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THE OLD WELSH
EVANGELIST



BY W. PARRY

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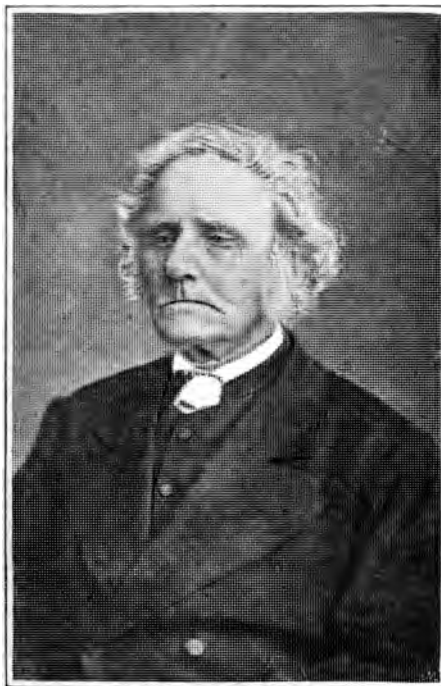
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THE LATE REV. WILLIAM EVANS,
Of Tonyrefail.
CALVINISTIC METHODIST MINISTER FOR SEVENTY-SIX YEARS.
BORN 1795 ; DIED 1861.

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Old Welsh Evangelist,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM PARRY.



BRISTOL :

WILLIAM F. MACK, PARK STREET AND PARK ROW .

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DEDICATED
TO
THE IMPERISHABLE MEMORY
OF THE THREE GREAT
APOSTLES OF WALES ;
JOHN ELIAS,
CHRISTMAS EVANS,
AND
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, OF WERN,
WHOSE ELOQUENCE, ZEAL, MANIFOLD LABOURS, AND NOBLE CHRISTIAN LIVES
MADE THEIR NAMES
HOUSEHOLD WORDS THROUGHOUT THE PRINCIPALITY,
ENSHRINED THEM IN THE HEARTS OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN, AND MADE THEM
THE PRIDE AND GLORY OF THEIR LAND AND RACE.



A Child of the Hills.



PROLOGUE.

SIMPLE is the tale I tell,
Of an old Evangelist ;
Long he lived and laboured well,
In the kingdom of the Christ ;
Many were the years of toil,
Given to his land and race ;
Wide he sowed the Kymric soil,
With the seed of truth and grace.

Far extends the chain of years,
Back to Cambria's golden time ;
To her mightiest sons and seers,
Sainted orators sublime ;

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Men of Celtic fire and will,
Holy, without worldly art ;
Men whose voices echo still,
In an ancient people's heart.

Feeble are his weary feet,
Now with more than nine ten years ;
And the voice, once strong and sweet,
Softly falls upon our ears ;
Brow and crown were silvered o'er,
Sunset light around them plays ;
Laden is the heart with lore,
Treasures of the distant days.

Ere the fading glory dies,
Be it ours to catch its gleam,
Flickering in the waning skies,
Like a sweet expiring dream ;
Sit we at his feet and list,
To his tales of days of old,
Watch among the clouds and mist,
For the silver gleams and gold.



FAR in the hills among the dark gray rocks,
That cast upon the glens their shadows deep ;
The homes of lowing herds and bleating flocks,
Where goats from ledge to ledge the chasms leap.

Where fresh and keen the mountain breezes blow,
And whistle wild and shrill their melodies ;
Where early falls the first autumnal snow,
And long and late upon the ridges lies.

Land of the fern, the gorse, and yellow broom,
And where her slender form erects the rush ;
Where wind-swayed heather shows its modest bloom,
And burns with glory many a crimson bush.

Oft hangs the mist upon the mountain peak,
And spreads its veils about the eagle's nest
Clouds numberless eternal journeys take,
Like laden pilgrims coming from the west.

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Remote from towns that drown the sun's pale rays,
With dull gray walls and fever-laden air ;
And murmuring throngs that beat along the ways,
With thin pale faces gnawed by hungry care.

Far from the marts where commerce counts her gold,
And watches with keen eyes for fortune's tide ;
Where war displays her crimson colour bold,
And fashion's trains sweep by in silken pride.

A stranger he to poisoned pleasure's guiles,
Her luring devious path that downward dips ;
Her ruby cups, her music, and her smiles,
Her soft enchantments and deceiving lips.

Among the hills a lowly, simple child,
He lived, and loved their rugged, cold gray bens,
Nursed on the glories of Glamorgan's wild,
Stream-loving, ancient, story-haunted glens.

From infancy among the meads he grew,
His ears attuned to every low and bleat ;
Among the morning and the evening dew,
Ere he could lisp he dipt his rosy feet.

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Light as a roe, and lithe, his steps he bent,
Along the mountain sides among the rocks ;
In boyhood through the glebe the plough he sent,
And drove the kine and watched the fleecy flocks.

Like a wild flower he loved the summer sun,
And tinged his blood with crimson feeding air ;
Pure as the rills which round the homestead run,
And like a red-lipped rose bloomed fresh and fair.

And much he loved the murmurs soft that came,
From honey-seeking bees among the flowers ;
And silken wings with blue and gold aflame,
That beat their music through the summer hours.

The merry dancing blooms soon caught his eye,
In garden, lane, in woodland, pasture, dell ;
He carried fadeless every tint and dye,
That on his heart from sun-born splendours fell.

Knew every wing that beat against the sky,
Or nestled deep in green-embowered wood ;
Or sought the tarns that in the mountains lie,
Or nourished 'neath the cottage eaves their brood.

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Charmed with the whistle of the bird in black,
And speckled-breasted brother's mellow lays ;
And his who sends from heaven his greetings back,
When in Apollo's court his lyre he plays.

And he could tell with joy what liquid notes,
Rang through the star-lit temple of the night ;
What love and beauty flowed from little throats,
That filled the gloom with rivers of delight.

The fern that gave the hills their deep dark blush,
To him made beautiful autumnal days ;
He would with pleasant pensive footsteps brush,
The fringe that shaded lonely mountain ways.

The nearest murmurs of the gentle wave,
That came in soothing bubblings on his ears ;
The little salmon-haunted Ely gave,
Its music to his heart in tenderest years.

He saw the Rhondda leap through gates of stone,
And rush o'er wild cascades for liberty ;
Heard Taff tumultuous panting to be gone,
Sing its melodious anthems to the sea.

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Not many were the friends he knew when young,
Perchance his feet would stray towards the mill,
List to the patter of the miller's tongue,
And never wished his mirthful clatter still.

Oft to the dusty ringing forge would go,
When days were cold and winter evenings long,
And help perhaps the wheezy bellows blow,
And join the grimy blacksmith's homely song.

But mostly went he to a little cell,
With window small and dim and cobwebbed o'er ;
With leathern waxy odours perfumed well,
A musty, clammy cell from roof to floor.

Hung from the beam was many a simple, good
For wound or sore or piercing colic pain ;
Some by their virtues purified the blood,
Some friendly were to liver, heart, or brain.

The Book was open on the window ledge,
And Bunyan's Pilgrim kept it company ;
And Pantycelyn's melodies, the pledge
To all believing souls that heaven is nigh.

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Prints told how Christ expired on the cross,
How Magdalen stood weeping at the grave ;
How martyred saints bore every worldly loss,
And to the flames for Christ their bodies gave.

A blackened instrument with tuneful strings,
And rosined bow-unorthodox was there ;
Whence rose to heaven on trembling tearful wings,
In restful moments many a Cambrian air.

The Sunday's text was chalked upon the door,
The walls were covered with reflections sage ;
The lintel mystic signs and colours bore,
The sacred symbols of a distant age.

The village oracle had here his seat,
Amid his useful toils much wisdom taught ;
And from his lore and maxims pat and neat,
Our youth the breath of inspiration caught.

Here first the ancient glories he beheld,
Which once were wreathed around the Kymric name ;
Long ere the Roman conquerors of eld,
To the white cliffs of peaceful Britain came.



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With many a sigh Caractacus was named,
A captive pleading for his life in Rome ;
Though manacled, his spirit yet untamed,
Fierce as the waves that beat his island home.

Of Bran the blessed would tell who heard the Word,
From apostolic lips in prison cell ;
Bore the first generous message of his Lord,
To those who in the Vale of Wrgant dwell.

Of Ilud, Teilo, Illtud spoke, a host,
Of saints renowned and apostolic men ;
Won to the cross, filled with the Holy Ghost,
And sacred made to Christ hill, grove, and glen.

Nor did he fail in colours dread to paint,
The mystic harlot of the seven hills ;
Drunk with the blood of many a sage and saint,
And crimsoned with their blood our mountain rills.

For Luther's name his lips were big with praise,
He liked the monk whose words made Europe shake ;
Gave red-capped cardinals uneasy days,
Throughout the world made mitred tyrants quake.

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The glories of Llangan would oft rehearse,
Its hallowed Sabbaths, quickenings, blessed alarms ;
And from his treasures drew forth many a verse,
Once dipt in tears and penitential charms.

Penhydd, the rustic prophet rude and wild,
With many a friendly smile was storied oft ;
By voices now from heaven now hell beguiled,
Who devils fought in kiln, in quarry, loft.

Yet other lore lay closer to his heart,
For he had travelled to Trevecca's shrine ;
Saw Harris there to Israel's host impart,
The riches of his house—its bread and wine.

Saw the first tremors of a nation's life,
Witnessed its birth-throes, heard its weeping joys ;
Felt the pulsations of a heavenly strife,
And in its hallelujahs joined his voice.

Told oft how Whitefield to the village came,
That hears the music of the silvery Wye ;
And there with heart and eye and tongue aflame,
Revealed the glories of a world on high.

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Heard Pantycelyn's bard sing sacred lays,
That made him brother to the Hebrew King ;
Fair flowers of song that gladden pilgrim ways,
And to the desert smiles and perfume bring.

Summoned no more by prince of chieftain's blast,
But by a nobler challenge from the skies ;
The first-born of the nations heeds at last,
The voice that bids it from its slumbers rise.

The tribes that nestle in the land of hills,
To higher destinies and nobler move ;
With rhythmic hearts and sweet responsive wills,
Enter upon the heritage of love.

They taste the Spirit's hymeneal bliss,
And pledged to truth to God's own altar come ;
Peace falls upon them like a summer kiss,
That fills the flower with a golden bloom.

These were the saint's divinest memories,
These warmed his heart with a celestial fire ;
These pictures gleamed before the youth's blue eyes,
These did his soul with piety inspire.

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The roving minstrel wandering from far,
Sung his wild ballads on the village green ;
Sometimes of love he sang, sometimes of war,
Of cruel conqueror or captive queen.

His stormy harp would tell of Tewdwr's night,
Or sighing wail o'er Rhuddlan's slaughter great ;
And mourn the dark, tempestuous, starless night,
When Prince Llewelyn met his cruel fate.

With virgin beauty's joy his lyre would swell,
And breathings soft beneath the starlit bower ;
Of envious guiles in angry accents tell,
And lonely love that pined in palace tower.

The strings would soften with the gentlest dew,
That ever dimmed and fell from tender eyes,
For the fair mind that on the Cefn grew,
Now riven-hearted in Llangynwyd lies.

The lad would listen till the music flew,
Through gloaming moist and golden sunset bars,
And nestle somewhere in the deepening blue,
Among the smiles of listening, pitying stars.



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A druid oft was seen on journeys long,
Much famed the country round for curious lore ;
A homely wallet on his shoulders strong,
Well filled with books from place to place he bore.

With keen grey eye he haunted every nook,
For circles, cairns, camps, archs, and ogham stones ;
And notes of groves, meinhirs, and cromlechs took,
Dug deep for mundane eggs and druid's bones.

His wallet bore a wooden alphabet,
Wherewith he taught primeval secret runes ;
He knew the signs to which the stars were set,
And all the mystic changes of the moons.

Long would he linger with the solar light,
As one inspired discourse about the sun ;
Creation's eye, its soul, and fountain bright,
Effulgent image of the unseen One.

And darkly hint the Christian mysteries,
Were written large to those with eyes to see ;
And daily dramatised upon the skies,
By choirs celestial from eternity.

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In lurid colours suffering Hu would paint,
And weave around his brow a tale of woe ;
And make the mournful victim sick and faint,
Expiring, journey to the shades below.

Then with the rapture of a Magdalen,
The poet's burning fancy sees him rise,
While fancy crowns the unconquered king of men,
Enthrones him mystic sovereign of the skies.

Glamorgan's bards have kept the runes of old,
And fed their fancies on their secret charms,
Still these primeval tales by them are told,
In wayside inns, in cottages, and farms.

Iolo, old Iolo, fanned the ancient fire,
With fancy's lively wings and genius' breath ;
Unwilling Cambria's glory should expire,
Or lie enshrouded in the shades of death.

And tales of conquest, chivalry, or might,
Were in the ingle corner said or sung ;
The youth would listen through the winter night,
To fabled lore from rustic patriot's tongue.

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Hengist, the treacherous, and his fair-haired tribe,
Whose hearts were cruel as the hungry sea ;
Were hounded sore by satire, taunt, and jibe,
And Kymric curses through eternity.

Yestin who brought his bride from Powis land,
Who made nor love nor war all free from guile ;
Who purchased power from the Norman band,
And buried freedom at the Golden Mile.

Fitzhamon's barons, men of mighty swords,
Who for their portions carved the hills and plains ;
Though alien Franks became Glamorgan's lords,
And pierced the lands with penalties and pains.

But more than ear alone the youth would give,
Perchance a gentle tremor, blush, or sigh ;
For the poor hunted, royal fugitive
Who sought the friendly woods and hollows nigh.

With many a crimson flush and eyes extend,
The rustic narrator would tell the story,
Of Nelson, Wellington, Napoleon's end,
The despot's infamy and England's glory.

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Thankful the conqueror's sword was laid aside,
Unfriendly was that rustic tongue to war ;
Yet did he speak with more than secret pride,
That bright, victorious shone old England's star.

Beside a brook that breathed eternal peace,
By humble hands was raised a lowly fane ;
That bade the heart from useless labours cease,
And shelter seek from worldly care and pain.

Around, the elm and beech their shadows threw,
And in the spreading branches cawed the rook ;
In the warm glades the coy-faced violet grew,
The primrose touched with creamy lips the brook.

The breeze blew laden with the breath of kine,
And rippled round the house with pastoral praise ;
'Twas girt with golden belts of corn that shine,
With growing calm content through summer days.

Through shady, perfumed lanes for many a mile,
The peaceful brotherhood came here to meet ;
Some climbed the hill, some crossed the brook or stile,
'To worship, and in love each other greet.



Within that fane no priest or Levite came,
Nor mitred prelate ever trod its floor ;
But many a sturdy sire and worthy dame,
With reverent step passed through the oaken door.

With broad-brimmed hats and faces hooded deep,
All clad in gray, and hating fashion's ways ;
The holy law of God they strive to keep,
To truth and right they dedicate their days.

Their mien was grave, their words were simple, few,
Disdaining show and pomp and worldly lust ;
Silent in prayer they sat, till some heart grew
Inspired, and quickened by the Holy Ghost.

Here would our youth in some dark corner sit,
His heart strung high with virtue's sympathies ;
And watch the flames by unseen angels lit,
Spread to all hearts in glowing ecstasies.

His spirit felt the mystic kiss of love,
And all its wealth of benediction given ;
Received the chrism of the brooding Dove,
That fills the heart with light and joy from heaven.

A ruddy youth among those gray-browed rocks,
And lonely hills he led his quiet flocks ;
The plough he drove through hungry mountain soil,
And made the furrows smile with manly toil ;
Wielded with sinewy arms and strong the scythe,
Stood in the field among the reapers blithe ;
With fragrant hay or sheaves of golden grain,
Along these lanes oft led the loaded wain ;
Communion held with patient lowing herds,
And daily friendly fellowship with birds ;
Companions made of plants and flowers fair,
And like them grew a stranger to all care ;
Here roamed, toiled, learned a stripling free and wild
And found himself both God and nature's child.
From these his spirit drew its daily food,
Their fresh and simple colours tinged his blood ;
Thought took the lily's form, the rose's hue,
And green that into golden harvests grew ;
That power invisible and mystic force,
That built the star and gave the sun its course ;
Far from the world's ambition, noise and din,
Framed silently a quiet world within ;
Beneath this sky behold his earliest school,

Here nature yoked his spirit to her rule ;
Her pages here he read, not ponderous books,
“ Sermons in stones and eloquence in brooks ” ;
His teachers were the hills, groves, waterfalls,
Not learned professors in collegiate halls ;
Much did he muse beneath these rustic bowers,
And ponder o’er the parables of flowers ;
With reverence listened to the starry choir,
And heard with awe Apollo’s golden lyre ;
Teachers divine of beauty, science, light,
Whose speech makes day, whose words illumine the night.

’Twas in that sweet, delicious time,
When fairest flowers win their bloom ;
And suns and roses higher climb,
And swallows to the old eaves come ;
When glades smile over gentler streams,
That laugh and babble softer tales ;
When moons are filled with mid-May dreams,
And list to nightingales.

He felt a stirring of the blood,
Unsealing of the crimson cells,

And swifter currents of the flood,
That issues from the purple wells ;
A rhythmic music rippled through,
The heart, and curled about the mouth ;
The budding spirit fragrant grew,
Wooed by the sunny south.

A leaning at the waxen gates,
A voice that whispered still and small ;
Soft syllables from angel mates,
He felt upon his spirit fall ;
And murmurs heard as through the night,
From bright-eyed star to star do run ;
Or hymnings shook from wings of light,
Born of the morning sun.

Before his eyes a vision flits,
He sees it as he sees a dream ;
On golden sunset hills it sits,
Or walks the far-off western stream ;
It nestles in a primrose cup,
It paints the clouds with blushes red ;
The sleeping buds it wakens up,
It calls to life the dead.

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It is a lovely phantom fair,
That wins the heart and leads it on ;
More subtle far than light or air,
It smiles, enchants, and then is gone ;
Anon, 'twill peep in at the eyes,
Then fading oft as oft return ;
Though veiled its glorious mysteries,
With lovelier beauty burn.

The worshipper beheld a rift,
The clouds a moment stood apart ;
Anon he saw the veil uplift,
A light embraced and filled his heart ;
Sense faded like the morning mist,
A gleaming Spirit stood behind ;
He bowed, adored, for well he wist,
He saw the Eternal Mind.

One evening when the dew fell,
And stars began to glint,
A maiden passed the blue dell,
And o'er the meadows went ;

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Soon like an angel phantom fair,
Was lost in shadows dim ;
Her heart was light as summer air,
She breathed an ancient hymn.

Refrain :

I'm going singing to my God,
I'm going singing to my God,
My heart is full of joy and heaven,
I'm going singing to my God.

She sang a song of Zion,
This angel of the hills ;
And as she mounted high on
The homes of ancient rills ;
Her words fell softly from above,
On flowers, flocks, and kine ;
One list'ning heart was moved to love,
Her words were sweet as wine.

This lonely pilgrim maiden,
That singing went to God ;
All love and beauty laden,
A sweeter never trod,


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A Cambrian hill or mountain,
Or softly pressed the green,
That girds a singing fountain,
With belts of summer sheen.

The music gently falling,
Between the stars and dew ;
Seemed like a spirit calling,
To worlds beyond the blue ;
He felt the music draw him on,
To heaven it was so sweet,
And hoped beside the Father's throne,
That lovely maid to meet.

A youth strayed on the hills alone,
What time the sun had well-nigh gone ;
Ere yet the young September moon,
In heaven her sprouting horns had shown.

The rabbit crossed his path ; the hare,
Had left her nest ; the fox his lair ;
With wary, stealthy step went through,
The ferns and hollows touched with dew.



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The linnet struck his little note,
Upon the broom with feeble throat ;
Another sang among the bloom,
Of flaming furze that lit the gloom.

And birds he saw high up like flecks,
Among the clouds with outstretched necks ;
From stubble fields they homewards hied,
From lonely stream or ocean tide.

He knew not wither he would go,
With meditative step and slow ;
Nor could he tell the reason why,
He sought the hills so lone and high.

'Twas not by reason he was led,
The mossy mountain path to tread ;
Nor object present to the mind,
Distinct and clear could be assigned.

