

THE  
DESTINY OF MAN,  
THE STORM KING,  
AND  
*OTHER POEMS.*

BY   
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LONDON:  
TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1872.

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## PREFACE.

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THE few lines following are launched on the ocean of the world to be tossed on the rough billows of critical argument; and of the few who inquire from whence they came, fewer still may recognise the hidden spring from which they emanate, and whose motive power, with unseen influence, still bears them along in the crowded current of literature, to be drifted hither and thither, until, like music on the waters, their melody touches in some heart a chord in tune to receive it.



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# The Destiny of Man.

A





## ARGUMENT.



1. Man in a state of innocence.
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5. The attributes of God to be viewed in the light of the Christian graces.
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53. The works of nature and the advancement of science confirming faith in the development of that which the Creator ordains.

## The Destiny of Man.

---

**W**HO art thou, being of immortal birth,  
And heir of mansions far beyond the reach  
Of human ken, and man's short-seeing gaze?  
In thy Creator's image thou appearest,  
With something of the dignity and grace  
Of good and holy angels, who beheld  
Thee first midst scenes of harmony and joy ;  
Nor pain, nor grief, to mar thy lofty brow.  
The soul within bespeaks the holy power  
Of impulses, in aspiration raised  
From works of Nature, beauteous and sublime,  
To Nature's God, heaven's Almighty King,  
Reigning supreme o'er all the universe.

Him to adore, the angels faces veil  
With wings more soft and pure than e'er was snow,

Fresh fallen on Christmas morn, so dazzling white,  
A fitting garment surely for the day  
Which celebrates the birth of Saviour blest,  
In whom dwelt spotless innocence and peace,  
Thus brought to all on earth with tidings glad  
Of joy bestowed on millions yet to be.

A message such as this reveals at once  
The destiny sublime for man prepared,  
A home in heaven for those redeemed and blest,  
And welcome freely given in love to all—  
To all, I say, who so in Him believe  
That they confide their future, in full faith  
Of blessings numberless and undeserved,  
Brought by celestial visitants to those  
Who trustful are, and ever humbly wait  
To fill the destiny for man decreed.

But, hark ! what sounds celestial fill the air ?—  
A hymn of praise in swelling cadence sweet  
Rises aloft, and then to earth descends,  
The soul to charm, the senses to allure ;  
And who are these in radiant garments clad ?—

A band of angels sweeping through the sky,  
Their harps of gold refulgently appear,  
As moonbeams glitter, bathed in light so pure,  
Their voices raised in melody sublime.

Oh ! most mysterious, but merciful  
And just are His decrees who rules all space,  
Requiring test of faith, both strong and sure,  
That first of Christian graces taught to man ;  
Hope then ascends, with swift and lightsome wing,  
And lends to Charity her sweetest balm.

Thus spake a seraph, who, through broad expanse  
Of azure, came to comfort fallen man ;  
Fallen, alas ! from that his high estate,  
Eden, his purest home of bliss serene,  
Where song of birds enchanting filled the air,  
Most lovely choristers of dazzling hue,  
So decked, with varied plumage they appear,  
All warbling in pure harmony to praise  
Him, the all-wise and bountiful Creator,  
The Giver of all good, who there bestowed  
The fragrant blossom of the sweetest rose,

Acknowledged queen of floral beauty thou,  
And purest lily (white), the emblem chaste  
Of man's first state of peaceful innocence.  
So there were plants more tender too, and rare,  
Such as in other lands the ruder blast  
Would soon destroy, but in this eastern clime  
Blooming were seen, fresh from the Maker's hand,  
Shielded alone by the blue arch above.'

O Paradise ! it needs an angel's pen  
To tell of thee, thy glories numberless  
In heaven's radiant sunshine so appeared ;  
Or when at dewy eve the brilliant tint  
Absorbed becomes, and gently so doth merge  
In the deep veil of night, the soft moon then  
Majestic rises, to illumine and shed  
Its hallowed lustre on those objects near,  
Enchanting all, and giving thus to each  
Imagination freer scope to roam  
O'er distant unseen beauties wandering far ;  
When, lo ! the canopy enriched becomes,  
Resplendently 'tis studded, and fresh theme  
For contemplation is presented here ;  
The stars each filling their appointed place,

Appear in magnitude much varying,  
Those silent witnesses of power divine.

And thus throughout the watches of the night  
All nature seeks repose, while One there guards  
Whose ever-present arm is near to shield,  
And powerful to protect the just and true  
In tranquil slumber wrapt, serene and pure,  
Until the foldings of the starry robe  
Are drawn aside, and signs of early dawn—  
First grey, then rosy red, in various shades  
Of matchless beauty—herald in the day,  
Whose morn appears in freshness as a bride,  
With dewdrops sparkling, gems of crystal clear,  
A fitting emblem of life's early hopes,  
Which bright, unclouded sunshine promise none,  
But interspersed they come and go, with light  
And shade, as when the appalling thunder's voice  
Shakes all around, and the electric flash,  
With awe submissive, strikes the soul of man,  
The wrath of God o'er Nature's face thus seen.  
At length the gloomy clouds asunder part,  
And underneath—oh ! what to view disclose?—  
A wide expanse of purest blue appears,

Across is seen an arch of brilliant hue,  
In colours softly blended here displayed,  
With nature's mighty Artist, none compare,  
Fit symbol of a sacred promise true,  
A glorious sign which straight from heaven came,  
Assuring us its Maker will protect,  
Ay, and send sunshine bright to gladden those,  
The patient bearers of a cross divine,  
Through turmoil, storm, who bravely fights, shall  
win.

And then their glorious example bright  
May likened be to sunset grand and pure,  
Which luminous its halo sheds on all  
Surrounding objects, some more distant, too,  
A ray refulgent catch, embellished thus  
Become with every chaste and beauteous grace,  
In which to shine when earth's horizon's past.

And then as slowly rolls the stone away  
From monument or mausoleum cold,  
Its earthly tenant silent to receive ;  
Far other welcome waits the soul now free  
From care, and toil, and sorrow past and gone.



With melody triumphant angels sing  
The loved, the honoured ransomed one to greet,  
Commencement happy of that other life  
Whose dawn is present, soon as this doth cease.  
The spirit blessed then away takes flight  
To yon celestial city there to dwell.  
As to its pearly gates they nearer draw,  
Angelic guards appear, and all who there  
Approach, the watchword give, a passport need.  
What holy spell hath made those gates unfold ?  
List ! 'tis the Master's name ; through Him alone  
Admission may they gain who know His grace,  
His love, His sacrifice, their only plea.

