fresh distress he knew that God was just.

VI.

He also knew that he is merciful  
And wish in all he does unto mankind.  
If this we see not we are very dull,  
And to our soul's best interests truly blind.  
This to perceive some minds are too refined  
By false philosophy and learning vain.  
No wonder then if they are left behind  
The humble child of God who with disdain  
Views all these worldly pleasures that he might obtain.

VII.

Just so with GOODWORTH; though he had in schools  
Learned much of what is termed deep classic lore,  
He quite preferred to train his life by rules  
Contained in Scripture; and it grieved him sore  
To see some Christians--this all should deplore--  
Neglect Christ's precepts to procure their ends.  
But seeing this, he never once forbore  
To speak plain truth and reap what oft attends  
An upright course--ev'n scorn; but this his walk commends.

VIII.

In his snug home he evermore obtained  
What flowed from love--a holy reverence.  
Of harsh commands his children ne'er complained;  
Wrangling and discord both were banished thence.  
His much loved wife possessed some rare good sense,  
And seconded his efforts for their good.  
She never sought in earnest or pretence  
To lower him before his flesh and blood;  
While to increase their comforts she did all she could.

IX.

Nor was it strange if such a home as this  
Made him content his leisure time to spend  
Within his family circle; for such bliss  
Comes not to all, who seek to make an end  
Of troubles that a single life attend,  
By entering soon into the marriage state.  
If such folks would but strict attention lend  
To Bible teaching, they might share the fate  
Of these, our friends, on whom true pleasure seemed to wait.

X.

Their constant mutual love became the theme  
With all who knew them in that Settlement;  
Domestic bliss was proved no idle dream,  
For in true happiness their lives were spent.  
To labor hard they always were content,  
Regarding Paul's advice and his example:  
It was their thought they were but thither sent  
To furnish proof which all might own was ample  
That they loved Jesus' laws, on which too many trample.

XI.

Let none imagine they e'er built on this  
A hope of endless happiness in heaven.  
They deemed it right all men should bow submit  
To His Authority, whose life was given  
For sinners vile; that they might not be driven  
Away from Him to dwell in endless woe.  
This oft has cheered them on as they have striven  
To lead their fellow men God's truth to know;  
And every day its power did their behavior show.

XII.

The Spring is past and Summer's heat has fled.  
United diligence hath well supplied  
A plenteous store of more than needful bread,  
For they have some choice luxuries beside,  
By which means different tastes were gratified.  
The snug ten acre field with wheat is sown,  
And looks most promising. Should naught betide  
To hurt their present prospects this alone  
Will well repay them for the hardships they have known.

XIII.

And now the necessary steps are taken  
To shield the cattle from dread Winter's rage.  
Necessity--stern master--does awaken  
Their full inventive powers, and they engage  
With ready ardor pens and sheds to wage;  
And in the absence of commodious barn,  
They stack with care their straw, and thus are sage  
Compared with many whom no dangers warn,  
And who, though often suffering, will not stoop to learn.

XIV.

A good supply of hard wood they obtain,  
To serve them through the season drawing near,  
When rude King Frost will hold tyrannic reign,  
Making the country desolate and drear.  
But in those woods they have small cause for fear  
From Winter's howling, fearful, bitter blasts,  
For they have fuel in abundance near,  
And the huge wood pile constant comfort casts  
Into the snug log house long as the season lasts.

XV.

All these arrangements made, the Pastor felt  
He had more leisure now to walk abroad;  
And in the gorgeous woods he often knelt  
In fervent prayer before his Father, God.  
For miles around his feet have pressed the sod  
Which ne'er was turned by plow up to the sun--  
Wilds that the foot of white man seldom trod,  
And where no clearance had as yet begun:  
Where he could sit and watch some charming brooklet run.

XVI.

Or now and then would wander near the side  
Of that majestic Lake, whose isles, tree clad  
And decked in Autumn's tints, appeared to ride  
With all their splendors quite elate and glad  
On Huron's silvery surface. Such scenes had  
A powerful charm to one of GOODWORTH'S mind.  
They would indeed, if aught had made him sad,  
Often dispel his gloom and leave behind  
Precious remembrances of an enduring kind.



XVII.

This was no marvel for his soul was filled  
With true poetic fire; and oft sweet song  
Of purest praise spontaneously has welled  
From his enraptured heart. Then he would long  
To leave a world where misery and wrong  
So much prevail, but yet content to stay  
And serve his master, his poor saints among;  
Would try to save those led from God astray,  
That he might aid Christ's cause while it is called "To-day."

XVIII.

Amidst such scenery he would sometimes take  
In haste his pencil, that he might note down  
Such thought as gushing from their fountain make  
The truest poetry that man has known.  
A specimen or two will now be shown  
Ere I proceed with my unlettered tale.  
If I mistake not they have all been drawn  
From Nature's store, and if so should not fail  
To claim our deep respect while they our minds regale.

PASTOR'S AUTUMNAL SONG.

Sweet Nature in grandeur Autumnal lies still,  
And I stand all entranced mid the gorgeous display,  
While the sun brightly sets o'er yon westernmost hill,  
And soft twilight succeeds to a most balmy day.

It is sweet in our woods a free ranger to wander,  
And view the bright tints the frost makes on the leaves;  
To watch day by day, as the colors grow grander,  
And its garb evanescent each tall tree receives.

'Tis here that I feel my breast heave with emotion,  
While reflections arise in its deepest recess;  
And these in their turn fill my soul with devotion,  
As I trace the Kind Hand for my aid in distress.

These all are thy works, O, Thou glorious Being!  
Thou art the great Limner with whom none can vie;  
Yet dim are the splendors as night comes, fast fleeing,  
Compared with the glories around Thee on high.

Amidst this array comes the solemn thought stealing,  
That these glowing colors will soon pass away.  
Each rude blast of wind seems a passing bell pealing,  
And loudly is calling all Christians to pray.

For full preparation, ere Death comes to call them  
To lay all earth's cares and sweet pleasures aside;  
That they may be happy whatever befall them,  
Still trusting in Jesus, the Lamb who hath died.

## HIS SONG TO A RILL.

Swiftly flowing, gentle Rill,  
Murm'ring softly down this hill,  
    Oft I list thy charming voice,  
At the bright and early morn,  
    As the Sun comes from the East,  
While his beams these scenes adorn,  
    To furnish minds like mine a feast.

Sweetly musical, pure Rill,  
Thou dost me with pleasure fill.  
    As I note thy varied charms  
Dulcet sounds fall on my ear,  
    Soothing much a saddened heart;  
Easing me of grief and fear,  
    Till I grieve from thee to part.

Modest, unassuming Rill,  
Thou art formed by matchless skill.  
    Grace and beauty are displayed  
In thy ever-smiling face  
    And the objects which surround  
This thy home; where I can trace  
    Traits to make this hallowed ground.

Lively, joyous, trickling Rill!  
As I gaze upon thee still,  
    Wanders back my mind afar  
To those haunts of boyish days,  
    When my young and ardent soul  
Warbled forth its earnest lays,  
    Gladly following Nature's call.

Glittering, dancing, pearly Rill!  
Thou dost well thy Maker's will  
    In regarding his behest.  
Teaching Christians all the way  
    They must take to please their God;  
Lest in dangerous paths they stray,  
    And bring upon themselves his Rod.

Swiftly flowing, gentle Rill,  
Murm'ring softly down this hill,  
    I must bid thee now farewell;  
Other scenes my presence claim.  
    My dear Master's work demands  
What will bring no earthly fame--  
    The labor of my heart and hands.

## XIX.

Upon these songs no farther I comment;  
They speak a language dear unto my soul;

And I could dwell through all my life content  
To gaze on Nature, who doth never pall  
A mind well tuned to listen to the call  
Of her pure minstrelsy, which yields delight  
Unmixed, enduring, as the seasons roll  
In quick succession, hymning forth the Might  
Of their All-wise Creator, who doth all things right.

XX.

'Tis "Indian Summer," and the sun looks down  
As if afraid to show his blazing face.  
And now the woods assume a darker brown,  
While in the weather there is not a trace  
Of Summer's ardent heat that doth unbrace  
The nerves of most, and makes one long to feel  
The cooling breeze as Winter comes apace  
To scatter forest leaves with savage zeal,  
Which do the narrow wood-paths by their fall conceal.

XXI.

And now the copious rains come pouring down,  
Filling the creeks and swamps and rivers full;  
Or in the woods or in the growing town,  
Things wear an aspect truly dark and dull.  
Through deep, stiff mud the stoutest oxen pull  
With much ado the very smallest load;  
While many a blow across his patient skull  
Urges the meek ox slowly on the road,  
Tiring the settler out ere he reach his abode.

XXII.

Anon the angry northwest winds arise,  
Bringing dark scowling clouds full fraught with snow.  
This all discharged, perhaps for months there lies  
One vast white sheet which screens the plants below  
From biting frosts, while easier to and fro  
The settlers move in their convenient sleighs.  
These heed not cold if they have hearts aglow  
With friendly feelings, but will speed for days  
Along the snow-paved roads and on some strange highways.

XXIII.

At such a time Goodworth and eldest son  
Left home and all its inmates in God's care;  
But ere they had their first day's journey done  
A circumstance occurred by no means rare.  
An English emigrant had settled where  
The woods were heavy and no neighbors near.  
He had partaken of the morning's fare  
And armed with axe dreamt not of cause for fear--  
Thought he'd be back at noon to wife and children dear.

XXIV.

But noontide came and brought no father fond

To take his place and share the frugal meal.  
They little knew that his loved form beyond  
In that dark wood could no emotion feel.  
The loving wife could very ill conceal  
Dread thoughts which rose within her faithful breast.  
Should he be dead her own and children's weal  
Were fled forever. So, with mind distressed  
She went to search the woods and gave herself no rest.

XXV.

At last she came to where a huge tree lay  
Athwart the body of the hapless man.  
By grief distracted there she could not stay,  
But up the road with frightful speed she ran.  
Soon she met Goodworths and forthwith began  
To tell her tale most incoherently.  
Few words were needful at such a time to fan  
Love's flame in them or make them prove to be  
Both Good Samaritans to that poor family.

XXVI.

They took her up and tried to calm her mind  
Until they came to that soul-harrowing scene.  
Now all alight; ere long the axe they find,  
Which had so late the man's companion been.  
His stiffened corpse was wedged quite fast between  
The tree and frozen earth, and naught remained  
But first the widow with sleigh-ropes to screen  
From bitter cold; and this point having gained  
They soon cut through the tree, so well had they been trained.

XXVII.

It then became their melancholy duty  
To take the lifeless form from the sad spot.  
And now the widow in sweet, mournful beauty  
Directs the new-found friends to her log cot.  
A tearless eye within that home was not--  
All felt the dreadful nature of the loss  
Which had that day occurred, for naught could blot  
His great worth from their minds. He ne'er was cross  
To those who clung to him as to the tree the moss.

XXVIII.

To leave this family in such piteous state  
Was out of question, so young GOODWORTH took  
The horses out--for now 'twas growing late--  
To quench their thirst at a clear purling brook,  
And gave them food within a sheltered nook;  
Then found some boards and made a coffin rude.  
Meanwhile the father took God's holy Book  
And read such portions as teach fortitude  
To us, that all immoderate grief may be subdued.

XXIX.

'Twas well that mother long had known the Lord,  
For wondrous strength is now to her imparted;  
And each clear promise in the Holy Word  
Proved balm unto her soul, though much she smarted.  
In both the GOODWORTHS she found friends warm hearted,  
Friends who could give their love and sympathy;  
And ere they from her humble home departed  
They showed such proofs of generosity  
As did with their profession very well agree.

XXX.

For such a work by sad experience trained,  
They soon proceeded to lay out the dead;  
And though fatigued they ne'er of it complained.  
Nor would they let the widow spread a bed  
For their joint use, but sat and watched instead.  
\_She\_, much refreshed by prayer and conversation  
Retired to rest her weaned heart and head.  
\_They\_ spent the night in solemn contemplation  
Or read that precious Book which does unfold Salvation.

XXXI.

When morning came their plans were well matured,  
And each went off to tell the mournful news.  
Ere noon appeared assistance they secured,  
For help at such time who can well refuse?  
Some brought their tools which they knew how to use,  
And dug a grave in the selected spot.  
There round it grew no stately, somber yews,  
But these and other things it needed not  
To be fit resting-place for one not soon forgot.

XXXII.

When all was ready GOODWORTH lent support  
To the bereaved one following the bier.  
In sweet-toned language he did her exhort  
To look to Him who "bottles up each tear"  
His children shed while in deep sorrow here.  
They reached the grave, where she with firmness stood  
And felt such comfort as dispelled her fear.  
Such fruits spring from true Christian Brotherhood  
To all who rest their hopes on Christ's atoning blood.

XXXIII.

Due rites performed, the settlers flock around  
The widowed mother and warm offers make  
Of humble service, with respect profound.  
\_This\_ wished the boy and \_that\_ the girl to take,  
And treat them well for their dear parents' sake.  
She heard these offers with much thankfulness,  
But said to part with them her heart would break--  
Would miss them, too, in this her sad distress,  
And they could get along if God their efforts bless.

XXXIV

That night the Pastor ventured to enquire  
What were her prospects? Did she money need?  
The answer made he could not but admire:  
"Her God had ever proved a friend indeed;  
Cheered by His promises which she could plead,  
She doubted not He would them still protect,  
And, make their labors on the farm succeed;  
Her boy was strong, and had such great respect  
For what was right that he his work would not neglect."

XXXV.

Next day the friends prepared again to start  
On their cold journey soon as it was light.  
Both urged their hostess freely to impart  
To them from time to time her prospects bright  
Or the reverse, as she might deem it right.  
In fervent prayer they her to God commend,  
Then bade Farewell and soon were out of sight  
They reached that day their lengthy journey's end,  
And gained a hearty welcome from their loving friend.

XXXVI.

That friend lived in a village destined soon  
To show few traces of the times gone past  
When its fair site was woods where the racoon,  
The bear, and wolf had munched their stolen repast.  
In wealth and people 'twas increasing fast,  
But not in morals--these were very low;  
Yet some there lived who roused themselves at last  
And with great vigor met the monster foe--  
Ev'n vile Intemperance--to give him his death blow.

XXXVII.

This end they hoped for by the simple means  
Of total abstinence from liquors strong.  
The frequent use of these gives rise to scenes  
Which all good men would scorn to be among.  
Vile oaths, the boisterous mirth, the wanton song,  
Were constant heard within each horrid den  
Where these vile drinks were retailed all day long.  
'Twas sad indeed to view such filthy pen  
Filled with poor ruined wretches who once had been men.

XXXVIII.

Throughout the village there were many such,  
And as a consequence great mischief done.  
It is surprising and has grieved me much  
To think our Magistrates have laurels won  
By doing what all devils view as fun!  
Why grant a license to each Grogger  
When it is evident men only run  
To those low places for iniquity,  
Till they become as vile as wicked men can be?

XXXIX.

Our Pastor's friend was one among the number  
That first came forward openly to stand  
On "total Abstinence," nor did he slumber,  
But to the work lent willing heart and hand.  
GOODWORTH knew this, and having at command  
A little leisure held a meeting there.  
He spoke with warmth in language bold yet bland,  
Using such arguments as made men stare  
Who went for sake of fun, but got some better fare.

XL.

With ready tact he showed the means insidious  
Used oft by those who sold the drunkard drink.  
To lure him on by stimulants oblivious,  
Till he lost self-command, and ceased to think.  
Then showed him tottering on the fearful brink  
Of the wide-opening grave and drunkard's hell,  
And truthfully described how link by link  
Of sacred ties were severed, as the spell  
Grew daily stronger, and a sot confirmed he fell.

XLI.

And now he drew as with a master's hand,  
A vivid picture of sad family woes;  
The broken-hearted wife oft forced to stand  
Betwixt her children and their father's blows--  
He mad with rum, thus trampling Nature's laws;  
Or gave a life-like sketch where parents vie  
In drunken riot, every day the cause  
Of strife and discord, the poor home a sty  
Where filth and rags surround them, till like beasts they die.

XLII.

And then he gave with most consummate skill  
A true description of Sobriety,  
Where man and wife walk up and down Life's hill  
In sweet conjugal peace and piety;  
Their love increasing as more years they see,  
Their children growing up like olive plants  
To love and cherish much their memory,  
And if need be in Age supply their wants,  
Then meet with that reward which God to such still grants.

XLIII.

While he was speaking there was some excitement,  
And at the meeting's close a number came  
To sign the Pledge, expressing much delightment.  
Yet some were there who slunk away in shame,  
Muttering that they were not a whit to blame  
For the poor drunkard's fate, although they had  
Used every means to keep alive the flame  
Which burned their vitals and made them quite mad.  
That these escape due punishment is far too bad.

XLIV.

I here would try to speak my mind in brief  
Upon the Temperance movement ere I pass  
To other scenes, either of joy or grief,  
In which our Pastor figures--for alas,  
"Man's best laid schemes are only like to grass  
Which springs up for a season and then dies."  
Just so this question 'mongst the world's great mass  
Sometimes seems gaining ground, but the Foe plies  
His sly ensnaring waits and all reform defies.

XLV.

Now why is this? Can any tell me why?  
Some feel quite sure all we now want's a law  
To stop the godless traffic. These rely  
Perhaps too much on man to strike the blow  
Which is to bring the fell Destroyer low.  
Others are sure that it is useless quite  
To curb the monster. These ne'er felt the glow  
Of pure Philanthropy move them aright  
Or they would rise and aim to crush this demon's might.

XLVI.

Try this scheme, friends: Let all true Christians stand  
Fast in one body, and use fervent prayer  
And self-denial, that the Lord's right hand  
May be stretched out to break each chain and snare  
Which binds mankind. Then let it be our care  
To act consistently in all we do.  
Of resting on an arm of flesh beware!  
For in this case our plans will all fall through;  
We shall be put to shame and feel deep anguish too.

XLVII.

May we no opportunity neglect  
Of spreading wide the Gospel's joyful sound  
For those who never do indeed expect  
That God's rich blessing will their steps surround.  
Thrice happy shall we be if we are found  
Engaged still thus when Jesus calls us hence.  
Rise, Christians, then, and let your zeal abound!  
The Savior calls! In earnest now commence  
This Godlike work, and let his name be our defence.

XLVIII.