Still on he went until he strolled,
Beside a lonely mountain fold ;
A warm breath floated on the air,
A milky breath—a flock was there.



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Then crept above the sheepfolds rim,
A gentle voice that came to him ;
He listened—'twas a mountain priest,
That God, among the sheep addressed.

He listened more then softly came,
Through dew and deepening gloom a name ;
'Twas his—he trembled at the sound,
He fled, the place was awful ground.

He knew not whether wings or feet,
Had borne him from that lone retreat ;
The accents of the shepherd's tongue,
In awe upon his spirit hung.

In toil nor sleep could he forget,
Oft, oft his soft blue eyes were wet,
Those simple tones his heart had riven,
To let in-God and Christ and heaven.

The tribes and clans from all the hills around,
Obedient to the calls of sympathy ;
Their way towards an ancient homestead wound,
Through paths and lanes that in the mountains lie.


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The sun the golden gates of noon had passed,
And shadows flew about on darkening wing ;
And gloomy clouds a melancholy cast,
On meadows, groves, on rocks and mountain spring.

'Twas when the mountain heather 'gan to fade,
And autumn sickly hung upon the trees ;
And flowers and leaves in golden shrouds were laid,
Lamented by the wailing mountain breeze.

The wild bird in the copse had hushed his song,
The lark above the earth had ceased to roam ;
But pined,—his wing no longer swift and strong,—
Among the mists and shadows made his home.

An aged patriarch—sainted too was he,
From the old homestead kind and stalwart friends,
On shoulders broad and strong bore lovingly,
To that small cell where every labour ends.

There many a sigh escaped and tear fell,
As slow along the winding ways they trod,
As some the tales of bygone years would tell,
Gray hairs would give the kind consenting nod.



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They would recount the virtues of the dead,
Remember loving words and fervent prayers ;
The Holy Scriptures which by him were read,
The sweet hymns sung to ancient Kymric airs.

Then gently laid among the hills his dust,
Dropt friendly tears within that narrow cell,
Gave him the benedictions of the just,
And o'er him sang their loving last farewell.

He stood with forehead bare beside that grave,
Wept o'er the precious dust that therein lie,
That narrow cell to his young spirit gave,
A transient glimpse of immortality.

The Sabbath sun had sought the western isles,
And on their lips had cold, pale kisses flung ;
Upon the dark gray hills had died his smiles,
The moon her sickly lamp above had hung ;
The stars were sitting in their cloudy bowers,
And pensive looked their faces dim, but calm ;
Yet gently died the closing Sabbath hours,
And sweetly as an old cathedral psalm.

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The kine were stalled before their cribs well filled,
In quiet folds the sheep securely penned ;
The sheepdog's voice among the hills was stilled,
His quivering limbs upon the hearth extend ;
As soft as shadows peace her mantle throws,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crags and darkening hills ;
And beast and bird enfold in calm repose,
Sweet rest the heart of weary nature fills.

A few folks gathered on that Sabbath eve,
To worship at the village meeting place ;
And many an elder ere his home did leave,
Prayed for a blessing on the means of grace ;
In quiet order all expectant sit,
They list the Word, they sing, unite in prayer ;
Anon devotion's heavenly fire is lit,
All hearts its quickening warmth and glory share.

" Behold the Lamb of God ! " the preacher cried,
The words though ancient proved themselves divine ;
He saw the gates of life thrown open wide,
His trembling spirit understood the sign ;
The Lamb of God on Jordan's banks he saw,
Then bleeding on the cross a Victim slain ;

Henceforth to him the Lamb is life and law,
The end of sin, of sorrow, conflict, pain.

A yeoman-prophet stands before our gaze,
Among the hills a God-anointed priest ;
In holiest ways and works he spends his days,
Their golden hours in peace and love increased ;
Nor wonder since each day towards the light,
Through life the upward path the pilgrim's trod,
And now rests on the calm and glorious height,
With but a step between him and his God.

His face voluminous, an open sky,
Expansive, fringed with golden on the rim ;
Soft lines and flecks upon the surface lie,
And bubbling smiles break rippling o'er the brim ;
Repose sits mistress on the unclouded brow,
The blue eyes burn with fire lit from heaven ;
The mouth is restless with a honied flow
Of words that drop like balm from morn till even.


With shoulders broad ; not tall, nor coarse of limb,
But sinewy, supple, lithe, and finely strung ;

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A foot with certain tread the hills to climb,
That many a rushing mountain brook has sprung ;
A hand not lily white, but olive tanned,
That grasped the plough or scythe in labour's train ;
Skilful to toil, imperial to command,
In kindly touch with men and kine and grain.

His voice a full-toned Kymric instrument,
Of many chords, of wondrous grace and power ;
Whose flowing music never yet seemed spent,
Discoursing glorious gospel by the hour ;
The thunder's majesty, the wave's soft sigh,
The lark's clear trill that ripples round our ears ;
And trembling undertones in which there lie,
Like penitential psalms the sound of tears.

A man approachable with kindly smile, [fire ;
Whose heart burns clear and bright with friendship's
Skilful the wounded spirit to beguile,
The mind diseased with hope and joy inspire ;
Grave, but a stranger to sepulchral gloom ;
The flame of wit burns bright about his mouth,
Divine communings on his spirit come,
Like dewy perfumed breathings from the south.



Although he lived much in the hills apart,
Nor many men for many days would see ;
Yet social were the instincts of his heart,
He loved his fellows and their company ;
A pleasant touch to him the friendly hand,
The arm entwined in loving brotherhood ;
His joy on Zion's festal days to stand,
And watch the surging, praying multitude.

He held communion with all living things,
Nature in every form, and garb, and mood ;
The stars, sun, clouds, the tarn, and mountain springs,
The laughing fountain, and the rushing flood ;
The deep umbrageous wood, the blushing thorn,
The pale, soft gray when evening light grows dim ;
The bright unveiling of the virgin morn,
Her purpling glories and her sun-breathed hymn.

Like the mild pensive patriarch of old,
At eventide he ofttimes sought the field ;
In quiet paths among the shadows strolled,
Beside the dewy, slumbering flowers kneeled ;
Beneath the stars he had his secret shrine,
Where veiled in gloom his soul would agonize ;


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Libation-tears would pour like sweetest wine
Upon the flames of holiest sacrifice.

More oft would seek some deeply-hooded nook,
Among the hills or cleft among the rocks ;
Where upwards crept the murmurs of the brook,
And strayed and nibbled quietly the flocks ;
No voice was heard throughout the solitude,
Except perchance some cloud-dropped melody,
But lone as where the unshod prophet stood,
Or cave to which Elijah once did hie.

The Book his sole companion of the wild,
With it he sought divinest hours to spend ;
For this would leave his homestead, wife, and child,
Nor let or care or love his steps attend ;
Its voice alone his spirit now would hear,
So sweet, so calm, so pure, so full of heaven ;
He knew not suns had gone nor stars drew nigh,
Nor felt the gentle ministries of even.

With loving heart he conned its every page,
Upon his knees the open volume spread ;
Knowledge and love grew more with growing age,
No line or syllable was left unread ;



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Loving and long would linger o'er a word,
Its secret meaning to unlock would pray ;
A key therein would find to many a chord,
On which his chastened eloquence would play.

The Book was God's;—throughout 'twas full of Him,
His Being gleamed in every page and line ;
As light the sun floods to the very brim,
So did God's glory in the volume shine ;
Yet nobler splendours did the Book reveal,
Than suns or stars, it showed a Father's face ;
That beamed with love for man's immortal weal,
Unveiled God's heart—eternal fount of grace.

The sweet Evangel was his chiefest joy,
To be with Him who dwelt in Galilee ;
Or on the mount the sacred hours employ,
Or list to parables beside the sea ;
Behold His finger pointing to the flowers,
And bright-winged birds that fluttered in the air,
And know such harmless living should be ours,
Such trust in God unburdened with a care.


Where'er the world's Redeemer journeying went,
He loved in thought to follow in His train ;

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To all the villages his steps were bent,
And where the sinless Lamb of God was slain ;
The grave where He was laid and whence He rose,
The chamber where His sorrowing ones He met ;
The shore where veiled and dim Tiberias flows,
The top of angel-haunted Olivet.

The Book became to him his all-in-all,
A law to govern every act and thought ;
A lamp whose light did on his pathway fall ;
A medicine with healing virtues fraught ;
His hungry spirit found it heaven-sent bread,
Its wells of living water cheered his heart ;
As through life's desert pilgrimage he sped,
In it he found a safe unerring chart.

Therein he found an armoury well stored,
With shining weapons better far than steel ;
There gleamed redoubtable the Spirit's sword,
Sharp arrows numberless their points reveal ;
The breastplate, helmet, ample shield of faith ;
Were there to furnish bravely for the fight ;
With these, through God, sin, Satan, hell and death,
The soldier of the cross would put to flight.



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The sacred volume was a temple fair,
Resplendent all with holy truth divine ;
By prophets through the ages built with care,
Adorned with gold and gems that fadeless shine ;
Holy it stands amidst a world of sin,
And filled with light whose flame outshines the sun ;
The Eternal Spirit broods and dwells within,
It is the sanctuary of the Holy One.

To him the Book was Paradise Regained,
A garden fair of every sweet delight ;
There innocence her empire still maintained,
And every virtue blossomed on the sight ;
The tree of life its laden boughs here spreads,
And crystal living streams their way pursue ;
Its soil the angel and the cherub treads,
And veiled in glory God steals on the view.

Dear Book, how oft thy page gave wings to time,
Not leaden-footed did the moments seem ;
Unknown the silver queen would softly climb,
The horizon, and awake him from his dream ;
To earth recall him from the gates of light,
And converse with Jehovah's saint-girt throne ;

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And softly mantle him with dew and night,
And tell his heart the earth was dark and lone.

He learnt to lean through more than ninety years,
Upon the Book as on the Almighty's arm ;
In every storm of life it calmed his fears,
He daily felt its growing power and charm ;
Its words like music o'er his spirit stole,
Where evening mists and gathering shadows lie,
Hugged to the last this treasure to his soul,
Upon this pillow leaned his head to die.





Pastoral.

THESE rugged hills we've climbed with willing feet,
And joyful many an ancient river crossed,
To seek thee, Father, in thy lone retreat,
And list to what our hearts desire most ;
Thy lips can tell us much of Israel's host,
Which through the desert long and well hast led,
The Word and Work on which the Holy Ghost,
Has many a smile and gleam of glory shed ;
Reveal to us the path our feet should tread,
As thine through summer's shine or winter's frost,
When on thy saving mission thou hast sped,
Back to the quiet fold to bring the lost ; [fled,
Though from thy tale of years fourscore and ten have
To Zion's meads and flocks thy heart is ever wed.

Come 'neath the shelter of this humble roof,
Accept the comfort of its fireside ;

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Of homely hospitalities make proof;
And welcome guests within these walls abide;
From far like pilgrims to these wilds you've come,
An old Evangelist to honour in his home.

My sons I know what's said in Holy Writ,
Of entertaining angels unawares;
So be it; but with sundown do not flit,
Let evening shadows only hide our cares;
I like those blessed messengers of night,
That come like stars and kindly give us light.

Not too celestial nor too fiercely burn,
But clothed with fleshly mild humanities;
Who will the produce of the flock not spurn,
Nor patient labours of the kine despise;
Though bright your bloom and fresh like flowers fair,
You neither live on light nor feed on air.

This a land my sons of sheep and kine,
Among these hills pale shines the summer sun;
We boast nor olive grove nor purple vine,
From these bare rocks our daily bread is won;
The Lord of birds and flowers supplies each want,
For ninety years our board was never scant.


In this ~~blessed hour when~~ nature's holy peace,
Falls on the hills and vales with sweetest rest ;
And the cool dewy evening brings increase,
Of social pleasures to the human breast ;
May we all find beside this simple board,
The grace and benediction of our Lord.

My mind methinks is not unlike the land,
To which you've climbed, among whose hills you stand,
Whose tall gray, crests by sun or star are bright,
Whose glens and deeper dells scarce know the light ;
While clouds and thickening mists obscure the sky,
And weave their veils o'er darkening memory.

In the far past behold this summit rise,
All hung with golden splendours from the skies ;
When I among the flocks and pastures stood,
With mind attuned to meditative mood ;
When many thoughts and visions rose within,
Of the world's sorrows, darkness, pain, and sin ;
And how this curse from human hearts remove,
And dower souls with quenchless joy and love ;
"Go," said a voice, "the people's shepherd be,
And keep this Kymric heritage for me."

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I felt its power, it echoed through the heart,
Could I refuse ? obedience was my part ;
I took the charge submissive to His will,
And thus, my glorious mission to fulfil,
On bended knees I poured my soul in prayer,
With tears and sighs that trembled on the air ;
Lord, what am I, a poor shepherd boy,
That Thou shouldst send me this o'erwhelming joy ?
Why dost Thou among mountain pastures seek,
One so unworthy, ignorant, and weak ?
'Tis thine what instruments Thou wilt appoint,
And with Thy Holy Spirit's grace anoint ;
Among the flocks Thy prophets Thou canst raise,
To lead Thy people and to speak Thy praise ;
Almighty Father, from this hour I'm thine,
Soul, spirit, body, I to Thee resign ;
Naught I withhold from Thee or small or great,
But to Thy service all I consecrate ;
To honour Thee and Thine Eternal Son,
Help me to shine like yon unclouded sun ;
May I in faith unmoveable be found,
Like those grand hills and gray that stand around ;
May love perennial through my bosom flow,



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Like the bright streams that through these valleys go ;
And as these flowers that blossom at my feet,
So may my daily thoughts be fresh and sweet ;
As this poor flock I've to the pastures led,
With luscious herbs and flowery grasses fed,
Guarded by day, protected through the night,
Whose simple care has been my chief delight,
So help me, Lord, this nobler charge to keep,
Through life to lead and feed my Saviour's sheep.

Erelong that anxious, happy season came,
When latent love was kindled all aflame,
When inspiration came to ears and eyes,
And these wild mountains seemed a Paradise ;
When impulse uncontrollable and wild,
These lips and tongue to utterance beguiled.
With no one nigh among the pastures lone,
Standing upon an ancient mossy stone,
I would address my flock ; beside a rill,
That trickled through the fern when eve was still ;
Or in the heart of leafy murmuring wood,
Beneath concealing shades of oak I've stood ;
What time the stars were peeping through the blue,

And fleece were jewelled with the falling dew,
My voice I've raised with many a burning throb,
And halting stumbled on with tear and sob,
Startled to hear my own voice speak of Him,
The glorious theme of hymning seraphim.

The time came in a rose-embowered cot,
Where true devotion crowned the peasant's lot,
To speak beside the hearth to listening ears.
I know not why, but loud tumultuous fears,
Stormed through the soul; the youthful eye was dim,
Words rose but stopped upon the very rim,
Of utterance; flushed and burned the cheek;
The quivering lips were parched; the knees were weak,
But when the heart was well nigh sick and faint,
I caught the murmuring prayers of the saint;
The hearth drank up their tears, that fell with mine,
Then glimmering rays of hope began to shine;
Anon the sympathetic amen came,
And kindlings of the mystic Celtic flame,
Whose seat is in the heart; and I saw play,
The dawning promise of a glorious day,
In those dark eyes; through their dark fringes broke,

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Gleams of encouragement ; my soul awoke,
Beneath their smiles to that strange ecstasy,
Of love, once felt the heart will not let die.
Anointed from on high in tears we kneeled,
And trembling, I was by the Spirit sealed.

The simple pastoral world which erst I had known,
Through all my late experiences had grown,
In beauty, loveliness, and interest.
I saw methought the very heavens rest,
On great and small ; the meanest thing,
Crawling in dust or floating on the wing,
Became divine ; the life of love revealed,
A world of charms erst from the soul concealed ;
Resplendent shone the old familiar face,
Of nature ; sweeter, holier was its grace.
A dream of love my spirit visited,
The heavens their softest dew and perfume shed,
Upon the heart ; transfigured were the hills,
The rocks, fens, tarns, the meadows, groves, and rills ;
With brighter colours were the rainbows hung,
The oft-heard melodies now sweeter rung,
Through the long winding glens ; the heavens and earth,
Were new ; and I had known a second birth.

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My rapture into adoration grew ;
And all my panting spirit ever knew,
Of lovely, gentle, tender, bright, and fair,
As offerings to the Well-Beloved bear.
When I beheld the splendours of the dawn,
And sunsets into golden glories drawn,
O'er ocean, earth, and sky ; when these were gone,
Through their fast fading smiles one star and lone,
Came as the herald of a smiling train ;
Or when that far-off bright cerulian plain,
Seemed peopled as with burning cherubim,
By each and all my soul was led to Him.
Oft would I stand beside a mountain stream,
Gaze at its crystal pools and sweetly dream,
Of beauty never seen in flowing fount ;
When leading through the glen or up the mount,
My flock through dewy jewels thickly sown,
A sinless star-crowned brow my heart would own,
By God and heaven begemmed ; the crimson rose,
The violet whose deepest blush ne'er knows
A tinge of shame ; the lily virgin white,
And all the blooming tribes that take delight,
In summer suns ; by some deep mystic tie,

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By links of beauty, chains of glory lie,
In fellowship with Him within the heart.
These seen with joyful eye, His name would start,
Laden with love's aroma to the tongue,
To melt in strains mellifluous and sung.
As these fleece-haunted brooks to ocean run,
As bright-eyed planets course around the sun,
Like flowing streams affection sought His breast,
Thought found in Him its centre and its rest.

The wings of memory now would fondly play,
Among the joys and hopes of that fair day ;
When I beheld the paths o'er vale and hill,
These feet should tread in pastoral guise until,
Beneath some emerald mound they rest. Did he,
Who dreamed of finding lands beyond the sea,
Feel his heart higher beat ? Or he whose eye,
Watches with steady gaze the soundless sky,
And hails the advent of a stranger star,
Wheeling its burning chariot from afar,
Unseen before ? The youthful warrior bent,
Upon the conquest of a continent,
Scarce could be more absorbed than I. My brain

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Was charged with thoughts as is the midnight plain
With stars. As trees bend 'neath the weight of bloom,
So thick and lovely would fair visions come,
Upon my spirit. Yes, both day and night,
They seemed like autumn swallows in their flight,
A bright winged host. They hung around my bed,
Haunted my midnight pillow ; my sleep fed,
As with fair seraph forms, whose gentle eyes,
Looked love ; voices breathed heavenly melodies,
And inspiration ; when I heard my call,
From God, 'twas life to me, my all in all.

My sons, this land is but a wilderness ;
But ample is the cause have I to bless,
Him, who, my lowly dwelling-place assigned.
'Tis not that to these mountains I'm resigned ;
My heart thereto is wed. How much I owe,
To these wild pastoral solitudes that grow,
More dear with each departing sun ! You see,
Herein my temple, college, library !
How sacred to my soul these solitudes,
Wherein methinks the Eternal Spirit broods ;
Between these hills, among their rugged forms,




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Robed in wild tempests, wrapped in wintry storms,
Or summer glories, on my startled sight,
Has flashed the vision of the Infinite.

These mountain summits oft methought were trod,
By forms of light, the messengers of God ;
Who through the starry portals of eve came,
In flowing robes of light, or wrapped in flame.
Oft when alone my wandering flock I've sought,
The breath of inspiration I have caught,
Laden with perfume on its dewy wings ;
When passing, listening to the reedy springs,
A music as of far-off worlds has stirred
My spirit ; and the unseen cloud-hid bird,
Awakened thoughts of angel lands unseen,
Where songs ne'er cease, nor clouds do intervene.

Methinks the spring and summer colours fair,
Which I have seen on ben in dell and air,
Have touched my lips and hung upon my tongue,
In fadeless beauty. Ceaseless as when young,
Unwearied, willingly, these aged feet,
Seek comfort, knowledge, love in this retreat ;
Here come I to resolve the mysteries,

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Of providence; to find the truth that lies,
Within the sacred page, obscure or deep,
Pearl-like as in a well divine asleep;
With the great patriarchs of the race I've walked,
These meadows in communion sweet; and talked,
In spirit with the prophets; here I've trained
Mind, heart, tongue, voice; experience gained,
How best to utter those sweet Celtic words,
That sway the multitudes and touch the chords,
Of joy and sorrow. Oft when morn was gray,
And night's anointing tears yet heavy lay,
On plant and flower; my pastoral hymn I've sung,
My plaintive, and my chants sonorous rung,
Among these wild primeval rocks. Ere yet I've stood
In some green dell before the multitude,
With twice ten thousand listening ears, here I have oft,
Conned well my theme, and raised my voice aloft,
Before the lark has left his dewy nest; the sheep,
And kine I've startled from their slumbers deep,
With shouts that strike the foreheads of the hills,
Leap mingling with the music of the rills,
Float on the wings of balmy silken gales,
Die far away among the flowery vales.