For them who by His holy name now called  
Are robes of white prepared, to honour much  
The marriage-feast, when all have entered in  
Invited guests. High favoured those who wait  
The coming of the heavenly Bridegroom true ;  
Unfurled, His banner o'er them fondly waves,  
With love its motto, and of joy the sign ;  
While weak and helpless ones, as they approach,  
By everlasting arms He doth support,  
No ill need fear, as they His rod and staff

Have gained, and not alone come those whose  
lease

Of weary earth-life has been long and drear.  
The sunny youth is here, who scarce did taste  
The fancied charms of worldly pleasure's spell  
Ere he was summoned hence, in spring-time yet,  
But still for harvest ripe ; now garnered safe  
From future snare and powers insidious too,  
Who both with wily bait and seeming just  
Ambition, oft the generous heart engage,  
Excluding quite the all-important theme  
Of man's most grand, immortal destiny.

And now, oh joy ! behold, another harp  
Is to the choir angelic added there ;  
The lost is found, the pleading suppliant saved ;  
The heir his rightful heritage has gained.  
O strains majestic ! victory their theme,  
O'er sin and death they conquerors become.

But stay ! no further mayest thou here advance,  
The place whereon thou treadest holy is,  
And this thine earthly frame put off must be,  
Ere thou can'st dare to hope to penetrate

---

The things which heart of man cannot conceive,  
Eternity of blessing, joy, and love ;  
A kingdom won for thee by Him whose name  
Is Prince of Peace, and whose that kingdom is.

For thee, O being of immortal birth !  
Who art thou, then ? existence such as thine,  
A trinity of body, spirit, soul,  
In one frame centred, but not one in will ;  
For spirit against flesh doth war, and mind  
'Gainst matter too, rebellious both are found.

Captives to nature's laws are all, till warned  
By gentlest whisper from that faithful friend,  
The voice of conscience, whom to silence some  
Would seek, in false repose thus lulled, till death's  
Last sleep doth them o'ertake ; in truth most sad  
The picture now, when degradation marks  
The God-like image.

But each cloud, 'tis said,  
A silver lining doth possess ; and now  
Let us a brighter, nobler view regard  
Of souls progressive, e'en though earth-bound still

Most faithful watching, that they may be found  
Prepared for an immortal destiny  
Awaiting all, whose spirits unto Him  
Ascend who lent them only for awhile  
To sojourn in your world—parts of a whole,  
Whose power in harmony extends from each  
To each, but of existence so distinct  
That none may claim similitude exact,  
Not e'en with those most near ; thyself alone,  
With one alone to live, on one alone  
To lean, and such art thou, created thus,  
For purposes decreed, by Him who rules  
Infinite, the earth, the sea, the sky,—  
Space measureless, unbounded as the love  
Bestowed on thee, whose birth immortal thus  
Becomes a mystery deep, which none may solve,  
Or dare to penetrate the unrevealed.

Until with surest flight the summons shall  
To each in turn be given, so then thy place  
On earth by others will be filled, and thou  
Be gently wafted home by angels pure,  
Sweet messengers of bright and fleetest wing,  
Thy guardians long they've been, from ill to warn

---

And to inspire with good the heart of man,  
Which can by none be known, save Him who  
    weighs

The thoughts which all your actions do precede  
As blossom doth the promised fruit, which oft  
Is blighted found by chilly blast of care,  
When faith should nourish, e'en as love doth tend,  
With hope that in due time those glorious rays  
Which from the Sun of Righteousness proceed  
Their roseate image may on thee reflect,  
And perfect every grace, e'en as the fruits  
In ripened bloom each season do appear,  
Or golden grain, waving in lustre, shed  
By that bright sun whose radiance ever cheers.

So may the golden precepts treasured be,  
And garnered safe in human hearts the store ;  
Where angels are the watchers, peace should  
    dwell.

Then though their beauteous forms are yet con-  
    cealed,  
Their gentle influence still is felt by thee,  
As so the odour of a thousand flowers,  
Which, though unseen, the atmosphere pervades,

Whose heavenly, fragrant presence none can doubt ;  
Or as the zephyr's sigh—from whence it comes,  
Or whither goes, the wisest know not now—

Nor how the spirit's flight from earth doth speed :  
Swifter than lightning's flash 'tis gone—but mark  
With deepened thought, can any tell how fled ?  
Though search thou may'st the earthly dwelling  
left,

Within no vacant space wilt thou discern  
Which e'er the spirit-form we loved did fill,  
A question here no science can explain.  
Defeated, too, is boasted human skill  
By that which day by day anew transpires ;  
And oft, as nearer to our hearts the scene  
Is sometimes brought, we pause, and know full well  
That germ of Paradise did hither come  
In mystic union joined with bodies frail,—  
Thus heaven and earth in thee alone are found  
And meet in one—a surely fitting theme  
For poet's soul with love and truth inspired.

Assuring thoughts which thus thy faith confirm,  
And everlasting as the distant hills,

---

The covenant of His peace shall not remove,  
Nor will His kindness e'er from those depart  
Who here in heart and mind to Him ascend ;  
By faith they still continue so to dwell  
In safety midst the earth-life's pathway drear.  
As in the lonely desert now behold  
Through the long vista of a far-off day,  
'Tis no unbroken sand which meets thy view.  
The footsteps where thy Master once did tread  
Now follow thou, and rays of heavenly light  
Illume the way towards thy celestial home.

Then through the waters of affliction's hour  
The soul shall buoyant rise, and rest on Him  
Whose blessing surely will with those abide,  
The chosen ones, most precious in His sight,  
Who in the furnace proved, are like to gold,  
Or as the silver pure, these jewels fair  
Will destined be within His crown to shine.

Spirit divine, inspire, I pray Thee, then,  
With grace and strength Thine angel messenger,  
The impress of Thine essence now to shed

B

O'er those with prayerful trust who here inquire  
The way direct which to Thy presence leads,  
As shadows will their earth-lives pass away,  
But generations yet to come may gain,  
From these short lines, a faith that e'er endures.

So thou to whom the glorious life unseen  
Hath been in part unveiled, may now rejoice  
As one who hath been called to summit high,  
A vision of celestial splendour there  
To see ; and as into life's valley thou  
Returnest, the glow of heavenly love thine heart  
Will cheer, and, warm with zeal to others, show  
The blessings rich with which thou art endowed.

The mission honours much the man who bears  
Such message from his king of import grave,  
Whose echo shall resound to distant shores  
The darkness to disperse of years long past,  
And o'er the future hallowed light diffuse.  
Time was, when heavenly inspiration's theme  
Was first bestowed on man ; and who were those  
Then found recipients meet for gift so vast ?



---

The pure of heart were they, and naught could shake  
The faith which in their Master's might was strong.