I now resume my simple narrative,  
To tell how GOODWORTHS reached their home again.  
More striking views of them I yet must give,  
If I may strike my harp and use my pen.  
To me who rank not 'mongst well learned men  
'Twill prove a task of no small magnitude;  
Yet after hard bench-labor, now and then



It gives relief from much solicitude  
To sit in my arm chair and form my verses rude.

XLIX.

Once more our friends are gliding o'er the road,  
While their clear bells most lively music make.  
The sleighing good, and past each log abode  
They swiftly fly and soon a side-line take  
To gain an Indian village near the Lake.  
Here they intend to spend a little time  
The poor Red Men from sin and death to wake  
By speaking to them of those Truths sublime,  
Which can renew the souls of men sunk low in crime.

L.

The Indian Chiefs received them with much pleasure;  
They saw in GOODWORTH what did suit them well.  
Of outward charms he had an ample measure,  
And his fine voice was like a deep-toned bell.  
These all combined cast as it were a spell  
Over those haughty rangers of the wood,  
And made them ponder what he had to tell.  
It was a sight to see those natives rude  
List to God's Gospel-message in a serious mood.

LI.

They listened, and the Holy Ghost with power  
Sent home the word to some of savage heart.  
These since have seen great cause to bless the hour  
In which our Pastor visited that part.  
A few, deep-skilled in blackest "heathen art"  
Were full of rage and would have done him harm,  
But lacked the power, which but increased their smart.  
Meanwhile the others with fresh feelings warm,  
Pressed hospitable rites and quelled the fierce alarm.

LII.

With these he had some very earnest talk  
Of that obedience which the Lord requires  
From his Disciples, to ensure a walk  
Such as may tend to curb our vain desires  
And nurture that which to all good aspires.  
He deemed it proper not to press at first  
The rite Baptismal; and while one admires  
His views on this, another seems to thirst  
For full initiation lest he die accursed.

LIII.

This from an Indian did excite surprise;  
But soon 'twas known this man had heard before  
A hint of it from some one he thought wise--  
One truly skilled in strong Sectarian lore.  
To try to set him right Goodworth forbore,  
At least at that time, as too well he knew

Men oft in controversy feel more sore  
On things of which they have but partial view;  
That they will argue most for what to them is \_new\_.

LIV.

Upon the morrow ere they took their leave,  
It was arranged--God willing--to return  
Within a week or two those to receive  
Into strict Fellowship who wished to learn  
God's will, which all in Scripture may discern,  
That in Church standing they a light might be  
To their poor friends whose state required concern.  
This settled, GOODWORTHS then most cheerfully  
Resumed their journey home to join their family.

LV.

The first few miles in safety soon they passed,  
And reach the edge of a most dismal swamp  
Stretched out before them in dimensions vast;  
A huge receptacle of gloom and damp.  
There savage wolves and beasts of such a stamp  
Might lodge secure and plan most daring deeds.  
Gloomy the prospect, though the solar Lamp  
Was full two hours from setting, and the steeds  
Restive become and faster fly as instinct leads.

LVI.

The men knew well what they had to expect,  
And sent a prayer into their Father's ear.  
This done, they did no proper means neglect  
To meet what danger might be hovering near,  
And also strove each others' hearts to cheer.  
Swifter the horses speed o'er the rough logs  
That form the road, and now some wolves appear  
Hungry and fierce and fresh from noisome bogs,  
To pounce upon our friends who lack their faithful dogs.

LVII.

The murderous gang now spring but miss their prey,  
And plunging in deep snow vent forth their rage  
In horrid yells, then strive to reach the sleigh.  
Again they fail; again afresh engage  
With double fury bloody war to wage!  
Vain their attempts. A Mighty Hand unseen  
Aids those two men. This does their fears assuage,  
And nerves their arms, and keeps their minds serene,  
Or they had failed to tell how good the Lord had been.

LVIII.

The swamp is cleared, yet on the smoother road  
Their speed they slack not till they reach the house  
Of a poor drunken settler then abroad  
On his nocturnal revels, while the spouse  
Was left to mourn his oft-indulged carouse,

And tremble for his safety from the cold.  
No sense of danger e'er could him arouse  
From his sad sunken state. Drink had such hold  
On his gross appetite he seemed to Satan sold.

LIX.

And yet the wife, the mother of his babes,  
Ne'er breathed reproach against her low-sunk mate.  
Such love as her's it is which sometimes saves  
A wretched husband from a drunkard's fate.  
'Tis true such love is oft repaid with hate,  
And driven to distraction wives may say  
Hard things of men who bring them to a state  
Of heartfelt woe, and drive their feet astray  
From Virtue's paths, until they shun the light of day.

LX.

But here and there a character shines forth,  
As in this case, most worthy of all praise.  
For this sweet wife was one of matchless worth,  
And her dear name should grace my artless lays,  
If I by that means could her triumphs raise.  
She was in truth a noble heroine,  
Whose brow might well have been bedecked with bays;  
For deeds like hers through every age should shine  
To show the strength of Love and prove it is divine.

LXI.

O, woman! who has skill of mind or pen  
Those feelings to portray that fill thy breast?  
All we yet see are glimpses, now and then,  
Which make us long the more to know the rest.  
Self-sacrificing woman! thou'rt possessed  
Of that which does enable thee to bear  
A load of misery on thy heart impressed  
By wrongs from him who should thy sorrows share,  
And make the daily weal his ever constant care.

LXII.

His home in that far North wild wilderness,  
Had naught about it which could tell the tale  
Of what that mother suffered of distress,  
For hope--fond hope had kept her strong and hale.  
It was still whispering she would soon prevail  
Upon her husband to renounce his sin.  
This cheered her heart although her face grew pale  
With anxious care how best she could begin  
And what means to employ that she might victory win.

LXIII.

So GOODWORTH found her on that bitter night  
With house quite trim and table neatly laid,  
And hopeful still though in a serious plight,  
As we have hinted, very much afraid

Lest her dear man should freeze. "He is," she said,  
"As good a husband as I could desire  
But lot his fault. He always has displayed  
Such love for me that I will never tire  
Of loving him, though none my conduct may admire."

LXIV.

And saying this she would have gone alone  
The absent one upon the road to seek.  
Her ardent love conspicuously shown  
On that occasion, and I fain would speak  
Her praise with trumpet tongue, though she so meek  
Might blush to hear it and feel half offended.  
Now GOODWORTHS thought that one whom they deemed  
weak  
Was best at home, yet they her love commended,  
And volunteered to go, by trusty dog attended.

LXV.

'Twas not in vain. Behind a Huge pine tree  
The man, o'ercome, was lying fast asleep;  
Nor could they rouse him, so far gone was he,  
Or from the cold or from potations deep.  
An unseen Eye did faithful vigils keep  
O'er that poor sinner though he knew it not;  
And thoughts of this has since oft made him weep  
Tears of true penitence in that lone spot,  
Which gave to him a lesson that he ne'er forgot.

LXVI.

This spot was very near to where he lived,  
And the kind friends Drink's hapless victim bore  
To his own home, both feeling truly grieved  
That his sad state would make his wife's heart sore.  
And now the faithful dog trots on before,  
Most clearly glad because his master's found.  
Anon he whines and scratches at the door,  
Which makes his mistress' heart within her bound  
As she peers through the dark and tries to catch some sound.

LXVII.

Each moment seemed an hour as thus she stood  
In doubt, expecting some great evil near;  
And when they came the sight nigh froze her blood.  
She fainting fell, through mingled grief and fear.  
Meanwhile the children in the chamber hear  
A noise below, and leave their snug, warm bed,  
Then in deep sorrow view their parents dear,  
And big, warm tears each youngling freely shed,  
For their idea was that both were lying dead.

LXVIII.

Our friends knew better and strove eagerly  
To still their cries and consciousness restore

Unto the sufferers. Soon with joy they see  
The mother fast recovering; her they bore  
Into her bed-room that they might give more  
Attention to the drunken father's case.  
He in deep stupor did most loudly snore  
And looked quite frightful with frost-bitten face,  
Which kept him long in mind of that--his great disgrace.

LXIX.

Next they rub hard with snow the frozen parts,  
Until the flesh displays a ruddy glow.  
This task accomplished they with lighter hearts  
Deeper concernment for the mistress show.  
She, quite awake, most anxious was to know  
Their full opinion of her partner's state.  
The favorable answer made her bow  
Her heart to God for this his mercy great,  
In having kept her man from such an awful fate.

LXX.

From bed she rose and pressed on them to eat,  
But GOODWORTH asked if he might go to prayer.  
She gave consent, and 'fore the Mercy Seat  
They poured forth thanks for all their Father's care,  
And prayed that all within the house might share  
God's rich forgiving love, and ever be  
Devoted to his service: so prepare  
By constant practice of true piety  
To join the heavenly ranks a happy family.

LXXI.

And now they eat with keenest appetite  
Of the good things so temptingly displayed--  
Prime venison with bread both sweet and light;  
And charming butter as e'er housewife made  
Were with tea, cream, and rich preserves arrayed  
In plentiful supply upon the table.  
These, backed by welcome, all their toil repaid,  
And they found backwoods cheer indeed no fable;  
Yet to partake thereof their hostess was not able.

LXXII.

Their noble team they came so near forgetting,  
Had been provided for with care by one  
Who gave his parents no just cause for fretting--  
A rather small but very hopeful son.  
Around the blazing hearth-fire they begun  
To draw their chairs to dwell in converse pure  
Another hour on what the Lord had done;  
How he had kept them all from death secure  
And caused their love and faith through trials to endure.

LXXIII.

The guests both slept in peace and early rose,

And found their host already stirring round,  
And suffering much from being badly froze,  
And strangely nervous at the slightest sound.  
The elder GOODWORTH spoke to him and found  
That Conscience was at work within his breast.  
She made him hear with reverence profound  
Truths suited to the case of one distressed  
By sense of heinous guilt, which drives away all rest.

LXXIV.

He also brought most forcibly to view  
The need there was of "total abstinence"  
For such as he; and step by step he drew  
The man along till an o'erwhelming sense  
Of his great crime made him wish to commence  
At once a life of strict Sobriety.  
He signed a pledge and straightway banished thence  
The fiery fluid, his great enemy,--  
And did thenceforward keep his pledge most sacredly.

LXXV.

The breakfast o'er, our two friends bade adieu  
To parents, children, in their kindly way.  
'Twas now their wish to push the journey through  
Before the close of that short Winter day.  
The Sun was up and made a grand display  
Upon the trees and shrubs on every hand;  
These all were clad in silvery array,  
As if transformed by some Magician's wand,  
But 'twas the work of Him who counts the grains of sand.

LXXVI.

For through the night a change had taken place--  
Such as we frequent view without surprise.  
Rain falls and freezes--this is oft the case--,  
And trees look pretty to our outward eyes,  
But is this all that such a view supplies?  
Can we not trace a Mighty Artist's skill,  
Which competition from mankind defies?  
Then let us learn to reverence Him still,  
Who forms these beauteous scenes according to His will.

LXXVII.

Dear GOODWORTH gazed upon the glittering scene  
Until his soul was filled with ecstasy.  
Here he perceived that God indeed had been  
To clothe dull Winter in great majesty.  
To him it was so full of poetry  
That he was led to frame another lay,  
Which seems to me to breathe such melody  
I must ev'n give it without more delay,  
And rest in hope 'twill live far, far beyond my day.

PASTOR'S SONG ON THE FROST-WORK OF A FOREST SCENE.

Last night's air was keen and the snow lay around;  
All the trees, stript of leaves, were quite naked and black,  
And naught broke the stillness so very profound  
Save the jingle of bells as we passed o'er the track.

And little we thought of the sorrowful state  
Of that fond, loving, wife by whose bountiful cheer  
Our needs were supplied, nor yet dreamt of the fate  
Impending o'er one--to her heart ever dear.

As little expected the clouds of despair  
Hanging terribly pregnant with evils so dire  
Would all quickly vanish in answer to prayer,  
And sweet comfort spring forth from the midst of the fire.

As little we thought that the rude rising blast  
Would bring rain to transform every dark forest scene  
To richness of splendor by nothing surpassed  
That we mortals have witnessed of wonders' terrene.

Yon maple trees bend with their silvery load  
Like the frail sons of earth under ponderous wealth.  
These feel keen affliction their consciences goad,  
Yet they heed not the warning till Death comes by stealth.

And those, though they look on this calm, sunny day,  
To be robed in pure beauty so strikingly grand,  
Should Boreas arise his least might to display,  
Would be stript of their charms by his merciless hand.

And yonder dark pines that seem still to aspire  
To pre-eminence over their comrades below,  
Which shine in Sol's rays like huge masses of fire,  
To the earth their proud heads may be soon made to bow.

Yon oaks, which, like kings of the forest appear,  
With their thick, crooked branches all coated with ice,  
Never dream that the loss of their splendor is near,  
That each branch may be broke by the wind in a trice.

Just so we vain mortals indulge foolish pride,  
When we deck our poor bodies in splendid attire;  
And oft has the Tempter successfully tried  
With such means us to lead to most sinful desire.

How seldom we think that the primitive use  
Of the first suit of clothing by Adam and Eve  
Was not for adornment with trappings profuse,  
But as cover for nakedness--guilt to relieve.

This lesson more frequently brought to our view  
Might preserve all our souls from much sorrow and sin,  
And make us more anxious each day to renew  
Those adornings which Christians should all have within.

With reflections like these in true pleasure I gaze  
On this landscape so fair--so transcendently bright,  
And utter my heart's feeble tones of sweet praise

To my Father who formed it by Wisdom and Might.

LXXVIII.

Thus to a mind by sacred Truth impressed  
Nature at all times is an open book,  
And he who reads aright is truly blest.  
But ah, how much her teachings we overlook!  
One who his Scripture Guide has quite forsook  
Makes her an idol, and her praises sings  
In warmest strains; he hears in every nook  
Of her domain a thousand different things  
Proclaim her Godship, which to him much pleasure brings.

LXXIX.

Another, dreaming he is taught of God,  
Will hardly deign to look on her sweet face.  
His feet may press the flower-bespangled sod,  
But to admire the carpet would disgrace  
A mind so holy, and perhaps displace  
Far better thoughts which rise within his breast!  
In such a one 'twere difficult to trace  
The influence of Truths sublime expressed  
By our Great Master in discourse to us addressed.

LXXX.

As on most questions, mine's the middle view,  
And looks on all creation as the work  
Of God All-wise, most kind and mighty too.  
This frees my mind from all vain thoughts which lurk  
In its recesses, dissipates the murk  
Of idol worship and religious pride,  
And makes me proof 'gainst each insidious quirk  
Thrown out by those who do my views deride;  
Whose judgment seems to me from truth and reason wide.

LXXXI

In musings deep or Lively conversation,  
The time flies quickly as our friends draw near  
Their woodland home, which, after separation  
So long from those it holds, is still more dear.  
Anon, friends' farms successively appear,  
And at Luth's house they stop to rest awhile  
Themselves and team. There they lack not good cheer  
Nor kindly welcome, shown by many a smile  
From man and wife, a loving pair quite free from guile.

LXXXII.

From Luth they learned all their dear folks were well,  
And this relieved them from anxiety;  
So now with grateful hearts awhile they dwell  
Upon those themes which dear to Saints should be--  
Spoke of the love displayed so lavishly  
In journeying mercies, wheresoe'er they went;



Of good accomplished--though with modesty--  
By them as instruments most timely sent;  
And thus an hour or two was profitably spent.

LXXXIII.

Ere very long they reached their own abode--  
That \_Nest\_ well lined with Love, Content and Peace,  
Where true home feelings in each bosom glowed,  
And solid comforts day by day increase,  
Bidding quite fair to last till life shall cease.  
This their return the trusty dogs first hear,  
And they by joyous barking rouse the geese,  
The ducks and poultry, which in chorus clear  
At once their voices raise, dreaming that harm is near.

LXXXIV.

The household listen to the noise outside  
A few short moments, when the youngest son  
Struck by a pleasant thought could not abide  
Longer suspense, but in a trice begun  
To don his hat and gloves, both quickly done.  
He hurries forth and by fair Luna's gleam  
His eyes beheld what made him faster run  
To bid the loved ones welcome, and the team  
To house, and give such food as he may fittest deem.

LXXXV.

The two well loaded with their traveling gear,  
Make for the cottage fast as they can go.  
There the three females cheerfully appear  
Determined they a welcome will bestow  
Such as most virtuous minds alone can show.  
Sweet smiles bedeck the mother's comely face,  
The daughters too with joy are all aglow,  
Quite pleased to have a kiss or warm embrace  
From those they love so well at such a time and place.

LXXXVI.

Reader, dost thou possess imagination?  
If so, just use that precious faculty  
And join with me in making observation  
On love scenes drawn from this dear family.  
Thou art no eavesdropper, but yet I see  
An interest sparkling in thy earnest face  
Which shows thy heart doth go along with me  
As I such secrets do my best to trace  
And hold them up to view to benefit my race.

LXXXVII.

Imagine then the cordial reception  
That I above have feebly tried to paint.  
My picture has the charm of no deception--  
A thing of which there's oft not much complaint.  
Behold this loving band without restraint

Gathered round the evening's social board,  
Each in such frame of mind as seems a Saint,  
Even in their eating honoring the Lord,  
As they with temperance use whate'er their means afford.

LXXXVIII.

The father in most truly Pastoral style  
Spoke of the dangers they had just passed through;  
Dwelt on the English settler's death awhile.  
And the sweet conduct of the widow, too,  
Until the listeners had enough to do  
To calm their feelings and restrain their fears.  
Their sympathy was pure, to nature true,  
Which made them deeply feel the griefs and fears  
Of fellow mortals; and their father's heart it cheers.

LXXXIX.

He next informed them of the low sunk state  
Of that new village where he meetings held.  
How some few men were snatched from drunkard's fate,  
How drink's most worthless traffic had been quelled,  
And prejudice by force of Truth dispelled.  
Next of their visit to the Indian tribe;  
Told who received the Truth and who repelled  
Its influx to their souls and Satan's bribe  
Received, which did of Life Eternal them deprive.

XC.

The wolf adventure and Inebriate's case  
Received due notice and called loud for praise  
To Him whose hand they could-so clearly trace,  
Who had most kindly cared for them always.  
Then the Doxology at once they raise  
To the "Old Hundred," the immortal air,  
The clear, full harmony of which displays  
Such skill that mortals now may well despair  
Of making better tune though they have talents rare.