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My wanderings lone and far shall I recount, [mount,
Through seven ten years? Through tangled brake, or
In river haunted glens, and deserts wild,
When howling winter stormed, or summer smiled,
My pastoral duties to fulfil I've sought.
Toil, hunger, weariness, I've counted nought ;
Tempted the swollen flood, despised the cold,
Christ's wandering sheep to bring within the fold,
Of safety. First of all this little Book,
Which of an aged, dying saint I took,
And he with many benedictions gave,
Just ere his voice was silenced in the grave,
In all my wanderings, through every scene,
My inspiration, solace, guide has been.
Your old Evangelist this Book in hand,
For seven ten years has journeyed through the land,
Feeding his heart upon its heavenly page,
Its precious truths would all his thoughts engage.
Forgetting oft the smiting summer sun,
The babbling brook that at his feet would run,
Heedless of blasts that whistled through the trees,
Or balmy wings of perfume bearing breeze ;
This little Book would other scenes reveal,

Diviner charms would o'er my spirit steal,
The heaven that lies beyond the cloudless blue,
Would sometimes open on the spirit's view,
And earth like some dark shadow melt away,
In the bright light of God's eternal day.
And not unseldom when the weary feet,
Would seek some shady spot or mossy seat,
Beside the music of some limpid brook,
My soul would seek refreshment from this Book ;
Some verse immortal from the prophet's pen,
Was food ambrosial to my spirit then,
A psalm or proverb to this heart of mine,
Was like a golden chalice filled with wine,
Sermon or parable became a tree,
Laden with fruits of immortality ;
And as with prayer and song the lines I read,
With ravished eyes my hungry spirit fed,
On heavenly manna and the God-sent bread.

Then onwards as with hasty step or slow,
From hill to hill or through the vales would go ;
With mind as buoyant as the mountain air,
Fresh as the flowers, free as birds from care,

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With finger resting on some precious word,
A light would flash in glory from the Lord,
At which the heart with rapturous joy would leap,
And break in song or blessed tears weep.


Remote from smoky towns' mechanic life,
The turmoil and the din of civic strife,
Among the hills with here and there a farm,
And nature robed in deep and holy charm,
Soft as the light and through the blue on high,
Seemed the Eternal Spirit to draw nigh ;
And wrap the soul in warm pulsating air,
The spirit stir to throb in earnest prayer.
Beneath the shade of oak or beechen grove,
Like Israel with the angel I have strove,
And mountain caves have seen me pass within,
To wrestle for deliverance from sin,
On the cold mountain lone when light was dim,
Knee-deep in snow I've converse held with Him,
Father of spirits ; glens have been to me,
An Eden-nook or dark Gethsemane.

The breath of prayer has melted into praise ;
My country's solemn, mournful, plaintive lays,

Sprung from the heart with penitential tears,
Those simple chants born less of hopes than fears ;
A rustic people's psalms wherein we learn,
Their holiest loves, what most they sorrow, yearn ;
Oft these wild matins on my lips would trill,
Or home-made vespers all the air would fill ;
Summon the herds and flocks when day was high,
To list the fervour of my minstrelsy ;
Wing my hosannahs through the golden bars,
Of summer clouds beyond sun, moon, or stars.

Ah, blessed praise when incensed through with prayer,
Such chants to heaven the waiting angels bear ;
Though artless all, such holy minstrelsy,
Enters the gates of immortality ;
From hearts refreshed and fragrant hear it rise,
Homewards, to mingle in its native skies.

What think you of the life the fathers led,
The wanderings, labours of the pious dead ?
The sorrows, joys of God's itinerant host,
Who like their Master went to seek the lost ?
Methinks, my son, as gazing in thine eye,
I see deep gloomy thoughts within it lie ;



And shades of pity mingle in its blue,
For those who oft and many sufferings knew ;
They bore my sons oft heavy hearts and sad,
And many a draught of bitterness they had,
The cross became to them a heritage,
And sighs and tears a portion of their wage ;
Their robes were washed in sorrow's baptism,
Received from Calvary their holy chrism ;
Beside the thorn-crowned Sufferer they knelt,
In His atoning fellowship they dwelt,
Within their souls His dying pangs they felt.

For daily sacrifice prepared they stood,
Labours, privations, sufferings, and blood ;
In Christ example and inspiring mood,
They found, who daily travelled doing good ;
Like Him who weary sat on Jacob's well,
Tales too of way-worn travel they could tell ;
And as the homeless Wanderer once said,
He had not where to lay his weary head ;
So they the fox might envy in his lair,
Their nests the harmless denizens of air ;
Their message like the Master's oft was scorned,


While many hearts with hate and anger burned ;
Contempt curled many a lip ; on many a brow,
Would the deep gathering cloud of vengeance grow ;
Flashed many an eye with hell-begotten ire,
To break perhaps in thundering tempests dire.
Yet by a martyr-spirit nobly borne,
They triumphed over anger, hate, and scorn ;
Despised the jeers and threatening attitude,
And bowed in penitence the multitude ;
The sword they handled, welded in the skies,
Flashed gleaming terrors before many eyes ;
The words that from the gospel bow would flit,
With many a piercing pang the heart would hit ;
And daring enemies, the brood of hell,
Of sin convicted in their presence fell,
Writhing in pain, with shame, and tears they cried,
For peace and pardon through the Lamb that died.

And as the Lord had friends in Bethany,
Who gave Him shelter, hospitality ;
Their guest divine made welcome to their board,
Sat at his feet to listen to his word ;
So, many a home threw open wide its door,

To those who tidings of salvation bore ;
As on the slopes of palmy Olivet,
Homesteads upon the flanks of Snowdon set,
Breathed the same peace, smiled the same simple grace,
And guileless hearts gave the same warm embrace ;
Refreshed the stranger with a simple meal,
At morn, or when the shades of evening steal,
Along the glens or mountain's furrowed brow,
The homely yeoman makes no foolish show,
Of festive spendour ; on the table laid,
As white as snow, a bowl of milk and bread ;
If near the lake, an apostolic dish,
The fast to break on barley loaves and fish ;
Then, hastening from the rock-bound cot or farm,
His benediction breathes in prayer and psalm.

Sometimes when to some distant village bent,
No roof to them its friendly shelter lent,
On some green bank their weary frame would rest,
Their thirsty lips the mountain spring refreshed,
Their oaten cake drew from their little scrip,
And in the limpid waters moistening dip,
Then loud the Fount of every mercy hymn,
Grateful, away the rugged hills they climb.

Prompted by love, not thoughts of patronage,
No quiet folds did e'er their hearts engage ;
Men who to bowls of porridge thankful sat,
Dreamed not of mansions fine and livings fat ;
Evangelists content with bread and milk,
Cared not for ease, for gold, for wine, or silk ;
Nor did they stretch out itching ears for calls,
From mitred prelates to cathedral stalls ;
Nor, to do good meek suppliants did wait,
And humbly crave consent of Church and State.
Who were their ancestors ? whence did they come ?
From Germany, Geneva, or from Rome ?
God was their Father ; and by Him inspired,
They claimed their rights, nor sanction more required ;
In their own hearts the call divine did find,
Obeyed the law God wrote upon the mind ;
Assured of this in duty's path did move,
Impelled resistless by the power of love.
Go to the flowers and ask them why they bloom,
Who licensed them to breathe their sweet perfume ?
If stars that deck the heavens have powers to shine,
Their very glory speaks their right divine ;
And nightingales in singing do no wrong,




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We list, and questionless accept their song.
Why chain the mind, and, thought why barricade ?
Why make religion privilege, profit, trade ?
Why limit to a sacerdotal clan,
The birthright of regenerated man ?

You pity those old fathers ; you forget,
Those men whose hearts were on salvation set,
Drank deep from fountains of exhaustless bliss,
Drawn from the world of angels and from this.
Those who immersed in sunless city rooms,
Far from the mountain springs and heather blooms,
Cribbed in their little gloomy bookish cells,
Where neither plant nor bud nor blossom swells ;
Who to the flimsy sheet or volume turn,
From reams and tomes their every lesson learn ;
Strangers to nature's living glorious forms,
Her sweet, exhaustless, never-ending charms ;
Feeding on fancies sprung from others' brains,
And counting studious lore their only gains ;
Intently poring over many books,
Forgetting quite how glorious nature looks ;
With all this bookish lore their souls are lean,

And naught that memory has is fresh and green ;
The pictures hung on fancy's hall within,
Are faded, dull, look spectral, cold, and thin ;
And all the images which books have carved,
Upon their hearts seem ghostly, pale, and starved.

The old evangelists communion held,
With nature, and her every mood beheld,
The mountain, forest, glen, and windy wold,
The brook, the cloud, the stars their secrets told,
To their own sons ; from them they daily drew,
Their inspiration, fresh as morning dew,
Their golden lights and glorious mysteries,
Danced on their brows and glistened in their eyes ;
As the rose fragrant, rich as autumn corn,
Each day renewed, begotten every morn,
Simple yet grand, revered, loved, admired,
Their hearts by nature and by God inspired,
Fresh from the hills they came, and on their tongue,
The dew and fragrance of the gospel hung ;
Standing upon the green and dasied sod,
With Celtic music spoke of heaven and God.

And other joys they had these sainted ones,



Not drawn from blooms and birds, from stars and suns ;
Caught from the glowing hearth of human love,
Whose genial, homely warmth their hearts did prove.
Around them bent the tides of human life,
The waves of sorrow, joy, of passion, strife ;
Their thoughts like fertilizing currents ran,
About the haunts and destiny of man ;
Unweariedly they sought to see his face,
His various interests in love embrace.
Turn to his home the stream of saintly weal,
And to his gaze a brother's heart reveal.
Oft were they seen where men do congregate,
Mingled where sturdy yeomen laugh and prate,
Exchanged their salutations at the fair,
Or at the market bought or sold their ware ;
With brawny arms the scythe or sickle wield,
And lead the reapers on the harvest field,
With singing swains on loaded waggons come,
To sanctify the joys of harvest home.

Around them oft like ocean's mighty roll,
Would surge the flowing joys of many a soul ;
Sometimes before their tearful gaze, alas,

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They saw the gloomy trains of anguish pass ;
The star of hope rise high in many a sky,
In others sicken, fade away, and die.
No strangers were they in the straw-roofed cot,
Nor to the peasant's history and lot ;
Not seldom did they grasp the ploughman's palm,
Or lean upon the yeoman's friendly arm ;
Their blessing gave the bridegroom and his bride,
Caressed the matron's smiling, chattering pride ;
Drank with the widowed from the cup of tears,
Sat with the patriarch in the vale of years ;
Stood with departing pilgrims on the strand,
And launched them safely for a better land.

Poor, pious, brave, with no illustrious name,
To all our towns and villages they came ;
Walked thirty miles upon a Sabbath day,
Preached thrice, and had three shillings for their pay ;
Sprung from the people, nursed in poverty,
Of genius steeped in Celtic poetry ;
They loved the Kymric tongue and knew its power,
Its harmonies would on the people shower ;
By storms of eloquence and passion driven,

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Borne on the wings of tempests sent from heaven,
In glens, on hills, the gospel said and sung,
Until with holy sounds old Cambria rung ;
These simple patriarchs, fervid, true, and brave,
To this our land its sainted glory gave.

Beneath their labours and their pious care,
The lowly folds of Christ rose everywhere ;
In shady groves, deep glens, on hillsides bleak,
Where patiently the straying flocks they seek ;
Beside soft streams that run through quiet nooks,
Or rushed with laughter loud wild mountain brooks ;
In the soft laps of green and flowery vales,
With music filled and fanned by odorous gales ;
Hamlet and village had their meeting place,
City and town their humble means of grace ;
Strangers to art and all unknown to wealth,
They grew in form and power almost by stealth ;
Their whitewashed faces, simple roofs of straw,
Filled none with gloom, inspired none with awe ;
Yet were the holiest loves of heart and mind,
Around these poor conventicles entwined ;
These little Bethels had the charms of home,

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To which the saints of God and angels come ;
And surely He who earth and heaven commands,
Esteems alike all temples made with hands.

Within the precinct freed from earthly woes,
Their labours done the dead in peace repose ;
No yew tree spreads its venerable gloom,
No mausoleum there or marble tomb ;
A simple stone marks out each hallowed spot,
And tells the story of our common lot ;
Green is the turf and trimmed with pious care,
And fresh the bloom of fairest flowers there ;
Above the dust the little daisies spread,
And blooming violets their fragrance shed ;
Perchance a rose its crimson may display,
Or lily add its beauty to the clay ;
Poor robin redbreast trill his elegy,
And drop like tears his mournful melody ;
While the lark lingering in the light above,
Pours o'er the dead his lays of hope and love.

From scenes like these, the young, the blithe, and gay,
Avert their faces, turn their feet away ;
But many a gray-haired pilgrim worn and bent,

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Waiting the hour of prayer has here spent,
Leaning above the dust with tearful eye,
Moments of melancholy bliss ; here lie,
His buried hopes, the bloom of heart and home ;
And here the friends of youth and manhood come,
To rest ; while he beneath a weight of years,
Looks down the silent vale that's dim with tears,
And hopes with them to lay his burden down,
And mingle with their hallowed dust his own.


The people from the country-side around,
About the place in whispering groups are found ;
Filled with the freshness of the Sabbath morn,
The dewy vale, the stream, the fragrant thorn ;
They wait the hour with hearts attuned to praise,
Already murmuring some of Zion's lays.

This simple peasantry I've loved so well,
And would their manners and devotions tell,
A moment pause above their lowly state,
Their fervour and their heavenly joys relate.
Remote among the hills they spend their days,
Unlearned except in God's and nature's ways ;
Content to toil beside the plough or loom,

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Until they change the cottage for the tomb.
No ostentation marks their mien or dress,
No lofty, vain ambition they caress ;
With jealous care their heavenly hopes they keep,
Within the heart, like gems in ocean's deep ;
If thoughts expansive in their bosoms rise,
They upwards fly like angels to the skies ;
Like fairest flowers that to the sunshine come,
Their souls are filled with virtue's sweet perfume.

Betimes assembled in the house of prayer,
The place assumes a reverential air ;
In adoration deep the people wait,
Like lowly suppliants at heaven's gate ;
Already kindled with devotion's fire,
To God's white throne the flames of love aspire,
And wave their burning wings with the angelic choir.
Anon the worshippers list to the words,
Fall softly on the spirit's tenderest chords,
That come from God ; thoughts from eternity,
In whose calm depths all truth and wisdom lie,
Mirrors of beauty and divinity.
All hearts unite in praise, a simple hymn,



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Of joyous sadness; many an eye is dim,
With tears of love; and through those tears are seen,
Immanuel's land, the fadeless, ever-green,
Those dewy veils reveal glimpses of God I ween.

The word is preached, not learned, or cold, or deep,
By some dull moralist with soul asleep;
No superstition lends its doubtful aid,
To reverence or by symbol or by shade;
No priest pretends to hold the key to heaven,
Nor mystic power or grace to him is given;
No altar in the little Bethel's built,
No sacrifice is made to atone for guilt,
No cross except the cross the spirit wears,
No priest-swung censer burning incense bears;
No lights that mimic him that burns on high,
The life and glory of both earth and sky.

The preacher brings no verbal strange device,
Before the people like resplendent ice;
Touched with the flames of love his lips impart,
The warm, bright lessons of a glowing heart;
His ardent faith and genial fervour bring,
The sunshine, joy, and music of the spring;

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His simple words descend like summer showers,
From sun-warmed skies on waiting thirsty flowers.
What bliss the people know ! what peace ! what grace
What heavenly fragrance fills the holy place ;
What bursts of rapture kindled from above,
What streams of joy from flowing founts of love.
Young men and maidens feel the dawning hope,
That breaks upon the soul and leads it up,
To heaven's gate ; how glorious is the view,
To see them climb the mount of sun and dew,
The mount of love divine ; blessed hour when care,
Melts like thin mist and cloud in summer air ;
When pain with gospel wine is soothed to sleep,
And leaves the soul a festival to keep,
With its own Bridegroom. Oft divinest hour,
Hast thou made trembling weakness change to power ;
And drying up the poisoned wells of sin,
Opened up singing founts of bliss within ;
Thy breath has changed to balm the falling tears,
Thy sunny smiles has banished gloomy fears ;
To souls despairing in the swelling storm,
Thou hast revealed an angel voice and form ;
And many a weary pilgrim furrowed deep

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With time, in Christ is reconciled to sleep ;
With murmuring hallelujahs in his breast,
Breathes his own requiem of eternal rest,
Amens reverberating round the tomb,
Sings to the grave sweet hymns of peace and home.


Communion with the objects of my care,
As full as one poor mortal heart could bear,
I've always felt ; they knew the shepherd's voice,
Their answering looks have made my heart rejoice ;
I loved them well, and that deep mystic flow,
Of passion, that hand, eye, and voice could show,
They all perceived ; nor could my heart the less,
Drink from the fountains of their happiness,
We lived to love each other and to bless.
As faithful pastor, many an erring child,
By strange allurements far from God beguiled,
I've followed through sin's deep and trackless waste,
To rescue ; finding, perishing, embraced ;
And felt the joys the holy angels feel,
In heavenly mansions, and their songs reveal.
On many a lonely plain the Saviour's sheep,
I've watched and tended with contentment deep,

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Led them to pasture, opened to their view,
Exhaustless fields fresh with the morning dew,
Of love divine ; guided their gentle feet,
To streams of truth, and gospel waters sweet ;
In peace beheld them feed or quiet lie,
In flowery meads beneath a cloudless sky.

Yet have those pastoral duties had their cares ;
No earthly land perpetual summer wears ;
No pastor wandering with his flocks has seen,
Meadows that always smile in fadeless green ;
Alas the wintry ruthless tempest comes,
And smites with freezing breath the finest blooms,
And springs most musical ; sad times of dearth,
When blight and mildew fall upon the earth,
And famine stalks the land, lean, grim, and gaunt,
These would the shepherd's heart with sorrow haunt.

And other cares to try his patience come ;
The wolves that in the hills of prey do roam,
Thirsting for blood ; when fall the evening shades,
Between the doubtful lights along the glades
They skulk ; I've heard too oft their dismal howl,
The cruel herald of destruction foul ;



Seen glaring eyes and teeth with ravine red.
Then has the shepherd true both fought and bled,
To put the hated enemy to flight,
And watched the trembling flock through many a stormy
 night.

The ditch has had its victims ; lying low,
In piteous guise, the fleece once white as snow,
Befouled ; a twin to filthy beasts unclean ;
Not oft, yet never but with sorrow seen.
Yes, would the shepherd see with tender eye,
A member of his flock polluted lie,
Deep in the mire, then lift with gentle pains,
Lead to the fount and wash with mingling tears its
 stains.

With grief that sinks much deeper in the heart,
The pastor sees an erring sheep depart,
And leave the fold and pastures far behind ;
He knows, ere long, those straying feet will find,
A hungry land ; in stony deserts dark,
Strewn thick with bones and many a crimson mark,
That neither rest nor sweet refreshment give,
To wander homeless ; long it cannot live !

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Region of doubt, of unbelief, and sin,
Within thy tremulous, deepening shades begin,
The woes of death ; among thy dismal caves,
Perplexed, despairing souls find open graves,
Thy devious paths by yawning gulfs beset,
Moan hungry for their prey, crimson and wet
With blood and tears, the hapless wanderers roam,
Through sunless shades and ever-deepening gloom,
That hopeless border on eternal night.

Unseen, unless the wild bird in his flight,
Observed my agony ; 'tween hopes and fears,
In many an ancient stream I've dropped my tears,
And many a mossy rock has known my cares,
Lone woods and glens and hills have heard my prayers,
That from sin's dismal desolated bourne,
The straying sheep may to the fold return.