So by angelic power, again, it comes,  
Encircling those on whom 'tis here bestowed  
As with a zone of light, whose radiant beams  
Shall in effect be felt, both far and near,  
Where superstition reigns.

Triumphant thus,  
The spirit-life within o'er matter soars,  
When guided to its loftiest flight by Him  
At whose command shall nature's answering voice  
With quick response obey, and human souls,  
By that indwelling essence, heavenward rise.

As doth the balmy breath of summer eve,  
O'er harp Æolian wafting, touch a chord,  
Vibrating soft its lingering sound doth sigh,  
That e'en in fancy it might seem as though  
An angel's wing had passed to fan the breeze ;  
Thus may the spirit's holy influence sweet  
On thine own heart be felt, when some deep chord  
Will thrill with heavenly love and joy bestowed,

Which to repose the weary one shall lull,  
E'en though the sunshine of life's day be fled,  
And shades of night erewhile around thee draw.

Nearer and darker still the shadows close,  
The silver cord, which binds thee yet to earth,  
When rent, shall freedom give aloft to speed.  
Thrice happy they whose echoing hearts repeat,  
With fond reliance sure, the fervent prayer  
In heavenly aspiration breathed by Him  
Whose soul-inspiring power still teaches thee  
With faith to say, in firm, unerring trust—  
“Into Thy hands, O Father, I commit  
My spirit now,”—lo, I return to Thee.

To Him be thanks who doth the victory give,  
And gratitude eternal render thou  
With homage deep, and fond allegiance due,  
Just fealty sworn in honour did'st thou pledge;  
Be faithful, then, to that thy promise true,  
Fulfil thy vow, and death, for thee destroyed,  
Exchanged for life shall be.

Immortal gain,  
Where living is to love, nor sands of time

---

Shall ebb, nor there shall day to night succeed  
(For who repose doth need where toil is not ?)  
Or sunshine's fitful gleam, or moon's pale ray  
Where heaven's pure light from its own source  
doth come,  
The reflex of whose radiance on the heart  
Each grief dispels ; and hushed each anxious sigh,  
Where pain must cease, and sorrow enters not.

Of olden time, in eastern skies appeared  
A glorious meteor rare of faith, the guide  
To those by wisdom taught, who came from far  
To offer homage deep, and richest gifts  
Of earth, to Him who was of earth the King.  
Etherealised His symbol yet remains  
The bright and morning star, in glory shines  
Intensified in that now risen Sun,  
Whose healing wing divine doth shelter give  
To all, by holy faith, who seek repose  
In life's eternal day. Then tell me whence  
This holy faith, the motive soul-felt power  
By inspiration's mystic influence breathed,  
Which in life's ocean lulls the angry storm



And whispers peace—the princely title loved  
By all whose hearts with echoing joy respond ?

O wondrous power !

That in one hope unites so vast a throng,  
A cloud of those who witness for the truth  
Unnumbered come, by unseen voice they 'recalled ;  
Inquire ye, then, how fell that potent sound,  
Whose tone doth so with awe man's spirit smite,  
But still ne'er fails the wounded heart to bind  
With cords, close drawn by love's own impulse wove,  
That mighty spell is felt through boundless space,  
Within thine inmost soul it surely dwells,  
As o'er the troubled gloom and waters drear  
The gentle dove uplifted bore her wing  
With olive branch of peace, assurance sweet  
Of judgment past and mercy present there.

So in a later age, a spirit-form  
As heavenly dove with blessing did descend,  
Fit harbinger of guardian angels dear,  
To strengthen, counsel, and from ills protect.  
O name beloved ! the Comforter, the Friend,  
Whose power divine within the heart instilled

---

Responsive echo brings, in future hope  
Of promised rest.

Meanwhile, each rusted link  
Of memory's endless chain, by thee seems bright,  
E'en though the retrospect may yet revive  
The grief, the care, long past, but ne'er forgot,  
And step by step ye trace the guiding hand,  
The all-directing love Omnipotent,  
Who calls to thy immortal destiny.

As day by day, and year by year, does each  
In fancy paint a vision bright of hopes  
Fulfilled ; so thou, O waiting soul, by faith  
Shall courage gain the storms of life to stem  
Uplifted by a mighty arm unseen,  
Till landed safe on that celestial shore,  
Whose haven brings eternal peace and rest.

Thy welcome sweet by angel influence given,  
No stranger thou, but one in holy bond  
With those, the loved, not lost, whose radiant joy  
Again renews, but with a purer glow,  
Affection's pledge, on earth 'twas nourished once  
With tender care, but now it blooms in heaven.

As some rare flower of Orchid tribe perchance,  
Its native soil the deep sequestered vale,  
Long undiscovered dwells, until at length  
Removed, and 'neath the sunshine's golden beam  
By culture, charms and beauties fresh expand ;  
So love within the heart enshrined, still lives  
In that blest summer-land, its genial clime ;  
Immortal there, its fadeless blossoms gain  
A fragrance sweeter shed on all around,  
And many a latent heavenly grace display.

No vain illusion here, for heavenly love  
Resembles most the clustered mountain rose,  
Midst Alpine snow and sky of azure blue  
So fair it blooms, without one thorn to mar  
The sweetness, as its starry flowers oft greet  
The traveller on his toilsome upward way ;  
More bright and gay among the haunts of men  
Do varied roses bloom to charm the sense,  
But these, unlike their modest sister fair,  
Too oft do thorns conceal with traitorous guise  
Beneath the grace of those rich velvet leaves,  
So earthly love the soul with rapture fills  
But with fond promise, may perchance deceive,

While that which seeks a high abiding-place,  
Will blessings gain which time cannot destroy.  
And those who would to greatest heights ascend  
Must ever watchful prove ; as Patience guides  
With faithful voice amid the region cold  
To warn ye, slumber not, onward,—thy rest  
Doth still before thee lie.

Oh ! happy they,  
If through the gloom and mist, the fleecy clouds  
Obscure are parted seen, and from within  
The holy veil descends one healing ray ;  
Then glows the heart in ecstasy, and thrills  
With warmth of love from heaven-born source  
diffused,  
While lightened now the load which care and toil,  
Stern arbiters of fate, on thee have laid.

And as the evening shadows deeper fall,  
So night her sable curtain gently draws,  
And from the view excludes life's busy stage,  
Where all are actors made, have each their part  
Fulfilled, or still fulfilling by the aid  
Of prompter faithful, constant, ever near,

Whose inner voice finds echo in the hearts  
Of those who list, and e'er on Him rely,  
Amidst the mazes of each shifting scene  
A guide unerring found, till the last act  
Of nature's mighty drama is played out,  
And that which now an ideal image seems  
By destiny's resistless hand becomes  
To sense made perfect, and its mystery solved,  
The priceless debt which the soul's victory paid.