XCI.

This done once more they read God's holy Word,  
Choosing such portion as their minds may suit.  
Then in great reverence kneel with full accord,  
And fervent pray, though all save one are mute.  
Are there who deem such acts of no repute?  
Sad is their state, for they have nothing learned  
As well worth learning. Will they this dispute?  
Alas, poor sinners, you are not concerned  
That you have Christ refused and thus your soul's good spurned.

XCII.

We'll draw the curtain while the family sleep--  
Such sleep as pure contentment ever brings;  
And while good Angels, o'er them vigils keep,  
Let's pause a little that my rude harp's strings

May be drawn tighter, that my Muse her wings  
A fresh may plume, ere she completes her song  
For she has yet to sing of pleasant things  
And the reverse, so she must needs be strong  
To execute her task as time fast flies along.

XCIII.

The occasion I will take to introduce  
More fully to my patient reader's view  
This worthy household; which will be of use  
In after scenes, as I my tale renew.  
Joseph, the eldest, we have seen was true  
To God and Nature in some trials great:  
Much like his father year by year he grew  
Until he reached to manhood's full estate;  
In manners humble, and in preaching gifts first rate.

XCIV.

William, the younger, was not quite so grave;  
As kind in heart, but still more blithe and free;  
Quite serious on occasions and most brave,  
There were few youths more loveable than he.  
In Sunday school 'twas his delight to be,  
There he still led the singing and took part  
In teaching children the "great Mystery"  
Of gospel truth, and many a childish heart  
Felt that the loss of him would yield unceasing smart.

XCV.

The sisters, younger still, I must compare  
To two fair roses very lately blown;  
Who, though they lived in the woods, were debonair  
As any town's girls I have ever known.  
Their skill in housewifery was clearly shown  
In the discharge of all their household duties.  
They both had voices of the sweetest tone--  
Not shrill nor harsh, but more like what the flute is,  
And were by all who saw them looked upon as beauties.

XCVI.

But those were naught compared with Faith and Love  
Possessed by both, evinced by all their acts;  
And nothing pleased them better than to prove  
That pure Religion never aught subtracts  
From real enjoyment, as is shown by facts  
Which all who can may read if so inclined.  
'Tis true our Father evermore exacts  
Complete obedience, but our hearts refined  
By the Spirit through the Truth know all's in love designed.

XCVII.

Clarissa and Louisa were the names  
Bestowed upon these daughters at their birth,  
And 'twas foretold by some attendant dames

That each when grown would have uncommon worth.  
This prophecy gave rise to harmless mirth  
In after years, and led the girls to say  
That in their conduct there should be no dearth  
Of loveliness, for fear it should betray  
The fame of those good dames still living in their day.

XCVIII.

"Surely those parents must have been well off!"  
Some reader may exclaim in scorn or jest;  
But if 'twere not so there's no need to scoff,  
And if it were I have the truth expressed.  
Mine eyes have seen some parents quite as blest  
In all their offspring, and I hope to see  
My own dear children in their day attest  
That what I write is true, and ever be  
A loving, happy band and useful family.

XCIX.

I have an aim in making this digression,  
Can anyone divine what it may be?  
Though not a Papist I will make confession  
And clear at once the seeming mystery.  
Luth had a son now grown to man's degree,  
Who made proposals for Clarissa's hand,  
And GOODWORTH thought for aught that he could see  
It was not well their wishes to withstand,  
So let things take the way they were already planned.

C.

And Joseph, wishing not to be behind  
His darling sister, cast about his eyes  
And soon found one possessing generous mind,  
Whose fund of worth proved his selection wise.  
Her name methinks the reader may surmise,  
For it was Ruth and also Luth, a maid  
Who did prepare for matrimonial ties  
In prayerful spirit, and who ne'er betrayed  
That love of coquetry by many girls displayed.

CI.

Both these young folks had followed the example  
Of worthy parents, and as Christians stood  
In that young Church. Their worldly means were ample  
At least for such as wed from motives good.  
Besides if needful they could earn their food,  
Which made their marriage prospects bright and cheering,  
Things thus far settled they did all they could  
To haste the nuptials, and grew more endearing  
As the auspicious day drew nearer its appearing.

CII.

Again the Sabbath day came duly round,  
And Goodworth met his flock with heartfelt joy.

Once more he faithful preached "the joyful sound,"  
Or taught the Saints sin's fetters to destroy,  
And how their time and talents to employ.  
Then just before the "Breaking of the Bread"  
He of his journey spoke in manner coy,  
And deep attention by the Church was paid  
As he recounted mercies sent by Christ their Head.

CIII.

Upon the work especial stress he laid,  
Begun by God amongst the poor Red Men,  
And moved by sacred zeal he boldly said  
That something must be done; but how or when  
Was for the Church to say. As he stood then  
Chosen of God and them to oversee,  
His little flock, he could not go again  
Without depriving some of Ministry  
Most needful at that time if he would faithful be.

CIV.

He further said it was a settled thing  
With him that if the Holy Spirit call  
One to the Pastorship, no good could spring  
From frequent absence, for the Church needs all  
His time and talents; and should ill befall  
A flock so left God might the question ask,  
"Why didst thou leave my sheep and lambs at all?  
I placed thee there; attend thou to the task  
If in my smiles approving thou wouldst wish to bask!"

CV.

He cited many texts to prove his view,  
[Footnote: See at least one amongst many in I Peter, V, 1-4]  
And felt much grieved some Churches in our day  
Should to their interest be seldom true,  
And Pastors for slight causes turn away.  
From personal observation he would say  
That many men who make a great profession  
Begrudge the mite so needful as the pay  
Of those whose Pastoral worth's their sole possession;  
Who could not wink at sin nor make undue concession.

CVI

"Some folks, again," he said, "quite overlook  
The nature of the office as laid down  
For Churches' guidance in the holy Book,  
And substitute opinions of their own.  
Such meet their fellow Christians with a frown  
If they insist upon the Scripture plan,  
And deem him little better than a clown  
Who has the courage their false views to scan:  
And should he not desist might place him under ban."

CVII.

"\_Thus saith the Lord\_, in all religious matters,  
As the thing; needful should our minds impress.  
We've naught to do with the unseemly tatters  
Of creeds and ceremonials on which stress  
Is laid by many who the Truth profess.  
The Scriptures teach that Pastors should take heed  
To all their flock, that faith and holiness  
May grow apace; that they the sheep should feed  
With Heaven-inspired food according to their need."

CVIII.

"But Churches for most part make choice of him  
Who does a splendid preaching talent show;  
Or else they seek to gratify some whim  
Lest hearers should their purse strings tighter draw.  
'Tis easy for one taught of God to show  
That those so chosen cannot well fulfill  
True Pastoral duty, which consists, we know,  
In oversight according to God's will--  
Not Lords o'er his inheritance, but humble still."

[Footnote: The author would not like to be misunderstood. All he intends to say is that a talent for preaching, however good, is not the only qualification for Elder or Pastor. See I Tim. iii and Tit. i.]

CIX.

The Church agreed in what the Pastor said  
And Luth suggested that young GOODWORTH might  
Act as Evangelist in his father's stead,  
Should he 'fore God consider it quite right.  
Joseph assured them it was his delight  
To aid in any way his Master's cause,  
But thought that all should seek for further light  
By fervent prayer, and therefore Would propose  
To leave it unto Him from whom all wisdom flows.

CX.

This as determined on and they attended  
Unto the "Supper of the Lord" in love.  
Once more their Sacrifice of Praise ascended  
From grateful hearts unto their God above,  
Who heard it all and did such acts approve.  
Refreshed in soul once more they separate  
In friendly manner, as it does behove  
The joint possessors of such blessings great  
As heirs of bliss and glory in a future state.

CXI.

Throughout the week the members freely gave  
Unto this subject due consideration;  
And Joseph looked, to anxious friends, more grave,  
Was oft in prayer or wrapped in contemplation.  
The father, who of this made observation,  
Encouraged him to frankly speak his mind.  
This led them soon to mutual explanation

And fuller confidence, which all combined  
To lead them both to be unto God's will resigned.

CXII.

It caused a struggle in that parent's breast  
To part with one grown dearer every day;  
And Joseph at the first felt quite distressed  
At leaving friends so very far away.  
As was but natural, thoughts of wedding day  
Would also cross his mind and make him sigh;  
But yet he felt determined to display  
True Christian courage and himself deny,  
If to his fellow men 'twould bring Redemption nigh.

CXIII.

The father; saw no very great occasion  
For much of self-denial in the case.  
The Bride-expectant would with small persuasion  
Share any trials he might have to face.  
Besides the Indians would prepare a place  
With needful comforts, should he there remain.  
'Twas therefore his advice to seek for Grace,  
Such as the work demanded, and thus gain  
The glorious Reward which faithful ones obtain.

CXIV.

To this the son made not the least objection,  
And so the matter stood till next Lord's Day,  
When, as the Church approved of the selection,  
Much unfeigned love the all to him display;  
Rejoicing to see one so young obey  
Duty's strong impulse, and to God commend  
Their much loved brother, who without delay  
Made preparation that ere the week's end  
He might the Indians reach and to his work attend.

CXV.

At the reformed Inebriate's house he called  
In passing, and was truly glad to find  
The man his vice inveterate had controlled,  
And was improving daily in his mind.  
He owned that had his wife not proved most kind  
He might have been again to drinking drove.  
This Joseph hears, but hopes the pledge he signed  
Would be some safeguard if he should lack love;  
Yet urged him much to seek for help from God above.

CXVI.

To miss the swamp he took another road  
Not so direct, but pleasanter by far.  
Most holy feelings in his bosom glowed  
As he gazed on the glittering Evening Star.  
The sleighing good, such traveling was no bar  
To his sweet musings as he nearer drew

Unto the village where he had to war  
With heathen darkness, and for aught he knew,  
Where trials great and many might his steps pursue.

CXVII.

On his arrival joy sincere was felt  
By those who had the Gospel's sound regarded.  
These in full council passed the Wampum Belt,  
And by their confidence his zeal rewarded.  
None had the influence of Truth discarded  
Who first professed by it to be made free,  
And 'twas their wish, since nothing now retarded,  
To be baptized with due solemnity,  
That those who disbelieved might their obedience see.

CXVIII.

The Preacher this performed by full immersion  
Of the whole body in the deep blue lake,  
And none but those who evidenced conversion  
Did of that holy ordinance partake.  
I state not this from a desire to wake  
Any contention in a Christian's breast;  
I rather "strive for things which peace do make,"  
That I my love for all saints may attest.  
This course I long have deemed the wisest and the best.

CXIX.

Those thus baptized in fellowship then stood,  
And as instructed, to Christ's laws attended.  
Their souls reposed on His atoning blood  
For full salvation, and their lives commended  
The saving Truth to those who were offended  
At the first preaching of the Joyful News.  
What these beheld their outward rage suspended,  
And now no longer dared they to accuse  
The Preacher of vile motives and his work abuse.

CXX.

For some few weeks he labored there with pleasure,  
And his Red brethren urged on him to take  
The Pastor's office, but so grave a measure  
Demanded time for its importance's sake.  
"Should I be spared," he said, "I wish to make  
My life a useful one where'er I live;  
To Duty's call to keep my ear awake,  
And as I have received to freely give,  
Aiming to show I wish for no alternative."

CXXI.

With this resolve so very freely spoken  
We bid the Red Man for the time Adieu,  
For other scenes most clearly do betoken  
That genial pleasure is not lost to view.  
The lovers to their vows continued true,



And fixed upon the following New Year's day  
As best for entering on their duties new,  
When it was planned a Wedding jaunt to pay  
In visit to Niagara, many miles away.

CXXII.

The day arrived--a bright and cheering one,  
With which came Settlers on kind thoughts intent.  
Then gratitude for what the Lord had done  
They wished to show by love and substance spent  
Upon their Pastor, whom they viewed as bent  
On seeking their advantage since he came.  
One, by a neighbor, had two turkeys sent,  
Both fine young birds, well fed and very tame--  
A gift which well might put some richer men to shame.

CXXIII.

This neighbor brought upon his own account  
An ewe and ram of most superior breed.  
Another had a very fair amount  
Of splendid timothy and clover seed.  
A fourth good maple sugar as his meed  
Bestowed with blandest smiles and modest mien.  
A fifth had apples, of which all agreed  
They were the best they in that part had seen;  
While a sixth brought savory sausages quite fresh and clean.

CXXIV.

These as an average sample of the gifts,  
I mention merely with a view to show  
That Gratitude is put to no mean shifts  
In kindly hearts whose love keeps them aglow.  
Those who have naught but water to bestow  
Upon a thirsty Saint, reward will gain  
From Heaven's high King, who loves to have it so.  
We must from sneering at small gifts refrain.  
For the poor widow's mite did great reward obtain.

CXXV.

Surprise and joy that Christian family felt  
At this display of love and gratitude;  
While with their friends they reverently knelt  
To give God thanks, they for rich blessings sued  
For the kind donors, now more strongly viewed  
As brethren in the very strongest bond.  
Each at the Mercy Seat their love renewed,  
And heart to heart did fervently respond.  
All merely worldly pleasure this is far beyond.

CXXVI.

This past, the marriage knot was quickly tied  
For those young well matched couples, who appeared  
In all respects well pleased and satisfied  
This tended much to keep the parents cheered,

And to the friends around them more endeared  
The wedding feast parta'en, they soon prepare  
For their long journey, as a change they feared  
In the fine weather, which might make roads bare  
And the good sleighing spoil--a thing by no means rare.

CXXVII.

On that delightful jaunt I need not dwell,  
Only to say that all the drive enjoyed.  
When safe returned each had a tale to tell  
Of the great Cataract's wonders, never void  
Of thrilling interest to minds employed  
In viewing Nature right. I now would haste  
Lest my dear readers feel themselves annoyed,  
To finish what has brought me no small taste  
Of Poet's joy, and often has my heart solaced.

CXXVIII.

That earthly pleasure's not without alloy  
Poets have sung and sages oft have said,  
And none did e'er such pleasure long enjoy  
Without being to the same conclusion led.  
Our Pastor's dear Louisa took to bed  
Soon after New Year's visit to the Falls;  
Ere Spring came round she bowed her lovely head  
To Death's stern summons! Yet sweet hope consoles  
The friends for loss of her, and undue grief controls.

CXXIX.

Her death-bed was a scene I love to view  
With chastened pleasure, for her faith was strong.  
She to her Savior had for years been true.  
And then to be with Him did daily long,  
Yet not impatiently, for 'twould be wrong;  
But with strong fortitude--so calm and pure  
That one who saw her left the World's gay throng,  
And since has had great trials to endure,  
But found the Savior's aid was ever near and sure.

CVXX.

But little now remains for me to sing,  
Not that I matter lack--a large supply  
Exists \_where I got this from,\_ and may spring  
Into poetic joy if I should try  
Again to tune my harp, this time laid by  
At Duty's call. Our friend and spouse live where  
We found them first. William and wife are nigh,  
And with their children choicest comforts share.  
While Joseph of the Red Men's Church takes Pastoral care.

CXXXI.

Luth and Clarissa own a good sized farm,  
Well tilled, well stocked and fronting to the Lake.  
Around their hearthstone boys and girls do swarm,

So that they soon a larger house must make.  
Some members of the Church now sometimes take  
Their turns in preaching, and the elder Luth  
Shares Pastoral duty for his Master's sake.  
As Deacons they have men who love the Truth,  
All proving that the Church is in a state most sooth.

CXXXII.

The Lord's \_Forget-me-nots\_ grow everywhere  
Along the Christian's path as he pursues  
His Heavenward journey. And a Father's care  
Gives each sweet odors and most lovely hues.  
And they throughout the darkest days diffuse  
A balmy fragrance strikingly delicious!  
Yet we, vain mortals, oft these sweets refuse  
And choose instead that which is most pernicious,--  
Thus wandering far from God, who always is propitious.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JENNY AND HER PET LAMB.

By the side of lonely moor,  
In a humble clay-built cot,  
Lived a widow very poor  
Who received her daily store  
As the Lord's Forget-me-not.

With her lived her little girl,  
Blithe and pretty blue eyed Jane;  
She wore golden locks in curl,  
Which showed Nature was no churl,  
If it did not make her vain.

Plain but neatly was she dressed,  
With her lot was quite content,  
No great cares her mind oppressed,  
She with cheerfulness was blessed,  
While in work her time was spent.

Came there by the cot one day  
Quite a numerous flock of sheep.  
Lambs did by their mothers play,  
One was in a sickly way,  
Which called up Jane's feelings deep.

He who drove them, hard of heart,  
Did that sickly lamb abuse;  
This increased young Jennie's smart,  
It went through her like a dart,  
Wondering, "would the man refuse

"To give her that pretty lamb

Which appeared so like to die?"  
Came the thought to her like balm,  
Her distress of mind to calm,  
As she to the man drew nigh.

When to him she made request  
Answered he in surly tones,  
"She might have the little pest,  
For it was at very best  
But a heap of skin and bones!"

Joyfully she took the prize  
In with her to that rude cot.  
Pleasure filled her sparkling eyes,  
For the lamb had ceased its cries  
Ere it reached so safe a spot.

Like a foster mother she  
Nursed it then with gentle care,  
Till it grew in time to be  
Large as any sheep you see,  
Fed upon such scanty fare.

And its wool in one short year  
For some better pasture pays  
And assists the heart to cheer  
Of that widow, who had fear  
The coming Winter days.

Came there soon some troubles great  
On this poor, small family.  
He who owned the large estate  
Where they lived, had sunk of late  
Into greatest poverty.

Lost he all his wide domain,  
Dragged to jail because of debt.  
He would not of fate complain,  
If that widow might remain,  
But consent he could not get.

He who took their kind friend's place  
Acted a most cruel part.  
All might see upon his face  
There was not a single trace  
Of a kind or gentle heart.

And the widow was forbid  
To remain another week.  
Sternly he her pleadings chid,  
"All such tenants he would rid,  
And fresh quarters make them seek."

Threatened if they would not go  
He then all would take away.  
This was such a heavy blow  
Sickness laid the mother low;  
The were thus obliged to stay.

Ere the time had quite expired  
Down the angry landlord came  
With a man whom he had hired;  
Liquor strong their courage fired  
Till they felt no sense of shame.

Seize they Jenny's pretty pet,  
Cut its throat and leave it there;  
Then the household goods they get--  
Heed not how the dear ones fret  
When their cot was made so bare.

