

Or where St. Peter's dome
 Swells o'er eternal Rome,
 Vast, dim, and solemn, —
 Hymns ever chanting low —
 Censers swung to and fro —
 Sable stoles sweeping slow
 Cornice and column!

Oh, as from each and all
 Will there not voices call
 Evermore back again?
 In the mind's gallery
 Wilt thou not always see
 Dim phantoms beckon thee
 O'er that old track again?

New forms thy presence haunt —
 New voices softly chant —
 New faces greet thee! —
 Pilgrims from many a shrine
 Hallowed by poet's line,
 At memory's magic sign,
 Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come
 Unto thy olden home,
 Will they not waken
 Deep thoughts of Him whose hand
 Led thee o'er sea and land
 Back to the household band
 Whence thou wast taken?

While, at the sunset time,
 Swells the cathedral's chime,
 Yet, in thy dreaming,

While to thy spirit's eye
 Yet the vast mountains lie
 Piled in the Switzer's sky,
 Icy and gleaming:

Prompter of silent prayer,
 Be the wild picture there
 In the mind's chamber,
 And, through each coming day
 Him, who, as staff and stay,
 Watched o'er thy wandering way,
 Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be
 Soon or late unto thee,
 As to all given,
 Still may that picture live,
 All its fair forms survive,
 And to thy spirit give
 Gladness in Heaven!

1841.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest Angel gently comes:
 No power has he to banish pain,
 Or give us back our lost again;
 And yet in tenderest love, our dear
 And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
 There's rest in his still countenance!

He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear,
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

1847.

FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE "FUTURE STATE."

FRIEND of my soul! — as with moist eye
I look up from this page of thine,
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,
When dew-like, on the earth below
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,
The gentle lips which knew no guile,
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me! — at times that last dread scene
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,
Will cast its shade of doubt between
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmèd page,
Where through the twilight air of earth,
Alike enthusiast and sage,
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

In thoughts which answer to my own,
In words which reach my inward ear,
Like whispers from the void Unknown,
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
Unwasted, through each change, attest
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they wrought?
Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy Godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain
 Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
 The burden of Life's cross of pain,
 And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh! while Life's solemn mystery glooms
 Around us like a dungeon's wall—
 Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
 Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!--

While day by day our loved ones glide
 In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
 To the cold shadows which divide
 The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,
 And on the lip which moves in vain,
 The seals of that stern mystery
 Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
 Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,
 Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
 Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'T is something to a heart like mine
 To think of thee as living yet;
 To feel that such a light as thine
 Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
 Since thou hast left thy footprints there,
 And beams of mournful beauty play
 Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky
 Is glorious with its evening light,
 And fair broad fields of summer lie
 Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain
 The sunset's golden walls are seen,
 With clover bloom and yellow grain
 And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this
 Are hidden from an angel's eyes;
 If earth's familiar loveliness
 Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
 The lesson which that beauty gave,
 The ideal of the Pure and True
 In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends
 The soul an upward impulse here,
 With a diviner beauty blends,
 And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell
 The humbler flowers of earth may twine;
 And simple draughts from childhood's well
 Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,
 And let the seeking lips be dumb,—
 Where even seraph eyes have failed
 Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,
 And that the same returnless tide
 Which bore thee from us still glides on,
 And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
 And to our gaze ere long shall turn
 That page of God's mysterious book
 We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
 Thy spirit bent its trembling knee, —
 Who, in the silent greeting flower,
 And forest leaf, looked out on thee, —

We leave thee, with a trust serene,
 Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,
 While with thy childlike faith we lean
 On Him whose dearest name is Love!

1842.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.*

God bless ye, brothers! — in the fight
 Ye 're waging now, ye cannot fail,
 For better is your sense of right
 Than kingcraft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban
 More mighty is your simplest word;
 The free heart of an honest man
 Than crosier or the sword.

* It can scarcely be necessary to say that the author refers to those who are seeking the reform of political evils in Great Britain by peaceful and Christian means.

Go — let your bloated Church rehearse
 The lesson it has learned so well;
 It moves not with its prayer or curse
 The gates of Heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again —
 Did Freedom die when Russell died?
 Forget ye how the blood of Vane
 From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time
 Are beating with you, full and strong;
 All holy memories and sublime
 And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
 Are with ye still in times like these;
 The shades of England's mighty dead,
 Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and every tide;
 The voice of Nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
 Are those which Heaven itself hath wrought,
 Light, Truth, and Love; — your battle ground
 The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
 The simple beauty of your plan,
 Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
 Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
 And bounds beneath your words of power;
 The beating of her million hearts
 Is with you at this hour!