That tribute once was bought by love divine,  
Which hand in hand with truth has mercy freed,  
And prison-bands of hope asunder burst,  
Revealing that life-essence, which now proves  
By absence, the reality of that  
Which dwelt unseen, the earthly veil within.  
Oh ! whence did come ? and whither are they gone ?  
Those spirit-fruits, which love, and joy, and peace  
Do bring, they were of heavenly birth, and thus  
Can ripen only 'neath a heavenly sun.

So other fruits there are, whose names denote  
Them more for gifts to sons of earth designed,  
Diffusive gifts, which shed their blessings round



Are these, which suffering has by meekness taught  
To bear the burden on each other laid,  
Who upward still ascend the weary round  
Of Nature's visioned ladder heavenward set.  
Oh ! may the cords of love descend to guide,  
And with persuasion sweet to draw them on.

Though holy angels dwell in heaven's pure light,  
They still a mission bear to those on earth,  
Who as the stones from some far quarry deep  
Do oft neglected lie, nor notice gain,  
For rough are they, and so obscure their fate,  
Until the Master's power a polish gives,  
By which e'en these are rendered fitting gems,  
With lustre wrought, for His rejoicing crown.  
From every clime and every land He brings  
Those jewels fair, which then he calls his own.  
As surely each their destiny fulfils,  
And, so fulfilling, proves to those around  
The vast design of an immortal birth.

Though silently the stream of life may glide,  
E'en like the mountain-rill as crystal clear  
Winds gently its lone way, and bounding leaps

O'er rocks and stones ; nor can the giant pine,  
Which winter's blast had felled, obstruct the path.  
Its waters fertilise the valley fair,  
And then emerging o'er the distant plain  
Its silver course may be in sunshine traced,  
Imparting blessings as it moves along,  
Until at length its greater strength expands,  
And wider range is to those blessings given ;  
While now upon its gentle bosom rest  
Those stately forms, which seem with life imbued,  
Till each in turn the monarch river sends,  
Impelled by its stern mandate, towards the sea,  
As though the words, " Go forth," had uttered been ;  
Their snowy wings unfurl the course to speed,  
And hope's soul-anchor, sure and steadfast now,  
They take to far-off shores, and so shall spread  
The light divine, for man's advancement given.

Till to earth's widest bounds the rays permeate,  
Sent to illumine the path of those in faith,  
Who wait for their immortal destiny ;  
And thus, as ages roll, and nations rise  
And fall, more civilised the world becomes ;  
And hence thus proving, that progression can

---

With stately march advance, and thus prepare  
The way for all that is by God designed.  
Then human intellect expanded too,  
Discoveries in science follow oft,  
The sage philosopher perplexing much  
They may, but viewèd aright, are as the rock,  
Foundation strong and sure, of steadfast faith,  
From whence aspiring souls may heavenward soar  
From earth to their immortal destiny.





# The Storm-King.



# The Storm-King.

(FRAGMENTARY.)



VER the heather, and over the mountain,  
Where the storm-clouds oft-times sweep,  
Pealing forth their din of battle  
In thunder's diapason deep ;  
And the lightnings wildly playing,  
Gild the gloomy donjon-keep  
Of a castle, whose proud grandeur  
Crowns the black rocks steep—  
Ride ! storm-king, ride !  
And who shall guide  
O'er the chasm wide,  
Where naught but lightnings leap ?

Vain 'tis to follow the sound of thy footsteps,  
Round the headland again they come ;

C

Uprise then the swelling torrents,  
Lashed by fury into foam ;  
As the wild-birds homeward flying  
Cleave the air with rending moan,  
Soon to rest them nearer heaven,  
Up in the pine-woods lone—  
Ride ! storm-king, ride !  
Let the craven hide  
In the dark caverns wide,  
Beneath that mass of stone.

Thy coming as guest in the summer days wel-  
comed,  
'Neath the sunshine's parching ray,  
Weary reapers then how ready  
In servile haste to clear thy way.  
Heed they not the passing stranger,  
Who in reckless accents gay  
Now demands a rustic's guidance,  
Chanting his boyhood's lay—  
Ride ! storm-king, ride !  
But who shall guide  
O'er the chasm wide,  
Where naught but lightnings play ?



Shelter thee then in the valley down yonder ;  
Quick ! for danger comes apace ;  
Onward urge thy noble charger,  
Fleetest of the Arab race.  
Nature's deepest tones are shaking  
Earth's foundations to their base ;  
Heaven's dire vengeance seems around thee  
Who that path now trace—  
Ride ! storm-king, ride !  
On the angry tide ;  
Who doth *thee* guide  
Moves o'er the water's face.

## CANTO I.

In the olden days of England's fame,  
When chivalry's high-honoured name  
Triumphant in the heart did reign,  
A dauntless spirit ruled the land,  
It fortified the sea-girt strand  
Bound by a stormy main ;  
And then his knightly spurs to gain  
Was each young squire's desire and aim ;

While some beneath an eastern sun  
Already had their laurels won,  
    And thence returned to claim  
Love's just reward for valiant deeds,  
And such when earnest rarely pleads  
    To beauty's heart in vain.

Adventures now of a stranger youth,  
Interspersed with lessons of moral and truth,  
    In the music of verse we tell ;  
And of all that through life's chequered way  
Befel him who chanted that wild lay,  
And brought him here to seek to-day  
    Rest in yon lonely dell.

Then pause awhile, with him turn back,  
And patient trace his onward track  
    E'en from his boyhood's years,—  
When first his ardent spirit proved  
It was by deeds of daring moved,  
    As some wild tale he hears.

“And wherefore thus,” the stripling cried,  
“Are honest hearts by fools defied ?”

Say ! are not all free men ?

Heaven nerves the arm, defends the cause

Of those who seek not vain applause ;

Forward will I go, then !”

Candour speaks in that flashing-eye,

Whose fire glows o'er his forehead high,

As he with ardent zest

Makes solemn vow for his country's weal,

With daring courage true as steel,

To stand war's trial-test.

Impatient now to prove his skill,

And vow so sacred to fulfil,

His heart leaps like the bounding rill

That crowns the hillock's crest,

And down the valley speeds its course,

Where rocks and stones lend greater force

To send it dashing on.

So naught impedes ambition's sway,

When in the dawn of youth's glad day

Dominion it has won.

Away from home and kindred dear,

With scarce a sigh, without a tear,

On the world's ocean cast ;  
Of gallant mien and noble birth,  
Whose lineage, of ancient worth  
For generations past,  
Compels him to honour the lofty name  
Engraved in the page of heroic fame  
By yet an untried sword—  
For through that land, while deadly strife  
In fury raged with danger rife,  
Contending armies poured.