Much labour, patience, wisdom shepherd's need,
The flocks committed to their care to feed ;
'Tis theirs to exercise enlightened skill,
In choosing pastures fair ; the lean, foul, ill,
Quick to perceive ; the rugged barren rocks,
That yield nor drink nor herbage to their flocks,

Avoid, nor tempt with useless toil and want,
Their patient charge ; discern the tracks where scant
And thin the blade scarce peeps from stony breast,
And shun, for smiling plenty and sweet rest.

Here let me dwell, or linger just awhile ;
A moment may this theme our thoughts beguile.
Behold my sons the meadows that invite
The pastor and his flock ; soft falls the light,
Of heaven upon their smiling bosoms fair,
All fanned by gentle winds and balmy air.
You know the pastures, in the Book divine ;
You've often wandered on from line to line,
And walked in spirit as from truth to truth,
Traversed its doctrines page by page forsooth,
And in its old familiar paths and ways,
You've lingered long and spent your happiest days.
For hungry souls here God's provision find,
Where beauty, sweetness, strength are all combined ;
The eye contented roves from scene to scene,
Sweet to the taste the luscious blades and green,
Refreshment and delight give plants and flowers,
And cooling shade fair angel-woven bowers.

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Shall I upon a long experience dwell,
Draw from my more than nine ten years and tell,
Where most these aged feet have trod ? where led
My flock ? upon what meads and pastures fed ?
I will ; for still before fond memory's eye,
Fadeless in all their holy charms they lie.
This Book is all divine ; a Methodist,
Born of the Word no other deems I wist ;
Too well he knows soul hunger to assuage,
Refreshment sweet grows out of every page ;
Yea, single words like blades or plants impart,
To the mouth sweetness, comfort to the heart.

Along the plains my steps I've often bent,
Where Abraham led his flocks and pitched his tent ;
I've trod those holy fields and brushed the dew,
At eve with Isaac ; and where Jacob grew,
A mighty prince with God. On Sinai's steep,
And solemn heights I've wandered with my sheep ;
Though full of awful wonders found it good,
In the dread glories of its solitude,
Awhile to pasture. Like an emerald gem,
Gleamed on my view the plain of Bethlehem ;

And many an hour I've spent in sweet employ,
Communing with the ruddy shepherd boy ;
My flock refreshing from his much-loved well,
While from his harp the sweetest music fell,
Upon our ears. On Carmel's flowery breast,
The generous plant I've found and kindly rest ;
In Sharon breathed the perfume-laden air,
Among its roses and its lilies fair ;
Followed the footsteps of Isaiah, found
The springs of song ; once dreary desert ground,
Wearing the bloom of joy ; our feet would stray,
Along the Egyptian plains ; our paths may lay,
Where the rapt prophet saw his visions grand,
Among the weeping tribes in Babel's land ;
Or leaving Chebar with its cherubim,
Observe the youth among the lions grim ;
Or watch the lads amidst the blazing fire,
Their beauty and their fortitude admire.
In traversing the pages of the Book,
A little verse like a green, flowery nook,
Has flashed its beauty on our wondering sense ;
A truth has opened like a plain immense,
Defying human reason to explore,

Its utmost bounds ; and oft upon the shore,
Of flowing broad commandments we have stood,
To quench our thirst and watch the crystal flood.
Epistles by inspirèd penmen writ,
Were traversed oft, and in our wanderings hit,
On hidden springs of joy, and dells of bliss ;
Climbed mounts of glory whose bright summits kiss,
The gleaming splendours of the throne of light,
And touch the fringes of the infinite.

Those glistening fields where falls the pure light,
Of science, and so many feet invite,
To tread their paths ; philosophy, and art,
That spread out endless charms to eye and heart,
I have not traversed ; these how'er sublime,
Glorious, beneficent, bear the marks of time,
On their resplendent brows ; I'm fain to think,
Their wells do not supply the heavenly drink,
For which the spirit cries. The truths of art
May charm but not regenerate the heart ;
Science with triumph may unfold her scroll,
But blushing owns she cannot save a soul ;
She may reveal the chain of endless years,

But helpless stands beside the widow's tears ;
One influence only can the spirit win,
From the unholy ways and paths of sin ;
Religion is the God-appointed power,
To raise, to sanctify, to comfort, dower
With light, with life, and with immortal love ;
Oh may our hearts its heavenly virtue prove.


Yet may I say most often have we sought,
Those holy fields, where the Messiah bought
The world's redemption ; in the paths once trod,
By the Good Shepherd on His way to God,
Most comfort have we found ; yea, thereon lies,
The fatness borne afar from Paradise,
By clouds of blessing ; blooms of peace and love,
Whose native soil is on the plains above,
Wave their soft bosoms in the golden light,
And to their banquets hungry flocks invite.

Mount of beatitudes above the din,
Of worldly strife ; or quietly within
The vales of parables ; or up afar,
Transfiguration's height, calm as a star,

With heavenly visitants as bright, we've browsed,
There oft; and in their quiet folds have housed.

Oh sacred Mount thou canst not be forgot,
The shepherd loves thee most, divinest spot,
And fairest upon earth; upon thee blow,
The balmiest airs; and loveliest seasons sow
Their richest flowers; thy softest dews ne'er fail,
Thy springs, thy founts, thy streams of grace prevail,
Through all the ages; reverently we tread,
Where the Great Shepherd bowed in death His head;
And where His love in crimson showers fell,
Upon thy slopes, we see thy bosom swell,
With richest pasture; on thy summits wave,
Around His stained cross, beside His grave,
Immortal blooms of hope and joys divine,
With manna sprinkled, washed in heavenly wine.
In the sweet summer of the soul we've known,
Thy rest, peace, fulness, bliss; my flocks have grown,
Feeding upon thy riches fair and strong;
On Calvary they love to linger late and long.

Benignant angels whom we've often met,
On Bethel, Golgotha, and Olivet;



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Lead our poor, feeble feet along the gloom,
Of the dark, lonely valley till we come,
To Zion's dewy mount. Oh, be our guide,
Until, all wanderings done, we stand beside,
The Lamb of God ; His radiant flock behold,
Feed near His fountains, rest within His fold.





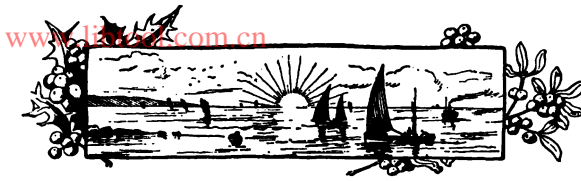
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FATHER sit beside this stream,
Passing swiftly like a dream ;
While the sun is yet on high,
Gleaming in a golden sky ;
While the blackbird loud and long,
Whistles in the copse his song ;
Far among the ferns and rocks,
Are the shepherds and their flocks ;
Tell us, holy father, tales,
Of our Christian festivals ;
When the hearts of old and young,
By the Holy Spirit strung,
Like a harp with music rung ;
Tell us how the myriads came,
Burning with devotion's flame,
To some nook among the hills,

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Bright with bloom and rippling rills ;
Where their flocks the fathers fed,
With the true and heavenly bread ;
Watered them with joys divine,
Sweeter far than purple wine.
Tell us of the ancient fire,
Felt alike by son and sire ;
Tell us of the golden days,
Spent with God in prayer and praise ;
When our hills from morn till even,
Seemed to wear the garb of heaven ;
When the Pentecostal shower,
Came in light, and joy, and power ;
Opening wide the Gospel portal,
Visions gave of life immortal ;
Tell us, father, this sweet story,
'Tis our Church, our nation's glory.





BELOVED sons my heart is filled with tears,
When at the close of more than nine ten years,
You stir it with these hallowed memories.
Yes, fair and holy are the trains that rise,
Like angels moving in a sunset land ;
In its pale rays a multitude they stand.
In this faint, dim, and shadowy realm I trace,
Forms once beloved and many a friendly face ;
And friendly hands I grasp, sweet voices hear,
Whose every touch and accent is most dear.
Awakened fancy seeks the hallowed time,
When limb, and heart, and mind were in their prime ;
When these gray, faded locks were touched with gold,
When hope had wings and faith was strong and bold ;
When heaven rested on the very rim,
Of earth ; and filled our valleys to the brim,
With glory. Thence I'll draw if draw I can,
My fragmentary tales ; I have no plan,

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But like a wandering sheep my pastures choose ;
Perchance to ramble, or may be to lose,
Myself amongst luxuriance rich and sweet ;
Nor wonder should they stray these aged feet.

The time drew nigh with expectation great,
And many a heart impatiently did beat,
For Zion's happiest, holiest festival ;
Within the cottage, homestead, and the hall,
High hopes were raised and fervently expressed,
For blessings, inspiration, heavenly rest.


From these remote and stubborn hills I went,
My lonely course to far Snowdonia bent ;
Dispensing to the people by the way,
The food for which they hungered day by day.
While yet the dew was lying in the vale,
The hymn went floating on the morning gale ;
Leagues onwards having left the noon behind,
Around the sacred spot a crowd would find ;
Again, when, having travelled far and well,
On the green sloping hills the shadows fell,
Ere night the story of the cross would tell.

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Among these rustic people oft would come,
At early morn the maiden in her bloom ;
With ears and heart attuned to catch the truth,
And trembling lip and tearful eye the youth ;
The yeoman hastening, left the scythe or hook,
The shepherd too stood leaning on his crook ;
The smith with brawny arms and grimy brow,
His forge would leave, aside his hammers throw ;
The fisherman forget his fish and nets,
The scribe his clients, papers, compts, gazettes ;
The hall sent forth the matron and the squire,
And daughters fair all grouped around their sire,
Praying to catch a spark of heavenly fire.

Trevecca showed me hospitality,
Beside the dust of Harris bent the knee,
And prayed his mantle might descend on me.

Where fervour spoke, where Pantycelyn sung,
Whose music through the vales of Cambria rung,
The holy heritage of old and young.

Llandovery—chequered, found through good and ill,
The Vicar's glimmering Candle burning still,
And hope for ages many yet it will.



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I sought the quiet vale where Ayron ran,
There breathed a prayer and blessed Llangeitho's man,
Rowlands—God's greatest gift to Cardigan.

Twrgwyn, a mighty stronghold of the Lord,
Took from my faltering lips with joy the word,
The key was struck aright, divine each chord.

On Bala Green ere setting sun we stood,
Each blade seemed sprinkled with atoning blood ;
Dew first, then rain, and last a swelling flood.

While on my way I found a loving heart,
To whom the Lord did ample grace impart ;
Knowledge profound to guide a burning zeal,
Eyes full of light, a spirit quick to feel ;
His great desire was Christ the Lord to serve,
And never from His throne and law to swerve
But next His Lord to glorify, his plan,
Reached far and wide towards his fellow man ;
He yearned the stream of blessing to increase,
And foster through the land the plants of peace ;
His chief delight his days to full employ,
In filling hearts and homes with solid joy ;
And hoped the Lord would grant him many years,

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In healing bosom wounds and drying tears,
And banishing from souls sin, guilt, and fears.

Upon a sanguine spirit fell his words,
And touched within my breast responsive chords;
My soul seemed bathed in airs divinely sweet,
The lonely desert blossomed at my feet;
Meirioneth's rugged mountain rocks unrolled,—
Such was the charm—before my eyes like gold;
Oft from our saddles sprang the hymn on high,
The wingéd echoes flew along the sky;
And from our steeds together would descend,
Beside some rock our knees in prayer to bend;
And found on mountain tops an open gate,
To heaven; while angels there on pilgrims wait.
In glad companionship we journeyed on,
From early morn until the setting sun;
At last with joy we climbed Arvonias hills,
Heard the sweet murmur of Snowdonias rills;
There joined the number of the mighty host,
As saints of old came on the Pentecost,
All praying, waiting for the Holy Ghost.
The prophet saw a vision bright,

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The messengers of peace and light,
Bathed in the soft and purple air,
Upon Judea's mountains fair ;
So now were Zion's heralds seen,
Among our Cambrian mountains green ;
Was there a distant wave-washed coast,
A hamlet which the land could boast ;
A sheltered dell or hidden glen,
A lofty bal or rugged ben ;
A son of peace that had not sent,
To wild Arvonian ? As I went,
Among the host on knowledge bent,
I felt the purple stream beat high,
As to those saints my steps drew nigh ;
The heart was kindled to a flame,
By many a well-known honoured name ;
Princes of Israel's host, how great,
Their glory ; how shall I relate,
Their simple dignities, and heaven bestowed
Honours ; to which they nobly bowed.

Charles, beaming with philanthropy,
Whose kindly spirit yearned to see,

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Cloudless the lamp of truth divine,
In every Cambrian cottage shine ;
Whose faith the promises saw play,
Like angels in each golden ray,
Heralding the millennial day,
We mourned ; for now we saw him not.
He had exchanged the earthly lot,
The toil, the strife, the pain, the care,
Which for the Word of God he bare ;
The travels oft and weary feet,
When snow lay deep or tempests beat ;
The long and winding mountain climb,
With steaming brow and aching limb ;
For rest, enfolded safe above,
Within the everlasting love.

Richards, who sojourned near the sea,
Whose soul was ample, deep, and free ;
And like the Atlantic waves immense,
Resistless rolled his eloquence.

His brother Eben, chieftain mild,
Among Tregaron's mountains wild,
Who ruled the clans of Tivy side,

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By winning them to Him who died ;
Who swayed not by rhetoric arts,
But by converting sinful hearts ;
Renouncing carnal, worldly dross,
He saw the glory of the cross ;
And holding it aloft he ran,
Through all the coasts of Cardigan ;
And shouting in the wilderness,
The mountaineers sought to bless ;
And there was music in his voice,
The children of the wilds rejoice ;
The prophet hail from Tivy's wave,
Whose words have power to charm and save.

Llwynfortun's pastor, courteous, fair,
Who moved, spoke, smiled, with princely air ;
Whose words fell like refreshing dew,
Whose thoughts came forth as through the blue,
The stars come of a cloudless even,
And draw all eyes and hearts to heaven.

Monmouth had sent her son beloved ;
With mien dejected slow he moved,
Among the host ; he knew not why,

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The tear would drop, or heave the sigh ;
He knew God loved the world ; and then,
The sinless One had died for men.
He was a star behind a cloud,
A star that sometimes rent its shroud,
And with a strange effulgence shone,
Night became day, the star a sun.

Talsarn,—a mighty delver he,
Who quarried in divinity ;
Among the eternal hills of love,
Deep spacious galleries he drove ;
Laid bare their noble beds to view,
And truth in living blocks thence drew.
He was an artist who could trim,
The lofty shaft and solid beam ;
And build a temple richly fraught,
With gold and purest gems of thought.

Rees, modest youth, a stripling tall,
Who heard among the sheep his call,
While on Hiraethog's dewy ben,
Far from the haunts and ways of men ;

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Sweet as the pastures he had trod,
He seemed among the hosts of God.

Cilgerran, one of Cambria's sparkling rills ;
Of beauty born, whose ceaseless murmur fills,
The land through which it flows with sweet delight.
Not like a stream whose tide swept on in might,
From far-off lands, and awed us with its flow ;
On which big ships of commerce come and go ;
Or stern and dreadful messengers of war,
That ride in pride and spread alarms afar.
His eloquence did wend its way along,
As sweetly as a little brooklet's song ;
It danced and curvetted among the rocks,
Refreshment smiling on the thirsty flocks ;
It sang its silvery song through flowery glades,
And leaped with joyous laughter the cascades ;
With little, lightsome, flying sprays of wit,
The listening ear would softly kindly hit ;
Away objections from its course would brush,
At every form of sin impetuous rush ;
Gently meandering in its course would stray,
Where lowliest vales their modest gifts display,

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To every plant or bloom, or brake or dell,
Its tales of cheer in sweetest music tell.

Twrgwyn,—a trumpet of the Lord,
Through whom was sounded forth His word ;
The mountains witnessed to his force,
And echoed back his strong discourse ;
His shout rolled like the thunder's roar,
Or ocean dashing on the shore ;
His sentences, not long, but loud,
In awe went crashing through the crowd ;
Around the multitudes they fly,
Reverberating through the sky ;
A single word he would prolong,
With emphasis and accent strong ;
Upon a single syllable,
With oft repeated breath would dwell,
Until the people knew it well,
Confessed its power, and felt its spell.
That mighty trumpet music had,
To cheer the sorrowful and sad ;
It oft discoursed in sweetest strain,
To ease the heart and banish pain ;

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The aged pilgrim loved to hear,
Its melodies fall on his ear ;
The multitudes would stand and list,
Its music till the evening mist,
Would gather on the hills around.
And yet more happy was its sound ;—
The savage breast it ofttimes charmed,
Its calls the listless oft alarmed ;
To sober thought it would arouse,
The sprightly, gay, and frivolous ;
Its awful notes would sometimes roll,
Conviction into a sinful soul ;
And spirits plunged in worldly strife,
Would startle to eternal life.

The Baptist seer of Mona's isle,
Was there in grand prophetic style ;
With pensive, serious step he trod,
The prayer and tear anointed sod,
Like an ambassador from God.
Yearning to greet him I drew nigh,
Gazed in the depths of his one eye,
Where in its soundless, endless blue,

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Whose depths no plummet ever knew,
The myriad wonders of the deep,
Lay calm beneath the waves asleep.
Twin to the bard of Paradise,
Or Bedford's dreamer ; oh, for eyes,
To see what thy one eye discerned,
In which the light of heaven burned.

And fondly now does memory turn,
To gaze upon the man of Wern ;
Through the long avenue of years,
Dim through the mists of time and tears,
Sweetly his friendly face appears.
Though he the prophet's mantle wore,
The dew and bloom of youth he bore ;
Grace sat upon the unclouded brow,
The fire of genius gleamed below ;
The lips wreathed with sweet smiles and bent,
Breathed perfumed words and eloquent ;
And many sires and sages keen,
Who saw him in the valley green,
Became prophetic of the hour,
When Wales would know and feel his power.

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The seers saw with spirits true,
For great in power with years he grew ;
Than his Wales knew no sweeter tongue,
That cheered and charmed both old and young ;
That soothed her fiery sons and wild,
And into wisdom's ways beguiled ;
His heart, his words, his voice would bring,
The sunshine and the gifts of spring ;
He could command the genial shower
Of tears, to fall upon the flower,
Of truth ; and like the summer sun,
Disperse the clouds and shine upon,
The plants that drooped and bid them rise,
And wave 'neath fairer, brighter skies.

Elias, in his might came forth,
Majestic lion of the north ;
Strength in each limb, his eye with fire,
Burned clear and bright, divine his ire ;
As yet his anger was not stirred,
Nor voice, except in greeting, heard ;
Grace courtesies, on his lips did lay,
Around his brow soft lights did play,
And calm his face as summer's day.

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Oft have I thought of those belovéd days,
When Zion's pilgrims singing through the ways;
And with the early dawn along the plains,
The dewy meadows and the perfumed lanes,
Or hills with heather bright or gorse aflame,
To keep our holiest festival they came.

They left their homes a happy company,
The cottage threshold crossing two or three,
Growing in strength and numbers as they went,
Just as our mountain rills are confluent;
Heart joined to heart they came in joyous mood,
Like gentle waves that sought the greater flood,
Until within the mighty lake they stood.


Fresh were those spirits as the morning wind,
Each pilgrim did his hymn or Scripture find;
Some hearts flung on the fragrant breeze the psalm,
That dropt upon their listening ears like balm;
Devotion's fire burnt deep in every breast,
Some humbly thanked the Saviour for His rest;
All prayed some precious gift of grace to gain,
And hoped the day would not be spent in vain;
But richest blessings crown its golden hours,

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As sunshine floods and overflows the flowers,
That grow in beauty 'neath its heavenly powers.

Nor did those pious pilgrims fail to tell,
Who made the tide of expectation swell,
Within their hearts; who most their homage claimed;
Each had a friend to praise, but no one blamed.

