

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Charlotte Eliza Dixon

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Charlotte Eliza Dixon

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DEDICATED
TO
REV. G. C. SMITH.

Respected and Dear Sir,

IN soliciting permission to inscribe these effusions to you, I only follow the example of thousands who feel anxious to see an illustrious name at the head of their pages. If filling the office of Ambassador for Christ, rendered the fishermen of Galilee illustrious, you are illustrious; if "labouring more abundantly than all," added lustre to the name of Paul, you are illustrious; if

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suffering persecution for the name and work of Christ, conferred dignity on the martyrs now sleeping in Jesus, you are eminently illustrious! Flattery I detest, as an incense too vile for me to offer, or you to receive; but were this question put to me, Who is the most illustrious individual now existing in our kingdom? I

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

should unhesitatingly and at once assert G. C. SMITH . With the affectionate feelings of a Sister in the Gospel,
I am your's,
Charlotte Eliza Dixon.
Nov. 14, 1829.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHOULD it be deemed necessary to offer an apology for intruding these Poems upon the attention of the Public, I trust it will be considered a sufficient one, that I wish to devote the profits arising from their sale to the "*BRITISH AND FOREIGN SOLDIER'S AND SEAMAN'S FRIEND'S SOCIETY*;" by which, if I am enabled to cast but "one mite" into its treasury, my meditations over needle-work, to be found in the following pages, will not prove altogether unprofitable. *THE A UTHOR* .

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS,

To G. C. SMITH.

GO on, thou great Apostle of the Waters,
Fill up the measure of thy useful days;
Stem the rough billows that oppose thy course,
Rude hurricanes to wreck thy stately bark,
Riding sublime o'er many a swelling surge;
Spread the broad sail of Faith to meet each blast,
Lashing and blust'ring round thy gallant prow,
Foaming out fury, bellowing in their rage,
To mark thy steady, dauntless, *onward* bound,
'Midst the distracting strife of confluent storms.
Majestic vessel! onward, onward still,
Reck not the deafening din of roaring winds,
Rushing athwart, or following in thy track,
Boiling with vengeance. Onward, onward still!
There is a gale that bears thee o'er the waves,
Gentle and soft, amid the rougher blasts,
Like the "still voice" that struck Elijah's ear,
Which dwelt not in the whirlwind, or the fire;
A breeze set fair from the bland port of peace,
A balmy zephyr, from the spicy breath
Of those sweet austral "treasures" which refresh
The drooping, fainting "plants" our GOD'S right hand
Placed in th' enclosed garden. Onward still,
Intrepid man! Bound onward to thy task,
Despis'd, derided, *envied* , hated, lov'd,
Lov'd by the few who love the Son of Man;
Tho' constituting thousands, still the few,
Compar'd with such as fill the scorner's chair.
I would not be the one that hated thee,
For all this world could place within my grasp.
If love to saints be held as evidence
Of having pass'd from death to endless life,

ADVERTISEMENT.

I hold the evidence within my heart,
For well I love thee, brother! All my soul
Is knit to thine in holy Christian bonds,
As Jonathan's was link'd to Jesse's son!
And oh! what burning, all-enduring love
Links thee for ever to the righteous Branch,
That shot from Jesse's Stem! Resplendent King,
Crown'd in his peerless beauty, in that land,
That distant land to which thou hastenest,
Where thou shalt surely see Him, when thy work,
Thy mighty work upon our earth is done!
Nor yet alone shalt thou behold Him there
A multitude will follow in thy train,
Thy joy and crown, potent ambassador!
Sons of the deep, pluck'd from th' usurper's power,
Daughters of loathsome misery and sin!
Onward! oh, onward in thy glorious work!
Pend high the Bethel flag above the main,
Let the Lamb undulate upon the breeze
That fans its broad expanse, nor there confine
The floating banner, let the firmer ground
Poise the blest ensign, fill the open air,
Lift up thy voice 'mid circumambient space,
Inflate it with the lovely name of CHRIST ,
Till echo wafts it round the sea-girt land.
Laborious servant of the living GOD ,
Heed not the idlers that obstruct thy path,
Feel not the wounds that foes, or fickle friends,
Inflict upon thee; tho' thy tortur'd heart
Recoil to meet the unkindest stab of all!
The LORD thou serv'st, the Man of many griefs,
Writh'd 'neath the wounds of friends! The one denied,
The other sold Him to his ruthless foes!
In perils by false brethren, pass'd his days,
And so are passing thine! On, onward still,
The glorious end in view! Great man of GOD ,
Apostle of the watery world, press on.

**Go, preach the Gospel to every creature,
baptizing them in the name,"&c.**

AND did the Gospel march in all its beauty?
Was the blest mandate faithfully obey'd?
Did great Apostles feel the pressing duty
Of each injunction by the Master laid?

Yes, to the earth's known boundaries they travell'd,
Bearing the best of treasures in their hands,
Redemption's high mysterious scheme unravell'd
TO GOD'S elected children thro' the lands.

Go, preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name,"&c.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Baptizing *new-born Souls* in ample rivers,
 (Not sprinkling *new-born Babes* for mock-believers),
At which the modern Church is seen to shiver,
 While shuddering Pastors from the plunge relieve her.

Then where's the Gospel now? the happy tidings?
 Where Jordan's flood, that water'd all the crops?
Alas! the Gospel has its times of hiding,
 And Jordan's waves have dwindled to some drops.

The Jews reject it all the sober Quaker
 Exalts the Spirit most in his orations:
Man is become much wiser than his Maker;
 Therefore the Gospel must have alterations.

Its doctrines are unguarded, far too clear;
 They call for fences, limits, hedges, borders:
Heaven's lavish bounty stirs the Preacher's fear,
 Lest Grace, unfetter'd Grace, should breed disorders.

Therefore to work he goes, and first attacks
 The Everlasting Covenant of Heav'n;
Salvation free, with *ifs* and *buts* he backs,
 Commingling heav'nly truths with earthly leaven.

Poor thirsty souls are empty sent away,
 Who fain would drink at the life-giving fountain;
Faith's best assurance feels a slow decay,
 And Calvary seems a dark, a cloudy mountain!!!

Yet these are Gospel days! Dissenting days!
 Bright Independent days! devoid of schism!
Yes! independent of old Gospel ways,
 Of faith almost, and quite of CHRIST'S baptism.

And still the Shepherds preach line follows line,
 And precept upon precept swell discourses:
Our learned Doctors bible-gold refine,
 In crucible that faith and truth divorces!

Then are there now no men of God on earth?
 Yes, Heav'n has still a witness here and there;
Men of distinguish'd spiritual worth,
 Who preach the simple truth with ceaseless care.

Where shall I seek them? Round your ample city?
 No: in the shade I'd rather seek such preachers;
Our city men are learned, wise, and witty,
 But "greedy dogs," and sorry, sorry teachers.