. . . . .  
When England's barons in arms appeared,  
And England's standard aloft upreared,  
The bold and brave of England's land  
Enrolled 'neath that banner now take their stand,  
So valiant and daring a noble band  
To the field of council came.

In the solemn shades of evening  
Is gathered a mighty throng ;  
In the torchlight glare  
Are reflected there  
The chiefs of an army strong.

---

From their country's threatened danger  
To Heaven they now appeal  
    To grant them aid ;  
    And the vow there made  
Is sworn on their blades of steel.

As forth leap from the scabbard  
Ten thousand glittering swords,  
    On their hilts upreared  
    Faith's cross appeared,  
To consecrate these words :

“ From every base invader  
    Who dares approach our land,  
Here to defend our birthright  
    Will we undaunted stand,  
And from Omnipotence invoke  
    A blessing on our band.

“ Unfurl the royal banners,  
    Free in the air float they,  
The emblems of our freedom,  
    With many a pennon gay :  
‘ St George for Merrie England  
    Be our motto true this day.”

Such are the words of fire that strike  
Like flint on steel, as each alike  
    Receives the stern command.  
Swift to the heart like arrow fled,  
The call to arms fills none with dread,  
While all are eager to be led  
Against the foe, who dares to tread  
    Their free and honoured land.  
And 'mong the most impetuous there,  
With the ardour of youth to do and dare,  
Boldly in perils to take his share,  
And manly laurels to win and wear,  
Is he of whom this verse doth tell,  
As he first appeared in the lonely dell,  
Unawed by the sounds that rose and fell  
To herald the storm-king near.  
Then noble youths but roughly fared,  
While they each hardship calmly shared  
    With veteran soldiers grey ;  
But none more brave than he who now  
Hastes to fulfil his early vow—  
    Eager to join the fray.

## CANTO II.

But think ye not that a tender flame  
Enkindles with brightness the thirst for fame ;  
As oft in his lonely dream there came  
The whispered sound of a loved one's name,  
Like the breath of an angel's voice it seemed,  
While round him a heavenly radiance beamed,  
    To guard his soul from harm.  
For since he left his boyish home,  
O'er many a varied scene to roam,  
    He held a secret charm.  
Close was it locked within his heart,  
And with life will he only with that charm part,  
    Though of all else bereft.  
For the spell of a talisman power was there  
In that bright tress of sunny hair,  
    Which tenderly he kept ;  
Inspiring the youth with hope to gain  
The guerdon of honour by deeds of fame,  
    And many a daring feat.

And she who owned the sunny tress  
That adorned the cheek he once did press,  
    When her heart's quick pulses beat,  
Has round him wove a potent spell,  
Enthralling the soul she loves so well  
    With a power of mystic chain,  
Whose fettered links no time can break,  
Burnished in love's light for her sake,  
    It sacred shall remain.

. . . . .  
'Tis past, the day's exciting round ;  
And now in silent slumber bound  
    Dread visions o'er him creep,  
To renew again with impress clear  
The stormy scene so lately near,  
    As it stirred the mighty deep.  
He dreamt that across the chasm wide  
In a knightlike form did the storm-king ride,  
    His footprints lost in air.  
Away, with the speed of a whirlwind past,  
From his horse's nostrils pours a blast  
    Which the pine-tree's branches tear ;



A forest of leaves their banners wave,  
And with homage low in the torrent lave,  
    Then aloft in triumph rise.  
And thus the monarch's path to track,  
With resistless force as each branch bends back,  
    The air is rent with sighs ;  
And Nature's pall of sable, shrouds  
In one dark curtain the sea and clouds  
    With an air of mystery.  
Then in distant murmurs a voice rolls loud,  
'Tis echoed by tree, by rock, and by cloud  
    In a peal of harmony.  
  
One moment a flash so dazzling bright,  
'Tis as though resplendent in purest light  
    Heaven's pathway now doth gleam ;  
As again resounds that awful tone,  
So none can hear the wild bird's moan,  
    Nor the curlew's frantic scream.  
It rends the air, as through the sky,  
Like a royal torch, the lightnings fly,  
    Then in deep gloom retire.  
So onward the monarch's course is sped,  
And scarce the crested billows head  
    Can quench his brand of fire ;

Whose anger stirs the restless deep,  
While the waves in frenzy toss and leap,  
    As though possessed with life ;  
Uprooting from their depths below,  
Ocean's fresh briny wreaths they throw  
    To the elements at strife.  
And o'er the storm-king's path they strew  
Riches which under the great sea grew,  
    But now are scattered wide ;  
While the gallant ship doth check her course,  
Trembling as though some giant force  
    Had grasped her quiv'ring side ;  
Little recks she of the headland near,  
For that cloud of mist so dark and drear  
    Conceals its rocky face ;  
While high o'erhead a shadowy form  
Withstands the fury of the storm,  
    And round the wild clouds chase.

Oh ! naught but a power unseen can save,  
When breakers leaping, like storm-fiends, rave,  
    As light shoots o'er her bow ;  
And the portals of heaven are open wide,  
A warning to send for man to guide,  
    Let each obey it now.

But hark ! what means that frantic cry ?  
Does the King of Terrors seem drawing nigh  
    With the monarch of the storm ?  
No moment that to indulge weak fear,  
For all who the voice of command then hear  
    Their duties must perform.  
As the faithful helm in safety guides,  
Now the mist no longer the danger hides,  
    Which the lightning did disclose ;  
Her keel o'er the turbulent sea then flew,  
- And from every soul in that awe-struck crew  
    To heaven their thanks arose.

Then hush ! for that visioned prayer hath shed  
An incense pure round the sleeper's head,  
    And again his spirit wakes ;  
Recalled to the world of hopes and fears  
By the lingering echo that fancy hears,  
    His soul in that prayer partakes.

Oh ! friend of the weary, and balm for the sad,  
Sweet sleep ! that oft maketh the dreamer glad,  
    Entranced by thy still power ;

So vivid the drama thou broughtest to view,  
'Twere easy to deem the vision true  
    As revealed at night's lone hour ;  
Whose canopy dark was noiseless spread  
Like tents of invading armies, led  
    Silent, on hostile ground.  
Now, the solemn night in sable drest,  
Retiring, soothes each in turn to rest,  
    To earth's remotest bound ;  
While her sister dawn, in robe of grey,  
With blushes receives the lark's welcome lay,  
    In songs of nature's teaching ;  
Till bathed in a flood of sunny light,  
In noontide zenith of glory bright,  
    Her rays the far distance reaching.