To one good messenger, a pilgrim wist,
He could as to a burning seraph list;
One filled the rapturous soul with thoughts divine,
Sweet to the taste as Cana's marriage wine;
Another sent the Gospel shaft within,
The wounded heart, that fatal proved to sin;
A Boanerges one who slumbers broke,
And startled souls to life eternal woke;
While consolations filled another's mouth,
Soft as summer breathing from the south.
Their Cambrian fancy travelled far afield,
For images comparisons to build;
Patriarchs and prophets, priests and pious kings,
Were not too far to reach for Celtic wings;
The loving fervid heart and heaven-lit eye,
Could apostolic likenesses descry,



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In lips so eloquent and souls so good,
Such was their converse and their mood.

The concourse was a mighty multitude,
Long ere the sun upon the zenith stood ;
Ere yet the shadows from the glens had fled,
Or misty haze had left the brooklet's bed ;
From all the mountain sides and dales around,
The pious peasantry their way had found,
To one sweet dell—twas prayer-haunted ground.

Myriads—ah, myriads is the word I think,—
I stood alone upon a sheepwalk brink,
And thence on more than twice ten thousand gazed ;
My heart rejoiced, my soul was much amazed.
A noble concourse was that peasantry,
Kings might be proud a people such to see ;
In manners simple but in heart refined,
Brave, patient, righteous, peaceable, and kind ;
Intelligent but most in holy ways,
Who filled with deeds of piety their days ;
Though lands, nor gold, nor titles they could boast,
These sons of toil, and oft by tempests tossed,
Lowly their cots, hungry and lean their sod,

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But pleasures, riches, honours found in God.
These pious people came in homespun gray,
Of glittering baubles no one made display ;
Their ornaments were blooming cheeks aglow,
Teeth like the flashing pearl or stainless snow ;
Eyes like the stars that beamed with friendly light,
And brows that banished all the shades of night ;
Limbs kings might envy, strong with honest toil,
That blessings daily drew from sod and soil ;
That day they seemed a noble, splendid race,
Adorned alike by nature and by grace.

The season was the summer in its prime,
When day by day the sun doth higher climb,
A few steps more to be enthroned on high,
The calm, benignant sovereign of the sky.
Upon the shoulders of the hills were seen,
New woven robes of quiet restful green ;
The vales in simple modesty unfold,
Their treasures touched with promises of gold ;
The cornfield smiled, the bush and hedge were gay,
And gave their sweets to pilgrims by the way ;
While every whispering tree or speaking grove,
Was filled with ministries of joy and love.

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The morn came forth as if the first from God,
In stainless raiments blue it moved abroad ;
Its new-spun vestures filled with spotless light,
And myriad smiles, gave every heart delight ;
Sent like a gracious messenger of love,
It brought us peaceful tokens from above ;
No cloudlet moved across the solar way,
Between us and the glorious Fount of day.

The spot was sacred, but 'twas lovely too,
To which from far and near the pilgrims drew ;
A little dell in softest green arrayed,
And modest as a blushing mountain maid ;
On every side was seen a gentle slope,
Sparkling at morn an emerald jewelled cup ;
Its heart refreshed by a delicious stream,
That passed like music, or a wandering dream ;
Low down the dell upon a rocky ridge,
Stood above salmon pools a mossy bridge ;
And homesteads with the milky breath of kine,
On flowery banks that to the sun incline ;
Atlantic waves from far their greetings sent,
And to the scene a solemn grandeur lent,

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As in calm, murmuring majesty they rolled,
Far from the west in endless leagues of gold ;
The rocks that towered on high and shelter gave,
Looked friendly, though their brows were stern and
grave ;
Though ages numberless had made them hoar,
Their princely forms with majesty they bore.

I have nor art nor science at command,
To say, my sons, how noblest fanes are planned ;
Resource nor genius of constructive mind,
To say how spacious temples are designed ;
I am a stranger to their symmetry,
Nor know when arch and column do agree ;
Or on its oaken ribs the roof doth lie,
A true wrought image of the brooding sky ;
I could not tell an angel more or less,
Or saint or martyr needs the place to bless ;
Or windows are they touched with too much bloom
Consistent with the true religious gloom ;
These untaught eyes can only faintly trace,
In spires and towers beauty of form and grace,
Where kings and nobles have their resting place.

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But this I know the prophets of the Lord,
Have 'neath an open sky discoursed his word ;
The rock of Sinai was Moses' chair ;
Elias among Carmel's vineyards fair,
Ahab, his court, and Israel all addressed ;
The prophet stern with leathern girdle dressed,
And camel's hair near ancient Jordan stood,
And sent his word across the rolling flood ;
The Man of Nazareth through Galilee,
Upon the mountains spoke or near the sea ;
The blooming flower and the silvery wave,
To His sweet words their tender beauty gave ;
The ripening corn, the bird upon the wing,
The nets and vines, or flocks when pasturing,
While listening to His word the people saw,
And helped therefrom to learn His heavenly law.

Who could not choose but listen ? at His feet,
The crimson lily listened fresh and sweet ;
Nor wonder that divine seemed all the hours,
When wisdom mingled with the breath of flowers ;
God's kingdom with the Christ of God drew nigh,
By Him it was revealed in earth and sky.

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Before the eventful morn, throughout the night,
Sweet sleep from many an eye had taken flight ;
And feverish heads on downy pillows pressed,
Prayer-laden spirits too could find no rest ;
On the still angel-haunted midnight air,
Floated from little cells the sounds of prayer ;
Yea, many a pious father vigils kept,
While the good yeoman and his household slept ;
Just when morn's golden shafts began to play,
And pierce the curtained misty robes of gray,
Out through the quiet, trembling shadows stole,
Unseen, unheard full many an anxious soul.
One sought the murmur of the brook alone,
There some sweet Scripture promises to con ;
Another bent him to the neighbouring grove,
The comfort of its solitude to prove ;
Some hopeful spirits climbed the heights to pray,
And catch the growing glories of the day ;
While many an eloquent and learned divine,
Paced the cool meadows with the flocks and kine ;
All prayed the Lord of heaven the Victor brave,
Who triumphed over hell, death, and the grave,
That day would bare His gracious arm and save.

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My sons, that day from summer morn till even,
Has its immortal record laid in heaven ;
I cannot here rehearse its various parts,
Nor tell the tale of twice ten thousand hearts ;
Recite the story of the first sweet hymn,
Until the last amen when eve was dim.
We saw creation out of chaos rise,
The Fall of man, the loss of Paradise,
The shepherd-boy with pebbles smooth and sling,
Down to the earth the boastful giant bring ;
The burning bush on lonely Sinai's mount,
The thief that plunged him in Golgotha's fount ;
The lurid flames, alas, of endless fires,
The Holy City with its blood-washed choirs.

Suffice that many a shower of manna fell,
Like summer rain upon that little dell,
That every service had its heaven-sent bread,
And Gospel feasts for hungry spirits spread.

My sons, with feeble powers I will essay,
One scene that gave its splendours to that day ;
The time—though time was scarcely counted then,
The solar finger pointed towards ten ;

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The hosts assembled 'neath a stainless sky,
Though numberless and deep the shadows lie,
Falling from dark columnar cliffs and high,
Warm mystic breathings murmured heaven was nigh.

A hymn rose on the air both low and faint,
Wafted on trembling wings by some poor saint ;
Sweet notes of sorrow struck that plaintive voice,
And bade in mournful tones the hosts rejoice ;
The sound in volume grows, a gentle swell,
That wider spreads and higher through the dell ;
A flowing, growing tide of harmony,
That rolls as from some distant summer sea ;
Anon all join in that sweet simple strain,
Prolong the notes, repeat them o'er again ;
The spirit rules the melody not art,
Its fount of inspiration is the heart ;
At last far o'er the loftiest cliffs it flies,
Dove-like to mingle in its native skies.

A psalm was read, a royal psalm of peace,
That told Messiah's kingdom should increase ;
His glorious empire stretch to far-off isles,
And dreary deserts blossom 'neath His smiles.

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The reader to whose tender eyes of blue,
From the heart rose the tears like glistening dew,
The sacred volume closed ; then sought the Lord,
In prayer, that day to bless His holy Word.
That prayer ! its simple glory who can state,
And who its inner shrine dare penetrate ?
Celestial flower ! I fear to touch its bloom ;
To God it went ; from Him it seemed to come ;
Begotten of the brooding, mystic Dove,
Sprung from the heart it winged its way above,
A breath divine all perfumed through with love.

Elias, worthy of the prophet's name,
Whose zeal burnt strong and of the purest flame,
Before the praying, sobbing people came.
Advancing with a stately step and slow, •
His serious mien more serious seemed to grow ;
To that deep brow each wingéd moment brought,
Rich hues of gloom and deepening shades of thought ;
In the calm depths of his dark gleaming eyes,
A sacred purpose burned divinely wise ;
A serious smile sits brooding on his lips,
And angel-like upon their movements keeps,

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Strict ward, lest from the citadel of mind,
Aught except truth divine should exit find.

Upon his face a myriad glances beat,
More fierce by far than summer's scorching heat;—
He looks as if for shelter or retreat. •
'Twas but a moment for that princely form,
Had borne for years the tempest and the storm;
A valiant captain in the Gospel field,
Held full in front of him faith's ample shield;
And dauntless firmly grasped the Spirit's sword,
For strength to battle trusting in his Lord.

His voice fell on our ears in accents low,
Word followed word in measured tones and slow;
Each word, each syllable distinct and clear,
Like music deep and solemn reached our ear;
With eloquence advancing did we find,
Each tone bespoke the passion of the mind;
Command, entreaty, warning, sympathy,
For each his voice found its peculiar key;
Now rising to a loud, majestic swell,
Then to soft cadences and murmurs fell;
Now like a storm that breaks across the wild,

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Anon the plaintive wailing of a child ;
His shout rolled terrible, vehement, loud,
Like thunder breaking from a summer cloud ;
Anon he woes with soul-subduing powers,
As gentle as a dove among her bowers,
Whose loving calls are incensed all with flowers.

Oft have I seen, pellucid, deep, and cool,
Below a cataract a quiet pool,
That breathed of rest, was eloquent of calm,
Whose gentle murmurs soothed the heart like balm ;
So would he pause amid the surging flow,
Of words whose torrent mightier seemed to grow,
And leave amid the rushing, panting stream,
Of thought, some breathing places in his theme.

'Twas not alone with lip and tongue he spoke ;
Now words of Celtic melody awoke,
Attention, interest, reverence alone ;
How eloquent the various lights that shone,
In his bright orbs and played upon his face,
With power infinite, with charm, and grace.
The nostrils wide distended, quivering chin,
Revealed the holy storms that raged within ;

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His brow with burning anger now would glow,
Anon appalled it seemed and white as snow ;
Did ever monarch signify command,
As when he waved imperiously his hand ?
Was ever finger clothed as his with sense,
Endued with reason, passion, eloquence ?
Each limb, and member, muscle, nerve seemed fraught,
With power divine ; and inspiration caught,
From Him who prophets and apostles taught.


His theme ? 'twas sad, but brimming o'er with glory ;
'Twas from Isaiah's page ; Messiah's story ;
That noblest picture of prophetic truth,
Though old, still blooming with immortal youth ;
Whose tender colours time can never fade,
Till in its sepulchre creation's laid.

We saw the youth rise like a tender plant,
Of slender form and weak, of beauty scant ;
A sage in wisdom while a child at school,
His lustrous eyes and large with pity full ;
As growing manhood brought expanding years,
Youth's golden days were shaded, dim with tears ;
His lips anointed were with heavenly grace,

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His heart embraced the sorrows of His race ;
Though chaste and stainless as the light within,
He felt the woes of sympathy with sin ;
Though nourished on the charms of Galilee,
Rocked in its little boats upon the sea,
The softest music of its waves He knew,
Walked on its golden sands that fringed the blue ;
Ofttimes beside the ancient fountains sat,
Where merry maidens came to draw and chat,
Beheld the crimson lilies of the vales,
And drank the perfume of the summer gales,
Sheltered beneath the shade of spreading vine,
And touched with thirsty lips its purple wine ;
Yet did its splendours find Him every morrow,
A Man of grief who travailed sore with sorrow .

He saw souls quivering 'neath sin's poisonous fang,
And mourned with sympathy their every pang ;
Observed the anguish of diseased minds,
In His own heart the balm of healing finds ;
He sees the wounds like serpent bites sin makes,
The fatal virus His own spirit takes ;
Sore vexed He sees the leper's flesh decay,



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The blind's dark eyeballs search in vain for day ;
The palsied, quivering frame His eye would greet,
The howling maniac from the tomb would meet ;
His spirit felt their troubles, knew their woe,
And all their anguish to His heart did flow ;
These brooding, dark, mysterious clouds of pain,
Their heaviest showers upon Him did rain ;
Affliction's tears which others daily sup,
For Him did fill a deeper, darker cup.

Before Omnipotence the worlds did frame,
He was ordained the sacrificial Lamb ;
In God's blessed purposes he ever stood,
The Slain ; the Fountain of atoning blood ;
Now clothed in human flesh He came to die,
Upon His head a world's dread curses lie ;
The priests, scribes, elders of His people come,
In wicked conclave to pronounce His doom ;
In sinful judgment dark unite with them,
The Roman tyrants of Jerusalem ;
Malignant Jews demand in murderous mood,
To slake their thirst for vengeance in His blood ;
Their eyes beheld the sinless Victim bleed,

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All wagged their heads blaspheming at the deed ;
And when they heard His thirsty spirit cry,
Reviled Him in His deepest agony ;
And when He bowed His bleeding, thorn-crowned head,
Rejoiced their King, the Christ of God was dead.

The curse of sin upon His spirit fell,
Low He descended to the depths of hell ;
Its waves of dark unutterable woe,
In dread abysmal wrath did o'er Him flow ;
His spirit sank beneath the crimson flood,
And yielded to a baptism of blood.
Earth knew its Maker died, the rocks were riven,
The sun withdrew its light, and mourning reigned in
heaven.

Oh, sunless realm and womb of mystery,
Buried within thy dark dominion lie,
The flower of all our hopes ; we read our doom,
'Tis writ in blood upon Messiah's tomb.

Courage ! behold the glimmering star within ;
In Jesus' wounds we see the death of sin ;
And in that crimson stream by vengeance spilt,
Expires the burning flame of human guilt ;

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Now, through that pierced, bleeding heart and riven,
Behold the new and living way to heaven ;
Descending through the cross to death's abode,
He sojourned, journeying on His way to God ;
From that dark realm of woe with Him did rise,
The lights, the blooms, the songs of Paradise ;
His tears, His wounds, His blood like seed were sown,
From which the harvest of our joys has grown ;
From His atoning death a world has sprung,
Of hopes immortal, fadeless, ever young.
Behold your God ! the mighty Conqueror see,
With glory crowned and girt with victory ;
Enthroned on high above the cross and grave,
He rules in love, His sceptre wields to save.

I summon you to build your every hope,
On Him who drank for you the bitter cup ;
Your trust upon the Rock of Ages lay,
'Twill stand the storm of that great coming day,
Come to its shelter now without delay.

Behold these hills, that sea, yon flaming sun,
When these shall pass away, his course be run ;
When all earth's buried tribes shall leave their graves,

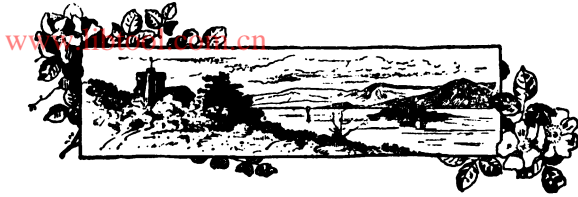
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And all engulfed shall issue from the waves ;
Oh, be it yours to hear the welcome home,
That bids you to the Father's kingdom come ;
And in the Holy City's mansions dwell,
Fearless for aye of death, the grave, and hell.

The sermon ? No ! but loose, disjointed parts !
His words were feathered, wingéd, flying darts,
Or mighty hammers breaking stubborn hearts.
Sometimes like copious showers of grace they fell,
Upon the souls of all within the dell ;
Sometimes a word sprang like a lightning flash,
Followed by sobs and cries—the thunder's crash ;
His emphasis filled common words with light,
Clothed them with form and grace like angels bright ;
Like a fair ship he seemed upon the deep,
Emotions like big waves around it leap ;
Strong passion-winds from heaven the sails expand,
And urge it onward to the glory land.

While floods of words were flowing from his mouth,
The king of day had wheeled towards the south,
And stood behind Elias ; filled with awe,
Struck with astonishment, the people saw,

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Him, like an angel in the orb of light,
Standing transfigured ; at the vision bright,
Alarmed, perplexed, enraptured from the crowd,
Waves of thanksgiving rolled both long and loud ;
Gogoniant, diolch, diolch byth, amen,
Like heavenly tempests broke again, again ;
Shot through the groves and ran along the rills,
Swelled through the vales, re-echoed in the hills,
And then to Jesus the Redeemer given,
A lofty hymn of praise it rose to heaven.





By the Way.

LOVINGLY let us linger in the ways,
Of the far past, and the dim distant days,
O'er which memory broods; the heart is wed,
To the old paths these feet no longer tread;
Affection lingers where we cannot climb,
The old brave hills are sanctified by time;
And generations gone—there very mould,
Is fragrant, sacred, fringed with blooms of gold.
What late autumnal meadows yield, to you,
I now present, whatever be their hue;
Remembering well that many a frosty shower,
And snow has fallen thick on plant and flower;
Such as in pale and fading suns survive,
These aged, trembling hands alone can give.
The memories of the way from youth to age,


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Let these awhile my feeble tongue engage.
For three score years and ten my sons,
Through wintry storms and summer suns,
With God's own blessed book in hand,
I've traversed all my native land ;
There's scarce a mountain, ridge, or hill,
Moor, lake, or river, brook, or rill,
I have not crossed ; through vale and dell,
I've wound my way ; by thorpe or fell ;
There's scarce a ruin worth the name,
Though now no longer known to fame,
I have not seen and heard the tales ;
Of abbeys sheltered in the vales,
Of castles with dismantled towers,
Deserted halls and faded bowers ;
The homes of princes, chieftains bold,
Who ruled our land in days of old,
Who struck for fortune, love, or right,
And fell or conquered in the fight,
Now all forgotten and unknown,
Changed to unhonoured dust and gone.
Upon my pilgrim course how oft,
I've trod their daisied sod and soft,

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Seen on the walls the brier's bloom,
As on a long, neglected tomb,
And heard the dismal raven's cry,
Where broken, mouldering arches lie,
And the sad sorrowing breezes sigh.

The Druid's cairns so cold and gray,
I've seen where woodland shadows play,
And cromlechs huge of age untold,
Where sheep now shelter from the cold,
The stones in mystic circle set,
Where oft unsandalled bards have met,
And bared their foreheads to the sun,
And hymned the glories Hu had won.
These stones to learned and curious eyes,
Reveal the Kymric mysteries ;
And I a man of Celtic blood,
Have felt the deep inspiring mood,
As on the Logan Stone I've stood ;
Believed the fathers in their night,
Beheld some glimmering rays of light ;
Now faded like the moon's pale ray,
Before the splendours of the day.



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More oft as on my pilgrim course I've sped,
I've come where lie the saintly dead ;
Long have I communed with their dust,
And prayed among the slumbering just ;
Those consecrated spots I've sought,
To soothe my troubled heart and thought ;
Beside their ashes humbly knelt,
Their silent benedictions felt,
Rise from their graves ; and pledged my love,
To them, to God, and heaven above.

These shrines have hallowed many a glen,
Far from the haunts and ways of men ;
Perchance some saint or martyr's grave,
Would lie beside the murmuring wave,
Whose melancholy music joins,
The dirges of the wind-swept pines ;
Some sleep within the mountain rock,
Where browse the lonely, bleating flock ;
The hamlet is the resting place,
Of much of saintliness and grace.

To them my feet I've often turned,
And o'er their dust my sins have mourned ;

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Prayed that their faith and holy fire,
My heart would warm, my soul inspire,
While bending o'er some crumbling mound,
Rejoiced in tears as though I'd found,
Concealed in dust a precious gem,
Worthy of Jesus diadem ;
Faith saw reserved within the tomb,
The seed of an immortal bloom,
And at these sepulchres were given,
A glimpse, and foretaste even of heaven.