Men who will *once* , some *twice* , the trumpet sound

Go, preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name,"&c.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

On the Lord's day (guarding the time of dining);
Remaining Sabbath hours, they may be found
On downy couch, or sofa soft, reclining!!!

Oh, ye laborious servants of our Lord!
Ye Peters, Pauls, and Johns of ancient days!
Who planted churches on the preached word,
"Your ways," departed saints, are not "our ways."

Send us like men, Thou same exalted Lord,
Who'd fear to rob thy Gospel of its gold!
Pastors who bear thine one

[The word "one" corrected in contemporary manuscript hand to read "own" in original scanned text.]

small whip of cord,
To chase all mongrels from the starving fold!

Then will the Gospel travel in its beauty!
Then will the Church resume the first-born's feature;
When faithful men of grace perform their duty,
And preach the untrammell'd word to ev'ry creature.

***These remarks can only apply to character: A BORROWS, in the Establishment, a Dr. ANDREWS, among the Independents, and a JEFFERY among the Baptists, cannot apply them.**

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

WHEN I'm dead, and silent lying,
Should you in an hour of awe
Gaze upon me, softly sighing,
Back the solemn curtain draw;
But the frame of clay you'll see,
Oh, my friend! will not be me:
I shall be with CHRIST my treasure,
Drinking in eternal pleasure.

When within the coffin shrouded,
Mantled in a winding sheet,
All the springs of life beclouded
In that peaceable retreat:
Stay the tear, to weep forbear,
I, my friend! shall not be there;
I shall be where Sharon's Rose
Chief in beauty fragrant blows!

When you view my eye fast closed,
And regret its quenched beam,
Every fringy lash reposed,

Go, preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name,"&c.

Where oft flow'd the copious stream;
Let no tear-drop fall from thine,
Dear one! they will not be mine;
Mine on JESUS will be dwelling
All the sons of light excelling.

When my feet, devoid of motion,
Side by side inactive lay,
Should you think with fond emotion
Never more with me they'll stray;
They will not be mine, beloved!
Mine, by love's impatience moved,
Will o'er heaven's bright pavement glide,
Till they reach EMMANUEL'S side.

Should your mournful eye-beam linger,
Should your palm the surface press
Of my icy marble finger,
Shrinking from its nothingness;
Dearest friend! 'twill not be mine,
Motionless in palm of thine!
Mine will then be sweetly playing;
O'er a harp angelic straying.

When you mark my head reposing,
Mindless, thoughtless, tearless, still;
Death's dark victory disclosing
O'er the memory, heart, and will;
As you trace care's furrow'd line
Cross the brow, 'twill not be mine;
Mine will lean on JESU'S breast,
Pillow'd in eternal rest.

When the humid grave's receiving
That cold casket, where to dwell,
Oft my spirit sadly grieving,
Found it but a prison-cell;
I, my friend, shall not be there,
Clear escap'd for ever where
I shall be with CHRIST my lover,
Brother, bridegroom, lord, JEHOVAH .

GETHSEMANE.

THERE is a garden, scene of sad delight,
Where oft my mournful spirit loves to rove,
When all is silent round at dead of night,
And not one breath disturbs the olive grove.

Its shades are deep, are dark, the plaintive moon
Finds not an inlet for one silver ray;

GETHSEMANE.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Impervious to the flick'ring beam of noon,
 'Tis night within, when all without is day.

Want you to know what grows? what tint adorns
 Garden so sad? Not the bright tulip's hues,
But, thickly set with lacerating thorns,
 The "Rose of Sharon," drench'd in blighting dews.

That *Passion-flower* with tendrils all unbound,
 That *Lily of the valley* foul with stains,
That *Sensitive* oft shrinking to the ground,
 As often rising to be struck again.

No "balm of Gilead" with its spicy breath,
 No precious balsam near of sovereign worth,
No herb soft antidote to coming death,
 As *Love lies bleeding* on the damp cold earth.

No root of *Heart's-ease* cheers the dismal walks,
 But *Deadly nightshade* thickens o'er the sod;
And clust'ring *Rue* upon its bitter stalks
 Forms a dark border to the humid clod.

Ask you if living thing can breathe such air?
 Yes one "old Serpent" rears its wounded crest,
And writhing through the gloom that hovers there,
 Curls his huge folds in vain to find a rest.

And there I wander when the world's asleep,
 And court its gloom, and dread returning light;
There prostrate on the earth I love to weep,
 And long to close my eye in lasting night.

DIALOGUE AT THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

LUKE ii. 7.

WHO is this Babe, in poverty array'd
Weeping and cold, within the manger laid?
While o'er the stable's roof rude torrents flow,
As round its barren walls the bleak winds blow.

It is the Eternal! scarce one brief hour old!
Whom yonder heaven of heavens cannot hold!
The Sire! the great I AM ! one short span long!
To whom eternity and time belong.

Amazing! what reduced Him to this span?
Why lies He here? what latent wond'rous plan?
Tell to my lab'ring mind why thus he came?

GETHSEMANE.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Why hides JEHOVAH in this little frame?

He came, sweet Lamb of Glory! to be slain:
He came to suffer agonies of pain!
He came, dear tender Babe! to groan and die;
To ransom rebels doom'd to misery!

Babes of the earth to Royal Crowns are born!
This little brow must wear a crown of thorns!
These cherub-eyes now sinking fast in sleep.
Must wake to weary watchings and to weep!

This downy flesh must reek at ev'ry pore,
As through its surface starts the spouting gore!
For Justice has already tipt the dart,
That soon must quiver in this little heart!

Upon this back the swift-descending lash
Will plough up many a furrow, many a gash!
The rage of men and devils here will meet,
And all heav'n's storms upon this bosom beat.

Through these soft hands and feet, the rending nail
Will make each shrinking nerve and fibre fail;
While all these polish'd limbs are bath'd in blood,
And bursting tears down mingle with the flood.

This head will sink dishonour'd on a breast,
Which years of sorrow will deprive of rest;
And grief-wrung sighs will swell each mournful pray'r,
That heav'nward soars to seek the Father there.

But when He finds the Father can forsake
His suff'ring Child! this tender heart will break
When bursting tears, and sighs, and pray'r, shall cease,
And grief and sorrow find a quick release!

Then kiss the sleeping SON ! sweet Sharon's Rose,
Now in the bud but break not His repose!
Oh, let the dear one slumber while He can;
Shelter'd a season from that tiger Man!

Shield Him, mild Virgin! by a woman's arm;
Thy gentler Sex will never seek His harm:
Some mitigation from His future woe,
Will from Earth's daughters' tender bosoms flow!

**And God shall wipe away all tears from their
eyes." REVELATIONS, xxi. 4.**

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

AND are there, then, no tears in yonder heaven?
No dewy eye in all the brilliant regions?
Does none grow dim, when the pent heart is riven,
With joy past utterance, in countless legions?

What substitute, Oh say, what kind relief
Eases the mind of all its mighty feeling?
What gracious outlet to the rapturous grief,
Which, wave on wave, through the full soul keeps stealing?