While o'er the meadows the tinkling bells  
Of the timid sheep from the sheltering dells  
    Renew their gentle peal ;  
And nature now with joy rebounds,  
As the air is filled with her pleasant sounds,  
    Which o'er the senses steal—

. . . . .

It seemed like a lifetime since yesterday  
When he asked of the reapers his weary way,  
And saw the gold shafts of the lightning play,  
And sang of the storm-king's ride.  
No royal salute was e'er so grand  
As the volleys charged by no mortal hand,  
Which echoed the mountain's side ;  
And the leafy trophies which nature flung,  
As the tempest loud like a clarion rung,  
Alone mark the way he took.  
While low in the valley the golden grain,  
Crushed by his footsteps, doth still remain,  
As though severed by reaper's hook.  
And the brooklet that turned the stream of the  
mill,  
Rushes onward with speed its task to fulfil,  
Pursuing its gladsome way.  
Ere yesterday 'twas a silver thread,  
Which mirrored the stones in its rocky bed,  
Where minnows leap and play ;  
But the monarch in passing the right conferred  
In the land of its birth to be known and heard,  
And notice from all to claim ;

As royal visitants leave behind  
Distinctions and honours of varying kind,  
Which all aspire to gain.

Now pause thee a moment, a moral to learn  
From the stream daily toiling the old wheel to  
turn,

As it dashes each stroke with glee ;  
For hast thou not heard in the days gone by  
Of a wheel which 'twas said Dame Fortune did  
ply,

And none might his lot foresee ;  
But those who follow life's busy stream,  
Although of ambition they may dream,  
Must steadfastly onward strive,  
Like that stream, whose ripples rise and  
fall,

While the leaping waves to each other call,  
As they onward chase past the castle wall,

Or under the loose stones dive.  
Onward, away to the pebbly beach,  
At length the ocean of life they reach,  
Swift in its current borne ;

---

And there a rougher race to run  
Than the early task with which life begun  
In the light of its sunny morn,  
When the foam that follows the good ship's  
keel  
Was dancing aloft on the old mill-wheel  
IN THE TIME FOR EVER GONE.







Songs.



## Songs.

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### *GUARD THY SEA-GIRT HOME.*

**T**HRONED on the boundless ocean,  
There rests thy sea-girt home;  
The roaring tide on every side  
Surges in angry foam—  
'Tis freedom's band around the land,  
There's safety in her zone.  
Yet when her fertile valleys  
And echoing hills proclaim,  
War's startling call hath summoned all  
To arms—in England's name—  
Though Nature's hand protects the land,  
Thy sword she'll need the same.

Watch, to thy manhood trusted,  
The homes of those loved well;

In time beware, at once prepare,  
For dangers we foretell :  
Did foreign band, by sea or land,  
E'er Britons' spirit quell ?  
Forget not, sons of England,  
And those her rights who claim,  
You have no choice, when Honour's voice  
Bids thee enroll thy name,  
None must withstand, 'tis Heaven's command,  
"Guard thou thy birthland's fame."



*BIRD VOICES.*  


**T**HE spring-bird is singing,  
All Nature doth hear ;  
His sweet notes are ringing  
    In cadence most clear.  
Of love now he 's telling  
    In language so pure,  
And thus to his dwelling  
    A bride to allure.  
On lightsome wing meeting,  
    Their tryst is the sky ;  
And so fond a greeting  
    She cannot deny.

The suit he 's now pleading  
    An echo must bring ;  
For Nature is leading  
    The carol they sing ;

And instinct is lending  
The songsters her power,  
With melody blending,  
To charm every hour.  
Those soft voices thrilling  
Assurance doth give  
Of love their hearts filling  
Who faithfully live.



*A U S T R A L I A .*

'ER many a foamy billow,  
Across the distant main,  
There is a land of plenty,  
Victoria is its name !  
And rightly was it christened thus ;  
On an auspicious day  
It took the name of England's Queen,  
To whom we homage pay.

Of honoured title worthy  
Is this new home of thine,  
Disclosing verdant pastures,  
With treasures of the mine ;  
Where many a bold and honest heart  
Has come from far to learn  
Endurance, mostly borne by those  
Who would a fortune earn.

'Midst happy homes of freedom,  
Exulting voices sing ;  
From east to west they 're sounding,  
And thus the echoes ring :  
" Oh ! land of our adoption, thou  
Shalt each man patriot make,  
And with our lives the right defend,  
AUSTRALIA, for thy sake !"





*THE HEART'S ECHO.*

**W**HEN the soft summer twilight lies calm on  
the sea,  
Fond dreams of the future come stealing o'er thee,  
With promises fair as once Fancy did bring,  
When life was all young, in its beautiful spring :  
Like a guide then Hope's bright star of destiny  
shone,  
The lone way to cheer to a far distant home ;  
For Love's magic spell had erewhile lent a power  
Whose charm could sustain thee 'midst danger's  
dark hour.

As the glow of yon sunset yet seen in the west,  
So warm in thy heart dwells the hope once confessed,  
That when, after long years have brought thee a  
name,  
The fond one to share it would still be the same :

---

As you linger till evening has closed o'er the day,  
Still on the ship's deck, though in dreams borne  
away,

A voice, like an angel's, breathes low in thine ear ;  
While smiling in sleep thy heart's echo to hear !



---

*A WELCOME HOME AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.*

---



WELCOME home at Christmas-tide

The bells now joyous ring,  
And echoes from their ivied tower  
Forth through the gloom till midnight hour,  
Above, around, they'll fling.

A welcome home at Christmas-tide

The cheering yule-logs burn,  
As on the fire they brightly glow,  
Gladd'ning the heart of each, I trow,  
Who happy now return.

A welcome home at Christmas-tide

The father's hand extends,  
And sweet the mother's radiant smile,  
As thankful are their hearts the while  
For blessings Heaven sends.

A welcome home at Christmas-tide ;  
Bring in the holly-bough,  
Evergreen leaves of every shade,  
Gathered from many a forest glade,  
Then wreathe in garlands now.

A welcome home at Christmas-tide  
To youthful hearts around ;  
For intertwined 'mongst holly bright  
A fair white berry peeps in sight,  
By lover surely found.

A welcome home at Christmas-tide  
From beauty's lips he seeks ;  
Say, is it, then, the red fire's blaze,  
Reflected, seems a blush to raise  
On those soft blooming cheeks ?

A welcome home at Christmas-tide  
From one and all be thine ;  
Old Year, we soon shall say " Farewell "  
To thee, but hush thy passing bell  
In New Year's natal chime.