To me a child of nature, one whose heart,
Has felt her sweet enchantment ; who would start,
With rapture when a golden-headed child,
Rambling among Glamorgan's mountains wild,
A flower smiled upon me like a star ;
Or song dropt through a floating cloud afar,
Upon my ears ; how great the joys I've won,
As through my fourscore years and ten I've run,
Each day my soul with nature face to face.
Woodyed her and felt her loving, sweet embrace.

With watchful, loving eye I've seen her bring,
In her pale hands the earliest gifts of spring ;

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And tend with all a mother's gentle care,
Her fragile offspring trembling in the air ;
Cradled in ice and mantled by the snow,
How oft I've watched them lying weak and low ;
Yet wax in strength and beauty hour by hour,
Nourished by balmy breeze by sun and shower ;
In his white robes I've seen the snowdrop rise,
A pale-lipped prophet true of brighter skies ;
The earliest primrose like a maiden fair,
Waving on sunny bank her golden hair ;
In shady glen the fragrant violet,
Like a coy blushing virgin I have met,
Beside her seated on her throne of green,
Long communed with the purple-robed queen.
What joy I've felt when first across the blue,
Along my lonely path the swallow flew ;
When pressing hard along the mountain side,
Or resting near some ancient rippling tide,
Would come the cuckoo's ever-welcome note ;
Though harsh, unmusical the stranger's throat,
It made my heart beat to a quicker time,
Perchance my prosy thoughts would leap to rhyme,
Inspired by beauty coming to its prime.

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Nor less my joy as I have yearly seen,
The old familiar valleys change their green
To gold ; and orchard's doff their virgin bloom,
For matron glories, pippin, peach, and plum ;
How glad I've seen her sitting free of care,
The warm winds playing with her golden hair ;
With amorous, burning kisses flung upon,
Her ruddy cheek by the hot-mouthed sun.
With weary limb and moistened brow I've sat,
In gold-tinged croft or near a garden gate,
When Hesperus would bring her minstrels sweet,
To fill with dewy vespers her retreat ;
Observed her large benevolence, her care,
For man, and beast, and denizens of air,
Observed her labours in earth, sky, and flood,
And strung my harp to praise her generous mood.

Nature I owe thee much ; most guileless hours,
I've spent with thee 'mong sheep, and birds, and flowers,
And desert rocks, beside the woodland pool,
In forests deep, in leafy paths and cool ;
The guerdon beauty gives my heart has felt,
Laden with charms and ecstacies I've knelt,


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In thy fair temple ; though its rays are dim,
And broken are its splendours, yet to Him,
They lead, who dwells between the cherubim.
When summer glories long had died away,
And golden skies had changed to cold and gray,
And hushed the hum of insects on the wing,
And songs that mingled with the mountain spring,
Oft from his home the old evangelist,
Went on his mission through storm, cloud, and mist ;
When snow lay thick upon the hills ; when sleet,
The patient shoulders of the mountains beat ;
And lonely paths to meditation sweet,
Hide them mysterious from the traveller's feet ;
When the lone tree stands out upon the sight,
Ice-clad and shivering like a sighing sprite ;
The river stretched out like a smitten corse,
Lies pale and motionless, as if a curse,
Had robbed it of its music and its joy ;
When ringing tempests in their mad employ,
Howl vengeance o'er the hills ; and from the deep,
On wings of gloom and majesty they sweep,
With many a whirling crash dread revelry they keep.
Then the evangelist with cheerful faith,

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Of suffering patient, nor afraid of death ;
With sinewy frame and strong, of constant mind,
Pursuing duty's path, to God resigned,
Goes on his way nor heeds the toil nor cost,
Through falling snow, and hail, and biting frost,
The saint to comfort and to seek the lost.
With travail sore, but well rewarded when,
A little flock in some secluded glen,
Gave him their welcome ; when his simple words,
In rustic souls struck deep melodious chords ;
When through the freezing tempest and the storm,
The Christian heart with zeal and love was warm ;
When hallelujahs flew from many a tongue,
And penitents through streaming tears sung,
Until from floor to roof our Bethel rung,
And all confessed the love and grace of Christ,
And honoured, blessed the old evangelist.

Through nigh a century of wandering,
The genius of my native land would bring,
My restless feet to many a spot renowned ;
To sacred shrine, or consecrated ground
Would gently lead ; where beauty had its birth,




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Or saintliness had hallowed common earth ;
Where poesy had taken wings and flew,
From 'neath the eaves of some rude cottage through
All lands and climes ; where dauntless heroes shed,
The purple stream ; where lie the noble dead.
Oft have I strayed along the sunny vale,
Fanned gently by the soft Atlantic gale,
That once blew to Glamorgan's welcome shore,
From Rome the great evangelist who bore,
Redemption's doctrine through the crucified ;
And oft I've paced the strand where beats the tide
That Taliesin's soul with music fed ;
Llanfeithin's homestead I have sought, once red,
With gore the exiled bard of Catraeth shed ;
And musing trod Llancarfan's pretty dell,
Where Cattwg wooed in little monkish cell,
Wisdom that gave him his immortal fame.
Nor missed to catch the antiquarian flame,
That burned in Iolo's breast ; the rays that shot,
Through those blue eyes, the druid's lowly lot,
Illumined with a glory most divine.

Ye fabled streams like silvery threads that twine,
Around our hills, how oft upon my tongue,

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Rich with melodious memories have hung,
Your names ; Taff, Ely, Rhondda, Severn, Wye,
Dee, Tivy, Honddu, Menai, oftimes I,
Have stooped to kiss with dry and feverish lip,
Your laughing waves like sparkling wine would sip.
How thankful was I that your waters now,
Unstained with gore through peaceful valleys flow,
The sword no longer mirrored in your floods,
Disturbed no more by battle's angry moods,
But welcome to your shady banks the swain,
That leads his flock or drives the lazy wain ;
And artless maid that sings beside the bridge,
To listening kine upon the mountain ridge ;
And him who quietly with stealthy skill,
Tries patiently with speckled trout to fill,
The willow basket from his shoulders hung.
Your glories many a rustic bard has sung ;
And I have felt the sympathetic flow,
Of inspiration on your banks ; you know,
The music I have flung upon your waves,
And told your quivering tides of Him who saves,
While many a warm and glistening tear you bore,
To witness for Him on a distant shore.



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Ye venerable hills and mountains grand,
My reverence, admiration, awe command ;
Ye noble witnesses of toils addressed,
To rocky ridge and eagle-haunted crest ;
Ye grey-locked fathers of primeval times,
Forgive these feeble, weak, ephemeral rhymes,
These aged fingers twine around your brows.
Around your noble forms affection throws,
A mantle fairer than sun ever wove,
A mantle figured in the loom of love.
Trebanog, Cynwyd, and the Beacon lone,
That pierces cloud and blue with mist-wrapped cone ;
Eppynt to story-loving shepherds dear ;
Plynlymmon home of sparkling fountains clear,
Mother of streams renowned ; where Idris reared,
His rocky throne against the sky, nor feared,
Aught in his cloud-capped home ; and Snowden bold,
That sees hills, castles, lakes and ocean rolled,
At his majestic feet ; ye ancient friends,
To you, though faint, my fancy still ascends ;
Though grey, dust-laden, weary memory treads,
Your rugged flanks ; upon your princely heads,
Devotion's wreath would lay. As I have trod,

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Your sides and summits many thoughts of God,
Upon my spirit fell and filled with awe.
Eternal monuments of power and law,
Of covenants immovable, decrees,
Irrevocable; on my trembling knees,
Before your kingly glories I have bent,
And in your presence adorations sent,
To Him you witness for—the Omnipotent.
Strong to protect, methinks I see you stand,
Like watchful sentinels around our land;
Or guardian angels with your wings outspread;
Girded with strength, your giant arms and dread,
Outstretched, their shadows falling far and wide.
Eternal dwelling-places where abide,
In refuges impregnable the weak,
And homes that endless generations seek.
Rich to sustain, upon your bounty live,
Myriads of tribes; from age to age you give,
From your green tables and exhaustless springs;
The herds, the flocks, flying and creeping things,
Your rich repasts partake. Through you, though dim,
And visioned to me darkly, I see Him,
Who is the Mountain of our Strength; our Tower,

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Where we seek refuge in the trying hour ;
Within whose wide embrace and arms we hide ;
Our Rock in whom the weak and faint abide ;
Fountains exhaustless breaking from above,
And all the springs of comfort, joy, and love,
In Him we find ; upon His loving breast,
His people come to their eternal rest.

Ye gentle vales whose loveliness has won,
My long admiring gaze ; how oft has run
My eye with quiet pleasure on the scene,
Of waving yellow, ermine, crimson, green,
Neath, Towy, Airon, Usk, and Clwyd present.
How oft you've filled with your own sweet content,
This heart of mine. As you have gently breathed
Your music, and your fragrant smiles have wreathed,
Around the laughing hills with amorous brows,
And hung your rainbows on the green-armed boughs,
That stretched them far your favours to receive ;
Within, the mystic spirit-loom would weave,
Quickly her golden chains of joyous thought ;
And lovely airs with dew and perfume fraught,
Upon the soul would stretch their silken wings.

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How oft I've felt a sympathy with things
Around ; with forms and colours beautiful.
There is a sacred province of the soul,
Where the fair queen may dwell and govern too.
Sweet vales what converse I have had with you ;
How has your beauty mingled with my dreams ;
Touched with imagination's heaven-lit gleams,
I've watched your blushes through the purple air,
You seemed like blooming brides among the hills so fair.
So chaste, so beautiful, of Christ's own bride,
The heart has whispered ; while the flowing tide,
Of bliss beat high. Oh that His Church may shine,
With brighter splendours, beauty more divine,
Her breath be laden with more sweet perfume,
And all her colours have immortal bloom ;
With showers fed sent timely from above,
And dews distilled from the sweet heart of love ;
Rich in all charms, made fruitful all her days,
And all her voices only songs of praise.

Ye crumbling piles ! less gladsome are the hours,
Which I have spent among dismantled towers,
And halls deserted ; as my steps have strayed,

Through dark and silent chambers all decayed,
Where kings once trod such as Carnarfon ; chanced,
Not without gloomy thoughts where queens have danced,
And virgins sung the ancient Celtic songs,
In Ty Gwyn on the Tav ; and princely throngs,
In Aberffraw for war in council met ;
So changed alas ! I could not choose but let,
The sigh escape, and gentle tear fall.
To see the ivy creep along the wall,
The spacious court the pungent nettle claim,
Refectory lit by the foxglove's flame ;
With low and stealthy tread the brier creep,
Where Kymru's noblest virgins once did sleep ;
My brow has worn a melancholy shade,
Among the ruined homes of princes dead.
Yet have I felt a touch of Kymric pride,
As I have paced the halls where lived and died,
The ancient chieftains of the Kymric race.
And as before my vision rose the grace,
The beauty, valour, virtue, glory, love,
Though dim and shadowy are the forms that move,
Of Howell Dda, Llywelyn, Tudor's line,
A warmer stream would flood this heart of mine,

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A quicker pulse would beat and higher rise ;
Nor would I from my moistened lids disguise,
The patriotic fountain deep below,
Whence these strong briny rivulets would flow.

Time thou destroyer who dost ceaseless gnaw,
With biting tooth ; and tear with piercing claw ;
'Tis not thy devastations most I mourn ;
From thee to ruthless man I sadly turn.
Caerphilly, Harlech, Conway, you have seen,
Among your rugged hills and valleys green,
The war fiend come with sword and fire and blood ;
And watched the lurid clouds of battle scud,
Among the hills and menacing your towers ;
Heavy and weighted with destructive powers,
In vengeance break upon your battlements ;
A stream of purple flow through gaps and rents ;
And crimson robes of flame your towers wrapt,
And forked tongues your oaken ceilings lapped ;
Your halls rung with the awful shouts of war,
Reverberating through the hills afar ;
The torrent bursting through the castle gate,
The doughty warrior hurries to his fate ;

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The storm of vengeance raging in the soul,
Assailed, from tower and turret hurled they roll ;
While trembling queens your courts desert in flight,
And princes waiting for the shades of night,
Sigh their regrets mid blood, and wounds and groans,
Wail their farewells to burning wood and stones.
In peace I've trod your desert paths and ways,
And meditated where the lambkin plays ;
Where high-born ladies sat beneath their bowers,
My heart has felt the Gospel's soothing powers ;
Where minstrels tried their skill in song to prove,
Assembled saints have hymned the God of love ;
Where kings harrangued the battle-loving host,
We've waited pleading for the Holy Ghost ;
Where clanked the chieftain's arms and gleamed his
sword,
We've sat beneath the banner of the Word,
And praised the saving grace of Christ our Lord.

To gentler scenes and men of softer mould,
Through many generations I have strolled ;
From ruined halls and palaces I've gone,
To many a white-washed cottage low and lone,



Where lived in sweet retirement some saint,
Whose life-stream glided by as soft and faint,
As the small spring beside his cottage door,
Whose gentle rippling motion had a store,
Of music for the rose and celandine,
And creamy honeysuckles sweet that twine,
About the windows. Many a bird of song,
Of sunlit eye and keen, of pinion strong,
Has drawn me by his music to his nest.
Goronwy who didst seek the distant west,
To lay thy bones beneath an Indian sun,
Where Mississippi's mighty waters run,
And mingle with the broad Atlantic wave;
If in beloved Mona were thy grave,
Mourned by the gentle sighing of the surf,
Of Menai's flood, my tears would lave the turf,
Of him who sung the Resurrection Hymn.
Where thou didst muse I've tried to catch a gleam,
Of thy great glory; sought the lonely ways,
Where thy young genius shed its earliest rays;
The lanes, meads, woods made splendid by its light;
Gazed at the flowers and streams that gave delight,
To thy young heart just budding into bloom.

Alas that it should waste such rich perfume,
In the far, lonely, thankless wilderness,
With none to praise, to pity, or to bless.

Next, Eifion's bard and Cambria's greatest pride;
Beloved Dewi Wyn I've sat beside,
And watched the wild lights gleaming in his eyes;
Observed the birth of gentle melodies,
Like mountain springs that come from deeps unknown,
But in the light are to immortal music grown.
As Nature weaves in her mysterious loom,
Forms filled with fairest colours and perfume,
With art unerring; as with science wise,
She bids the gentlest, loveliest creatures rise,
Into sweet gladsome being neath her smile;
From the dark earth and dense she doth beguile,
The gay, the bright, the glorious, beautiful;
So mystically works the poet's soul.
Dewi, renowned bard of Charity,
Pure as the snow that doth on Snowden lie,
They muse with spotless wing essayed its flight;
Its pinions shone with rainbow colours bright,
And all its feathers bathed in heavenly light.


Along our lovely Celtic ways of thought,
Their towering heights and hooded glens are fraught,
With thy creations ; in thy page they lie,
Enshrined in glory ; never can they die,
While Gomer's tongue is known and Kymric spelt,
Or breathes in Taliesin's rugged land a Celt.
Yet didst thou know like others of thy train,
The hour of gloom, the sad, pathetic strain ;
The tongue that sung " Despondency " was fain,
In melancholy murmurs to complain.
Eryri listened to thy notes of woe,
And bade thee seek the sunshine and the flow
Of mountain streams, the life of birds and flowers,
Which God and nature filled with golden hours.
Sleep 'neath the shadow of thy native hills,
Within the murmur of the floods and rills,
That fed thy soul with melodies ; beside,
Thy brother bard, who with thee lived and died,
In the same classic, holy land of song.

The flame of poesy burned pure and strong,
In Clynnog's bard, the pedagogue inspired ;
Like him, the muse of Paradise had fired,




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And kindled into glory when confined,
To the dull chamber and the youthful mind,
The rudiments of science to impart,
And form to virtue's mould severe the heart.
My wanderings led me to thy favourite haunts,
The birthplace of melodious odes and chants ;
I've sat at even near the mountain spring,
Beside whose lispings murmurs thou didst sing,
The sufferings of Job ; the overthrow,
Of Salem ; its divine inflicted woe ;
The temple's flame burns in thy lurid verse,
By Rome and Titus doomed ; and heaven's curse ;
The conqueror stands where once the high priest stood ;
On the white marble streams a crimson flood.
Methinks thy Celtic spirit loved the wilds,
Of lonely Snowden where the eagle builds ;
Sought inspiration rather in the gleams,
Of summer glories and of sunlit streams ;
Far more congenial to thine ancient race,
To worship at the shrine of nature, trace
With love and reverence what the hand divine,
Has made therein of grace and beauty shine,
And thereon build the sweet immortal line.



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Hiraethog, thou and I are ancient friends ;
My pilgrimage has led where Aled wends,
Her devious course to Elwy, and where she,
In wedded music seeks the neighbouring sea.
My feet have trod thy green and dewy flanks,
And lingered long upon thy flowery banks,
And, meditation's hues my soul would take,
Beside the waters of thy mountain lake,
That from its bosom sends an endless song,
The farms, the homesteads, and the vales among.
'Tis not the beauty of the hills that drew,
My pilgrim steps to wander 'neath the blue,
And stainless glory of a summer sky.
With unshod feet even now would I draw nigh,
This Kymric mount to God made consecrate.
Surely the brothers found an open gate,
To heaven upon Hiraethog's gentle heights ;
And angel communings of starry nights,
With their dreams mingle ; here their spirits saw,
The divine glory ; here they heard the law,
Of heavenly love their youthful hearts obeyed ;
And bent beneath the yoke upon them laid ;
Upon these heights in wisdom's ways they grew,



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Sweet as the herbage fresh with morning dew ;
And artless as the flocks that round them bleat,
They walked in virtue's ways, nor strayed their feet.
With years and honours patriarchal men,
Oft yearned their spirits for the mountain ben ;
When called of God to lead the multitude,
Oft would they hunger for this solitude ;
And from the city's tumult, moil, and care,
Deliverance crave to breathe this stainless air,
As when their youthful hearts no pain or sorrow bear.

Islwyn, Cynddelw, Caledfryn, a host,
Of bards sublime the Land of Song can boast,
To them with homage laden would I turn,
And incense at the shrine of genius burn ;
List to their music, watch the light, the bloom,
Of deathless thoughts from souls immortal come ;
Catch inspiration from the eye, the voice,
The friendly tones that made the heart rejoice ;
Drink from their lips the noble flowing line,
That cheered the spirit more than purple wine ;
And though I chanced but as a passing guest,
In many a cot sat to a royal feast,

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Of beauty, glory, loveliness and rest.
Peace to the tuneful tribe, and joy, amen ;
My benediction rest upon the men,
Who sing our cares away, dispel our gloom,
Illuminate ~~the~~ pathway to the tomb,
Help us hope-footed swift to mount and rise,
And climb the angel ladder to the skies.

Nor would I fail to speak my gratitude,
For hallowed moments with the great and good,
Which I have spent among cathedral fanes.
When from the hills I wandered to the plains,
Where rest beside the sighing Taff the bones,
Of Teilo ; among monumental stones,
Whereon in simple, graven verse are told,
The labours, virtues of the saints of old,
Stood musing long in meditation deep ;
From nave to transept, choir, softly creep ;
Beneath the lofty arches gently bow ;
Behold the streams of mid-day splendour flow,
Subdued through windows dim, and kindly lave,
The tablet, column, urn, and quiet grave ;
The eye fringed deeply with devotion's shade,
Upon the soul through dreamy lights conveyed,

Impressions that to God and worship led.
St. David's where the Vale of Roses shed,
Not crimson colours but devotions hues ;
Where fell not Nature's but the Spirit's dews,
So piety and reverence may bloom.
A pilgrim lone I've wandered to the tomb,
Of patriarch and saint ; beside the dust,
Kneeled where repose the holy and the just ;
Of ancient British kings the resting place ;
Here Cambrian queens their beauty, splendour, grace,
Have veiled in deepest shade ; a mitred host,
Have laid their bones beside this rocky coast ;
Giraldus learned, thy weary wanderings o'er,
Art slumbering peaceful on thy much-loved shore ;
And Tudor courteous, gallant prince, and brave,
Thine arms hast laid beside the Atlantic wave ;
And many chieftains once to minstrels known,
Whose dauntless valour into fame had grown ;
I've read the record of your arms and age,
Not in the chronicler's or poet's page,
But here upon the marble tomb or bust,
That guards and points the spot where lies your dust,
And speaks your faith and your immortal trust.