Oh JESUS , dearest JESUS ! when mine eye
Views, 'midst thy glory, ev'ry human feature
Should'st thou forbid this heart one human sigh,
What will become of thine adoring creature?

Thou know'st the soft fruition of our tears,
For thou hast wept o'er brother Lazarus sleeping;
When Martha's touching accents met thine ears,
And sister Mary stood beside thee weeping!

Precious EMMANUEL ! thou dost also know,
This exile heart is dead to earthly pleasure;
When the earth slumbers, thou behold'st the flow
Of watery gems, drawn from mine eyes' moist treasure.

Tears cherish'd! sacred! laving thy dear wounds,
Which sep'rate speak of Calvary's dark story,
And whisper to my ears the solid grounds
And claim I have to share thy fullest glory!

Blest Surety! when I sit upon Thy throne,
When with this Christ-bought soul 'tis time no longer,
When my Beloved is indeed my own,
Will not the vivid flame of love burn stronger?

When I behold within each precious hand
The everlasting traces of salvation;
When I survey from earth's remotest lands
The promis'd seed! the grace-elected nation!

Say, dearest JESUS ! must the fount be dry,
Which feeds the streams that run among the feelings?
Must not one tear refresh the glist'ning eye,
E'en when thine arms of light are round me stealing!

Oh! tell thy purchas'd one what mighty plan,
What sublimated soft relief is given,
What will unload the bursting heart, what can,
If tears are banish'd yonder splendid heav'n?

THE SONG.

ON HEARING ITS AUTHENTICITY DOUBTED BY
A MINISTER.

To doubt thy inspiration, glorious Song!
Let such dark doubts to Infidels belong,
Who feign to worship GOD in unity,
And strip the LAMB of all divinity.

Yes, let such doubts to Infidels belong!
Poor ransom'd Sinners prize thee precious Song!
Taught by the SPIRIT'S witness in their heart,
They hail the mysteries thy lines impart.

Oh, that 'twere Infidels alone could doubt!
Alas! e'en Christians cast thy pages out;
Pastors who own and preach the Gospel news,
Can yet thy sacred melody refuse!

Thou best of Zion's Songs! thy glowing phrase
Transcends the Shepherd-king's sublimest lays:
Israel's sweet singer never swept his lyre,
With such high thrillings of seraphic fire.

Let calculating, cold, phlegmatic minds,
Turn

[Word "turn" printed with upside down "r" in original scanned text.]

from the joy a warmer spirit finds,
And 'mid their learned nothings strive to prove
Thy numbers flow'd from human, earthly love!

Martyr'd Redeemer! here I read Thy love
To thy blood-purchas'd Bride, Thy ransom'd Dove;
Intense, enthusiastic, ardent, fond;
All sordid human passion far beyond!

Spirit of GOD ! stamp, stamp each vivid line
On this too hard, too flinty heart of mine!
At each perusal fire its chords afresh,
And that shall turn the rocky thing to flesh!

ON THE SONGS OF SOLOMON.

OH , read the lovely melting Song,
Till all your inward soul is mov'd

[Word "mov'd" changed in contemporary manuscript hand to "moved" in original scanned text.]

;
And as we range these groves among,
We'll muse and speak of our Belov'd!

[Word "Belov'd" changed in contemporary manuscript hand to "Beloved" in original scanned text.]

Oh, listen to His heav'nly voice,
Soft floating thro' these beauteous verses;
Its thrillings will the heart rejoice,
As with His fair one He converses!

Hear Him declare his lasting love,
Which can't be quench'd by many waters:
Hark! how He calls His mourning Dove
The FATHER'S undefiled Daughter!

One arm beneath her sinking head,
When dangers rise, He fondly places,
And, till each gathering storm is fled,
The other circling arm embraces!

Oh! how securely can she rest,
Upon a love so deep, so tender;
Close to that faithful bosom prest,
In arms that can, that will defend her!

Down to their garden of delights,
She follows wheresoe'r He'll take her;
No jealousy her soul affrights,
She knows He never will forsake her!

As onward through the wilderness,
This frequent whisper well contents her:
"His Father will their union bless,
When at his footstool He presents her."

Behold her raise her streaming eyes,
Reflecting all His borrow'd graces!
"Thou altogether sweet!" she cries:
"Thou loveliest of ten thousand faces!

"Oh! take me where thy guarded sheep
Enclosed feed near spicy mountains;
On thy dear bosom let me weep,
And watch them sip the living fountains.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

"Draw, draw me by some cord of love,
Round my sad heart—strings let it fasten;
Then wilt Thou see thy timid Dove
After thy fragrant footsteps hasten.

"For what should make her turn aside?
From thy companions prove a rover?
Or why should'st Thou thine aspect hide
From her who owns no other lover?

"By night if on her bed she seeks
Her dear one gone, Thou know'st her anguish;
To every passer—by she speaks,
'Saw, saw you Him for whom I languish?'

"If to thy vineyard Thou'lt remove
Without thy Spouse, back hasten hither;
Why, why before these eyes of love,
Should Sharon's Rose appear to wither?"

O'ercome, the tender Bridegroom cries,
"This touching grief my soul entrances;
Turn, turn from me those dewy eyes,
I cannot bear their tearful glances.

"Come to the banquet of delight,
My flowing banner shall enfold thee,
Never to quit my watchful sight,
Within my heart I have enroll'd thee!

"Paved with love, my chariot soon
Shall bear thee o'er the spicy mountain;
Where, oh! thou fairer than the moon!
Thou'lt drink of love's exhaustless fountain!"

Thus vents the timorous Bride her woe,
And thus His nuptial vow engages,
Whose soft harmonious accents flow,
Like music through these sacred pages!

I read the lovely melting song,
Till all my inmost soul is moved,
And as I muse the lines among,
I'm sick of love, Thou best beloved!

TO W. C.

WITH DR. COLLYER'S HYMN BOOK.

BROTHER belov'd in CHRIST , receive this book,
And when from daily toil you wearied flee,

TO W. C.

Over its soul-supporting page to look,
First think of JESUS CHRIST ! then think of me!

EXPERIENCE OF PILGRIMS.

WHEN Zion's children's hearts with grief are riven,
One secret stream of comfort still runs sweet;
One mournful joy, one balmy solace given,
In a full flow of tears at JESU'S feet!

When Zion's travellers their distance feel,
In vain the world presents her joy 'tis dross
Amidst the desolation, what can heal,
Like a full gush of woe at JESU'S cross!

When Zion's pilgrims languish on their way,
And all their dearest consolations fled,
What can relieve the bursting heart, oh! say,
Like 'a full flood of grief o'er JESU dead?

FROM CANTICLES.

CHAP. V. v. 2, 3.

;. v. 13, 14, *slightly altered* .

AND dost Thou stand entreating, dearest,
In love's own voice, to be admitted?
To this poor heart the very nearest,
In all yon heav'n which Thou hast quitted?