*LOVE TO THE BRIDE.*

— o —

**L**OVE to the Bride who years ago  
Her fond heart gave to thee ;  
And though sands of time may onward flow,  
More radiant the love in her heart will glow :  
Then cherished that gift should be ;  
For earth could not yield a gem so bright,  
Nor ocean a pearl so pure ;  
And as both gleam fairest illumined by night,  
So the shrine of her soul imparts most light  
When clouds thy path obscure.

The light of her life, shed o'er thine own,  
Attracts love's ardent flame,  
As the warmth of the sunshine, by zephyr blown,  
Draws forth more fragrance from roses grown,  
Than the early buds may claim ;

And do not the stars thine homeward way  
At evening cheer and guide ?  
So her graces, like these, will ne'er fade away,  
And affection is tinged with a holier ray  
Than when she became thy Bride.



*THE RESTLESS SEA.*

—o—

**W**HENCE come the thund'ring billows?  
And where do the wavelets spring?  
Rocked in their stormy cradle,  
Rough winds their lullaby sing;  
And caves of coral echo  
The sound of their sportive mirth,  
As yielding a share of treasures rare  
To deck the fair dames of earth;  
Or a necklace bright, of red or white,  
To grace young beauty's birth.

The restless sea will ever  
On the shore with music beat,  
As it brings to the land fresh off'rings  
To cast them at her feet;  
Like a lover, rough but constant,  
Of this fair and favoured isle,


E

Who oft recedes, yet never leaves,  
Guarding her all the while,  
Though calmly his crest may sink to rest  
In the light of her sunny smile.





## LOVE'S MIRROR.

 FOOTSTEP under the chestnut-trees,  
A casement doth open fly,  
But never, I ween, was borne on the breeze  
So low, so gentle a sigh.  
It stirred the leaves of the white rose fair,  
Fresh fallen as from the sky ;  
And, worn next his heart who lingers there,  
The tress once stol'n from her golden hair  
He'll round that white rose tie.

As, shadowed by those branches wide,  
He comes at the twilight hour,  
Oh ! wherefore thus does he seek to hide  
The magic of love's fond power ;  
It thrills the soul of the maiden fair,  
As she drops the signal flower ;

For none must know that he now will dare  
To win her promise his fate to share,  
While dangers darkly lour.

The pleadings of his faithful heart  
Responsive echoes wake,  
And breathing to Heaven their vow ne'er to part,  
He bids her courage take ;  
The boat that waits by the moonlit shore  
Lies mirrored in the lake,  
And pure as the gleam from the dashing oar  
Is love's light,—cherished evermore,  
Each for the other's sake.



---

*STILLED IS THE SOUND OF THE BUGLE-CALL.*

---

**S**TILLED is the sound of the bugle-call,  
And the clang of arms doth cease ;  
For a mighty power hath summoned all  
To rest in the land of peace.

Nature her midnight canopy  
Unfolds while the soldiers sleep,  
And the sentinel stars at their post on high  
Silent watch o'er them keep.

Happy are they who now retrace  
The scenes to mem'ry dear,  
By fancy lulled in the fond embrace  
Of a loving spirit near.

In dreams they meet at night's lone hour,  
In mystic union one,  
Where no fears disturb, for earthly power  
To witness there are none.

*SUNNY MEMORIES.*  


**S**WEET thoughts of the past  
In life's evening return,  
Like shadows they oft-times are seen,  
As sunset's warm rays  
Through the forest yet burn,  
When near the horizon they gleam.

Fond memories of home,  
Where thy childhood was spent ;  
The valley, the streamlet, the hill,  
Form links in the chain,  
Which ne'er can be rent  
While life's current bears thee on still.

In dreams of thy youth  
Was the battle of life

---

With Fancy's bright colours arrayed ?  
All these will return  
'Mid the turmoil and strife,  
Though far on life's journey ye've strayed.

A vision of love  
Then to charm thee is sent,  
Enraptured thy spirit appears ;  
An image so real  
Has Fancy now lent,  
That again live the scenes of past years.



*VOICES OF FLOWERS.*

—○—

**I** CALL them gems from Paradise,  
Those beauteous flowers so gay.  
Some close their dewy cups at eve,  
And wake at dawn of day.  
They come alike to gladden all,  
And sometimes they conceal  
A secret hid 'midst blossoms bright,  
Which time will yet reveal.  
So gems from Paradise I call  
Those fair gifts from above ;  
They tell us of the summer-land,  
And of the angels' love.

A missive fond sweet-scented lies,  
And 'mongst the roses bound,  
Like treasure hid in casket rare,  
Is thus with beauty crowned.

---

Long cherished will the flow'rets be,  
E'en when they faded are,  
For dreams of hope brought they to cheer  
The maiden from afar.  
So gems from Paradise I call  
Those fair gifts from above ;  
They tell us of the summer-land,  
And of the angels' love.



*THE MARRIAGE-BELLS.*

H ! list to the marriage-bells ringing so gay !  
Their music to heaven has carried to-day  
The tale of love, which again has been told,  
As it will be, and has been, ever of old.

Oh ! list to the marriage-bells ringing so gay !  
While each to the bride has a fond word to say ;  
Her angel friends, unseen but near,  
Are still among those to whom she is dear.

Oh ! list to the marriage-bells ringing so gay !  
And may all the blessings for which we pray  
Be bright as the flowers o'er her pathway strown,  
And prized as the gifts from Heaven alone.

Oh ! list to the marriage-bells ringing so gay !  
The bride has been taken now far away  
To another home, where loved she will be  
By one who thinks none so sweet as she.



*THE ANGEL OF LOVE.*

H ! tell me where, in this cold world,  
The warmth of love doth spring,  
Which doth the human heart sustain  
When naught else joy can bring ?

A bird there is of Paradise,  
Hath he the mystic power  
To bring a germ of love from thence,  
To bloom here as a flower

Which blossoms in the sunshine  
Of one whose radiant smile  
Reflects the soul's pure happiness,  
And will from care beguile ?

Oh ! no ; that bird of Paradise  
Speeds but to southern strand,  
While the warmth of love fires ev'ry soul  
In ev'ry clime and land.

In the golden city dwells  
This love of which I sing ;  
Its essence comes from worlds unknown,  
Swift on an angel's wing,

And fills the heart with rapture,  
By its sweet influence taught,  
That ev'ry joy and blessing may  
Be by Love's angel brought.



*GENTLY THE SPIRITS LINGER.*

**G**ENTLY the spirits linger  
O'er those they love unbidden ;  
Their coming and their going  
From thee is wisely hidden,

E'en as the crystal dewdrops,  
On early flow'rets beaming  
From evening until morning,  
Are seen at sunrise gleaming.

And so thine unseen guardians  
Through life's dark night are sending  
The gentle dew of blessing,  
To strengthen ever tending.