Saw the Lord that wicked deed?  
Did the widow's prayer avail?  
See you further on may read,  
What the Lord had just decreed  
In the sequel of my tale.

Thunder clouds hung overhead,  
While those shocking acts were done;  
Forth the lightning's arrow sped,  
Guided there it struck them dead,  
Ceased to beat their hearts of stone.

All who heard the widow's case,  
Those who saw sweet Jenny's tears,  
Got for them a better place,  
Bade them wear a cheerful face,  
Trust in God and calm their fears.

Said the widow to her Jane,  
"Saw you how your darling died?  
Did it of the act complain?  
Jesus as a Lamb was slain,  
As a Lamb was crucified.

"This was in the sinner's stead,  
This was done for you and me;  
For our sins he freely bled,  
Bowed to Death his sacred head  
On the shameful cursed tree."

Heard that lovely girl these things?  
Yes, and did believe them too.  
Faith its blessings to her brings,  
And God's goodness oft she sings.  
This, dear reader, you may do.

TO A VERY TALL SUNFLOWER.

Gigantic flower with many golden faces,  
Why climbest thou so very high in air?  
Art loth to show the very smallest traces  
Of sweet Humility with aspect fair?  
Well, even 'mongst men they are by far too rare!

I oft have heard how thou in deep devotion  
Dost follow Sol, the glorious king of Day.  
If this be true, perhaps thou seek'st promotion  
To his high courts, thy splendors to display,  
And dazzle all who view thy bright array.

Poets we know are strangely given to dreaming,  
And thus it came--they all thought this of thee.  
'Tis true, sometimes thy yellow flowers do seem in  
Just such a mood, and this they chanced to see;  
But those who watch thee closely will agree

That yet these flowers at times face all the quarters,  
East, West, and North as well as sunny South,  
And I have seen them like most patient martyrs  
Hang thus for days in time of Summer's drouth,  
Although such weather did not stop their growth.

Thou tallest of the tall amongst thy fellows  
Look'st like a king. So full of majesty  
Art thou, that this alone the truth may tell us  
Why we no humble mien in thee can see.  
Thou only bow'st to God who fashioned thee.

If this be so thou art a lesson teaching  
To all who view thy many golden charms;  
And all this time a sermon hast been preaching  
To me, and now my heart toward thee warms;  
Till I would gladly save thee from Frost's harms.

This may not be; already thou art drooping:  
A few more days will strip thy splendors off,  
And when Frost comes to find thy tall form stooping  
He at thy nakedness perhaps may scoff,  
But heed not, 'twas not his thy charms to doff.

Sunflower, I leave thee now, and this truth ponder,  
Thou hast fulfilled the task allotted thee.  
Have I discharged the obligations under  
Which I lay to God? the world? Ah me!  
A host of imperfections I can see.

Then let me now, before I cease my rhyming  
Take thy strong lesson very much to heart,  
That while I am up Life's rough ladder climbing  
I still may seek to act a proper part,  
And strive to fearless meet Death with his dart.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS.

WRITTEN ON MY THIRTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY, MARCH 20, 1854.

What solemn thoughts crowd o'er my mind  
As this eventful day moves on.

I feel most forcibly inclined  
To strive some proper words to find,  
In praise of God for what he's done.

And why? For seven and thirty years:  
He who at first my being gave  
Has still upheld me, calmed my fears,  
While passing through this Vale of Tears,  
And on my journey to the grave.

'Tis then but right that I should take  
A retrospect of my past days.  
This done in faithfulness will make  
My humble lyre aloud to wake  
Its every string in God's pure praise.

Then let my memory recall  
Each striking scene through which I've passed.  
What strong emotion fills my soul,  
As they in quick succession roll  
Before my wondering gaze at last!

I feel my childhood's joys once more,  
Again I pass its sorrows through.  
Of richest mercies what a store,  
In health or else in sickness sore,  
As if by magic spring to view.

With all my sins upon my head  
I see two near escapes from death;  
Then is a feast before me spread,  
And I on heavenly food am fed,  
The precious gift of God through faith.

Lo, there I see Him guard me round,  
Lest strong temptations me o'ercome;  
Here I am in his favor found,  
While others in perdition drowned  
Were long since hurried to the tomb!

O, what a miracle is this,  
That I am saved from hell and sin!  
Predestined by pure Grace to Bliss,  
My soul in transport bows submiss  
To God, and hopes a crown to win.

Then may I mourn my past neglect  
Of all thy goodness, O, my God!  
Henceforward may I more respect  
Thy just commands and still detect  
Those lurking sins that bring thy rod.

Should I be spared another year,  
May one great thought my bosom fill;  
To let it to mankind appear  
That I am but a pilgrim here,  
Just left awhile to do Thy will.

But Lord, thou know'st I am but weak;

Impart fresh strength that I may be  
More and more anxious still to seek  
The good of souls with spirit meek,  
And thus prove my sincerity.

And here I would once more record  
The fervent breathings of my soul,  
That thou would'st richest Grace afford  
To all my children through the Word,  
And still our every act control.

#### SONG TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Lily of the valley, this brief poetic sally  
At the very least is due unto thee.  
Thy fragrant wax-like flowers all freshened by Spring showers  
Seem purity embodied unto me.  
\_Lily of the valley blooming near the alley\_  
\_Of the little garden close to my home!\_

Lily of the valley, I fain would gladly rally  
All the powers of sweet Fancy to my aid  
To describe thy form retiring, which I cannot help admiring  
As it peeps from its broad, leafy shade.  
\_Lily of the valley\_, etc.

Lily of the valley, thou very well dost tally  
With my notion of a modest, gentle maid.  
Thy delicate bell-cluster may lack in grandeur's lustre,  
Yet thou in true beauty art arrayed.  
\_Lily of the valley\_, etc.

Lily of the valley, Sol scarce with thee dare dally;  
He plants no rose-blushes on thy cheek,  
Yet indebted to his power art thou from hour to hour,  
And his beams play with thee \_hide and seek\_.  
\_Lily of the valley\_, etc.

Lily of the valley, deem not my rhyming folly,  
For I love both thy form and thy scent;  
And this is chiefly true as thou kissest in the dew,  
While thy head in pure modesty is bent.  
\_Lily of the valley\_, etc.

Lily of the valley, bloom near my garden alley,  
And shed forth thy fragrancy around;  
I'll think as thou art growing of the lessons thou art showing  
To me when in musing I am found.  
\_Lily of the valley blooming near the alley\_  
\_Of the little garden close to my home.\_

#### DAISY, I HAVE SOUGHT FOR THEE.



Daisy, I have sought for thee  
In the garden, on the lea,  
Ever since I learned to roam  
From my much loved English home.

Once I owned a little thing  
Called a daisy here about,  
And it bloomed awhile in Spring,  
But the Winter froze it out.

'Twas a pigmy flower at best,  
Though in red robe it was dressed.  
English daisy's lively mien  
Never in its face was seen.

When it died I did not fret,  
Nor a dirge sung o'er its bier.  
Some few plants that I have met  
Claimed at least from me a tear.

Now what is it that I see?  
Daisies growing on a tree!  
White and double--white as snow,  
Hundreds of them in full blow.

Let me look awhile at them,  
Even through sweet fancy's eyes.  
Every flower's a perfect gem.  
And as such I will it prize.

But let Fancy stand aside,  
Common folks might me deride.  
Thinking something ailed my brain,  
Should I such a thing maintain.

Well, 'tis all as one to me,  
Fancy still shall have the sway.  
That \_Daisies here grow on a tree\_  
\_I\_ mean to insist alway!

[Footnote: The blossoms of the double flowering cherry tree. They bear a great resemblance to the white double daisy of English gardens, and in fact were pronounced to be the same by a lady friend of mine. I took the hint and wrote the above.]

THE CHARMS OF JUNE.

INSCRIBED TO MY WIFE.

The lilacs are now in the full flush of beauty,  
The fruit trees have blossomed, the tulips are gay,  
And birds' gushing melody points out our duty  
To God who doth bless us so vastly each day.

Brilliant verbenas in rich robes are glowing,  
And spireas their fair silver glories maintain,  
While violets and lilies their charms are bestowing  
To add to the splendors of sweet Flora's reign.

O, soon will the odors of bright blushing roses  
Unite with the woodbines in fragrance complete;  
For hoards of their incense this fine month discloses,  
To all who are fond of a garden retreat.

Viburnum Opulus its snowballs is forming,  
The peonies are ready to burst into bloom,  
Rude Boreas has ceased for awhile his dread storming,  
And Nature at last has got rid of her gloom.  
[Footnote: Guelder Rose.]

In flower-bedecked fields or vast woods at this season  
I would 'twere my privilege to frequently roam;  
But fear such indulgence might well be termed treason  
Against the sweet duties and pleasures of Home.

Then since this solacement by God is denied me,  
I'll joy that in fancy it still is my lot  
To rove with my own lovely Ellen beside me,  
Through scenes that can never by us be forgot.

TO DR. LAYCOCK, ON HIS LEAVING BRANTFORD ON ACCOUNT OF  
ILLNESS.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

Doctor, you must not hence depart  
Ere I address a parting lay  
Fresh gushing from an honest heart,  
Which grieves because you cannot stay.

To Rhyme I make but small pretence,  
Yet what I write is what I feel;  
And should it prove but common-sense,  
Many defects this will conceal.

I have oft wished since you came here,  
That we might years together spend;  
And now I hang 'twixt hope and fear,  
In strange uncertainty, my friend.

Right glad, dear Doctor, would I be  
If you left here in perfect health;  
I know 'tis prized by you and me  
As far before the greatest wealth.

And well it may! For that is wealth  
In most men's hands but splendid dross  
To purchase \_friends\_ who leave by \_stealth\_

Their friend, when he has found its loss.

Yet 'tis I own, when rightly used,  
A goodly thing for you and me,  
Who can't of hoarding be accused  
At least from all that I can see.

Then take what I most freely give--  
A wish sincere that you may yet  
Return in health near us to live,  
An honest livelihood to get.

And may your partner live to share  
With you for years fresh joy and peace.  
For this I urge an earnest prayer  
To God who makes my joys increase.

TO MR. COWHERD, FROM HIS FRIEND, H. S. LAYCOCK.

[Perhaps my readers will have the goodness to pardon me if I here present them with an exact copy of a Rhyming Letter which I received in answer to the poem above from my much respected and greatly lamented friend, the late Dr. Laycock, of Woodstock, Ont. I place it here because of the compliment he was kind enough to pay me on my rhyming abilities, and chiefly in relation to those Pieces to my Children. I candidly acknowledge that it was his opinion, so freely and perhaps flatteringly expressed, which weighed with me greatly as an inducement for giving so many of them in these pages.]

Dear friend, though a poor hand at rhymes, I'll try  
In kind to your kind verses to reply.  
Together we have passed some happy hours,  
Pleasantly loitering in the Muses' bower;  
Not with the Bards who sing of Wine and Love,  
But those who can the nobler Passions move  
To finer sympathies, and by their art  
Instruct, amend as well as cheer the heart!  
Such Bard our COWPER. Oft his pleasing strains  
Have won us to forget the cares and pains  
The world lays on us all; WORDSWORTH the same;  
And other bards besides less known to fame;  
Thyself, dear friend, amongst the rest. Thy rhymes  
Flow from a heart in tune with Nature's chimes,  
And breathings of Sweet Home, Domestic joys,  
The opening graces of thy girls and boys,  
And themes like these to Nature dear please all  
Whose souls like ours respond to Nature's call.  
Nature, to whom proud Art can lend a grace,  
But whom if absent Art can not replace!

Take these poor lines in haste and sickness penned,  
As tribute from a warm and grateful friend,  
Who, though thy kindness he can not repay,  
Will ne'er forget thee, Cowherd, nor thy lay.

BRANTFORD, Nov. 16, 1854

TO MR. JAMES C----T

NOVEMBER, 1853.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed."

My friend much respected, 'tis hardly the thing  
That I on some subjects so often should sing,  
And yet never manage a rhyme to bestow  
On one whose great kindness I'd gratefully show.

It oft has been spoken, as oft has been penned  
That "It cannot be ever too late to amend."  
And as I'm unconscious of lacking respect,  
Will do what I can to repair my neglect.

O, can I look back to the time of my need,  
When thou, under God, prov'dst a kind friend indeed,  
And feel no emotion my bosom to swell?  
'Twere baseness of conduct too shocking to tell.

Time was when chill penury stared in my face,  
And I was made feel it almost a disgrace.  
As a fruit of thy kindness that time has gone by,  
So I to be thankful would constantly try.

O, well I remember how often I thought  
My business endeavors would all come to naught;  
That I, 'midst my toiling should surely stick fast,  
And most sad disappointment meet me at last.

The Lord sent thee to me at such time of trial,  
When exercised well with the grace Self-denial.  
Thy kind way of speaking took from me my sadness,  
And left in its place a rich increase of gladness.

And oft since that time though a much chequered life  
Amidst this world's bustle, its turmoil and strife  
My mind has been solaced with thoughts of thy love,  
Which does thy relation to Christ clearly prove.

Under the weakness of age thou art bending,  
Yet no doubt have I that the Lord is still sending  
The joy of His presence thy spirit to cheer,  
By doing thy duty while thou stayest here.

And Oh, may it please our kind Father and God  
Thy steps to support with his "Staff and his Rod;"  
Then cause his bright Angels thy way to attend,  
And thus bring thee safely to Life-journey's end.

May thy good example to those that remain,  
Be useful in showing Religion is gain,  
That they may still follow the path that Christ trod,

And join thee in singing the praises of God.

TO THE CHRISTIANS OF BRANTFORD.

OCTOBER, 1853.

Christians of Brantford, list awhile,  
An humble Rhymer speaks to you.  
Perhaps the fact may cause a smile,  
Though I speak not from motives vile,  
But with your interest full in view.

You are engaged in warfare great  
With that great sin which oft has made  
A loving husband full of hate,  
A young wife's beauty quickly fade,  
And early death become her fate.

You have to grapple with that fiend  
That oft has made poor children weep,  
Bereft them too of every friend,  
Who would unto their wants attend--  
When they were sick afford relief.

You are engaged in mortal strife  
With that huge serpent which ere now  
Has poisoned all the joys of life,  
Made many homes with discord rife,  
And sunk poor human nature low.

With him that oft has torn away  
The laurel from the Sons of Fame,  
Caused them from Wisdom's paths to stray,  
Has turned to darkness their bright day,  
And covered them all o'er with shame.

Young as some are, all must have seen  
His potent arm stretched forth to strike  
As victims those who long had been  
Striving on human aid to lean.  
Mind friends you never do the like!

Oh, have you thought upon his power,  
And learned how weak are mortal men  
When brought into temptation's hour,  
And "storms arise and tempests lower?"  
The strong may even falter then.

And feeling weak have you been led  
To put your trust in God alone,  
Who with his bounteous hand hath fed  
You all your lives, and in the stead  
Of guilty man did sin atone?

If you have not done this before

O flee, my dear young friends, away  
To Jesus Christ, the friend who bore  
Our sins, that he might us restore  
To God and Bliss and Endless Day.

TO THE SAME.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

Christians, arouse you! Quick, up and be doing!  
The monster Intemperance stalks through our land!  
Unfurl wide your banners, and good still pursuing,  
On "No Truce with Tyrants!" let each take his stand.  
Lend, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand!  
The might of this evil but few can withstand!

Shrieks and groans from the dying are heard all around you,  
And heartrending sights every day are displayed;  
While blasphemous curses may well nigh astound you,  
And dangers fast thicken; yet be not dismayed.  
Lend, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand!  
If these things appal you your help they demand.

Thousands of widows and orphans call on you  
Who lost their support from this tyrant's attacks,  
And he with his legions may soon fall upon you,  
If you now shrink from duty or show him your backs.  
Lend, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand!  
Your own peace and safety your efforts demand.

Our Jails and Asylums are full to o'erflowing  
With victimized wretches struck by this fiend's hand,  
And many poor youths unsuspecting are going  
To destruction, led on by his magical wand.  
Lend, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand!  
The doom which hangs o'er them gives forth the command.

Then muster your forces and stand forth unyielding,  
In the name of Humanity heed not his rage.  
Mind not his blandishments--evil still gilding--  
But ever determine to war with him wage.  
Lend, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand!  
In this monster's overthrow firmly now stand.

Christians, arouse you! Quick, up and be doing!  
For help look to God's own Omnipotent Arm!  
Let no Tempter charm with the soft voice of wooing,  
Or frighten your hearts by the sounds of alarm.  
Lend, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand!  
'Midst trials and dangers like true heroes stand.

VERSES WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING HORACE SMITH'S

"BACHELOR'S FARE."

1854.

He who wrote these lively verses  
Hath his talents misemployed,  
While he marriage ills rehearses--  
The conjugal life asperses  
Which so many have enjoyed.

And each brown or blue eyed charmer,  
Let her rank be high or low,  
Must have felt such verses harm her--  
Must have felt her cheek grow warmer  
With just indignation's glow.

Were he then as bachelor living  
He might speak of bachelor life.  
But such men need not be giving  
Crabbed views of man and wife.

If he were to fair one married  
Greater still would be the shame;  
It would prove love had miscarried,  
He alone perhaps to blame.

Were it shown that he was jesting,  
Jests like this with ills are rife;  
Poets should be still attesting  
This plain truth--Mankind are blest in  
Chaste and sweet Conjugal Life.

Marriage is of God's ordaining,  
Serving purpose wise and good.  
Those who are from it abstaining,  
Should be found always refraining  
From treating it in jesting mood.

From experience I am speaking,  
In protesting I prefer  
A wedded life. If you are seeking  
To have pockets with no leak in,  
From it let naught you deter.

But this thing make up your mind in,  
Choice should fall on one of worth.  
Love of wealth some men are blind in;  
For a wife may be worth finding,  
Though she be of humble birth.

If you are a true wife blest in,  
Mind you well fulfill your part,  
That you may, all cares distressed in,  
Prove the warmth of woman's heart.

I have proved it in rich measure,  
And with honest brow declare,  
Married life for sweetest pleasure

Can with any life compare!

STANZAS ON THE PEACEFUL STRUGGLE IN EUROPE.

APRIL, 1854.

England's real strength is in the Lord of Hosts

Slumbereth now the British Lion,  
In his sweet green Island lair?  
No! He rushes forth to die on  
Europe's plains, or crush the Bear.