And com'st Thou through the wilderness,
Whilst chilly dews around are falling?
Do night's cold drops thy socks distress,
While boist'rous winds are loudly calling?

And dost Thou name *her* undefil'd,
Thy Love, thy Dove, thy darling Sister,
Whom treach'rous rivals have beguil'd?
And coms't Thou lonely to assist her?

I sleep but, wounded in my breast
My heart, my weary heart, is waking;
It finds no cure, it feels no rest,
While He's away for whom 'tis aching!

Although my vesture is unbound,
Up from my bed I rise delighted;
My washed feet impress the ground,
To let Him in to whom I'm plighted!

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Enter, Thou well-beloved guest!
The rude damp blasts around Thee bluster!
Repose all night upon my breast,
Fragrant as camphire's spicy cluster!

Thy Spouse adores Thee! Thou to her
Art like the south wind softly blowing;
Or as the sweetly-scented myrrh
Down in Engedi's vineyard growing!

Close fast the door! till day shall break,
And shadows flee o'er Bether's mountain;
Turn, my Beloved, turn and take
Thy rest near love's celestial fountain!

TO HARRIET H Y.

On her bed of protracted and lingering sickness.

ONCE again, long silent lyre,
Sound beneath this weary finger,
Speak but breathe with holy fire,
As near Jordan's wave I linger.

HARRIET, love! for thee it wakes
From its night of deathlike slumbers;
Hear it, as it slowly breaks
O'er thy ear in worthless numbers.

'Tis not like thy harp divine,
Ev'ry sep'rate string a treasure;
No, thou dear one! harp of mine
Never breath'd such sacred measure.

Once indeed its varying chord,
Much of love and mercy telling,
Spake the name of HARRIET'S LORD,
Faintly 'midst its feeble swelling.

But, alas! far different theme
Year by year engross'd its numbers;
Many a visionary dream
Floated through its short-liv'd slumbers.

Till Grace in this unworthy breast
Arose, my soul forget it never;
And hush'd such useless song to rest,
While some vile strings it snapt forever.

Thus mutilated, thus undone,
Wilt thou attend its whisp'ring, dearest?

TO HARRIET H Y.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Dead to all other themes but one,
And that to HARRIET'S bosom nearest.

Yes, thou wilt lend a list'ning ear,
As ling'ring thus by Jordan's river,
All rack'd with pain, all bath'd in tears,
Thou blessest GOD , of pain the giver!

Pain which has laid thee in his arms,
Who bled on Calv'ry's hallow'd mountain,
Whose love thy patient bosom warms,
Who wash'd thee in his own heart's fountain.

Yes, thou wilt cast a pitying eye
Back to the world's blank wilderness;
And for a Sister heave one sigh,
Who *feels* , who *loathes* its *nothingness* !

Retrace in thought the desert waste,
Replete with thorns, with sins, with danger;
Nor wonder if impatient haste
Assail my soul, a pilgrim stranger!

I view thee, HARRIET , near the brink
Of that sweet stream whose waters sever
GOD'S little flock, a chosen link
Of trav'lers, from its snares for ever!

I view myself despoil'd by sin,
Hemm'd round by many a sore temptation,
And scarcely can discern within
An interest in that holy nation!

I view *far off* fair Zion's hill,
Far off, dear HARRIET ! there's my sorrow!
Here, many a duty waits me still,
Through many a cloudy dark tomorrow.

Perhaps not midway through the storm!
Oh! to depart were surely better:
When will Death chill this heart so warm,
And loose the "silver cord's" soft fetter?

When will He break the golden bowl,
Which dips so deep in life's red fountain?
When will He free this struggling soul,
To wing her flight up Zion's mountain?

When will the "mourners through the street"
Glide dimly slow 'mid tears and terror,
Mourning a heart whose ev'ry beat

TO HARRIET H Y.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Was fed by sorrow, sin, and error?

When shall the "dust return to earth?"

This spirit mount to God who gave it?

Where it can only know *His* worth,

Whose precious blood alone could save it.

But cease, impatient sinner! cease;

These murmuring sighs are sighs of treason:

Peace, my rebellious spirit, peace!

Await in silence Heaven's own season!

Should Death snap short the "silver cord,"

That weaves my web of life's dull story,

Am I prepar'd to meet my Lord,

The dear EMMANUEL, in His glory?

Should at the "Cistern's" sluice the wheel

Stop or the "golden bowl" be broken,

Can I a full assurance feel?

Can I of heirship show one token?

Have I a mourning, contrite soul?

The Child of Zion's deep distress?

The lowly JESU'S self-control,

Or robe of perfect righteousness?

Are all my thoughts with Him above?

My doubtings lost in veneration?

Do I obey this Lamb of love,

His follower in regeneration?

Holds the Eternal Dove his place

Within my breast, serenely smiling?

Bright "witness" of Redeeming grace,

That breast of sin's sharp pang beguiling.

A "still small voice" forbids this dream;

Truth's inward voice, I can't resist her;

But turn from self, unlovely theme!

To thee, my holy, heaven-bound sister.

Lamb of the flock! thy title's sure;

Thy evidence of heirship certain;

Thy hidden life in CHRIST secure,

When Death unfolds his sable curtain!

Borne in the Shepherd's fostering arms,

MY HARRIET smiles as Death advances:

His love the icy King disarms,

The Monarch's dart His love enhances!

TO HARRIET H. Y.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

He'll bear thee still, when Jordan parts
Thy passage to a brighter dwelling;
And press thee closer to His heart,
Amidst its billows' fearful swelling!

Oh, HARRIET ! on blest Canaan's shore,
Emerging from the confluent water,
He'll hail thee His for evermore,
The King of Heaven's ransom'd daughter.

Ransom'd by love! by that deep sigh
Which burst his sorrowing heart asunder,
Which drain'd that living fountain dry,
To quench the fires of Legal thunder!

His "chosen" sister, friend "elect,"
"Sought out" in sorrow, sin, and anguish,
When hope of heavenly life was wreck'd,
And earthly life began to languish!

His charge through many a painful year,
When "toss'd, afflicted," low in spirit,
He whisper'd, dear one, do not fear,
Venture thy peace on JESU'S merit!

And thou didst venture all below,
And all above! Thou sought'st no other,
But wander'd through a vale of woe,
Reclining on thy "Elder Brother!"

When Death one mind–felt tie had burst,
And thou receiv'd'st the blow in meekness,
When fell disease had done its worst,
And sunk thee to the earth in weakness;

Heaven's Darling rais'd thee to His side,
Much of the wilderness before thee,
Op'ning his arms of pity wide,
On his warm melting bosom bore thee!

Think'st thou He'll ever quit thee, dear?
Oh, let not unbelief o'ertake thee!
Chase from thy mind the impious fear,
He'll never leave thee, nor forsake thee!

Till near the Rainbow–circled Throne,
To kindred Angels He displays thee;
And claiming thee His very own,
On His great FATHER'S bosom lays thee!