Oh, ye who, with undoubting eyes,
 Through present cloud and gathering storm,
 Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
 And sunshine soft and warm, —

Press bravely onward! — not in vain
 Your generous trust in human kind;
 The good which bloodshed could not gain
 Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on! — the triumph shall be won
 Of common rights and equal laws,
 The glorious dream of Harrington,
 And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
 Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
 And, plucking not the highest down,
 Lifting the lowest up.

Press on! — and we who may not share
 The toil or glory of your fight,
 May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
 God's blessing on the right!

1843.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time! —
 How calm and firm and true,
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
 He walked the dark earth through!
 The lust of power, the love of gain,
 The thousand lures of sin
 Around him, had no power to stain
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
 All great things in the small,
 And knows how each man's life affects
 The spiritual life of all,
 He walked by faith and not by sight,
 By love and not by law;
 The presence of the wrong or right
 He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
 That nothing stands alone,
 That whoso gives the motive, makes
 His brother's sin his own.
 And, pausing not for doubtful choice
 Of evils great or small,
 He listened to that inward voice
 Which called away from all.

Oh! Spirit of that early day,
 So pure and strong and true,
 Be with us in the narrow way
 Our faithful fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

1838.

—♦—

THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn, turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled —
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad —
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child, grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

1846.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him!—through his dungeon grate
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
 His hand upholds his drooping head —
 His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
 Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
 And o'er his bony fingers flow
 His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
 And yet the winter's breath is chili;
 And o'er his half-clad person goes
 The frequent ague thrill!
 Silent, save ever and anon,
 A sound, half murmur and half groan,
 Forces apart the painful grip
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
 O sad and crushing is the fate
 Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
 A murderer shares his prison bed,
 Whose eye-balls, through his horrid hair,
 Gleam on him, fierce and red;
 And the rude oath and heartless jeer
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
 Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
 Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
 Has murder stained his hands with gore?
 Not so; his crime's a fouler one;
 GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
 For this he shares a felon's cell —
 The fittest earthly type of hell!

For this, the boon for which he poured
 His young blood on the invader's sword,
 And counted light the fearful cost —
 His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
 Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain
 On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
 And Saratoga's plain?
 Look forth, thou man of many scars,
 Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
 It must be joy, in sooth, to see
 Yon monument upreared to thee —
 Piled granite and a prison cell —
 The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banner out;
 Shout "Freedom!" till your lispings ones
 Give back their cradle-shout:
 Let boastful eloquence declaim
 Of honor, liberty, and fame;
 Still let the poet's strain be heard,
 With glory for each second word,
 And everything with breath agree
 To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot cannon jars
 That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
 And through its grates the stripes and stars
 Rise on the wind and fall —
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
 Rejoices in the general cheer?

Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry ?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus !
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind !
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God ;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

1847.

—♦—
LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING SEVERAL PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED BY
CLERGYMEN AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWES.

I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head ;
And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
Hath now His temples upon every shore,
Altar and shrine and priest, — and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore !

II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of His lot
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,
How ill are His high teachings understood !
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest
At His own altar binds the chain anew ;
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few ;
Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending men ;
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign ;
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,
And daily taught His lesson — to forgive ! —
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel ;
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
And the grim horror of the straining wheel ;
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eye-balls swim
The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly
to him !

III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew
The vines and olives of the Holy Land —

The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew —
 The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er
 They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear —
 Goa's dark dungeons — Malta's sea-washed cell,
 Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung
 Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
 Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of
 hell!

The midnight of Bartholomew — the stake
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake —
 New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
 Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
 When guilt itself a human tear might claim, —
 Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy name
 been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
 When the great truth begins at last to find
 An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
 Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!
 That man is holier than a creed, — that all
 Restraint upon him must consult his good,
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
 And Love look in upon his solitude.
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
 Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought
 Into the common mind and popular thought;
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
 The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
 Have found an echo in the general heart,
 And of the public faith become a living part.

v.

Who shall arrest this tendency? — Bring back
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?
 Harden the softening human heart again
 To cold indifference to a brother's pain?
 Ye most unhappy men! — who, turned away
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,
 Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,
 What mean ye, that with ghoulish zest ye brood
 O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,
 Permitted in another age and clime?
 Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew
 No evil in the Just One? — Wherefore turn
 To the dark cruel past? — Can ye not learn
 From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
 Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;
 And ye of milder faith, with your high claim
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,
 Will ye become the Druids of *our* time?
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest clime,
 Urge to its loathsome work the hangman's hand?
 Beware — lest human nature, roused at last,
 From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance cast,
 And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,
 Rank ye with those who led their victims round
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven — a pagan broth-
 erhood!