Now he may well hope for glory,  
Warring in defense of Right.  
Will he soon be faint and gory  
From the Czar's most lawless fight?

Oh, forbid it, God of Battles--  
In whom we would place our trust!  
Ere is heard his cannon's rattles  
Quench the Bear's most savage lust!

Turn him back to his own regions,  
Though a wild and bitter clime;  
Wide disperse his barbarous legions  
In Thy own good way and time.

If in Wisdom thou ordainest  
This dread war shall still proceed--  
Let us feel thou ever reignest  
Through the saddest hours of need;

That thou still as Sovereign rulest  
O'er the Nations of this world;  
That thou yet mad Despots schoolest,  
Ere they to the dust are hurled.

O preserve our generous Lion,  
And his partners in the War;  
Bid their hosts thy arm rely on;  
Guard each soldier, shield each tar.

Let we see them soon returning  
To their now deserted domes;  
Let pure joy instead of mourning  
Fill their fondly cherished homes.

May we profit by the lesson  
Which events like this should teach--  
Seek to put away transgression,  
Act as healers of each breach.

Then we long may share God's favor--  
From the Queen upon her throne



To the lowly son of labor  
Toiling his poor crust to own.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF THE DREADFUL FIRE WHICH  
CONSUMED THE B. B. & G. R. R. DEPOT BUILDINGS.

Oh! there has come on us a dreadful calamity,  
Our fine Depot Buildings in ruin lie low.  
And works which for months were in earnest activity,  
To Fire's fearful ravage have been made to bow.

If the watchmen were both in the right path of duty,  
How came it we every one heard with amaze,  
That they saw not the fire till it fiercely was bursting  
Right through the gable in one perfect blaze.

I would not indulge in ungrounded suspicion,  
But truly the matter looks dark to my mind.  
And I trust before long a most strict inquisition  
Will be instituted, the faulty to find.

But should this be done would it rear up the buildings  
That now form a rubbish heap blackened and hot?  
Ah, no! and the Muse peering into the Future  
Fears never such structures shall rise on that spot!

Then mourn, Brantford, mourn! for thy sad, sad misfortune  
May well make thy sons to remember this day;  
And all may well sigh and feel strongest emotion,  
For troubles now thicken in blackest array.

And oh, it would tend to thy weal in the future,  
If thou such events as a warning would take  
To cleanse from thy dwellings Sin's dreadful pollution,  
Lest God's greater judgments against thee awake.

TO THE REV. J. W AND HIS BRIDE

A MARRIAGE DAY

October 4, 1853

An humble poet--save the mark!  
Wishes to give to you a lay  
In honor of your wedding day,  
But somehow labors in the dark,  
And fears from etiquette to stray.

And why? No invitation came  
To bid me tune my simple lyre--  
To fan my low poetic fire,  
Nor yet a hope of deathless fame

Which might for risk, serve me for hire.

I'll run the risk and fearless strike  
A lyre too apt to slumber long,  
And pour my thoughts in artless song.  
Many there are who do the like,  
And yet in this may do no wrong.

Now, I would hope sweet blessings may  
Flow to you from our Father kind:  
The rich gift of a happy mind,  
In Wisdom's paths content to stay,  
And purest peace in that to find.

I trust you will be filled with love,  
Such love as God alone can give;  
That you may still before Him live.  
Placing your hopes always above,  
May you his Spirit never grieve.

O, may you still, as man and wife,  
Mutual confidence possess;  
For this will free from much distress  
Your family in after life,  
And make your care and sorrow less.

May both such lovely patterns be  
Of what your character requires,  
That if brought through Affliction's fires  
Mankind your purity may see;  
And which to see God most desires.

And may you ever useful prove  
In making known Christ's saving Name;  
Your minds not swayed by worldly fame--  
In urging souls to taste that Love  
Which cheers our hearts through scorn and shame.

And should you by His Grace become  
A numerous, holy, happy band,  
Still he'll uphold you by His Hand,  
Till all at last come safely home  
Unto that glorious Spirit Land.

STANZAS ON HEARING AN AUCTIONEER QUOTE THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE OF  
SCRIPTURE: "THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN ABOUT THE SPACE OF HALF AN  
HOUR."--

REV. VIII, I.

Yes, vain Scoffer! so the Scriptures tell us,  
But awful was the silence at that time;  
A prelude of the wrath of God most jealous,  
Expressed in dreadful thunderbolts sublime.

Oh! hast thou ever marked the scene that follows,  
When the first Angel did his trumpet take  
And blow a blast heard through all Earth's vast hollows,  
Which did the mountains to their bases shake?

Or realize "the hail and fire commingling  
With blood, and all cast down upon the Earth?"  
To mention this should set thine ears a-tingling,  
And check at times thy loud uproarious mirth.

But read thou on with most profound attention:  
Dire woes stand forth in gloomy vividness!  
Ah! would'st thou shrink from some vague apprehension  
That the perusal might cause thee distress?

Know thou, what follows is but the beginning  
Of plagues more fearful than we can conceive.  
This thou must see, and yet thou keep'st on sinning,  
As if such madness Conscience could relieve.

Stop, then, at once, lest in Eternal ruin  
Thy soul engulfed shall see her folly great.  
Flee now to Christ; become a suppliant suing  
For pardon from Him ere it be too late.

WINTER'S RAVAGES,  
AN APPEAL TO THE RICH ON BEHALF OF THE POOR.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

Stern Winter on foul mischief bent  
Left his cold region of the North;  
As his Advance-guard early sent  
Loud howling blasts and snow storms forth.

These warriors hastened to obey  
The mandate of their frost-robed King,  
And as they came the Orb of Day  
Withdrew his rays which gladness bring.

They, gathering strength as nigh the drew  
Unto our homes, spread ruin round,  
And thus transformed each beauteous view,  
And in white mantle clad the ground.

Before their track lay pastures green,  
While root crops in abundance told  
How fruitful had the Summer been  
Ere she away from us had rolled.

Behind them was a widespread waste  
Of leafless trees and drifting snows,  
And still with most malicious haste  
They dealt around their chilling blows.

Anon their King in ice-car rode  
With furious speed, and placed his seal  
Upon the devastation broad,--  
Exulting in his savage zeal.

This done, fair Nature at his feet  
Lay prostrate in the arms of death!  
And now the poor lack food and heat,  
Benumbed by his dread icy breath.

For in our great Commercial World  
Loud storms have rung their changes round,  
While some are from high station hurled  
And in chill Penury are found.

Our Workshops, erst with men well filled,  
The scenes of Trade's most busy strife,  
Are almost silent now, and skilled  
Mechanics want the means of life.

And shall it e'er be said of those  
Who have of means a full supply,  
That avarice has their heart's blood froze,--  
That they can see their brethren die?

Forbid it, O Thou gracious One,  
From whom we every good obtain;  
O, melt the hardest heart of stone,  
And quell its cruel thirst for gain!

That those who have may freely give  
Of food and clothes a plenteous store  
To help the needy now to live:  
"Those tend to God who help the poor."

A CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

O, no; I'm not an Englishman,  
Though it is something great  
To have for birthplace English soil,  
And live in such a State;  
Yet I'm not now an Englishman,  
For why? I crossed the sea  
And live in dear Canadian clime,  
The Land of Liberty

I am not now a leal Scotchman,  
Though born 'midst Scotia's hills,  
And recollections of her scenes  
My bosom ever thrills,  
For I have sailed o'er ocean vast,  
And to this land have come,  
Where Freedom waves her banner o'er

My new, adopted home.

O, no, I'm not an Irishman,  
Though sprung from Erin's bowers,  
And Memory often takes me back  
To those most happy hours  
When, roaming o'er her fair green Isle,  
With warmth I pressed her sod,  
And felt my own, my native Land,  
The best that foot e'er trod.

[Footnote: The writer's main object in writing this song was to do what he could toward breaking down all remains of clannish feeling in this highly important country. Should a company, consisting of one or more persons from each of the countries mentioned, desire to sing it, each one might take the part applicable to him, and when the several sections have been gone through all join as full chorus in the last stanza, or slight verbal alterations may be so made that any single individual may sing it.]

For I have come to Canada  
To settle on her land,  
And to all her inhabitants  
Give Friendship's honored hand.

I am no longer German now  
Though "Fatherland" I loved,  
And vowed remembrance to take  
Of her, where'er I roved.  
For here on this prolific soil  
I own a splendid farm,  
And lovely children growing up  
Call forth my feelings warm.

I would not be a Frenchman deemed,  
Though sprung of Gaulish race,  
And their pure blood I freely can  
In my forefathers trace.  
For I would feel as much at home  
As ever man can be  
Back in our woods or in our towns,  
Whilst I have liberty.

O, yes; we are Canadians now,  
Wherever we were born;  
And we will strive in time to come  
To heal a land so torn  
By party strife, by clannish fire,  
And aim to live in peace.  
Then put united efforts forth,  
Till life itself shall cease,  
To make her what she ought to be--  
Acknowledged on each hand  
A noble, free, and powerful State,  
A great and glorious Land!

A CALL TO THE SOIREE\* OF THE MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE, DECEMBER 23,  
1857.

"Endeavor always to combine real good with pleasurable enjoyment."

Come, friends, to the Soiree; O why will you tarry  
When good things are waiting you there?  
For, after the eating, our friends, for this, meeting  
Have speeches prepared with due care.

Let all upper classes give ladies cash passes,  
'Twill cost but a very small price;  
And what they may spend in a way that will end in  
Real good, is a blow unto vice.

Come, merchants and doctors; come lawyers and proctors,  
And treat all your clerks to the feast.  
Fear not that your kindness will make them more mindless  
Of what is your interest, the least.

Come, all ye mechanics, for no dreadful panics  
Will meet you with grim spectre-faces.  
Bring also your spouses, nor leave in your houses  
Those charmers who wear childhood's graces.

Come, each son of labor, and do us the favor  
Of tasting the good things provided.  
A truce to your moiling! for hard daily toiling  
Gives Rank that must ne'er be derided.

Haste all to the Soiree; none need to be sorry  
For giving our Institute aid.  
The good you may do us'll diffuse itself through us  
To the townfolks of every grade.

\* Pronounced as nearly as possible, \_swarry\_.

AN ADDRESS BY THE MEMBERS OF THE "INSTITUTE" TO THEIR FRIENDS  
AT THE SOIREE.

Dear friends, to this our social feast,  
We bid you welcome gladly,  
And trust you will not in the least  
Spend moments with us sadly.

For though we've no great Bardling's strain  
Joined to rich organ's pealing,  
Yet none the less may Pleasure's train  
Be softly near us stealing.

And should she deign to show her face,  
To smile on us benignly,  
Let's give to her a chaste embrace,  
By no means most supinely.

What though we lack exciting cause  
For loud, uproarious laughter?  
Our temperate fare will not dispose  
To heart-upbraidings after.

Yet we may well of mirth-enjoy  
A reasonable measure;  
And even skill and time employ  
To gain so bright a treasure.

Avoiding still too great extremes,  
Enjoy in moderation  
The blessings which our Father deems  
Best for us in each station.

Then we need have no vain regrets,  
No consciences unruly,--  
For sense of doing right begets  
A sense of peace most truly.

#### ALCOHOL'S ARRAIGNMENT AND DOOM.

Alcohol! Alcohol! who are thy victims?  
Come, answer me quickly; stand forth to the bar!  
That frown most defiant  
Will not make me pliant,  
I've pledged myself firmly to wage with thee war.  
For years thy dread shock  
I have borne like a rock,  
Still leaning for help on God's mighty aim.

Say, Alcohol, truly, who are thy victims?  
"Of the rich and the poor, the good and the fair,  
Mankind of each standing,  
Know well I've a hand in  
The havoc and ruin they see everywhere!  
Daily with fury  
From Still and from Brewery  
I'm dealing out death without much alarm.

"Princes and Statesmen I count 'mongst my victims,  
With painters and poets, philosophers sage,  
Rich merchants, skilled doctors,  
Cute lawyers, keen proctors,  
Mechanics and laborers of each sex and age  
Are found in my ranks,  
And lured on by my pranks,  
While I care not a pin what comes to them."

Then, Alcohol, tell me what do thy victims  
In such vile standing while here in this world?  
"They're spending their money  
Not for milk and honey,  
But for what will cause them to be quickly hurled

To that dreadful place  
Where there is not a trace  
Of richest mercy they here do contemn."

Alcohol, tell me what more are thy victims  
As fruits of their orgies accomplishing here?  
Asylums they're filling,  
While jails by their swilling  
Are constantly crowded, or far off or near;  
And orphans are made  
By this great liquor trade,  
In thousands as all may very soon see!

Alcohol, listen the doom which awaits thee:  
More than half of thy doings thou'st kept out of sight.  
Every good man and true  
Deems it is but thy due  
That thou should'st be banished to Regions of Night.  
And heart-broken mates,  
With all orphans' sad fates,  
Compel us to give forth this doom on thee.

TO MY BELOVED FRIEND MR. JAMES WOODYATT.

A CHRISTMAS LAY.

Woodyatt, this Christmas I devote  
Some portion of my time to tell  
In humble verse what God hath wrought  
For us who're snatched as brands from hell.

The best of all my coaxing powers  
To lure the Muse I'll freely spend,  
Nor heed a whit the fleeting hours  
Until my pleasing task shall end.

For I have found a friend in thee,  
Such as I strove in vain to find  
For twenty years; and this may be  
A wonder to thy generous mind.

But so it is; and I would prize  
The gift my God has kindly sent,  
Nor quell the feelings which arise  
Within my breast, till life be spent.

So, while my unlearned lyre I take,  
Most gracious Muse, thy aid impart!  
Thou canst not at such time forsake  
Thy humble friend in this his Art.

No paltry theme shall form my lay  
To such a friend at such a time.  
Then let my thoughts in rich array  
Come forth in gently flowing rhyme.



Nor wealth nor earthly pleasures make  
The sum and substance of my song;  
Such themes let grovelling rhymsters take,  
Who write to please a worldly throng.

For him and me a better way  
Remains, and I will freely sing  
Of pleasures with most lustrous ray,--  
Of those which from religion spring.

And well indeed may'st thou, dear friend,  
Rejoice with me that God hath brought  
Such sinful creatures to attend  
Unto His voice who pardon brought.

I more than twice ten years have been  
Within the Way to Endless Life.  
Thou in the last few months hast seen  
That Way with richest blessings rife.

And now, when seated round our fires,  
Or when we take our walks abroad,  
We seem as one in strong desires  
To speak the praises of our God.

Big thoughts our kindred bosoms swell,  
Deep gratitude our ardor fires,  
Until we long for words to tell  
The fervency that Love acquires;

And ponder as so well we may  
Upon our present happy state  
Compared with that in which we lay--  
Objects of wrath at hell's dread gate.

We ask each other, Why is this?  
Why are we favored thus of God?  
Why are we made joint heirs of Bliss,  
Destined to dwell in His abode?

Quickly the answer comes to hand:  
Simply because of God's pure Grace.  
And does not Love like God's demand  
That we all seasons should embrace--

To speak to others of Christ's worth,  
That they with us may fully share  
The glories of our heavenly birth,  
The riches He can freely spare?

Then let us, brother, with our might,  
Work for Him while 'tis called To-day;  
Looking above for strength, for light,  
Press forward in this thrice-blest way.

Let us dig deep into that mine  
Of hidden wealth stored in the Word,  
And with strong faith all else resign

Just clinging solely to the Lord.

O, should our lives for years be spared,  
May not one word or thought or deed  
Unworthy God, be by us shared,  
Who are from Satan's bondage freed.

1856.

TRIBUTARY VERSES,  
WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY ON HEARING OF DR. O'CARR'S DEATH.

APRIL 18, 1854.

Sorrow stealeth o'er my spirit,  
For I hear O'Carr is dead.  
Once I tried to sing his merit,  
After health began to fade.  
Then I thought his end was nigh,  
That he very soon would die,

When I saw that he was leaving  
His sweet home for distant Isle,  
Oft the thought my soul was grieving  
"He might linger for a while  
And then leave his wife and babe,  
Far away o'er Ocean's wave."

Yet I know our loving Father  
Often hears his children's prayers;  
That he would at all times rather  
Ease them of their ills and cares,  
Than lay on a single stroke,  
If not needful 'neath his yoke.

And I thought he then would listen  
To our supplications strong;  
That each countenance might glisten  
With sweet joy ere very long:  
Joy from seeing him come back,  
Having of good health no lack.

When I heard of his returning,  
And how he was sinking fast,  
Soon my soul was strongly yearning  
To be with him ere he passed  
From these earthly scenes away  
To enjoy Eternal Day.

This, my wish, kept growing stronger,  
As each day flew o'er my head,  
Till I felt I could no longer  
Brook delay, when lo! he's dead.  
Now I prize this pleasing thought,  
He to Bliss is safely brought.

While hot tears bedim the vision  
Of dear friends who mourn his death,  
May they manifest decision  
By the wondrous power of Faith,  
In belief that those who sleep  
Safe in Jesus shall not weep.

We are not forbid to sorrow,--  
Jesus wept at Lazarus' tomb.  
Soon will come the glorious Morrow  
Which shall chase away our gloom;  
If we put our trust in God,  
And still seek to kiss His Rod.

STANZAS,  
SUGGESTED BY THE DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT THE DESJARDINS  
CANAL, MARCH 12, 1857.

Deep gloom pervades my spirit, and great sorrow fills my breast  
With an overwhelming sense, which leaves me but little rest,  
For a dreadful stroke has fallen on the town in which I live,  
And sympathy and condolence I would most gladly give.

I have gone through many a street since this event transpired,  
Seen the faces of my townsmen in grief sincere attired,  
Heard them make sad remarks, seen tears bedim their eyes,  
While from every feeling bosom burst forth responsive sighs.

The stranger in our midst might well wonder why we're sad,  
For tokens of prosperity can everywhere be had.  
The river has not risen to a mighty swelling flood,  
Nor raging fire destroyed the homes of the Evil and the Good.

No pestilence like a serpent, with dread envenomed fangs  
Has seized the young and beautiful and filled our souls with pangs.  
Then why has gloom profound so settled on each face,  
And the finger-prints of sorrow left on us so dark a trace?

Ah! loving hearts left homes all filled with family delight.  
Full of hope and joyous feelings, never dreaming of a blight  
To prospects of enjoyment that awaited their return,  
Where the smiles of wives and children make true love the brighter  
burn.