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Iscoed I've mourned where stood thine ancient choir,
Doomed to destruction by the Saxon's ire,
Who, led to carnage by Rome's sainted son,
For mother church a bloody triumph won ;
The faith of Christ, the doctrine taught by Paul,
Before Augustine's cruel pride must fall ;
The Kymric seat of learning, labours, peace,
Before Italian haughtiness must cease.
Oh where are now thy pleasant, shady bowers,
Thy lowly halls, thy humble, homely towers ;
Thy daisied paths to meditation sweet,
At morn and even trod by holy feet ;
The dim light burning in the midnight cell,
The chant that on the listening breezes fell ;
The winding ways among the sheltering groves,
Where sang the nightingales and cooed the doves ;
Where many a student conned devotion's page,
And glided gently on from youth to age ;
And sought like setting summer sun at even,
With dying day another brighter heaven.

With happier thoughts I've come and grateful stood,
Immersed in joy where Alun rolls his flood ;

Exulting memory to the spirit gave,
Clear draughts of bliss as from the crystal wave ;
As fancy paints the holy man and good,
Standing among the dripping multitude,
To whom Saint German gave the sacred sign,
Of life in Christ, the risen, the divine.
While on the banks they wait they see not far,
Beside the stream the awful tide of war ;
The threatening surges break upon the ear,
And every heart but one is filled with fear ;
Among the trembling converts hear him cry,
“ Fear not, ye serve the God of victory ;
Trust now in Him, and not in carnal arms,
Let not your hearts be filled with wild alarms ;
Stand firm behold without a spear or sword,
The issue of this battle's with the Lord ;
For us the Lord will fight ; without a blow,
The field is ours, for hence will flee the foe ;
Shout hallelujah, all united cry,
Like breaking thunder rolling through the sky.”
Obedient to the holy man's command,
Unarmed, yet like a phalanx firm they stand ;
Thrice “ hallelujah ” all the converts sang,

The vales, the rocks, the neighbouring mountains rang ;
With consternation struck the barbarous hordes,
Sweep o'er the plains and rush towards the fords,
The hills retrace, the homewards paths they find,
And leave a praising multitude behind ;
No wounds, no blood, and no one mourned a loss,
The wave unstained, unsullied was the cross.
Would all the victories the church has won,
In our sweet vales or where our rivers run,
Came thus from God ; O that no crimson stain,
Did on the garments of Christ's bride remain ;
And that her hands in forest, field, or flood,
Were guiltless and unstained with human blood.
Clothe us O Lord with righteousness and peace,
Make us in love and brotherhood increase ;
And teach us bloodless victories to win,
And hymning conquer error, crime, and sin ;
With gentle hearts, unconscious of a fear,
Willing the sorrows of a world to bear,
Whose triumphs costs no soul a sigh or tear.

Cae Du, thy ruined vestiges, my love,
And grateful praises claim far far above,

The seats of splendour, palaces of earth.
When the land suffered hunger for the dearth,
Of knowledge ; and the light divine was dim ;
When princes hid the lamp that came from Him,
Who is the light of angels and of men ;
Remote within this solitary glen,
The pious scholar trimmed the golden flame ;
His footsteps to this quiet homestead came,
Beneath its humble hospitable roof,
An exile from the busy world aloof
From prying eyes, and hearts that burn with rage ;
Long studious days spent o'er the sacred page,
The living oracles with pious care,
Each word weighed in the balances of prayer,
Puts in the strong, resounding Celtic tongue.
Salesbury, oft these verdant dales among
Hast traversed full of meditations deep ;
At early morn, at night when gentle sleep,
Thy burning brow touched not with dewy wing ;
Beside this soothing rivulet wouldst bring,
The anxious burden of thy hopes and fears.
Would that with this poor cot more gently years,
Had dealt ; that we might see the narrow cell,

Where thou didst labour, half imprisoned dwell,
And from the eyes of persecution hide,
Else for thy God had laboured, bled and died.
We thank thee God and Father, Lord of light,
Thy word shines on the nations broad and bright,
Unchained runs on its glorious mission free,
O'er all our hills and vales from sea to sea ;
For Thee it shines a witness to Thy grace,
In city vast, and solitary place ;
In royal palaces and princely halls,
Sun-like at noon, undimmed its splendour falls ;
And visits angel-like the labourer's cot,
Soothes with its gentle smiles his weary lot ;
Lays its commands on nobles and on kings,
Its law of righteousness to senates brings ;
Before the peoples opes the gates of truth,
Bids ancient realms decayed renew their youth ;
In holiness arrayed we see it stand,
The guardian of our liberties and land.

One Monday morn a pilgrim homeward bound,
Whom think you, I, in solemn conclave found ?
And wherefore met this solemn parliament ?
And where ? upon what urgent business bent ?

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The summer sun had to the zenith sped,
And to the verge of glory morn had led ;
The birds were silent resting in their bowers,
The bees plunged deep within the hearts of flowers ;
Far on the hills the flocks were seen away,
The herds sought shelter from the king of day ;
The land rung loud with labours sturdy stroke,
And towns were dusky with their clouds of smoke ;
Not in some nook green to the very brim,
With summer music flowing o'er its rim ;
Not in the forest neath the spreading oak,
Where ancient bards or Druids sang or spoke ;
Beside a mine our parliament had met,
Huge blocks of coal for senators were set ;
The yawning shaft invited them in vain,
The cars stood by an empty, idle train ;
The gloomy, fiery caverns down below,
Had not resounded with the miner's blow ;
Unwielded were the shovel and the pick,
Unstruck the vein or block so hard and thick,
But solemn, grave, on matters deep, intent,
That morn I found the miner's parliament.
'Twas not the bread that perisheth or wage,

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That claimed the interest of youth and age ;
'Twas not the labour market's rise or fall,
That now engaged the minds of one and all ;
No plans or methods did they now devise,
To improve and in the social scale to rise ;
'Twas not the war upon the continent,
To which the best of Britain's sons were sent ;
The fierce contention at Sebastopol,
The awful struggle at the Redan's fall ;
The British arms here they did not acclaim,
Nor speak their glory and their ancient fame.
The yesterday was Zion's festival,
The hills rang with the gospel's trumpet call ;
Gladly responding all these sons of toil,
Of Kymric tongue and native of the soil,
Sought with the warmth of ancient Celtic fire,
The fold of love, the church's sacred choir.
The heavenly manna on their spirits fell,
Big waves of joy around them beat and swell ;
The gates of glory wide before them swung,
And songs immortal in their ears rung ;
Those dusky miners dark with dust and grime,
Recount the pleasures of the happy time,

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The Sabbath past had brought to heart and home.
Here to the verge of yawning shaft had come,
The sainted greybeards anxious to commune ;
To talk of text, of sermon, hymn or tune
To speak of gospel grace and mysteries,
With tears of joy yet trembling in their eyes ;
With caution touch on sovereignty divine,
Election, and the darkly dubious line,
Of God's foreknowledge and the human will,
With tenderness, with reverence, and skill,
These sacred themes discuss. The youths awhile,
In silence listen, with approval smile ;
On gently to the inner circle draw,
Some bolder hearts, though mildly touched with awe,
With question on some gospel point or law.
A murmur breaks upon the outer rim,
Creeps softly through the dusky crowd a hymn ;
The fathers join with trembling notes but strong,
While many an amen mingles with the song ;
When evening shadows fall they homeward stray,
Thus end with prayer and praise another day.

High in the hills I stood beside a lake,
When fields autumnal golden splendours take ;

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Where faint and slow the rills and rivers run,
And sad complainings make against the sun,
Who comes besides their fountains day by day,
His burning lips to soothe and thirst to allay.
The sky was crimson, but the hills were yellow,
The smiling vales with ripened fruits were mellow ;
The herds and flocks along the mountain breasts,
Crept browsing peaceful to their highest crests ;
In nook, and glen, and sheltered valley deep,
'Mong quiet shades the homesteads seemed to sleep ;
Amidst them with its ivy covered tower,
Its low, green mounds with here and there a flower,
The church stood guardian of the sacred spot,
Where all our toils and sorrows are forgot.
On either side the lake along the vale,
Up the hill sides, in crevice, nook and dale.
At the late summer harvest are at work,
Maidens and men ; the scythe, the rake, the fork,
Are busy plied ; upon my ears come,
Sweet rippling voices, and the pleasant hum,
Of harvest toils and healthy labour sweet.
In this autumnal scene of beauty meet,
The heavens and earth ; the soft cerulian sky,

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In whose calm depths bright crimson islets lie,
Smiles with a loving matron's tender love.
On buoyant wings with light tipped pinions move,
The birds that make these mountain lands their home.
Transcendent ! all this faultless, splendid bloom,
Of autumn glory falls within the lake ;
Each form, tint, hue the crystal waters take.
Still is the glassy mirror ; motionless ;
The tiniest wavelet moves not to caress,
With softest kiss, so often kissed before,
The faithful guardian kind, the green fringed shore.
I sat concealed within a shady nook,
Deep draughts of bliss unmixed therefrom I took ;
As on the lake I gazed of heaven thought,
And dreamed some gleams of glory I had caught,
Of angel lands, and that bright crystal sea,
That laves the shores of immortality.
Alas ! the glory's gone ; a little breeze,
Crept through the northern bulrushes and trees,
The waters touched with stealthy breath and cool,
The lake is now a dull and sunless pool.
Alas ! 'tis but a parable to me !
Ah maiden fair my spirit turns to thee,

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Laments thy splendour gone, thy beauty fled,
The light of hope within thy bosom dead ;
Thy heart hath felt the blighting breath of scorn,
Thy shaded spirit only lives to mourn.
So have I seen a home all bright and fair,
The light of life not darkened by a care ;
Sweet as the roses twine in loving bloom,
Blithe as the birds that to the old eaves come,
Each heart brings perfume to the hearth and song.
Alas, alas the joyful, hale, and strong,
Touched by some messenger unseen whose breath,
Is poison to the springs of life and death,
Lies cold and dark ; across his spirit creeps,
Some darksome mystery ; the household weeps,
Darkling the heaving waves of sorrow flow,
And break upon the hearth in sunless tides of woe.
Ah, mountain lake I see in thee the fate,
Of many a church ; as on thy banks I sate,
And saw thee move disturbed so dark and chill,
Impelled and changed by some mysterious will,
With anger working in thy troubled breast,
Thy brow no more with splendid glories dressed,
Malignant fury mingling with thy gloom ;




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I ask whence do our Zion's sorrows come ?
Too oft from slander-loving lips alas,
Across the bosom of a church will pass,
The poisonous breath ; on airy wings and light,
Are scattered moral pestilence and blight ;
Break on its peace, disturb its sweet accord,
And cloud-like shade the glory of the Lord ;
Where beauty, joy, and love had their abode,
Sorrow and sin prevail, and all is Ichabod.

As on the banks of Taff I strayed one day
To an old fisherman's I found my way ;
Oft was he seen along the riverside,
His gentle craft in every stream had plied ;
He knew of every brook that flowed between
Our lovely hills and through our valleys green ;
The quiet pools, the rapid rippling fords,
The narrow channels bright like silver cords,
Cut in the rocks ; the hoary cliffs and steep,
Along whose feet the duskiest shadows creep,
And all the hazel bushes, elms, and beeches,
On sandy shores, on fretted pebbly reaches,
High up the Taff and Rhondda, well he knew.

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Methought when gazing on his eyes sea blue,
His voice had all the murmur of the streams,
He loved ; his eyes the meditative dreams,
Of joy begot in summer sun and shade ;
Around his brow methought the perfume played,
Of violet and primrose-haunted dell.
His words were redolent of nature ; well,
Could speak of blooming flowers and leafy trees,
Bright, gray, dark clouds, the genial shower, the breeze,
The birds that fed his patient soul with song.
In converse quietly he moved along,
As was his wont beside the silvery wave.
To his sweet rippling syllables I gave,
Attention ; listened to his simple tales,
As soft and dewy as the evening gales,
That breathe their music in our star-lit vales.

One tale, though dim among the mists of years,
Ran thus ; the providence of God appears,
Alike in great or small ; a thin disguise,
His wonder-working hand hides from our eyes ;
A simple circumstance may help to see,
That hand revealed behind the mystery.



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A promise, uttered by these lips, was made,
Made to the church, and to its books conveyed ;
A silver crown—that's all—by me be paid.
The time drew nigh to make the promise good,
The pledge was made before a multitude,
Of pious brethren ; and it must be kept.
The land was troubled for the sword had leapt,
Forth from its scabbard ; and the sound of war,
Rolled through our glens though coming from afar
Want now came pressing forward in its train,
And showed its haggard face on hill and plain ;
Care darkened deep our every cottage door,
Each day its shadows deepened more and more ;
And sorrow stood beside our tables bare,
But this was left—our trust in God, and prayer
The pledge I made to God, my solemn vow,
Pressed on my conscience ; I must pay, but how ?
For bread, dear bread for me and mine, had rolled,
To other hands our last bright bit of gold ;
I trimmed my fishing tackle, took my rod,
Sang my old hymns and breathed my prayers to God ;
Sought the familiar stream beside whose banks,
The lips dropped on the listening waves their thanks ;


The anxious heart forgot its brooding care,
And felt the solace of sun, stream, and air ;
With steady hand and keen observant eye,
Beside a shady ford I threw the fly ;
The practised touch discerned a precious prize,
Before the scales were gleaming on the eyes ;
The sensitive and busy fingers knew,
Before the spotted treasure came to view,
That not in vain I sought the stream that morn.
At length with patience of experience born,
Upon the shore fringed with the deepest green,
A fish full twenty inches long was seen.
In him a silver crown I found, nay two,
One to the treasury of God I threw,
And paid my vow ; and with the other fed,
A hungry, fainting family with bread.
Saint Peter's sign ? ah, call it what you will,
Luck, chance, or accident, or miracle,
'Tis true, and that is what concerns me most.

Earth has her honoured spots ; with pride we boast,
Of some gray rock, or grove, or secret cave,
Some hoary ruin, hill, or stream whose wave,

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Echoes the music sweet of ancient days.
Here raptured minstrel sang immortal lays,
Some fugitive from persecution fled,
Some patriot for his country's glory bled,
For truth and God some martyr nobly died.
To these like consecrated shrines, aside
Like Moses on the mount amazed we turn.
Dear to our hearts these spots with glory burn ;
Here we have bent our knees and many a prayer,
Have breathed upon the angel-haunted air.
Of one such consecrated spot I'll tell.
No poet sung, or bleeding patriot fell,
Or martyr witnessed there for God with blood.
Unnoticeable quite, within a wood,
The path aside, with hazel bushes fringed,
Gloom brooded there, and melancholy tinged,
This unfrequented spot with sombre hues.
Not unfrequented quite ; a miner chose,
This as his oracle ; in this retreat,
He sought his God ; here found a mercy-seat ;
Within the grove among the shadows dim,
He entered into fellowship with Him,
Who dwells in woods, in air, in stars, and sun,

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Father of spirits, omnipresent One,
The Soul of nature, Fount of light and love,
Before whose eye the long processions move,
Of worlds unnumbered through uncounted time.
To whom the ages in their flight sublime,
Bearing the brood of years that endless seem,
Upon their wings are but a moment's dream.
For forty years each evening as it came,
The miner sought communion, trimmed the flame,
Of pure devotion, on the green sod knelt,
With God among the hazel bushes dwelt,
Before he sought refreshment for his frame,
On his own hearth. When from the mine he came,
He left his fellows for his trysting place,
While dusky yet and grimy was his face,
With hastening, trembling step he sought this spot.
What hour it was, what season mattered not ;
Sometimes the sun was in the summer sky,
And evening splendours on the woods did lie ;
When the last ray fell from a wintry sun,
And clouds snow-laden, shadows cold and dun,
Hung like a mantle o'er the sighing glades ;
The worshipper this fane alone invades,



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His evening sacrifice presents ; and burns,
The incense of affection ; sadly mourns,
Infirmities that mark another day ;
Implores forgiveness ; pleads for power to lay,
Each sinful thought and passion in the dust,
And grace to be more holy, loving, just.
His daily penitential tears I ween,
Gave to that turf a deeper hue of green ;
That sod was oft anointed by the heart,
What else such consecration could impart ?
The daisy often listened at his knees,
The thrush and blackbird nestling in the trees,
Joined their companion in his evening song ;
Invisible Elohim moved among
The groves, and mingled with his tears and sighs,
Hopes of a sinless life, a fadeless Paradise.

Sad, sad the sight beheld these eyes of mine ;
When hastening onwards on my work divine,
I came where men in busy myriads urge,
The thundering engine and the flaming forge ;
Wield with mechanic art Vulcanic powers,
Where fiery sparks descend in burning showers ;

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And where from boiling, smoky founts they pour,
In flowing, glowing streams the molten ore.
Beside the inky Taff I saw a sheep,
Standing alone upon a smoky heap,
Of burning shale ; the simple erring thing,
Had left the verdant hill and mountain spring ;
The peaceful, nibbling flock, and quiet fold,
Deserted ; far from home had strolled ;
To wandering instincts yielding went along,
Unknown and dangerous ways ; then came among
Scenes strange and awful ; soon beset by foes,
From danger flees, but into greater goes,
And refuge seeks upon this treacherous shale.
Ah, piteous victim, nought will here avail ;
Its doom had come ! Upon this burning mass,
We saw its hopeless agony, alas !
Our hearts may bleed for it ; no hand could save,
Or snatch it sinking from a burning grave.
Dazed, further on the smoky heap it went,
As if upon its own destruction bent ;
At last it fell within a burning cleft,
There, all consumed, without a vestige left.
With this sad scene presented to my eyes,

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Prophetic memories began to rise,
Within the soul, a gloomy, cloudy train.
Would this Isaiah's page to me explain ?
Ah, many a youth has left a quiet home,
Restless by erring instincts led to roam ;
The green, the peaceful, holy hills forsakes,
His path to the great smoky city takes,
His simple heart is filled with silly dreams ;
Fortune, a world of dazzling pleasure seems,
To tempt him on ; perplexed by city ways,
Within forbidden dangerous paths he strays ;
Alarmed seeks safety in some evil course,
But finds each step attended by a curse ;
Impelled by some fell power perverse within,
Abandons virtue, plunges into sin ;
Heedless at last of consequence or cost,
Engulphed in hopeless, darkest crime is lost.

Ty'r Glyn, a hallowed spot beneath the shade,
Of rocky hills with here and there a tree,
Where gold-billed blackbirds sweetest music made,
And hummed among the blooms the roving bee.

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Along the dell untainted ran the brook,
Whose banks were lined with hazel, oaks, and beeches,
The speckled trout had not as yet forsook,
The pools and shallows of its upper reaches.

Ty'r Glyn the homestead was for generations
Of simple shepherds mountain flocks attending ;
Peaceful amid the strife and war of nations,
Their lonely ways among the pastures wending.

'Twas now a miner's cottage ; Enoch David,
Dwelt 'neath its straw-thatched roof, a man of God ;
And as the kindest providence would have it,
Faith, Hope, and Charity with him abode.

'Twas eventide—the toils of days were done,
The hearth was bright and glimmering shone the flame,
Of dwindling taper ; daughter fair and son,
Adorned the presence of their sire and dame.

The sire burned the fragrant weed, and gazed,
At the blue volume floating in the air ;
Her weary feet upon the fender raised,
The dame sat resting in the old arm-chair.

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The maiden fair with needle bright and quick,
And smile and song an ancient robe was darning ;
Elijah with a volume old and thick,
Was humbly something of the Master learning.

“Ye must be born again,” the Master said,
To see the realms of life all free from sin ;
The gates stood open as the words he read,
And like a breath his spirit passed within.

No eye perceived, no heart was quick to feel,
The miracle within that chamber wrought ;
But when the clock struck ten and all did kneel,
The wondrous truth each waiting soul had caught.

No rushing wind the chamber filled, no flame,
Threw its serenest splendours on the walls ;
But father, mother, sister joyful came,—
A shower of kisses on Elijah falls.

Hearts stored with perfume through the quiet years,
Made sweet that chamber as a blooming Eden ;
Strange lights were breaking through fast falling tears,
Each ray with messages of love seemed laden.

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When sleep had sealed the dewy lids, the Spirit,
Unveiled its empire to the re-born youth ;
Where souls do immortality inherit,
And all stand robed in holiness and truth.