Dear HARRIET , daughter of our God!

TO HARRIET H Y.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Improve the precious hours He lends thee!
In patience bear the chast'ning rod,
That messenger of love He sends thee!

While still on this side Jordan's stream,
Let fervent prayer ascend unceasing;
Remember, every solar beam
That dawns on thee, is Time decreasing.

Yes, envied Saint! thy heaven's at hand
When present, list'ning to thy story,
I view'd thee hast'ning to that land,
I mark'd thee rip'ning fast for glory!

And when my tears rain'd o'er thy face,
At parting, and thine own flow'd faster,
I wish'd thee in that better place,
The mansion of thy holy Master!

Dearest! forget not in thy prayers
Her thou wilt leave behind in trouble!
Surrounded by external cares,
And sin, which makes their pressure double!

And should we never meet again,
Till thy freed soul has fled her prison;
Till in that City without Fane,
The Star of Bethlehem is risen!

Farewell! and may we 'neath its rays
Embrace in more exalted union,
And with our GOD of ancient days,
And JESUS CHRIST, hold sweet communion!

TO J. S.

WITH A LOCK OF MY HAIR.

BROTHER belov'd in CHRIST ! receive this lock,
Shorn from a head which dead in sin once slumber'd;
And as you rest secure upon our Rock,
Think that each sep'rate worthless hair is number'd.

Number'd by Him whose own celestial brow
Felt, keenly felt, the thorns that plung'd so deep,
To draw a healing balsam for our woe,
Ere the pale Sufferer sank in Death's cold sleep.

Then let us number every future day,
Dead to the world but dear to one another;
Till our untrammell'd spirits soar away,

TO J. S.

To meet in yonder cloud our "Elder Brother."

"GIVE ME THINE HEART."

POOR ransom'd sinner, at thy hands
A Man of Grief thy heart demands;
'Tis surely His, He bought it dear,
With many a sigh, and many a tear.

With sighs that often tore his breast,
When all the world lay soundly sleeping;
When ev'ry eye was clos'd in rest,
While His alone was sadly weeping!

Nor were tears all the Mourner gave,
He op'd a far more painful tide.
Do'st ask whence flow'd this richer wave?
Sinner, 'twas open'd in His side!

That pulsing side, where woe on woe
Was gath'ring thick, unseen of any,
Till cold it laid the Suff'rer low,
'Midst th' unpitying scoffs of many!

More, more than this He had a Sire
Once He enjoy'd His tend'rest love;
That love all turn'd to vengeful ire,
Fell heavy on this harmless Dove.

Oh! 'twas the deepest wound of all,
When loud the bleeding Suff'rer cried;
His Father would not hear the call:
It broke His tender heart He died!

Sinner, can'st thou deny thy heart?
Deny it to this Man of Sorrows?
He's patient He will not depart
Deny to-day, He'll ask tomorrow.

Give it, and 'tis a mean return
For loss of life, of love, of heav'n!
Give it! and with the trifle learn
Not to demand it back when giv'n.

Take it, my sacred Surety! keep it:
'Tis thine without reserve or measure;
In thine own heart's sweet fountain steep it,
Then lay it 'midst thy ransom'd treasures.

"GIVE ME THINE HEART."

"BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED HIM!"

A SHEPHERD from a mountain's steep
Beheld a little wand'ring sheep;
With anxious eye he watch'd it long,
Creeping the briars and thorns among;
And oft he wip'd a tear away,
To think the careless thing would stray,
Far from the fold's refreshing fountain,
Upon the summit of the mountain.
The Shepherd's face was sad and pale,
He knew that wolves lurk'd in the vale:
Many were lost, who that way went,
Which all his care could not prevent;
And many a mangl'd fleece display'd
Where the poor victims were betray'd.
The wand'ring thing could not perceive
What made the Shepherd's bosom grieve:
A rav'ning Monster crouching near,
In ambush lay the Lamb was dear,
Dear as the drops that fed his heart
The Monster made a sudden start:
The trembling Shepherd started too,
On the swift wings of pity flew,
But much he fear'd, a bri'ry alley
Parted the mountain from the valley,
And ere its mazes could be cross'd,
His much-lov'd treasure might be lost.
Urg'd on by such intense desire,
He heeded not the rending briar;
One thing alone could now afflict him,
The danger of the thoughtless victim;
Amidst the tangling thorns he rush'd,
From many a wound the crimson gush'd,
Down trickling from his temples, met
The agonizing tear, that wet
His gentle breast! From ev'ry part
The stream of life was seen to start;
His hands, his feet, his side, his head,
Severely torn, profusely bled.
"With garments dyed," and sorely rent,
Onward he press'd, his eye full bent
Upon this dearly-rescu'd Sheep.
Oh! 'twould have made an angel weep,
To view the anguish of that eye,
Or hear the Shepherd's bursting sigh!
With feelings such as none can tell,
He gain'd the entrance of the dell,
Just as the Wolf with eager eyes
Was springing on his helpless prize:
A moment later had been death,

"BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED HIM!"

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

He scarcely breath'd a second breath,
But caught the dear one to his breast,
And hid him in his blood–stain'd vest!
The rav'ning Monster back recoil'd,
He saw the murd'rous project foil'd,
Nor brook'd it tamely: vengeance rose,
To tenfold murder quickly grows,
Which burst in one malignant storm;
When fast'ning on the Shepherd's form,
He op'd another pouring flood,
Then darted to the shelt'ring wood,
The fatal wound indeed was deep,
But he had sav'd his wand'ring Sheep!
Traversing back with breathless haste,
Athwart the dreary howling waste,
Again through thorns and briars he rush'd,
Again the trickling current gush'd;
He felt all o'er one fest'ring wound,
Each step incarnadin'd the ground
Within there throbb'd a deadlier smart,
The Monster's fangs had reach'd his heart;
His tender heart! A chasm wide,
Sent forth the streaming vital tide;
The Lamb was drench'd within its fountain,
As slow he bore him up the mountain:
But human nature can't sustain,
Save to one point of racking pain.
The Shepherd utter'd no complaint,
But fainter grew, and still more faint;
Till on the verdant turf he sank,
Recumbent on the sloping bank,
And with one deep and fev'rish sigh,
Clos'd for awhile his languid eye;
But though insensible he lies,
His arms still grasp the rescu'd prize;
The mountain zephyr fann'd his cheek,
Once more arising, sad and weak,
Upward he pac'd: upon the height
The fold now just appear'd in sight;
But, oh! his weary soul was low,
Many a step he'd yet to go!
Feeble and varying was his breath,
His spirit heavy e'en to death!
And will he still embrace the Sheep?
Still in his arms his treasure keep?
Still on his bleeding bosom take it!
Will nothing tempt him to forsake it?
No! though his pulses all are fleeting,
That in his heart but faintly beating,
Though life itself began to languish,
Each sep'rate wound a source of anguish,

"BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED HIM!"