But seen will be these guardians,  
And joyful then their greeting,  
When ye hail the morning sunrise  
Where joys no more are fleeting.

*SNOWDROPS.*  


**L**ITTLE drops of dazzling whiteness,  
With the heart of emerald green,  
Harbingers of vernal brightness,  
Purer emblems ne'er are seen.

Little drops of snowy whiteness,  
With the modest drooping bell,  
Trembling in the sunshine's brightness,  
As they're fanned by zephyr's spell.

Little drops of sweetest whiteness,  
Found in some sequestered spot ;  
Village beauty's dazzling brightness,  
Like thee, blooms in humble lot.

Little drops of purest whiteness,  
May our youth resemble thee,  
Promising that joy and brightness  
In life's summer there will be.

## MOONLIGHT.



MAJESTIC in beauty, enthroned in the sky,  
We view thee, heaven's Queen ;  
Illumined by touch of thy fairy-like wand,  
Enchantment fills the scene.

In dignified grandeur thou rulest alone  
In thine ethereal court,  
Refulgently shedding thine influence pure  
On works by Nature wrought.


While stars round thee clustered thy radiance  
partake,  
As each within its sphere  
Bespangles with glory the shadows of night,  
And sparkles bright and clear.

So virtue shines ever with lustre around,  
Though dark be all beside,  
And rising above the rough storms of the world,  
A safe and faithful guide.



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*THE GLAD YOUNG YEAR.*  
—o—

HE glad young year was early  
Drest in fair blossoms gay ;  
The snowdrop and the primrose  
Adorn her spring-tide way.

In sunny radiance blushing,  
Fresh to the world came she,  
And birds trilled forth a welcome,  
From many an evergreen tree ;

Her maiden charms half shaded  
Beneath her snowy veil,  
Like an Alpine sunset gleaming,  
Though twilight clouds the dale.

And many a happy promise  
Of earthly joy brings she,  
Which, like that sunset fading,  
Revealed above will be.

*THE EMPTY CAGE.*

**T**HE gloomy days of winter o'er,  
And with the earliest breath of spring,  
Our tiny bird did carol forth,  
With instinct taught, and sweetly sing.

But cheerless is that dwelling now,  
At dawn 'twas filled with songs of glee,  
In tuneful notes to gladden us,  
And dear its tenant was to me.

We'll miss the little tuneful voice  
That silent now must ever be,  
And oft recall the gentle tones  
Of gratitude, so sweet to see.

Her little life none can restore,  
'Twas taken by our Father's hand,  
Without whom not a sparrow falls ;  
Then murmur not at His command.

F

*KENSINGTON GARDENS.*

—o—

**T**HINE ancient palace, Kensington,  
Hath gardens wide and fair ;  
In many a glade, 'neath the old tree's shade,  
Are maidens of beauty rare.  
For now it is the sweet spring-time,  
When flowers perfume the air,  
And the Maythorn blooms in its early pride ;  
But of the thorns beware.

When London's hours of toil are o'er,  
And the sun draws t'wards the west,  
Men come to share with the maidens there,  
In the golden sunshine, rest.  
Then joy—first known in Eden's day—  
And hope bounds in the breast,  
When the blush of love, like yon sunset's ray,  
Its pureness hath confest.



'Twas here a royal maiden dwelt  
In happy spring-tide glee,  
Whose honoured name upholds thy fame,  
England, by land and sea.  
Oh ! may each fair young English maid  
Be truly loved as she !  
Then the hours of rest in that garden shade  
Life's golden hours will be.



*PRUSSIA, 1870.*

—o—

**F**ORTH from the royal palace,  
Forth from the peasant's cot,  
Each to obey war's mandate,  
And share a soldier's lot.

Strong in one bond of union,  
Dauntless in danger's hour,  
Each, in the path of duty,  
Supports a nation's power.

Dear is thy country's freedom,  
Sons of the true and brave ;  
Each, with her honour trusted,  
Is called the land to save.

Forward then ! nobly follow  
Those who the van have led ;

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Each have the summons answered,  
Their spirits, none are dead.

Hosts of the mighty gathered  
Wait in unseen array,  
Each with a heavenly mission  
To those in faith who pray.


Leaders whose names ye honour  
Witness the battle won ;  
Each breathes with heartfelt fervour  
The prayer, " Heaven's will be done."



*COME LET US ROAM ON THE SANDS.*

(IMITATION.)

—o—

OME let us roam on the sands  
Where the wild waves play ;  
Let's go thither there to linger,  
Where painted shells and fresh sea-weeds stray—  
To the sands where the wild waves end in spray.

Come let us walk by the shore  
Where the tide runs high ;  
Let's go thither there to saunter,  
Where restless waves roll with thund'ring sigh—  
To the shore that they ever are brought nigh.

Come let us rest on the beach  
Where the pebbles shine ;  
Let's go thither there to wander  
In happy thought past the sands of Time,  
To the land where all that's most loved is mine.

*THE COMING STORM.*

**H**ARK to the sound of the ocean,  
As with anger its deep voice doth roar ;  
The sea-bird takes flight at the warning,  
Far away o'er the lone rocks to soar ;  
There shelter they'll find to protect them,  
It is all that they seek—and no more.  
Watch, then, thou bold-hearted sailor,  
Who art bound for a far-distant shore.  
Lo ! now there is danger around thee,  
And the sails from aloft ye shall lower.  
Heaven speed thee to haven of safety—  
It is all that we ask—and no more.

List, thou ! soft voices are praying ;  
There are some whom thine absence deplore :  
But fear not to stem the dark current,  
There is One who has passed it before,  
Whose guardian power ever surrounds thee—  
Then surely ye ne'er can need more.



Hush ! 'midst the roll of the thunder,  
As the peal of its bass notes doth pour,  
A whisper of peace is within thee ;  
It came, dove-like, the deep waters o'er,  
Speaking rest to the weary-worn sailor,  
Whom on earth they regard as " no more."



*ASCENSION-TIDE.*

—o—

**T**HE morning mist had rolled away,  
The heavens opened blue,  
And gilded clouds, with glorious ray,  
Are portals to that bright pathway,  
As One alone passed through.

The folded curtains of the sky  
The far-off gate conceal ;  
But holy thought may dare to fly,  
Ascending to her Lord on high,  
Whose power unseen ye feel.



*THE SPIRIT OF SONG.*

**I** AM the spirit of song seraphic,  
And dwell in the clear blue sky ;  
To earth when I come, from my angel home,  
I draw my beloved ones nigh.

For often I sing, and joyfully bring  
My voice to the chorus sweet,  
Inspiring the thought with harmony fraught,  
The senses so gently to greet.





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PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON