

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN BEREAVEMENT ON THE DEATH OF MARIA, MY BELOVED
WIFE, WHO FELL ASLEEP ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 7, 1847,
AGED TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

My wife—my own loved wife—adieu !

I cannot, will not, say farewell!

For all the promises are true,

And we shall yet together dwell

In bliss ineffable, and pure, .

That shall, like God himself, endure.

My wife—my own loved wife—no more

I gaze upon thine angel eye ;

No longer read affection's lore,

That I have read in days gone by,—

A lore that taught thy husband's heart

The ties that death alone can part.

My wife—my own loved wife—the hand

That laid thee low, can raise me up ;

And His omnipotent command

Can sanctify this bitter cup,

Which I am doomed to drink, in this

My day of deep unhappiness.

My wife—my own loved wife—that word
Recalls to mind the blessed hour,
When first with ecstasy I heard
Thy darling voice confess the power
That bound thee to me, all thy life,
My angel-guard, companion, wife.

My wife—my faithful wife—the night
Of change and death hath o'er me gone ;
Our summer-evening walks, when bright
The setting sun in glory shone,
All, all have passed away ; and now
Unmingled sorrow clouds my brow.

My loving wife, I weep, in tears
Of deepest agony, to know
That through my sad remaining years,
In all my pilgrimage below,
Thy voice in music's holy strain
Can never bless my soul again.

My darling wife, we fondly thought
That happy days were yet in store ;
That purer bliss would yet be brought
Than ever we had felt before,

To erring man can never shine
On earth immutable, for they
Are lent us only for a day.

And thus, ah! thus it is with me :
My cup of blessings overflowed ;
For I was blest indeed with thee,
My path of life was thickly strewed·
With flowers of dear domestic bloom,
That now lie faded on thy tomb.

Thy tomb! alas!—O Holy One,
Who slightest not the broken heart,
In mercy see me from thy throne,
Sustain, console, and grace impart,
And whisper, while I kiss the rod,
“ Be still, and know that I am God.”

And I am still, yet would I weep—
Forbid me not—in silent grief :
Thy arm of love around me keep,
Till welcome death shall bring relief,
And I again united be
In deathless life with her and Thee.

And since no more the house of prayer
Shall hear the mother's song of praise,

With earthly joys—oh ! be it mine
To love, like her, thy blessed Son,
That I, as she, when life shall cease,
May pass away in perfect peace

My wife—my sainted wife—adieu !

I will not, cannot, say farewell !
For all the promises are true,
And we shall yet together dwell
In bliss ineffable, and pure,
That shall eternally endure.

“YE WHO E’ER LOST AN ANGEL, PITY ME.”

It is a painful thing to weep,
And sorrow thus from day to day ;
To dream at night, in troubled sleep,
Of joys for ever passed away !
Oh ! it is sad to think that all
Of sunshine in my earthly path
Is set and sunk beneath the pall
Of cold inexorable death.

There was a time when every flower,
And star, and stream, were sweet and bright ;

The sacred glow of holy love
That ever filled thy faithful heart,
Seemed more an essence from above
Than aught a creature could impart ;
And I have felt, when thou wert near,
A thrill of perfect rapture given,
A joy ineffable and dear,
That seemed the very bliss of heaven.

And there was beauty in thine eye,
And music in thy soothing voice,
That dried the tear, and hushed the sigh,
And bade the saddened heart rejoice.
I was a happy husband then,
For bliss unmingled crowned my life ;
But such I cannot be again,
Bereaved of all in thee, my wife.

Oh ! it is sorrowful to say
To every earthly joy—farewell !
And bid those valued friends away,
With whom the spirit loved to dwell ;
And yet it must be so, for when
The tender heart has been bereaved,
It is in solitude the pain
Of bitter woe can be relieved.

In joys where it has happy been.

And thus I feel, amid the woe
That wrings my desolated heart,
As if my tears would ever flow,
And every hope for time depart.
Oh! bitter Death, thou truly hast
Made havoc of my heart and home ;
How sweetly bright was all the past,
But oh ! how dark the years to come !

It is a blessed thing to know
That in sublimer worlds above
No sigh is heaved, no tear can flow,
To dim the holiness of love.
No parting pang can ever there
The spirit's perfect peace destroy ;
Nor sorrow, with corroding care,
Embitter the eternal joy.

And in its songs seraphic, now,
Dear loving One, thy spirit joins,
While on thy ever-honoured brow
A diadem of glory shines.
Oh ! it were blessedness to be
Amid the shining courts on high,

Oh ! may my spirit meet with thine,
My excellent and absent One,
And as we worship Love divine,
Adoring say, " Thy will be done."

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO KINDLY ADVISED,

" Weep not for her."

I WEEP not for her ; she is safe in the bosom
Of Jesus, who took her to live in his love ;
And now as a plant of renown she will blossom
Amid the emparadised mansions above.

I weep for myself, for my home now deserted ;
I weep for my baby, all motherless left ;
And well may I weep, when I think, broken-hearted,
How lonely my lot since of Mary bereft.

The voice of affection may tenderly chide me,
And speak of a bliss that can never be mine ;
The star of her faith and her virtues will guide me,
Until I shall meet her in glory divine.

H A P P Y Y E A R S .

1844-1847.

THEY were, they are not now, and future times
Cannot recall those happy days again ;
No change of scene, no home in foreign climes,
Can ever soothe the anguish of my pain.

She was my life and light, and every day
And hour were hallowed with her blessed love ;
My wedded years as sweetly passed away
As dreams of beauty from a world above.

And who can soothe my broken spirit now ?
What glory light the darkness of my sky ?
With whom shall I again adoring bow
As we have bowed before the throne on high ?

It may not, cannot be ; she liveth still
As pure and perfect in this widowed heart
As when her voice in loving tones would thrill
My raptured soul, and holy bliss impart.

Loved of my soul and heart, my matchless wife !
My star of hope shall ever point to thee ;
Thou wert my guardian angel in thy life,
And we in death shall not divided be.

The shades of evening now are spread
O'er all the sky above ;
And here thy husband loves to be,
To pass a holy hour with thee.

Oh ! while my spirit weeps
Thy sad and early doom,
And with unmingled anguish keeps
Its vigils at thy tomb ;
No precious welcome here is found,
Unbroken silence reigns around.

The pale moon's silver light
Is beaming in the sky ;
And gently falls in radiance bright
Where now in grief I lie :
Oh ! Mary, Mary, how those rays
Recall the dreams of other days.

And they are all away,
Those sweet and sunny hours ;
And nipped in premature decay,
Affection's lovely flowers :
My peace has fled with them and thee,
And sorrow deep remains to me.

How sunless now to me
Are summer's happy hours ;
And oh, how hueless seem to be
Its once delightful flowers :
Their glory and their beauty fled
When thou wert numbered with the dead.

And can I never be
As I have been before ?
Shall no kind hand again to me
My long lost joys restore ?
Ah, yes ! a purer bliss is given
To those who meet again in heaven.

And I shall meet thee there,
My faithful loving One,
All saved, and sanctified, and fair,
As angels round the throne ;
No parting pang shall ever then
Afflict my anguished soul again.

Oh ! with what holy joy,
What ecstasy divine,
Shall we our golden harps employ
Where saints in glory shine,

And deepest grief beguiled,
She too in heavenly peace shall rest,
And we shall be for ever blest.

SAD MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS.

AGAIN the mournful day returns
That saw me left in hopeless grief ;
And still the flame of anguish burns
In this sad breast—and no relief.
Ah ! Mary, Mary ! years have passed
Since thy sweet spirit went away,
And I have borne the bitter blast
Of my long, dreary winter's day.
To thee thy early death was gain,
For blest eternally art thou ;
But ah ! to me the anguish then,
The unabated sorrow now :
No tender, loving friend to cheer,
No gentle hand to wipe the tear ;
My home no summer bloom has blest,
My heart has felt no peaceful rest ;
The tear, unbidden, wets my cheek,
And tells the grief I cannot speak.

CARDIPHONIA

ON THE DEATH, BY ACCIDENT, OF MY MOTHERLESS CHILD,
MARIA MIVART, AGED THREE AND A HALF YEARS.

ALMIGHTY GOD, I bow,
Submissive to thy will ;
Be thou my only portion now,
Uphold and guide me still :
Oh, leave me not, in this dark hour,
To doubt thy faithfulness and power !

Thy holy will be done,
Thou knowest what is best ;
But oh, accept me in thy Son,
And give my spirit rest !
A broken heart, indeed, is mine ;
But thou canst bless with love divine.

Oh, dreadful was the blow
That fell upon my head
When my fond loving wife lay low,
And slept among the dead !
No ray of light relieved the gloom
That hung unbroken o'er her tomb.

She was the loved of all,
The beautiful and good ;

Oh, thou wert more than rubies set
In brightest diadem ;
And there was in thy sparkling eye
The very starlight of the sky.

In sorrow's bitter day,
When tears and sighs were mine,
Thy fondness chased the clouds away,
And made the darkness shine ;
And on my soul, in magic spell,
Thy dear and lisping accents fell.

Thou wert my only child,
Sweet image of my wife,
The little angel that beguiled
My sad and lonely life ;
And I was glad in thee to trace
Thy gentle mother's love and grace.

How cheering were the rays
Of promise, and the hope .
That seemed to gild my future days
And bear my spirit up,
When thou wouldst dry my flowing tears,
And sweetly bless my closing years !

But thou art happy now,
Among the blest in heaven ;
Thy God hath crowned thy shining brow,
And perfect glory given :
For thou hast met, in deathless love,
Thy mother in the courts above.

That sweet and holy look
Thy lovely visage showed,
Ere yet thy ransomed spirit took
Its blessed flight to God,
Bespoke a glimpse of purer light
Than ever falls on mortal sight.

And must I ever weep ?
Shall anguish still be mine ?
And must thy grieving parent keep
His vigils at thy shrine ?
Can nothing soothe this wasting grief,
And bring his bleeding heart relief ?

Ah yes ! an hour will come,
An hour of sweet release,
To call my wounded spirit home
To glory and to peace.

No rest for me, till rest is given

By God himself, with you in heaven.