His grasping arms retain their hold.
Nor loosen till he gain'd the fold;
Then as to earth the Shepherd dropt,
For now the purple fount had stopt,
He threw that gate of refuge wide,
Smil'd on his blood-bought Lamb, and died.

A DREAM,

WHEN THE AUTHOR HAD NO SAVING KNOW-
LEDGE OF CHRIST.

I LOVE to lie quite still in Sleep's soft arms,
And let my spirit wander where she lists,
Regardless of those snares, those baneful harms,
Which waking she so lazily resists.

Oft do I feel her struggling to get free,
While betwixt life and mimic death I lie,
As if with high impatient energy,
She watch'd th' expected signal when to fly.

The signal comes! the body sinks supine,
The eyes close up, fast barr'd those gates of light;
The prison-house no longer can confine
She takes her instant, her mysterious flight!

Bound by no laws, restrain'd by no command,
No interdiction now her thoughts controul,
Th' untrammell'd wand'rer traverses the land,
To hold communion with some distant soul.

Communion sweet! as when the Saints of earth
One short hour freed from sublunary cares,
Speak of EMMANUEL, His love, His worth,
How they are His! and He, oh! He is their's!

Once! how I love to think upon that night!
(Though grace as yet I knew not e'en in part,
Calling light darkness, and the darkness light,
A veil being on my eyes, and on my heart):

The midnight hour had loos'd the spirit's chain,
And she had left her cell to roam at large,
Within that dungeon nothing could detain,
Now downy sleep had seal'd her soft discharge.

But night's vague visions prison'd me again:
Deep in a dungeon barr'd by human laws,
Th' attempt to burst whose ponderous bolts were vain,
The Court was set, to plead my hopeless cause.

A DREAM,

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Whate'er the crime that manacled my hands,
How dread, how foul, sleep's whimsies did not state;
Forth was I dragg'd through magisterial bands,
At Justice' bar to learn my pending fate.

Mute were spectators, loud the judge's tones,
Scarcely was heard the softly issuing breath,
Till 'midst a burst of sympathising groans,
Was pass'd the soul–appalling sentence Death!

This mitigation follow'd the dread sound,
Life was repriev'd but from my wrist a chain
Fast to a fellow–pris'ner must be bound
For twice twelve mouths of days and nights of pain.

I felt the handcuff clasp my nerveless arm,
I heard the iron fetter harshly clink;
But he most fill'd my breast with deep alarm,
My destin'd partner in its binding link.

Forth from the court thus manacl'd, we went
Through multitudes that throng'd the teeming place,
Toward a lone wilderness our steps we bent,
But oh! I durst not look upon his face!

Midst its deep shades, in silence and alone,
I heard his measur'd footsteps pace with mine,
While trembling I could scarce discern my own
Tracking the desert in an equal line;

Till urg'd by fear itself, I dar'd the look,
Fixing each eye upon my iron–bound wrist,
They glided up the chain which terror shook,
And fasten'd on the face of JESUS CHRIST !

Yes! 'twas the darling SON of GOD'S delight,
Who smiling fix'd his lovely eyes on me,
And soon my trembling vanish'd at the sight,
For oh! how instantly I knew 'twas He!

He spoke soft words, and smil'd the desert through
Ah! his soft words my memory treasur'd not
Soon this divine companion silent grew,
For now we reach'd again a crowded spot.

And thus 'twas ever oft through thronging street
As onward traversing, He spake no word,
But when we reach'd some verdant sweet retreat,
The music of His voice again was heard!

Oh! what a vision this to pass away!

A DREAM,

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

What a sweet slumber 'twas *that* morning broke,
Well can I trace His smile this distant day
But all His words were lost when I awoke!

Often, since grace divine unveil'd my eyes,
Sin-sick and weary have I sought my bed,
Anxious that He who cheers yon radiant skies,
Should cheer again the visions of my head.

But never since have I beheld that Friend
Mid the night-watches Oh! there'll come a dream,
A vision of Him, that will know no end,
But I must go to sleep again to see Him!

Yes, I must sleep again! a long, long sleep,
Through that dark night which here can know no dawn,
A slumber so profoundly still and deep,
Nought shall disturb it till one brilliant morn!

Thou precious partner of my midnight chain,
Still through a dreary wilderness I pace,
But miss thy lucid smile, and look in vain,
My sweet companion's footsteps to retrace

Yet I'm thy prisoner! Round this beating heart
I feel a chain that binds me to thine own,
Nothing its adamant links can part,
Firm as the basis of thy rocky throne!

And still thy lovely eyes are fix'd on me,
As o'er the desert land I lonely move,
And oh! my weary eyes are up to Thee,
My LORD , my GOD , my life, my only Love!

BURIED WITH CHRIST IN BAPTISM.

ROM. vi. 3, 4, 5. COL. ii. 12

YES ! I have lain me in thy liquid grave,
SON of the HIGHEST ! buried in its depth,
There planted in the likeness of Thy death,
Emerging from the limpid element,
To follow Thee in newness of the life,
As Thou didst burst the Monarch's icy chain,
And soar away into Thy native heaven!
But oh, my murder'd LORD ! how, how unlike!
Sinless thou slep'st within Thy early grave,
And sinless rose again! while I, alas!
Descended underneath the lucid tide,
With heart so treacherous, so full of sin,
And rose from its fair surface still the same,

BURIED WITH CHRIST IN BAPTISM.

Not one corruption left amid the flood,
As prone to wander to forbidden things,
And waste my energies of

[The word "of" corrected in contemporary manuscript hand to read "on" in original scanned text.]

all but Thee!
'Twas not Thy will, Thou high and lofty One,
The re-creation of the Soul elect
Should Sin eradicate; but in Thy word
There is a promise dearer than my life,
That though its cursed seeds are still within,
It shall not tyrannise o'er new-born souls,
Or hold dominion o'er the Child of Heaven!
Then be it so Thy promises are sure!
That shall suffice my weary, aching heart!

WRITTEN ON A RAINY GOOD FRIDAY.

WEEP, ye Heavens! weep, I say!
My tears shall swell your gushing torrent!
A deed most foul was done to-day,
Which neither Earth nor Hell could warrant.

A spotless Lamb, so pure, so white,
With fleece all torn, was basely mangl'd:
Your Sun could not endure the sight,
And not one Star your conclave spangl'd.

What a rude tempest He sustain'd!
The sport of Earth, of Heav'n the wonder!
Your Angels proffer'd help disdain'd,
Who longed to hurl the bolted thunder.

Weep on! ye frowning Heavens, weep!
Embalm the lacerated Victim!
Lave the red wounds He felt so deep,
When your dread Sov'reign did afflict Him!

Smote Him, and bruis'd Him for the stains
Which sullied o'er His native brightness,
Just as these desolating rains
Deform your soft cerulean lightness!

Vent all your wrath, ye darkling Clouds,
Full on each head that could deride Him!
Weave, as ye roll, a dewy shroud,
From ev'ry weeping eye to hide Him!

Sweet Lamb! immaculate as sweet!

BURIED WITH CHRIST IN BAPTISM.

Mine eyes your speaking wounds have water'd
See how poor Saints around Him meet,
'Tis their own JESUS CHRIST lies slaughter'd!

LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF
THE MOON,

Lord's Day Night, June 9, 1816.

PALEST of lights! why quench thy feeble lamp?
Thou chaste, cold orb! why veil thy lurid face?
No bright oppressive beams from thy bland sphere
Cause the clos'd eye to shrink beneath their fires:
Scarce do thy silvery tinges gild the trees,
Which wave around me in luxurious green,
And seem to weep thy wan decrescent form!
Stay, mournful star! thou best belov'd of night
Shed all thy magic o'er this silent scene!
Shine inward on the past, and re-illuminate
The fire of mem'ry, dimm'd by sorrow's tears!
And does the fire of mem'ry cease to glow?
No fading beam! like thy obstructed light,
It dies awhile, to blaze with greater power!
Tarry amid thy sisters of the East,
Who twinkle round thy car in stellate pride,
And humbly emulate each lucent ray.
Thou spotless orb! why shrink so fast away?
Why thus retire behind that sable screen?
Hast thou of deadly crimes a lengthen'd list,
O'er which thy pensive eye retires to mourn?
Or dost thou weep the crimes of other spheres?
Dost thou behold the sins that spot our globe,
Now parallel with thy resplendent disk!
If so, alas! thou hast full cause to shrink
And redden, and retire amidst dun clouds,
To veil the crimson of thy burning cheek!
For thou dost blush, pale spark of heavenly light,
Shame's deepest tint! I oft behold the flush
Suffuse thy modest face, when o'er our hills
Thou float'st sublime in chasten'd majesty!
And well thou may'st, since deeds that shun the blaze
Of that bright fire from whence thou gain'st those beams,
Are all reserv'd to shock thy placid reign,
And fright thee from the silence of the night!
Return, mild ray! all Nature mourns thy loss!
Can planets burn with envy in their course,
That thus our jealous Earth in gradual shade
Steals o'er the surface of thy beauteous form,
In dim eclipse?
As if that ample shield

LINES

Could not extinguish ev'ry waning gleam!
See from the dusky West, a floating mass
Of blacken'd vapour rises to its aid,
And sails to where thou shed'st a dying flame!
For now a faint Lunette, all lustre lost,
Languid and pale, yon vista of dark clouds
But just betrays thee to my eager eye,
And now it closes round thee, feeble Spark,
And all that cheer'd this lonely hour is fled!
How mournful seems the sad deserted sky!
The glimmering stars, forsaken by their queen,
Die one by one, along the vault of heaven!
Soft æther sighs amid the general gloom,
And wakes to sympathy the slumbering leaves!
A kindred sadness seizes on my soul,
Night's touching sorrow strikes a trembling chord,
I will retire, and mourn thy transient death,
Cold shrouded luminary! fare thee well!

**Oh! that I had in the Wilderness, a Lodging–
Place of Way–faring Men.**

JEREMIAH, ix. 2

OH ! build me a hut, where that blue–streaming river
Winds placidly through the green valleys of CRAY ;
Where high on its breezes the aspin–leaves shiver,
And deep in its dimples the fond willows play:
There, dead to the world, all its vanities shunning,
How sweetly would glide my remainder of life;
Serene, undisturb'd, like its calm water running,
Whose crystalline sluice was ne'er ruffl'd by strife.

Oh! build me a hut with the earth of its border,
And roof it with rushes from CRAY'S oozy bed,
Bestud it with pebbles, which glow in disorder,
Beneath its clear surface, brown, azure, and red:
Distant thus from the world, I would pray o'er its crimes,
And all I had seen of its mis'ries rehearse;
While to thee, lovely fount, tho' imperfect my rhymes,
I would pour forth my feelings in Scriptural verse.

Oh! build me a hut where its blue baby–billows
Curl slow their soft heads to the stern winter blast;
Conceal it from sight by embowering willows,
Which kiss its bright tide where the current runs fast.
When the austral breeze sighs through its bed of dank reeds,
'Neath the wan beam of heaven as its limpid waves roll,
I will think of those years till my aching heart bleeds,
When first its bland murmurs athwart my ear stole!

Oh! that I had in the Wilderness, a Lodging– Place of Way–faring Men.

Oh! build me a hut where its silvery surges,
Propell'd by rude gales, lave the emerald banks;
Where in cones of green velvet the bulrush emerges,
Waving high o'er the surface in tall spiral ranks;
'Twas there roll'd away. my beginning of years,
'Twas there in the time of set favour, Grace found me;
'Twas there trickl'd slowly Conviction's soft tears,
While Mercy and Love threw their arms all around me!!!

**WITHOUT WERE FIGHTINGS, WITHIN
WERE FEARS.**

2 CORINTHIANS, vii. 5.

WHEN shall I sleep that long, long Sleep,
From which no human voice can wake me
When o'er my corse shall mourners weep,
When to yon heav'n shall angels take me?

When shall I close my weary eyes
On vanity, on sin, and folly?
When shall I burst those fragile ties,
Which bind me here to melancholy?

When shall I stay the trickling tear,
So warm continually flowing?
When dissipate those racking fears,
Which doubt within my breast is sowing?

When shall I cease to heave the sigh
Which rives my bosom as it lengthens?
When will Faith's penetrating eye
Dissolve my doubts, my comforts strengthen?

When will repose this wearied heart?
When, when will cease its wild pulsation?
When will Death aim that friendly dart,
Which deadens me to all sensation?

When will this throbbing pulse give o'er,
When stop its quick, tumultuous beating?
When will these lips inhale no more,
The breath of life so weak, so fleeting?

When shall I shift this troubled scene,
Leaving a joyless world behind me?
When shall friends seek me where I've been,
Gaze all around but shall not find me?

When shall I see His lovely face,

WITHOUT WERE FIGHTINGS, WITHIN WERE FEARS.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Which here was marr'd far worse than any?
When shall I view that glorious place,
His heart-felt griefs secur'd to many?

Then when I sleep that long, long sleep,
From which affection's voice can't wake me!
O'er my cold form my friends may weep,
While to my JESUS angels take me!