In such a happy state of mind they to Toronto went,  
And accomplished all their objects in the time which had been spent.  
Now, with still lighter hearts they make for home again,  
And in the cars meet many of their traveling fellow men.

Drawn by the snorting Iron Horse along the track they flew,  
What danger might be lurking near was hidden from their view.  
On, on, still on they went to a bridged precipice,  
When the Bridge gave way and all were hurled into the dread abyss!

The locomotive like a demon took first the fatal leap,  
Dragging the human-freighted cars with speed into the deep  
One plunged with him beneath the dark and icy wave,  
And one stood upright on its end, as if some few to save.

Oh, my soul shrinks back with horror from dwelling on the scene  
Which met the gaze of anxious friends who to that place have been.  
I'd rather dwell upon the fact that Death to some was Life;  
That they have gained by having done so soon with earthly strife.

What thoughts filled all the bosoms of that mixed devoted band  
Is only known to God Most High, who, in his mighty hand  
Holds all our life and breath as his own most sovereign gift,  
And who alone can mortals shield from such destruction swift.

O, I know that some there died who had tasted of his grace,  
And sudden death to them was summons to the place  
Prepared by Jesus for his Saints in the mansions of the Blest,  
And they now are drinking of the sweets of Everlasting Rest.

Amongst these we gladly number the three\* whom we have lost,  
In sympathy with the bereaved would try to count the cost;  
But oh, 'twould prove a fruitless task; then, while we feel so sore,  
Let us humbly bow our hearts to God and worship and adore.

\*Mr. and Mrs. John Russell and Mr. Secord, who were well known as  
consistent Christians by all who had the pleasure of their  
acquaintance. All left large families and a numerous circle of friends  
to mourn their shocking and untimely end.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS  
TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LAYCOCK, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED WHILE  
ON A PROFESSIONAL JOURNEY, DECEMBER 10, 1857.

Tumultuous feelings like a torrent rush  
Athwart my soul and bear my spirit down.  
Pent up awhile they from my bosom gush  
In such wild measure as I scarce have known.

For one I loved as friend for many years  
Has met a shocking end in Manhood's prime!  
And this dire stroke prospective pleasure sears,  
As grass is scorched by Sol in torrid clime.

Living as neighbors, Friendship's sacred bond  
Grew stronger every time we visits paid.  
He, undeterred by business would respond  
To my desire, and list the songs I made.

Oft at such times he has my Mentor proved,  
Doing his best to aid me in my Art,  
By prudent counsel which I dearly loved,  
Proceeding as it did from kindly heart.

Now with bold hand I strike my rude harp's strings,

And sing a funeral dirge o'er his sad bier.  
Up, up, my Muse, and sail aloft on wings  
Of tuneful pathos while I shed a tear.

No more shall this kind friend thy efforts guide,  
Listening thy mournful or thy joyous strains.  
Death suddenly has torn him from the side  
Of her he loved, who shared his joys and pains.

And I no more on Earth shall see his face,  
Or hear his praise or censure of my songs,  
Nor yet will he most critically trace  
What of true poesy to them belongs.

No more will he, well pleased, sweet music bring  
From our melodeon, while we join in praise.  
His soul untrammelled now on high will sing  
In God's pure worship and angelic lays.

His frame, too weakly for his ardent soul,  
Will feel fatigue no more by night or day.  
But then no more he'll take with me a stroll  
By our fine stream, soft murmuring on its way.

Nor yet, with pleasure great, hold deep discourse  
On many subjects dear alike to both:  
Tracing the stream of Truth up to its Source,  
To do which fully he was nothing loth.

No more will he to an attentive throng  
Give well-timed lectures for his Country's weal;  
Yet his remembrances will live among  
Those whom his conduct taught his worth to feel.

Ah me! that it should e'er have been my lot  
To sing in soul-wrung anguish this sad strain!  
For, while his friendship will not be forgot,  
I long may wait to find such friend again.

BRANTFORD, December 12, 1857.

#### SONG OF THE CANADIAN CRADLER.

1858.

With my cradle scythe, feeling brisk and blithe,  
In the breeze-tempered heat of this fine day;  
I'll haste to the field with the wheaten yield,  
And there will I manfully cut my way.

Now in all my walks, with broad, rapid strokes;  
I bring down the waving grain quite low.  
Every sweep I try seems to make it sigh,  
But cheerful on, and still on I go.

I heed not the sweat, making my clothes wet,  
The toil and care will be well repaid;  
For this golden store drives want from my door,  
And the surplus is farmers' profit made.

Binder now keep pace, for this hard-run race  
Will tell on the field ere night come in;  
And rest will be sweet in our plain retreat,  
Until a new day with its toil begin.

O, I think I see with exuberant glee,  
The \_shocks\_ in good order standing round,  
And well-laden teams in my bright day-dreams,  
Are now trotting briskly over the ground.

Then hasten the day when our grain and hay  
Well secured beneath our good barn dome--  
Will inspire our hearts to perform their parts  
In the cherished joy of Harvest Home.

STANZAS,  
ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. B. HOWARD AND HIS FAMILY AS A TRIBUTE  
OF RESPECT ON THEIR DEPARTURE FROM BRANTFORD, AUGUST, 1858.

Howard, thy fervid Christian zeal,  
Combined with large amount of love,  
So blessed to bonny Brantford's weal,  
So truly owned by God above,  
Lead me, ere from our midst thou move  
With those who form thy family,  
To seek assistance from that Dove--  
Inspirer of true Poesy,

That I may sing a well-timed lay;  
One which may thy best feelings suit,  
And thou may'st read when far away  
With pleasure, as the genuine fruit  
Of well-spent years that are not mute,  
But which have spoke in loudest tone  
To some who have been most astute,  
As I in truth would frankly own.

They've told us of a work begun  
Amongst thy people, brought quite low  
By worldliness, which Saints should shun  
If God's pure will they seek to know,  
Or wish in safety's path to go.  
Thou foundest them in this sad state  
And to the yoke thy neck didst bow  
With ardor, for thy soul was great.

Satan, no doubt, with jealous eye  
Watched keenly for thy halting then;  
But thy Redeemer, ever nigh,  
Made much of his dread malice vain.

He spake the word and wicked men  
Fell down before the high-raised Cross,  
And forthwith steadily refrain  
From pleasures now viewed but as dross.

Backsliding Christians trembling came  
To that blest place--neglected long,  
And there rekindled worship's flame,  
And freely owned they had been wrong.  
Then, feeling sense of pardon strong,  
Afresh they family altars raise--  
On which to offer sacred Song,  
And join sweet prayer to grateful praise.

But 'tis a small, small part indeed  
Of what God had for thee to do  
Which I can sing; so I proceed  
To waft my meed of tribute through.  
For I would name, with pleasure too,  
The part performed by thy good wife.  
O, that I could in measure due  
Descant upon her Christian life.

No party motives sway my soul,  
Nor thirst for paltry worldly fame;  
But feelings I need not control  
Prompt me to dwell on her dear name.  
Sweet sufferer, deem me not to blame  
If I have sacred rapture felt  
In noting freely since you came,  
The virtues that with you have dwelt.

I frequent heard from one who saw  
You lying oft on bed of pain,  
How bright in you was love's pure glow,  
Meek Patience following in his train.  
Now, could we see our loss your gain,  
Pleased we would bid you all depart;  
And might from vain regrets refrain  
Glad still to cherish you at heart.

#### GRUMBLINGS.

Man professes to be humble,  
Signs himself "your servant, sir!"  
But he's very prone to grumble,  
Till it forms his character.

Grumbles he about the weather,  
Now too hot, anon too cold;  
Fancies oft 'tis both together  
Ere the day is twelve hours old.

Then the dryness of the season  
Rouses up anew his ire;

Next its wetness without reason  
Makes him grumbling bolts to fire.

Grumbles he of prospects darkening,  
Now, because \_hard times\_ have come,  
And to evil promptings hearkening  
By much grumbling spoils his home.

Hard to please in point of dinner,  
Flings he grumbings at his wife,  
Breaking her dear heart--the sinner!  
Inch by inch in daily life.

Nor at night are matters mended;  
Grumbles he if supper's late.  
She had need to be offended,  
Being tied to such a mate.

For a little kind enquiry  
Of existing state of things  
Might well curb his temper fiery,  
As each day her troubles brings.--

Bonny Fred's about his teething,  
Jane is sick in bed of mumps,  
Chris from croup has labored breathing,  
Maid-of-all work has the dumps.

Often thus are grumbings marring  
Man's great duties in the world;  
Filling it with strife and jarring,  
Till God's judgments forth are hurled.

Grumblers sometimes vent their spite in  
Gross abuse of those in power,  
Promise well to show their might in  
Doing right, had they their hour.

Give it them, and still they grumble,  
Having not got all they want;  
Neither are they longer humble,  
Which but proves them full of \_cant\_.

Many will not cease their grumbling  
Till death puts a stop to it.  
May God save all such from tumbling  
Into the eternal Pit!

VERSES,  
SUGGESTED BY THE FEARFUL ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT WESTERN R. R.  
NEAR COPETOWN, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH MARCH, 1859.

March, with his usual terrors armed,  
Resolved again to mark his flight  
O'er the "Great Western," which has swarmed



With human freight by day and night.

Leagued closely, with a mischievous crew,  
Held by stern winter in reserve,  
He up and down the doomed track flew,  
But did not from his purpose swerve.

His eye he fixed upon a part--  
A deep embankment on a slope,  
And joy o'erflowed his chilly heart  
While lingering near the town of Cope.

Musing, he to himself thus spoke:  
"Here shall my darling scheme be tried;  
I and my gang at one bold stroke  
Can easily produce a slide.

"Better to serve my purpose foul  
I'll fix it for the eighteenth night,  
And raise such storm as may appal  
The bravest soul that lacks daylight!"

Then, as by some mysterious spell  
He called for elemental strife.  
Forth came dread clouds as black as hell  
That seemed with every mischief rife.

Impelled by many a howling blast,  
Uniting in terrific roar,  
They down their fearful contents cast,  
And quickly a deep chasm tore.

The midnight train came rushing on,  
Nor dreamt the passengers of death.  
Nor thought perhaps that ere day's dawn  
God would call some to yield their breath.

With furious speed the Iron Horse  
Plunged headlong in the new-formed deep,  
While raging elements their force  
Spend as if laughing at the leap.

Dragged swiftly down is every car  
Save one, the last of all the train,  
And still the storm prolongs the war  
With drifting snow or pelting rain.

Imagination scarce conceives  
The shrieks, the groans, the heart-wrung wails,  
Which rent the air! One yet believes  
They did exceed what's told in tales.

And still the wind its keenest darts  
Hurls at the living and the dead.  
Blest then were those whose fearful hearts  
Could cling to Christ who for them bled.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. THOMAS FAWCETT WHO LOST HIS LIFE BY  
THE ACCIDENT ABOVE MENTIONED.

Fawcett, twelve years have swiftly fled  
Since first we one another knew.  
Then mutual sufferings quickly led  
To friendship which but stronger grew.

The Angel Death hath ta'en thy wife  
From thy loved arms to dwell above;  
I the sweet partner of my life  
Had lost, and sadly missed her love.

Joy seized our sympathetic souls  
As each to each his trials told;  
We found that Bible Truth consoles  
For loss of wives--worth more than gold.

Left with young families each was soon  
Compelled again to seek a mate;  
In love Heaven gave once more the boon  
Of partners suiting well our state.

Laboring as Gospel Minister,  
Thou Brantford left for other place,  
Yet did thou not, I can aver,  
Neglect to tell of God's rich grace.

Nobly thy work thou did'st pursue,  
With a fair share of good success;  
Daily grew clearer in thy view  
The Scripture plan of Happiness.

At last amongst the poor Red Men,  
Who needed much thy pastoral care,  
Thy lot was cast, and O how fain  
They were such ministry to share.

Of this we had the fullest proofs  
When thy sad end to them was known;  
Wailings were heard beneath their roofs,  
And other signs of grief were shown.

They'll miss thee much, as Sabbath day  
Brings fresh thy memory to their mind,  
And gratefully a tribute pay  
To thee--in thine thus left behind.

Oh! how can I now further sing?  
How tell the horrors of that blow  
Which caused thy death, when each rude string  
Of my poor lyre doth tremble so?

Ah, me! that one on mercy bent,  
Hasting to his sick brother's side,  
Should be from life thus strangely rent,

And have his faith so greatly tried!

Peace! God All-wise gave this dread shock  
And took his soul with Him to dwell.  
He to the last stood on that Rock  
Which can withstand the rage of Hell.

A TRIBUTE  
TO THE MEMORY OF MR. RICHARD FOLDS, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
APRIL 21, 1859.

"The Righteous are taken away from the evil to come."

This truth may to Christians in darkness be shrouded,  
While mourning for friends in the grave newly laid,  
But a time will soon come when the Dayspring unclouded  
Of doubt, from our souls shall dispel every shade.

These words to his people by God have been spoken,  
To light up their passage on Life's dreary way,  
And each day's fresh mercy is from Him a token  
That he will prove to them a Comfort and Stay.

This friend, who by conduct to us so endearing  
Has drawn from us sympathy, called forth our love,  
Is gone--O, the thought is transportingly cheering!  
To join the glad throng of Redeemed Ones above.

And we who have witnessed his pure conversation  
Have listened to Truths which he uttered so well,  
Rejoice that the theme of Christ's glorious Salvation  
Was that upon which he delighted to dwell.

His constant infirmities were but refining  
A soul well endowed by both choice gifts and rare,  
And he through a long course of years has been shining  
By light gained from Heaven, which guided him there.

Friends, let these remembrances cheer and delight you,  
And patiently wait till your own change shall come.  
The death of dear Richard should not now affright you,  
Since he through that portal has passed to his home.

TO THE HUMMING BIRD.

1859

Hail to thee, Humming Bird  
Beauteous and bright,  
That flitt'st like a spirit  
Before my rapt sight!

I bid thee a welcome  
To sip from my flowers  
The rich, honied produce  
Of sunshiny hours.

O, be not so easily  
Moved to depart!  
Thy presence is cheering  
To my saddened heart.  
Thine shall be the treasures  
Of clove-currant trees  
And bells of the Columbine  
Prized by the Bees.

My odorous tulips  
I will with thee share,  
Nor grudge thee the blossoms  
Of apple or pear.  
The sweet-scented woodbine  
I shall not withhold,  
Nor rare perfumed lilies,  
Like pure burnished gold.

O then, pretty Humming Bird,  
Stay thou with me,  
Midst bright blushing roses  
So charming to see.  
I'll hail thee at morning  
Or woo thee at noon--  
Thy presence at all times  
Regard as a boon.

Then why be so anxious  
My garden to leave?  
Know'st thou that I never  
Attempt to deceive?  
I would not confine thee  
In cage if I could:  
I glory in Freedom--  
The best earthly good.

Then, Humming Bird, listen  
My earnest appeal;  
The love I have for thee  
I cannot conceal.  
My children, too, love thee,  
My wife does the same,  
And I am in transports  
At sound of thy name.

TO THE SAME.

JUNE, 1859.

Whence, and what art thou? O thou beauteous little thing!

That like a dazzling sprite  
Appearest in my sight,  
Sipping from sweet flower-cups the honey stores of Spring.

I have sought for many days to find a proper word  
As a fitter name for thee  
More pleasing unto me,  
But cannot find a better than that of Humming Bird.

True, I might thee call A Fluttering Ray of Light  
Decked in prismatic hues,  
Which a radiance diffuse  
Just like a beam of glory straying from a Seraph bright.

Yea, I could picture thee as a new-born infant's soul,  
Bidding adieu to Earth  
A moment after birth,  
But having love for flowers which it scarcely can control.

Or, I might describe thee as a precious, new-coined thought  
Illumined by the Truth,  
Always enjoying youth,  
Till into Wisdom's Temple 'tis by its Builder wrought.

Yet, whatever thou may'st be, or howsoever called,  
Thou'rt welcome to remain--  
My garden sweets to drain,  
And a lonely \_Vision\_ be evermore enrolled.

FIRE SONG.

TUNE, "AULD LANG SYNE."

When the wild cry of fire is heard  
Borne on the midnight air,  
And those who listen soon are stirred  
To anxious ask "Where? Where?"  
Our Firemen brave, full bent to save,  
Rush to their engine room;  
And flushed with hope they grasp each rope,  
And with the "Rescue" come.

CHO.--Hurrah, then! for the firemen brave!  
Who with stout hearts and arms  
Are bent our lives and goods to save--  
Not fearing fire's alarms.

While still the cry is going round,  
And bells peal forth their notes,  
The engine comes with rumbling sound,  
Dragged by our bold "Red Coats."  
And there too, rush, as if they'd crush  
The ground on which they tread,  
The band of "Hook and Ladder," who look  
Truly devoid of dread!

CHO.--Hurrah, boys! for the fire brigade--  
The men resolved to stand  
In danger's front and bear the brunt  
Of this foe to our land.

When fire is reached and water got;  
In haste the hose they lay;  
They fall to work, each brave "red coat,"  
By night as well as day.  
And now the hook and ladder boys--look!  
Have made their "grapples" fast  
To that huge frame midst glowing flame,  
And down it comes at last.

CHO.--Hurrah, then! for the Fire Brigade,  
Who heed not flame and smoke;  
They work as though such working made  
The zest of some good joke!

#### THE FIRE ALARM.

JUNE, 1859

Fire--fire--fire! Nigher still and nigher  
Seem the tones of the "Alarum bell" borne on the air!  
Awaking with a start, what a sinking of the heart  
Even the strong are apt to feel, ere they are well aware!

Fire--fire--fire! Higher now and higher  
Leaps the madly raging flames as the cry goes round!  
In the darkness of the night what a truly awful sight  
Is the burning up of homes, while we listen to the sound.

Fire--fire--fire! Behold the havoc dire!  
When the black, wreathing smoke a moment clears away--  
The flames both hiss and roar as the brave firemen pour  
Constantly the crystal streams from Engines in full play.

Fire--fire--fire! Fresh force it does acquire!  
The rising wind has sent the blaze unto the other side!  
Yet men are standing round in torpor most profound;  
Rouse ye up! now fall to work, and let your strength be tried!

Fire--fire--fire! Two blocks seem one vast pyre.  
Oh, pity the poor houseless ones--fleeing now away!  
Screen them from Winter's blast, for they are on you cast--  
That sympathy in measure their losses may repay.

Fire--fire--fire! Thank God, the flames expire!  
For a cold, but drenching rain most opportunely comes.  
Now honor that Brigade which has such efforts made,  
And don't forget your neighbors who have just lost their homes.

MY OLD ARM CHAIR.

1859.

My old Arm Chair! The wear and tear  
Thou hast endured for me,  
Long ere this time deserved a rhyme  
Expressly made to thee.

When I thee bought, thy varnished coat  
And well proportioned frame  
My house adorned, and no one scorned  
Thee Rocking Chair to name.

But since that day, my bairns in play,  
Have tumbled thee about,  
Till thou appears well struck with years,  
And truly nigh worn out.

Dear to my heart--I'm loth to part  
With such a well tried friend;  
Yet even repairs to old arm chairs  
Must some time have an end.

I've patched thee oft; and cushions soft  
Those patches somewhat screen;  
Still, thy poor arms--reft of paint's charms  
Are scarce fit to be seen.

The rockers, too, I did renew--  
Will hardly yield a rocking.  
But out of sight to cast thee quite  
Would, to my mind, be shocking.

I therefore say: Thou here shalt stay  
As long as I remain;  
And no neglect I can detect  
Shall cause thee to complain.

Farewell, Arm Chair! thou canst not fare  
Much worse than I have done;  
For, by my pen, from fellow men  
Large share of scorn I've won.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE BRAVERY OF MY COUSIN, MRS. T. A. COWHERD, WHO CROSSED  
THE ATLANTIC IN MID-WINTER WITH THREE HELPLESS CHILDREN, AND UNDER VERY  
TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

1855.

Dear cousin, I hail you as Mother most brave,

Who crossed in mid-winter Atlantic's broad wave!  
What you had to suffer in part I conceive,  
Though no gloomy story you made me believe.

Assisted by Fancy I see your sad plight,  
Before busy Liverpool passed from your sight;  
On shipboard I view you with three little babes,  
While the vessel rides proudly o'er blue ocean waves.

One small, year-old infant then hangs at your breast,  
And one child much older disturbs your night's rest  
By her frequent wailings from sickness most sore.  
The third is but young and yet needs watching o'er.

I still look and wonder how you could bear up,  
When drinking so deeply of this bitter cup.  
I picture you gazing, with tears in your eyes,  
Upon the poor sufferer and hushing her cries.

The vessel by dread winter tempests is tossed,  
And many more favored give all up for lost.  
But Hope--that sweet Angel! your courage supports,  
And in these great trials to \_trust God\_ exhorts.

I fancy I see you while nearing the land,  
On the ship's crowded deck in sorrow now stand,  
Still watching your babe as she gives her last sigh;  
Yet Thomas, your husband, to help is not nigh.

And then is most vividly brought to my view  
\_That\_ Coroner's Inquest so trying to you;  
The bearing your loved one away to the grave,  
Though you, quite dejected, are still on the wave.

Oh, then I can paint, it is true but in part,  
The anguish and grief of your warm loving heart,  
Expecting at lodgings your partner to see,  
As anxious as any fond mother can be.

Your painful suspense as day passed after day,  
And trifle of money was melting away;  
The pleasure which beamed in your calm, patient face,  
When \_that\_ friend was able your sojourn to trace.

Your journey so cold and so cheerless at last,  
Till you and the two tender children were cast  
On kindness of strangers in reaching our town,  
While Winter put on his most terrible frown.

My own keen emotions I need not express  
When you first came here and I saw your distress.  
Once more I would hail you as Mother most brave,  
Who crossed in mid-winter Atlantic's broad wave.

CANADIANS' WELCOME  
TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1860.



Canadians, welcome now the Prince--  
Victoria's noble, first-born son;  
Who comes amongst us to evince  
How much his Mother's love we've won.

He comes not as, a despot's heir  
From serfs their homage to demand.  
He comes not with that outward glare  
So suited to a slave-cursed land,

But as a freeman to the free,  
His errand is of vast concern.  
Then let us show our loyalty  
By aiming sordidness to spurn.

And thus while he inaugurates  
The wondrous triumph of Man's art\*,  
See that our conduct compensates  
For right performance of his part.

\*The Victoria bridge at Montreal.

Then shall his stay amongst us here  
Fill him with memories so sweet  
That he may, at no distant year,  
Be led his visit to repeat.

And while he views our country, filled  
With wonders of the vastest kind,  
May grain fields wide, industrious tilled,  
And thriving Arts, please well his mind.

Eager to prove ourselves content  
With British rule, and land so fair;  
We gladly hail the Prince now sent,  
And trust he will our blessings share.

A thousand welcomes then to you,  
The Heir to loved Victoria's throne;  
Canadians still to Freedom true,  
Would warmly make their homage known.

#### BRANTFORD'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1860.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to our fair town,  
Albert Edward, the heir to Brittania's Crown!  
We hail this your visit  
With feelings exquisite,  
And all party spirit most cheerfully drown  
In the joy of the day;  
While we earnestly pray  
That God's richest blessings may compass your way.

No Niagara's vast glories have we,  
No Bridge spanning River as wide as a sea;  
Yet we have a county  
Whose soil, for its bounty,  
Surpassed is by none in this clime of the FREE..  
\_The Garden\_, 'tis named,  
Of all Canada, famed  
For choicest of land, though but lately reclaimed.

We have no splendid buildings to show,  
No Millionaire's palace that might notice draw,  
But yet we may boast of  
A very fair host of  
Both women and men who their duty well know.  
While sweet girls and bright boys  
Sympathize in our joys,  
As your Highness can see by their truth-speaking eyes.

Nor yet men with great titles have we;  
But some meet you here brave as bravest can be.  
These have been no strangers  
To greatest of great dangers,  
When war's horrid front threatened Liberty's tree.  
Both Red Men and White  
Mingled then in the fight,  
And still live together to stand for the RIGHT.

Our good town, as your Highness well knows,  
Is called after one long released from life's woes.  
His memory we cherish,  
And gladly would nourish  
The motives that led him to march against foes.  
For brave Captain Brant  
Did most eagerly pant  
The Flag of true Freedom in these parts to plant.

Welcome, thrice welcome to our fair town,  
Albert Edward, the heir to Brittania's Crown!  
No niggardly measure  
Would we yield of pleasure,  
To you and your Suite, as you doubtless will own.  
For we British rule prize,  
And would strengthen the ties  
Binding us to VICTORIA, the good and the wise.

A CALL FOR HELP FOR GARIBALDI.

1860

Canadian freemen, one and all,  
Respond to Garibaldi's call,  
And help him now to speed the fall  
Of fair Italia's foes.  
Our God this year abundance sends,

Oh, spend it not for selfish ends,  
But give to him who RIGHT defends,  
    And strives to heal her woes.

See him as he unselfish stands,  
Surrounded by his patriot bands--  
The admiration of all lands--  
    Wave Freedom's banner high.  
He moves--acclaiming thousands wait  
To open wide each city gate.  
And trust to him their future fate--  
    Assured redemption's nigh.

Whole-souled and brave as man can be,  
He fights alone for Liberty;  
Nor will he rest till Italy  
    Shake off her tyrants' chains.  
This done he seeks not high estate;  
Success does not his soul elate;  
In lowliness he can be great,  
    For meanness he disdains.

Can we to such a one deny  
Assistance? when to do or die  
He passes outward splendors by  
    In singleness of heart?  
Forbid it, ye of British blood!  
Forbid it all who seek for good.  
Rise! show that you have understood  
    An honest freeman's part!

Let not this noble Patriot's fate  
Be such as was Kossuth's the Great.  
May their magnificent deeds create  
    A glow of sympathy  
Which shall increase till every chain  
Enslaving man be snapped in twain,  
And universal Freedom reign  
    In glorious majesty.

#### LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE'S ACCOUNT OF LINCOLN'S  
DEPARTURE FROM SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FOR WASHINGTON.

He stood--the noble Lincoln--calm, though, sad,  
About to part from those with whom he lived  
So many years in sweetest amity.  
Before him prospects which might well appal  
The stoutest heart. His country, fondly cherished,  
But erst so great and fair, the humbled victim  
Of black traitors' arts, and on the verge  
Of fearful ruin's widely yawning gulf.  
While recollections of domestic bliss,  
Such as but few enjoy, might well indeed  
Make him quite loth to leave his much loved home.

With steady eye he views the concourse vast,  
Big thoughts fast welling from his inmost soul  
Too big for utterance. Yet a few choice words  
Steal forth and fall upon attentive ears:  
"Here have I lived for many, many years;  
Here were my children born, and one beneath  
The graveyard sod rests now in death, at peace!  
I know not when each dear familiar face  
Now left behind may glad my eyes again;  
But this I know--a duty greater far  
Than ever fell to man since Washington  
Held Governmental reins, now falls to me.  
Without God's aid he never could have known  
Success. Upon that Being placed he still  
His firm reliance, and succeeded well.  
Succeed I cannot without aid Divine  
Imparted to me in this hour of need.  
I place in God my trust; and oh, my friends,  
Pray you for me that I may have His help!  
Then shall success, such as we well may crave,  
Be mine for certain in this crisis dread.  
I bid you all affectionate farewell."

This heard with throbbing hearts the gazing throng;  
And, deeply moved within their bosom's depths,  
Responded soon, "We will all pray for you!"  
Upon this scene might Angels fondly gaze,  
And place 't on record in high Heaven's archives,  
That Lincoln, feeling his own weakness much,  
His burden cast upon the Lord of all.

Go thus, thou chosen one, and firmly stand  
For Truth and Freedom in the Halls of State!  
Let no time-serving policy be thine;  
But, placing round thee men of sterling worth,  
Grasp tight the reins of Constitutional sway.  
If go they will, let dupes of Slavery go,  
And reap the baneful fruit they've nurtured long.  
In this they'll find a certain, speedy cure,  
For madness such as they have always shown.  
Go, Lincoln, then, and if Canadians' prayers  
May aught avail, thou may'st their prayers command.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

"Sumpter has Fallen, but Freedom is Saved."

(New York Tribune, April, 1861\_.)

Thank God 'tis so! for now we know  
All compromise is ended.  
List Lincoln's call, then freemen, all  
Who have from braves descended.

Your Stripes and Stars, ye gallant tars,

Keep proudly o'er you waving;  
Strike for the \_right\_ with all your might,  
Stern danger freely braving!

Ye Soldier hosts, stand to your posts  
Like Anderson, unflinching.  
Those Southern foes need heavy blows  
To cure them of their "lynching."

A traitor's fate may them await,  
But yet their monstrous madness  
May work you woe for aught ye know,  
And fill the world with sadness.

Innocent blood--of this a flood  
For vengeance loud is calling!  
And God's light hand shall blast that land  
With plagues the most appalling,

Which dares to hold from love of gold  
Poor slaves in galling fetters!  
Rise, East--West--North! Your might put forth,  
For you are Freedom's debtors!

SONG.

MY LOVE IS NO GAY, DASHING MAID.

My love is no gay, dashing maid,  
With rosy cheeks and golden curls,  
Nor high-born lady well arrayed  
In glittering diamonds and pearls.  
Yet she is a lovely, loving wife,  
Who can blithely sing while working well;  
And so happy is our married life,  
That I on its pleasures fondly dwell.  
O my love is no gay, dashing maid,  
But a wife in matronly worth, arrayed.

I've seen young girls of beauty rare,  
With ruby lips and sparkling eyes,  
Use all their charms to form a snare  
By which to carry off a \_prize\_.  
I've noted the wedded life of such,  
Oft finding them slatterns void of love;  
And none need wonder so very much  
If I value high my turtle dove.  
For she is no vain, dashing maid,  
But a wife in matronly worth arrayed.

Through years of matrimonial care,  
And constant toil from day to day,  
To me her face has still been fair,  
As if her charms would ne'er decay.  
And our house is full of girls and boys,

The pledges sweet of a sacred love,  
Sent to keep young and bright the joys  
Which many with wealth oft fail to prove.  
O my love is no gay, dashing maid,  
But a wife in matronly worth arrayed.

## THE SEWING MACHINE.

1861.

I sing the Sewing Machine,  
The blessings it brings to the fair.  
Some of those blessings I've seen,  
And therefore its praises declare.  
'Tis a curious thing  
Of which I now sing,  
And poets have sung it before me;  
But if the theme's good,  
'Twill be well understood  
I'm right in prolonging the story.

Well finished Sewing Machine!  
Whose form is so graceful and neat;  
Thou of inventions art Queen,  
And to look at thy work is a treat.  
Each nice burnished wheel,  
With the plate of pure steel,  
Thy gold bedecked arms and the gauges,  
All speak of the skill  
Which the genius at will  
Puts forth in the work that he wages.

Wonderful Sewing Machine!  
No visions of gloom and despair  
Float over my mind serene,  
As I thy performance compare  
To the old-fashioned stitch,  
The dread sorrows which  
Accompanied work by the fingers  
Of those forced to sew  
'Midst a life full of woe.  
With pity my soul on it lingers.

Excellent Sewing Machine!  
Thy musical click-a-click-click,  
Removes far away the spleen  
From those who of toiling are sick.  
Thy task speeds along,  
While the fair ones in song  
Give vent to their feelings of gladness.  
How different I ween  
From the sight often seen  
By HOOD with a heart full of sadness.

[Footnote: See "Song of the Shirt."]

Dutiful Sewing Machine!  
Now cheerfully stitching away,  
Neatly and quickly, as seen  
In the things by my wife made to-day;  
Enraptured am I,  
For no heart-bursting sigh  
Escapes from the dear operator;  
But a smile of delight  
Is now always in sight,  
Of happiness sweet indicator.

Beautiful Sewing Machine!  
How thankful am I to the man  
Through many years who has been  
Thus carefully forming thy plan!  
May smiles from the fair,  
Rid of much toil and care--  
Shine on him, in moments of anguish.  
May their tender hands  
To obey his commands  
Be ready, should he in life languish.

#### TABBY AND TIBBY.

As Tabby and Tibby were playing one day,  
I, watching their frolicsome mood,  
Greatly wondered they never got tired of play,  
But the secret I soon understood.

For, listening, I hear on the drum of the ear,  
These thoughts in cat language conveyed--  
The which I interpret lest it should appear  
Of telling the truth I'm afraid.

Said Tabby to Tibby: "Our master's downcast;  
Else why are his looks full of gloom?  
There's something like spectres in future or past,  
Which strangely before his mind loom.

"So, daughter, still further in frolic indulge,  
And thus chase his sadness away;  
Our motives we need not to mortals divulge;  
Then at it in right earnest play."

This said, she gave Tibby a sly, knowing wink,  
And straight on her haunches sat down,  
While Tibby, who is of all kittens the pink,  
Laid the counsel safe by in her crown.

And now, as if struck by electrical shock,  
The young one swift bounded aside,  
And then with an air which would true valor mock,  
Some strange soldiers' antics she tried.

Advancing, retreating, with rig well upreared,  
Her looks testify to her ire;  
And every manoeuvre, it is to be feared,  
Will bring some calamity dire.

But meantime, the mother in calmest content,  
And careless as cat could well be,  
Just waited till Tibby's flash-valor was spent,  
Yet now and then winking at me.

I judged from this fact that a wrinkle had struck,  
To the depths of her sage cat-like brain;  
And I thought of my beautiful kitten's ill-luck  
In entering on such a campaign.

The thought had scarce flashed through the chambers of mind,  
When she pounced like a tiger on prey!  
Oh, horror! but stop! with relief I now find  
They both were engaged in mere play.

But whether in play or real earnest, it seems  
Young Tibby's no match for her mother;  
So thus I now end this my first of cat dreams,  
Not caring to write such another.

LINES

COMPOSED AT MR. M'LARTY'S, WEST MISSOURI, AUGUST 3,  
1873.

McLarty, I can't leave your house,  
Your darling daughter, charming spouse,  
Without at least a single rhyme  
Commemorating that sweet time  
When I, with my beloved wife,  
Shared your dear home, with comforts rife.

And now I backward cast my eye  
O'er eight-and-twenty years, gone by,  
Since first to you the land I sold  
Which now you prize far more than gold.  
Ah, then with trees 'twas covered o'er  
Thousands of which are now no more;  
But in their stead rich, waving grain,  
On hill and dale and pleasant plain  
Abundant grows; and year by year  
Adds comforts to your home so dear.

Fair trout creek still flows softly by,  
Though not so pleasing to the eye,  
As when at first its stream I saw,  
So many, many years ago.  
For then no logs unshapely, rude,  
Did on that beauteous creek intrude;  
But o'er its smooth and gravelly bed  
It held its course, and murmur shed



Like sweetest music on my ear,  
And made me long to live just here.

But urgent duty called me hence,  
To scenes less pleasing to the sense  
Of one who had a poet's eye  
For Nature's works. I bade good bye  
To what so quickly had become  
To me almost as dear as home.

And now, kind friends, we must return  
To that same home, while bosoms burn  
With platitude for kindness shown  
To those you had so little known.

We linger still: 'tis hard to part  
From you, when fondly heart to heart  
Beats now, as if for years we'd been  
Fast bound in friendship's bands serene.

God bless you all! we fervent pray,  
And make you happier every day!  
Should we in future meet no more,  
O, may we all reach Canaan's shore.

#### FAMILY PIECES

LINES TO MY MOTHER,  
WHO DIED WHEN I WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD.

I had a mother once, and her dear name  
Has power even now to thrill my very frame,  
And call forth feelings which can only rise  
When Love doth view its object in the skies.  
So would I view thee, Mother, and rejoice  
That I have power to raise my feeble voice  
And tell what thoughts arise within my breast,  
As thus I view thee entered into rest.

O, say, my Mother, canst thou see thy son?  
Dost thou behold the poor, erratic one  
Who has been tossed on Life's tempestuous wave  
Till he has fairly longed to find his grave?  
I fain would know if, when I heave a sigh,  
Tears e'er bedim thy sympathetic eye?  
When I have drunk so deep of heartfelt woe,  
And: roved the vanity of all below,  
Oh, say, my Mother, hast thou felt a share  
Know'st thou what 'tis to be weighed down with care?

Why write I thus? for souls in heavenly bliss  
Feel not our woes--know not what sorrow is--  
Unless their past experiences they feel,  
To aid, by contrast, in producing weal.  
For it is written, "God shall wipe away

Tears from all faces," in Eternal Day!  
Then let me rest content, and strive to show  
True patience, while I suffer here below,  
And follow Christ wherever he may lead:  
Thus proving faith sincere by every deed.  
O, then, whenever he may call me hence,  
I shall be willing to leave time and sense  
And mount aloft to dwell with God forever,  
To taste that bliss from which naught can me sever.

#### TO MY WIFE.

Ellen, dear, it is clear  
I have not half thy merits told;  
Sweet of life, lovely wife,  
More precious thou hast been than gold.

Listen now; truth I trow  
Will be my guide while I relate  
What pure love, sweetest dove,  
Thou still hast shown in marriage state.

When I'm ill thou dost fill  
The office of a comforter;  
Soothing sickness with such quickness  
That disease seems banished far.

If low spirits we inherit,  
Thou swiftly drivest them away  
By sweet song all day long,  
Until I feel quite young and gay.

Then our house, tidy spouse,  
Is kept by thee so trim and neat,  
That from home I'll not roam  
To try and find a snug retreat.

Of girls and boys, and many joys,  
We have, my dearest, quite our share;  
How to use them, not abuse them,  
Should always be our constant care.

But alas! how soon pass  
All present good desires away.  
Feel we weakness? then in meekness  
Let us unto our Father pray.

He is strong, and has long  
Upheld us by His mighty arm;  
O how glorious! Faith victorious  
Will us preserve always from harm.

Then let us pray, love, day by day,  
That our dear children may be brought  
Into His fold, ere they are old:  
Even as God himself hath taught.

O, what pleasure in rich measure

We then should feel, my own true love!  
For naught ever could us sever,  
But all at last would dwell above--

By God's grace in that place  
Inhabited by Spirits bright.  
This secured, we allured,  
Might view by Faith the glorious sight.

TO THE SAME,  
WHEN AWAY FROM HOME

Oh, when will my beloved come  
To her own home again?  
Surely it will not be my doom  
To miss her always in each room,  
And of her loss complain.

Dear Chris and Jenny wish her home,  
And ask why she's not here;  
And I in quest of her would roam,  
But fear to miss her much-loved form,  
Which I would hope is near.

Yet I would not impatient be;  
Thou art on Mother tending.  
Thy love to her I like to see.  
It will not lessen mine to thee,  
Until my life is ending.

And should'st thou stay another week,  
A month, or even a year--  
Thy conduct past would loudly speak  
Thy faithfulness, thy spirit meek,  
And say I've naught to fear.

Then stay, my dear, till thou hast done  
All that thy mother needed;  
Yet just remember there is one  
Who will be sadly woe-begone,  
His loneliness unheeded.

For well I know that such a wife  
Is better far than gold;  
And all the joys of bachelor life,  
However free from care and strife,  
On my mind take no hold.

Just now her brother brings me word  
That I must go and see her.  
For all the joys this will afford  
May I be thankful to the Lord,  
And go from care to free her.

Within an hour I see her face  
Bedecked with smiles to greet me,  
But yet she seems in woeful case,  
For marks of \_toothache\_ I can trace

As she comes forth to meet me.

We spend the night with th' dear old folk,  
The moments quickly fly,  
While we link-armed start on a walk,  
But soon return to sing and talk--  
The fire all sitting by.

Upon the morrow then return  
To home, "sweet home," again.  
Our hearts afresh with love do burn,  
As we at hand our house discern,  
And all it does contain.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS,  
JAMES, CHRISTOPHER AND ALFRED.

Three lovely boys who bear my name,  
Have all upon me equal claim,  
And seem to ask a rhyme from me--  
A humble poet as you see.  
James, Christopher and Alfred, dear,  
You often do my spirit cheer,  
Each in his own most charming way,  
From hour to hour, from day to day.  
James by his often tuneful mood,  
And other things best understood  
By a fond parent, at the time,  
To he as sweet as music's chime.  
In him, though young, my eye can trace  
A something in his pretty face  
Which shows strong passion lurks within  
That childish breast--the fruit of sin.  
I also think I truly see  
A trait somewhat too miserly.  
I may be wrong--I hope I am,  
For 'twould be sad in my sweet lamb.

Then Chris, what must I say of him,  
Who shows us many a little whim?  
But with it all displays affection  
For one so young in much perfection,  
And can forget his sorrows all,  
Though his young heart he filled with gall.  
If but his mother seem to cry  
he upward turns his bright brown eye,  
And asks so earnestly a kiss  
That we're compelled to love our Chris.

Once, dear child, O strange to tell,  
From brother Willie's knee he fell  
And sadly burned his little arm,  
Which greatly filled us with alarm.  
He cried, as might have been expected,  
And quick relief was not neglected.  
But while his heart was fit to burst,  
He spied a wound on Mamma's hand,  
And though his own was far the worst,

The sight of Hers he could not stand.  
He ceased his crying, gave a sigh,  
"Poor Mamma's sore," [Footnote: A literal fact] became his cry.  
My darling child, this act of thine  
Makes me right glad to call thee mine.

But I must hasten; one remains  
Who well deserves my ablest strains.  
This is my Alfred--lovely babe  
A smiling cherub sure art thou,  
How can I best describe thy charms?  
How can I write about thee now?  
Nearly four months have passed away  
Since thou first saw the light of day;  
And in that time we've hardly had  
One tedious night with thee, my lad.  
By day thy chirruping and smiles  
Thy own dear mother's heart beguiles,  
And makes me run a dreadful risk  
Of falling to idolatry!  
But let me tell thee, little \_Frisk\_,  
This will not do for thee or me!  
'Tis time to quit; I cease to write,  
And bid my precious babes good night!

TO ALFRED,  
JUST LEARNING TO WALK

1854

O, Alfred dear, thou wilt, I fear,  
Get burned before 'tis long;  
Thy little tricks with fiery sticks  
Have called forth this my song.

That roguish eye seems to defy  
All I can say or do.  
Thy chubby face does not disgrace  
The food thou art used to.

Come now, my boy, thy skill employ  
In walking to Papa;  
Well, now, my child, I own I smiled  
To see thee choose thy \_Ma\_.

But still I will that thou fulfill  
My just commands to thee;  
Sometime I shall soon make thee squall  
For disobeying me!

And now a walk or else some talk  
I do insist upon;  
But mind that chair or thou wilt fare  
Not cry well, my son!

Thy limbs are strong, so don't be long,  
Nor mind that little mountain;  
Ah, down he goes! and out there flows

Big tear-drops from their fountain.

Fear not, my son, thou hast well done;  
I'll wipe thy tears away,  
And lie in hopes on Life's rough slopes  
Thou wilt not go astray.

Now come again, I can't refrain  
From tuning one more trial;  
Don't stagger on so woe-begone,  
But use some self-denial.

Thou wilt have need if thou succeed  
In life, to use it often,  
And I have found in moving round  
It does life's trials soften.

Mind thou the stove! nor further rove,  
For fear thou get a burning  
Let not thine eyes in such surprise  
Upon thy Pa be turning.

See, there at last thou hast got past  
The dangers which beset thee,  
So in my arms, proud of thy charms,  
I'll hug thee if thou let me.

I fain would hope that thou wilt cope  
With ills besetting mortals,  
Depending on God's Arm alone,  
And so reach Heaven's portals.

TO AMELIA  
MY LAST INFANT DAUGHTER

1854

On the fifth of chill November  
Came my Amie unto me,  
Adding one more lovely member  
To my numerous family.

Daughter, thou art welcome truly  
To the care we can bestow;  
May we do our duty duly  
While we stay with thee below.

Think not, daughter, we will slight thee,  
Since so many claim our love;  
Gladly--wish we to delight thee,  
As we look for help Above.

Thou art to us, little charmer,  
Dear as any child we own;  
And our love to each grows warmer  
For the sorrows we have known.

Take then, daughter, take our blessing,

It comes forth from loving hearts;  
Though we shrink hot from confessing  
Oft we fail to act our parts.

#### TO FREDRIC

Fred, thou art six months old  
This very day!  
And I no more withhold  
From thee a lay.

That rosy, smiling face--  
Thou need not fear--  
Has weeks since claimed a place  
'Midst "rhyming gear."

Thy winning, childish pranks  
Make further claim  
To set thee in the ranks  
Of infant fame.

But when I think what troubles  
Thou hast passed through,  
The obligation doubles  
What I've to do--

In rhyming for thee, Fred,  
My dark-eyed boy;  
And I have left my bed  
To sing the joy.

I feel from day to day  
In seeing thee  
So full of lively play--  
Most sweet to see.

By such most lovely smiles,  
Such crowing, too,  
Ah, Fred, thy many wiles  
Have charmed me through!

'Tis true \_Ma\_ lost much rest,  
By day and night,  
Through thee when so distressed.  
Which scarce seemed right.

But doubtless 'twill be seen  
To be for good,  
Since God our Friend has been,  
And by us stood.

Then, with this full in view  
I 'll close my rhyme,  
And hope that it may do  
Thee good some time.

#### TO MY DAUGHTER IDA,

WHEN THREE MONTHS OLD.

1859.

Ida, it is a burning shame  
That thy short, sweet poetic name  
Has not a single lay called forth  
From my \_cranium\_ since thy birth!  
Thy pale-face, brown-eyed style of beauty  
Every day points out my duty.  
Conscience, too, whispers 'tis not right  
That I this task should longer slight.  
So now I take thee on my knee  
And woo the Muse right eagerly,  
In earnest hope she'll lend her aid  
Until this tribute be well paid.

Ida, thou art of babes the best;  
This much at least must be confessed,  
Unless thy mother's words are wrong--  
Words shadowing forth Affection strong.  
Thou art indeed, sweet tempered pet,  
As good a child as I have met.  
And oh, my heart for thee' has bled,  
When thou wert forced to be spoon-fed,  
Because of Mamma's trying weakness.  
Yet this thou didst still bear with meekness,  
And ever from the first thy cries  
Had for companions tearful eyes,  
And such a mournful, piteous mien  
As is not in bad temper seen.  
When I saw this thou may'st be sure,  
I felt quite ready to endure  
Thy tediousness by night or day,  
While mother on a sick-bed lay.  
Now, as reward for all my toil,  
Thou cheerest me by many a smile.  
And while I gaze on thy sweet face  
Bedecked with every infant grace,  
My soul's best feelings are called Forth--  
I see in thee increasing worth.

Say, sweetly smiling, pretty creature,  
So perfect in each limb and feature,  
What means that dreamy sort of look  
Thou wear'st at times? Art thou then struck  
With wonder at our household ways?  
At brother's, sister's childish plays?  
I would give something just to know  
How thoughts within the mind can grow.  
I fancy sometimes thou art thinking  
On what's around thee or else drinking  
Thou fill of heavenly visions sweet,  
Such as would prove to me a treat:  
Art silent still? Ah, then, young Miss,  
Thou must eve'n give a parting kiss!  
Farewell, my dear, my lovely child,  
Fair Ida, with the look so mild!



TO MY WIFE,  
ON THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY

SEPT. 26, 1860.

A thousand joys, my darling wife,  
Be thine on this our marriage day!  
And now I'll sing; for such a life  
As we have led deserves a lay  
Fresh-gushing from a heart like mine--  
By thee well known to be sincere.  
O, where are charms compared with thine?  
Which, after years of toil appear  
More fresh and fair,  
Though much of care  
Has fallen daily to thy share.

On me old Time has marked his flight--  
My outward frame doth tell me this;  
But still, sweet dove, my heart's as light  
As when at first I found the bliss  
Of Ellen's love in silken bands.  
And what the future has in store  
I know not, but my soul expands  
Assured thou lov'st me more and more.  
This rapturous thought  
With blessings fraught  
By gold could never have been bought.

But love--such love as we now feel  
Ten thousand ills can face and foil,  
And passing years afresh reveal--  
We better are for cure and toil!  
I would not then my lot exchange  
For one where pampered luxury  
The hearts of man and wife estrange,  
And all is insincerity.  
A lot like this,  
Devoid of bliss,  
Dear wife, may we forever miss!

What though when let but forty-three  
I sober \_Grandpa\_ have become?  
With thee, my Ellen, yes, with thee  
I can enjoy our humble home;  
And the dear children to us given,  
With those left by my first loved spouse,  
Can by God's blessing make a heaven  
For me in yet a poorer house!  
The world dreams not  
That in our cot  
We pure, substantial joys have got.

As thus I sing in gladsome strain  
Of my unmatched felicity,  
There comes an almost endless train  
From the deep founts of Memory,  
Of pleasing pictures which retain

Poetic colors lich and rare.  
Yet fearing they might make me vain,  
I breathe to God this fervent prayer:  
Lord, shield me well,  
From potent spell  
Of syren Pleasures, and Pride quell!

Oh, let us humbly now renew  
Our vows to God, my sweetest love!  
He then will shed His grace like dew  
Upon us all, and bid the Dove  
Of steadfast Peace assure our souls.  
Thus may we battle on in life,  
And as each season forward rolls  
Feel stronger for the daily strife  
Until at last  
Our lot is cast  
With those who into heaven have passed.

TO THE SAME,  
ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1872.

Dear Bride of five-and-twenty years,  
I gladly give to thee this song.  
That thou wilt spurn it I've no fears,  
For love still reigns within thee strong,  
And will reign long as life shall last;  
For it has stood the fiery test  
Of anguished moments in the past--  
When out of pain came peaceful rest,  
Until our life  
Of toil and strife  
Is joyful still, my darling wife.

When last I penned a lay to thee  
I little dreamt that youthful charms  
Would cling to thee at forty-three;  
But now the thought my spirit warms  
\_That I can see thee lovelier grown\_!  
While fond affection constant beams  
Within thy lovely eyes, light brown,  
Thus realizing my young dreams.  
For then I thought  
The wife I sought  
Should bring to me what thou hast brought.

A face lit up with genial smiles,  
A heart to love through trials great,  
With winning ways, with pleasant wiles,  
To cheer me in life's troublous state.  
I pictured her both fair and neat,  
With voice so soft, with wifely skill,  
To make my home a snug retreat  
From many kinds of mortal ill.  
\_Such hast thou been\_,  
My own heart's queen,

As good a wife as e'er was seen.

What though we've not attained to wealth?  
Have still to toil for daily bread?  
So long as God gives precious health,  
We have no worldly needs to dread,

For, day by day our table's filled,  
Our dearest children constant fed;  
With many comforts life to gild,  
Our years enjoyably have sped.  
Then we'll not care  
For larger share  
Of riches, which oft prove a snare.

Then, darling, let us battle on,  
The future may ev'n brighter prove;  
But if it does not we have won  
A glorious boon in such true love  
As well might smooth a harder life.  
And few, I trow, have lived so long  
wedded state with joys so rife.  
Then fear not, let our hearts be strong  
In Christ our Lord,  
And let His Word  
Yield us the comfort therein stored.

Now, as the ears flow swiftly by,  
With crosses manifold to hear,  
We still will look to Him on high,  
Who has permitted us to share  
So much of matrimonial bliss,  
And in that bond has kept us true.  
Let's deem it best His rod to kiss,  
And keep His promises in view.  
So, side by side  
Our lives may glide  
Till death bring us o'er Jordan's tide!

TO THE SAME,  
ON THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1877.

Full thirty years of wedded bliss,  
My darling wife, we have enjoyed;  
And still I can with rapture kiss  
Thy sweet, chaste lips--for I am void  
Of every fear that thou wilt fail  
To love me till our race is run.  
Our mutual love is still as hale  
As though we had but just begun  
To link our fate  
In marriage state,  
Where joys for sorrows compensate.

So, filled with sense of God's rich love,  
Let us those decades three review;

For though we have with trials strove  
To keep our happiness still new,  
We've had Religion's holy aid  
Still shedding sunshine on our way,  
As we pursued our humble trade  
And struggled on from day to day.  
Our hearts imbued  
With gratitude  
Call loud for vows to God renewed.

Now looking back through all these years,  
'Midst chequered scenes of daily life,  
A family of eight appears  
For thee to love and serve, my wife!  
Thou wert indeed a youthful bride,  
But weak in body--not in heart--  
As thou my cherished hearth beside  
Sat down, content to do thy part.  
And well I know  
No lot below  
Was e'er more free from earthly woe.

In this review I can't forget  
How oft in sickness, grief and pain,  
Thy loving heart our needs has met,  
While solace rich came in thy train.  
Nor when thyself on sick bed lay,  
Racked with \_Neuralgia's\_ maddening pangs.  
How Patience kept the wolf at bay,  
And made him soon withdraw his fangs.  
My darling sweet,  
'Tis surely meet  
I thee with song like this should greet!

Nor yet when by that dreadful fall  
Thy limbs were bruised, thy system shook,  
How easily I can recall  
Each winning smile, each tender look,

As I attempted to alleve  
Thy sufferings great for many days.  
And while I could not help but grieve,  
I saw thy meekness with amaze;  
For no dread pain  
Could triumph gain  
O'er thee, nor did'st thou once complain.

Then, O my darling, join with me  
To celebrate our Father's praise!  
For he has kept us lovingly  
From hankering after worldly ways.  
Raise then our Ebenezer high!  
Join, children, in my joyful song!  
Lay ever disagreement by,  
That you in, union may be strong.  
Thus let us wait  
At Wisdom's gate,  
Till Christ in turn shall each translate.

## FAREWELL TO MY HARP

Farewell my rude Harp and my still ruder Lyre!  
For season your tones may not fall on my ear;  
At the \_bench\_ will hard labor repress rhyming fire,  
And Fact over Fancy triumphant appear.

Yet I will remember the exquisite pleasure  
For full thirty years freely rendered by you;  
How oft in that time you have proved a rich treasure--  
Still constant abiding and evermore true.

Again and again bring afresh to my mind.  
How in youth your wild minstrelsy ravished my soul  
Till I became daily to musings inclined,  
And strong, gushing impulse that scarce brooked control.

I oft will recall how you chased away sadness,  
As sore family tumbles my heart did affright  
When a fond, faithful partner, whose presence was gladness  
Was reft from my side--turning day into night!

Nor forget soon the dirges you poured o'er the tomb  
Enclosing both her and our infant so dear;  
Whose soul-stirring notes dissipated my gloom,  
And since have refreshed me through many a year.

Ah, no! those sweet \_memories\_, fresh in me springing,  
Shall nerve to new efforts in God's holy cause;  
And hearing within me your melodies ringing,  
I'll steadfastly aim at observing His Laws.

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