**"And when the Woman saw that the tree was
good for food, she took of the fruit thereof,
and did eat." GEN. iii. 6.**

OH , woman! what hast thou done, presumptuous Eve!
Stretch'd forth thy daring hand against command,
Command of Him, whose high creative power
Has but now form'd thee. Ah! for that fell deed,
Banish'd art thou for ever from his love!
Cans't thou behold Him, when in cool of day
He seeks free converse with the things He made?
His frown will wither thee to nothingness!
Impious offender! hide thee midst the trees,
Speed to the shelter of the Tree of Life
The Tree of Life? 'twill wave thee from its shade!
Thou hast beguil'd thy happy partner too,
That noble creature, whom the God you dar'd,
Form'd upright, till he shar'd thy direful guilt.
Creation's Lord! why, why did'st thou give way?
Why yield thy firmness to the weaker one?
Was it, that gazing on her beauteous face,
Thou could'st not let her sin and die alone?
Dids't thou thus love the Mother of the World,
Above the Maker of the Universe?
The Maker of the Universe is nigh,
Seeking thee, guilty one, within the grove.
Hark! His tremendous voice in curses comes
To blast thee with its desolating breath!
Lost man! lost guilty woman! Lo! He comes
In frowns vindictive!
Did He come in frowns?
List to His heavenly accents, while they waft
Soft on thine ears, as His majestic step
Nearer approaches! Oh! He comes to tell
Of sacrifice, of ransom, of return,
Of happiness, of heaven, of endless love!
He comes to tell of one dear spotless Lamb,
His soul's best treasure, His most holy child;
He comes to say that Holy One shall bleed,
Bleed to restore what insolent revolt
Threw from thee, all the glories of his love!

"And when the Woman saw that the tree was good for food, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat." GEN. iii. 6.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

When will it come to pass?
'Tis past, 'tis gone!
That bleating Lamb has wander'd thro' the world
In helplessness, in harmlessness, in grief!
Woman! what hast thou done? The richest gem
Blazing within heaven's regal diadem
Is not too lustrous to unset for thee!
Fix'd in Redemption's radiant coronet,
Circling thy guilty brows 'mid splendours vast,
In heavenly innocence thou stands't array'd!
What dost thou in return?
All she could do,
Dear suffering saviour, to abate thy woes!
When man, creation's ruler, sought thy blood,
Tracking his destin'd victim through each town
He sorrowing journey'd, woman follow'd too,
Feeble in tears, all impotent to save!
Yes, weeping woman tracked

[The word "tracked" changed in contemporary manuscript hand to read "trac'd" in original scanned text.]

thy wandering steps,
Repentant woman bath'd thy weary feet,
'Twas tender woman follow'd to the Cross,
'Twas feeling woman would embalm thy corpse,
'Twas trembling woman at the sepulchre
Ventur'd the task alone!
First, first in sin's
Defiling trespass, often first to turn,
Seeking forgiveness for the black offence
There is a rock within the breast of man,
That yields not to the trickling blood of CHRIST
But oh! its droppings soon dissolve the stone
In woman's bosom, sooner far she melts
O'er the sad spectacle on Calvary!
Mark the spread table of a murder'd lord,
There hastens woman to remember Him;
View the dark waters of his shadowy grave,
'Tis timid woman oftener ventures there,
Baptiz'd into his death! yes, dearest Lord,
Woman did follow thee where'er thou went'st!
Follows thee still! Well dost thou recompense
The tenderness of souls so wholly thine.
How many sisters 'mid the earthly folds
Whom JESUS loveth! Thou didst share thy heart
With woman in the town of Bethany!
To woman thou did'st show thyself alone,
First in the glimmering of the doubtful morn!
Thou own'st no Parent on this cruel earth,
But feeble woman! Saviour of our race,

"And when the Woman saw that the tree was good for food, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat." Gen 3:6

A lowly maiden gave thee to the world!

LYRICS.

Adapted to the popular tune, "Come, Love, to me."

WEARY , quite weary with sorrows contending,
Had I the wings of a dove, I would flee;
Thou, dearest Redeemer, those griefs befriending,
Come in thy pity, oh, come, LORD , to me.

Dreary, oh! dreary, as onward advancing,
Life's tearful valley of troubles to me,
While others round pleasure's gay altar are dancing,
My aching heart whispers, "Take me to Thee!"

Break up the springs of the heart's purple fountain,
Loosen the soft silver cord set it free:
JESUS ! command my escape to the mountain
Bid me go die there, and hasten to Thee!

Deeply and darkly the shadows are creeping,
Fast closing round me from Death's waveless sea;
Cold runs the life-tide, it soon will be sleeping:
Farewell to all things! I come, LORD , to Thee!

The last beautiful Verse of the following is purloined
from DR. COLLYER'S Collection of HYMNS,
And was written by CHARLES WESLEY. I am
responsible for the three first.

OH , yes! I'd hail the soft approach of Death's resistless tread,
I'd hasten on his noiseless march, and seek his downy bed;
I'd wrap me in his winding sheet, and court his balmy touch,
'Tis said, that she whose love is deep, has been forgiven much

I catch through Death's "dark lattices" a glimpse of Him I love,
I'd burst the sable barrier, and dwell with Him above!
Oh! point the friend in this cold world, that's half so dear to me;
And in that land where all are fair, the dearest still is He!

Then tell me not of joys to come in such a world as this,
To speak of JESUS where He is, can form its only bliss:
But oh! his lingering chariot wheels still tarry in their flight;
But come they will, and bear me home, and give Him to my sight!

Then let my body languish, so He my soul redeem;
And fail with mortal anguish, still I can trust in Him;
Destruction as a blessing at JESU'S hand I meet,

And calmly die embracing my dear Destroyer's feet!

**Never having been able to obtain the remaining Verses
of the following, I have ventured to add
the last two.**

THE voice of Free Grace cries, "Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race CHRIST has open'd a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression,
His blood flows so free from the springs of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb! who has bought us a pardon!
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

Oh! list to the voice that now bids us be going,
O'er Calvary's summit the red tide is flowing;
Let's bathe in the current from JESU'S heart stealing,
That pure purple torrent His deep love revealing!
Hallelujah to the Lamb! who thus buys us a pardon!
We'll laud His dear name as we pass over Jordan.

Haste, haste, ye lov'd tribes, then, to ford its deep surges,
Each soul that embarks to sure glory emerges;
Don't linger, or falter, or fear a rejection,
The SPIRIT'S broad seal stamps your FATHER'S election.
Hosannah to our GOD ! who assures us of pardon,
His oath will sustain 'midst the swellings of Jordan!

**To those who admire the brilliant harmony of MIRIAM'S
SONG, my venturing to add two more Verses may
not be disagreeable, to be sung as follows:**

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd! His people are free
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain, was their boasting! the LORD hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Soud the loud, &c.

View the deep tomb of the daring transgressor
His lords and chief captains are slumbering below!
Our GOD thus avenges His people's aggressor;
How calm roll the surges o'er Israel's dread foe!
Sound the loud, &c.

High tower'd the walls of its crystalliz'd waters,
While Heav'n's rescu'd thousands pass'd safe through the deep.
They fell! and the glory of Egypt's proud daughters
Floats slow o'er its surface in death's lasting sleep!

Never having been able to obtain the remaining Verses of the following, I have ventured to add ~~30~~ the last two

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

Praise to the Conqu'ror! oh, praise to the LORD !
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave warriors are dash'd in the tide
Sound the loud, &c.

W. SEARS, Printer 11, Budge Row, City.