The solar king most gently on the morrow,
The silken fringes parted ; the blue eyes,
Beheld another world ; 'twas tinged with sorrow,
And stood between him and his Paradise.

His mother kissing ; and his warm lips laying,
On her fair cheeks that seemed a bed of roses ;
And with her auburn locks a moment playing,
To his one sister all his heart discloses.

Elijah leaves, but breathes his holiest blessing,
Psalm-like and sweet upon that humble home ;
Then tenderly his stalwart sire caressing,
Descends to labour in the realms of gloom.

The toil is hard, and soon the brow is wet,
The strong arm quivers with the blows it deals ;
The frame is covered with a sulphurous jet,
Inflammable, enswathed from head to heels.

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Content the miner delves ; the chambers dim,
Prevent nor tale, nor laugh, nor lively wit ;
Through dust clouds dense the smouldering Davy's
gleam ;

'Tis noon and all in cheerful circles sit.

Elijah's frugal meal is over soon ;
He sits apart, a book is in his hand ;
Ten minutes to that book he spares at noon,
Whose glorious lore he thirsts to understand.

With gritty thumb he turns the pages o'er,
Golgotha's scenes before his vision rise ;
"To-day " he mutters quickly, more and more,
"Thou shalt be with thy Lord in Paradise."

Dread thunders break throughout that realm of doom,
Resistless roll through gallery and stall ;
A moment's flash lights up the awful gloom,
And crash on crash the strongest pillars fall.

Wails, shrieks, and then they rush to seek the light,
Alas ! the many seek the light in vain ;
That darkness is to them eternal night,
Nor sun, friend, home shall ever see again.

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Elijah in his fiery chariot went,
Victorious from that sulphurous region dim ;
Before the dew fell soft some hours had spent,
Among the white-robed choirs and cherubim.

Just as the splendour on his spirit fell,
His father through the raging flame-storm hied ;
All troubles ended, sire and son, 'twas well,
Before the Lamb were standing side by side.

Ty'r Glyn, deserted now, and desolate,
And I have ceased along thy paths to stray ;
I know no more thy threshold, garden, gate,
Nor breathe my peace upon thee by the way.





Eventide.

LO, at thy lips, dear sire, we seek again,
The rich, ripe wisdom born of many years ;
Tell us how life at eventide appears,
With all its long, majestic, glorious train,
Of labours, pleasures, and perhaps of pain,
That travels by thy mind contemplative ;
The happy secret how in peace to live,
At nine ten years and more to us unfold,
How to grow great in love in growing old,
And nearer to the golden gate arrive,
That leads to God, as come and go the hours.
Soft fall the shadows, and they gently lie,
Along thy path, and kiss the pretty flowers,
That once adorned thy way ; yet heaven is nigh,
The shadows speak of peace, and rest, and dew,
And far-off gentle lights are coming into view.



AT eventide mine be the song of praise,
The psalm of gratitude my heart would raise ;
As many as my days my thanks should be,
And ceaseless as the blessings sent to me.
At eventide a time of fading light,
The growing dimness tells of coming night ;
Within the vale of years I watch the gloom,
And voices list that whisper of the tomb ;
Their parables, the heart without a sigh,
Translates and reads the sentence " thou must die " ;
I know the meaning well of nine ten years,
But ah, it cannot touch the fount of tears,
Nor quicken into life long buried fears.
Calm as the sunset in the distant west,
I hasten on to my eternal rest ;
Soft as yon sun sinks down within the wave,
This weary frame approaches to the grave ;
And quiet as the evening shadows creep,
And fill these glens, I feel my coming sleep.

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Rightly you speak of trains majestic, long,
That to the mind contemplative belong ;
That nigh a century of years has seen,
And long and late in pastoral toils has been.
Can I these trains, in splendour once arrayed,
Now pale and feeble summon to my aid ?
Can I persuade my hopes their lights to give,
And show through deepening gloom how they survive ?
A will enfeebled much can it command,
The treasures of affection forth to stand,
Amidst the ruin wrought by many years ?
Though shorn of many glories memory wears,
Immortal gems ; and now the task be mine,
To set, and see if lustrous yet they shine.
First let me speak of that kind providence,
That led me through those years, and will lead hence,
With the same loving hand. In many ways,
It wrought my good through the long chain of days,
Which, scarcely less than golden doth extend,
Till now ; and golden will be to the end.
In secret it has wrought ; its mystic powers,
Among these hills mine eyes watched many hours
Touched with deep gratitude this heart has been,

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When these beloved vales were growing green,
For in their emerald smiles my happiness was seen.
The paths which nigh a century I've trod,
Have dropt with fatness from the hands of God ;
Want never stood beside my cottage door,
Nor hunger lean and gaunt invade my floor ;
These rugged hills have all my needs supplied,
Their blessings through the years they've not denied ;
The kine and flocks their simple comforts gave,
With yellow harvests did our valleys wave ;
And I with heart scarce conscious of a care,
The toils and burdens of the day did bear ;
With sinewy frame and strong I've sought the field,
To drive the flock or kine or sickle wield ;
With cheerful songs I've wrought at daily toil,
And strove to win the blessing from the soil ;
With joy I've seen the seed lift up its head,
And whisper promises of future bread ;
With gladness watched the autumn's golden bloom,
Yield its ripe store and into garners come.
And other blessings, only seen and felt,
By those who oft and long have lowly knelt,
Beside His throne and in His secret dwelt,

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I've known ; guidance when dark and devious seemed,
My way ; through my perplexities there gleamed,
As through the clouds from heaven a kindly light,
That laid my cares and put my doubts to flight.
Deliverance, too, I've known in danger's hour,
When the heart trembled at the tempter's power,
When loss, and pain, and anguish wildly beat,
Upon the soul in some dark, lone retreat ;
And seemed to crowd like deadly foes around,
My fainting spirit has an angel found,
With arms of love and voice of peace that gave,
In weakness strength the powers of hell to brave.

Next in the train I see a smiling face,
Which memory for a moment would embrace ;
The face of joy which oft before I've seen,
The sweetness of my life-long toils hath been.
I cannot speak of other hearts, but this,
I know, that streams of more than mortal bliss,
Have flowed through mine ; but mostly beat the flood
Its highest tides when with the multitude,
In some green plot among the hills I've stood,
To speak with glowing heart the word ; or list,

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The sweetest music ever breathed I wist,
From other lips. That was my happiest time ;
Nature seemed fairest, grace put on its prime ;
The ripening cornfields waved beneath the eye,
And blooms and fruits along the valleys lie ;
And streams ran musical through every glen.
But mostly sprang my happiness from men,
Whose hearts seemed heavenly instruments in tune,
And spirits lovely as the land in June.
Oft from this mountain solitude I roam,
In fancy ; quit for distant parts my home ;
In thought assemble with the joyful throng,
When all advanced with rhythmic step and strong ;
Greet the old faces, grasp the friendly hand,
Watch Zion's hosts with upturned faces stand,
Listening with smiles as bright as noonday sun,
To catch the syllables that streaming run,
Like living waters from some mountain spring,
That carry joy and sweet refreshment bring.

Fadeless within the halls of memory,
At fourscore years and ten these pictures lie ;
To see their beauty oft I inwards turn,

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And feel the fire of admiration burn,
Before their glory ; while on earth I live,
I know through every change they will survive,
And after death their charms in heaven will all revive.

With busy joy sweet memory will present,
The forms of sainted men and eloquent,
That trod our hills and made them holy ground.
Their smiles, their gestures, accents and the sound,
Of loving voices which these ears have heard,
And every fibre of the spirit stirred,
And with the deepest of emotions rung,
Crowd back upon the soul. From days when young
Was I, and the heart bore its dew,
These memories come as stars come through the blue,
And smile like angel-faces on the view.
These holy patriarchs of the Kymric race,
Adorned alike by nature and by grace,
Are my companions ; in their company,
I rise at early morn, at evening lie ;
And many an hour when this weary head,
Has sought repose my midnight thoughts are fed,
With their discourse ; their voices musical,

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In friendly tones upon my spirit fall ;
I see the ancient love and glory rise,
The heart's unspoken language in their eyes ;
The spirit wakes, too great the pleasant strain,
To live till day the pictures o'er again.

Thus too in parables I try to muse,
Upon these old men eloquent, and choose,
What nature will to roaming fancy yield,
With loving care comparisons to build.
Of some I think, and seek the ocean shore,
In fancy, where the waves grow more and more ;
Slowly the rising tides flow on and on,
With mighty sweep, with power resistless run ;
Beyond our ken, from soundless deeps they rise,
Submissive yield obedience to the skies ;
Each wave advancing with a noble swell,
Before her mightier sisters gently fell ;
All feel their force, the proud and stubborn rock,
Is not unconscious of their awful shock ;
With bounding joy they leap and climb the shore,
And in its lap their noblest treasures pour ;
At last victorious jubilant they stand,
Before a grateful and a loving land.

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Others like evening when the light is dim,
The sun gone down beyond the western rim ;
But in the cool, the calm, the cloudless sky,
Some starry isles and fair are seen to lie.
But soon the blue above has brighter grown,
Star after star its loveliness has shown ;
Upon our senses quick and bright they steal,
A myriad glories night will soon reveal ;
But with increasing splendours from above,
Along the earth both dew and perfume move ;
Night has grown eloquent, through its sweet calm,
A voice breathes tender as an ancient psalm ;
All feel the beauty of a night in June,
And bless the reign of stars and cloudless moon ;
Beneath a canopy of gems they sit,
Wherein shine wisdom, eloquence, and wit ;
While all behold as deeper grows the even,
Unveiled the glory and the gate to heaven.

I love to think of others as of bees,
That take their flight upon the summer breeze ;
And as from bloom to bloom they quickly fly,
Their honied toils industriously ply ;

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The richest fields instinctively they view,
The sunniest blooms and deepest washed in dew ;
Unerring seek the blue or crimson bells,
And plunging low drink deep of nectar wells ;
Like princes visit golden tables spread,
And feast on manna or ambrosial bread ;
With what delight I've watched their sunny toils,
Fly heavy-laden, rich with heavenly spoils ;
List to the music of their murmurings,
The perfume of the spirit on their wings ;
Watch them alight, again I see them rise,
Still heavier with the sweets of Paradise ;
And as from plant or bloom I see them soar,
Their store of riches has grown more and more ;
At last their labour done they cease to roam,
On weary wing they bear their trophies home.

Not seldom has the preacher seemed to me,
Invested with my favourite imagery,
A mountain spring ; away I see it rise,
Among the hills, beneath blue, distant skies ;
'Tis but a rill, its breadth is but a span,
But to the light from depths unknown it ran ;


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Its birth is pure, the crystal wavelets shine,
Clear as the noonday light and sweet as wine ;
But as the rill through dell and valley goes,
And sings its way along in volume grows ;
Its music deepens with its bed each hour,
And as its voice its bosom swells with power ;
As through the rugged hills it winds its course,
It rolls its torrent with resistless force ;
The rock triumphant passes, proudly leaps,
The cataract ; through frowning forests keeps,
On its way a proud and noble stream ;
Cathedral spires or castle turrets gleam,
In its calm depths ; a nation's navy rest,
Beside the sea upon its deep broad breast.

By some I'm borne as to a shady grove,
And gently set amid the sweets of love ;
Bright thoughts are woven o'er my soul like bowers,
And words like perfumed many-coloured flowers,
Flutter before my eyes and on my ears ;
The grove seems holy, and to me appears,
The dwelling place of a divinity.
The voice that speaks seems changed, and comes to me

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At first, a far-off strain of melody ;
It louder grows, and to the heart draws nigh
A honied sweetness fills the notes ; a noise,
As from some distant world where all rejoice,
Emotion overwhelms ; it streams along,
Love's avenues a swelling tide of song,
A holy passion surging through the soul,
A stream of living truth with heaven in its roll.

This work in which you are engaged, my sons,
Demands conviction ; not by clouded suns,
Obscured by doubts, though honest doubts they be
Will the light shine of immortality ;
In which we see the face of God ; reveals,
A sinless heaven ; our wounded spirit heals ;
And shows the Christ, both as he was and is,
The only source of hope, of life, of bliss.
Remember this that doubt will never save,
From sin, nor pardon speak, nor at the grave,
A single ray of consolation shed ;
The veil remove between us and the dead ;
It has no hand to wipe away our tears,
No voice to hush the tempest of our fears.



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From long experience this I can aver,
Beside the cross the Christian minister,
Should make his home ; not as a pilgrimage,
To climb Golgotha's heights should we engage,
As warriors in their crusades did of old ;
Dwell here, and wait, and watch, and see unfold,
Gently to patient and adoring eyes,
Redemption's endless, glorious mysteries.
The pure in heart beside the cross may stand,
And thence the universal scene command,
Of the fair realms of spirit, love, and grace.
Back from the crimson tree we gaze and trace,
Beyond the utmost verge of time the plan,
Beneficent to save the creature man,
By sin involved in ruin ; 'tis the cross,
Reveals in lurid colours sin and loss ;
'Tis there the spirit feels the depths of woe,
The anguish keen, the inevitable blow,
That rends the heart that bows itself to sin.
'Tis there we see the High Priest pass within,
The purple veil, with blood atonement make,
And from the burning throne of glory take,
The keys of hope that open wide the way,

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Through suffering to the realms of endless day.
'Tis from this sacred spot we trace the road,
The patient blood-bought saints ascend to God ;
Here we behold the endless lines that rise,
On glistening wings and cleave the starry skies ;
And the fair vision of the city see,
A queen adorned with immortality,
Where we with Christ and angels hope to be.

Nor wonder if I breathe though low and faint,
And in a loving spirit a complaint.
My watchful heart is conscious of a fear ;
Much of the modern Gospel which I hear,
Sounds incomplete and strange upon my ear.
The doctrine which the Holy Spirit laid,
Deep in the Word, and like the mountains made,
Immutable, eternal, infinite,
Is seldom heard, if not forgotten quite.
The Gospel is not rhetoric but truth ;
To preach is not to entertain forsooth ;
'Tis not by means of flowers the soul is fed,
And mere music will not raise the dead.
We want our preaching practical they say,

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And hence the rules of duty down they lay ;
And duty paint in colours very fair,
Make her attractive, breathe soft perfumed air,
All redolent of summer in her face,
A queen adorned with glory, beauty, grace.
The vine that bends with purple, luscious fruits,
Draws nourishment and fatness from the roots ;
The mountain springs that into music leap,
Seek laughingly the light from sources deep ;
Oft golden flowers that wave in purple air,
Grow among rocks forbidding, stern, and bare ;
Beneath the foam and sheen that charm our eyes,
A world of waters deep exhaustless lies ;
Behind the rays that through creation run,
And daily die, stands an eternal sun.
Let not the beauty of the transient,
The charm and grandeur of the permanent,
Hide from our gaze. Eternal things belong,
To our salvation ; mighty things and strong ;
Bring to the light in every thought and word,
The suns and seas and mountains of the Lord ;
His boundless love that bathes a myriad shores,
His truth that into men and angels pours,

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A glorious flood of pure intelligence ;
His gracious purposes that stretch immense,
Like mountains through the vast eternities.
The Gospel teach, my sons ; be good and wise.

Another note of sorrow I must strike !
Our tongue, which in the world has not its like,
So full of beauty, power, melody,
The glory of our race, is doomed to die.
Forgive a poor and aged pilgrim bent,
Beneath the weight of years for this lament ;
I cannot choose but breathe a piteous wail,
To see this ancient fount of music fail ;
The Kymric spirit from our hills be fled,
Or lying like its famous heroes dead.
Long has it lived ; its wondrous accents rung,
With rugged power when the world was young ;
The fathers of the world its accents heard,
And felt their hearts to love or battle stirred ;
This stream that's almost frozen in our times,
Broke into music in the golden climes,
And playing near the wandering shepherd's tent,
With him through all his devious journeys went ;

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The sounds that fell upon the emir's ear,
In Gomer's days, among these hills we hear,
Though dying sounds, alas, they are I fear.
'Tis not that warriors poured the wild harangue,
Amid the battle's tumult and the clang,
Of arms ; that Britain's queen this language spoke ;
Caractacus the patriot's love awoke,
Or flung its awful sounds upon the ears,
Of Cæsar's soldiers ; through millennial years,
The druid-bards their secrets taught, and found,
A sense, and charm, and beauty in the sound,
That filled their groves ; or poets strung the lyre,
To words that fell like dew, or burned like fire ;
That I this ancient instrument admire,
And choose but heave a passing sigh,
That so much beauty should be left to die.
Not so ; emotions deeper, holier move,
My spirit ; threads more subtle wove,
Through every sense and passion of the soul,
The movements of affection, grief, control.
Do I lament ? It was my mother's tongue,
In this to me in infancy she sung,
The sweet old hymns ; around my cradle moved,

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Murmuring in music sweet how much she loved ;
Breathing sweet Celtic accents she would tell
Of Christ and heaven ; her words like blossoms fell,
Laden with glory and love's perfume sweet,
Upon the heart ; and he my sire would greet
His infant joy in gushing Kymric words,
Whose melody yet linger in the chords,
With which the soul is strung. His loving prayers,
That fanned my spirit like soft summer airs,
Yet fill my memory like a deathless song.
Discourse with all its powers to it belong ;
Majestic, rugged, tender, soft, divine.
How have I seen the leaping lightning shine,
And heard the thunder roll among our hills,
When John Elias spoke ; what sparkling rills,
Of lively wit or holy eloquence ;
What stately flowing streams of sound and sense,
When Christmas Evans taught among our glades.
Alas, the language of the hwyliau fades ;
This treasury of holy heavenly sound,
Dies from the land and leaves it common ground.
Diolch is fading from the people's lips,
And in gogoniant's honied fountain dips,

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Now scarce a tongue. Forgive these sighs ; alas,
That Pantycelyn's speech should ever pass,
From our old hills ; like summer glory gone,
A dream that died with autumn's waning sun,
And left the earth less beautiful and fair,
And to my Kymric heart cold, desolate, and bare.

You want to know what most my heart impressed,
Through all these years ; what deepest stirred my breast,
With gospel joy ; what words from prophet's tongue,
Loudest, and sweetest, most melodious rung,
Through love's palatial halls ? From Snowdon came,
What time the sun had kindled with a flame,
Of summer glory, rock, and tower, and tree,
And filled the air and hills with minstrelsy,
An honoured messenger from God. His eye,
Glowed splendid, star-like, in a cloudless sky ;
Heavy, and large of limb, with shoulders broad,
Wide and deep browed, his sovereign presence awed,
The multitude to reverence still and deep.
With joyous expectation some souls weep,
Ere yet his voice has fallen on their ears.
Full of the prophet's powers he appears,

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His one eye kindled into flame ; his brow,
Has caught the glow of burning fires below ;
Upon his head streams the clear noonday light,
And plays upon his crown of glory white.
He reads the story of the Prodigal ;
His words upon expectant ears fall,
And hold at once our hearts in heavenly thrall.
’Twas all pictorial—glorious scene on scene,
With little golden pictures drawn between ;
The colours were by inspiration given,
With sudden bursts of glory sent from heaven.
Though through the ivory gates the words were being
Dropt on the soul, our sense was that of seeing ;
We did not seem to hear ; a quickened sight,
The eye possessed ; the heart was filled with light ;
A myriad tints and shades which sympathy,
Awakened flew across the quickened eye.
Through every phase we saw the Prodigal,
At home, away, his folly and his fall.
His servitude, his penitence, his shame,
His wretchedness when to himself he came.
We watched his steps as homewards he returned,
And saw the tears awakened conscience mourned,

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The haggard face yet not devoid of hope,
The eye too full of sorrow to look up ;
The hesitation in the shady lane,
The soul well nigh dissolved with pangs of pain ;
The gate, the brook, the fig-trees, olive-groves,
The vineyards and the sound of turtle doves,
That filled the soul with memories of past loves.
Oh, wondrous sight to see the Father run,
And kiss his starving, haggard, weeping son ;
With arms entwined about his foolish boy,
Shout to the household all his boundless joy ;
The household sympathizing with the Sire,
Have caught the fervour of the heavenly fire ;
Some hasten quickly to prepare the feast,
Others to wash, clothe, and adorn the guest ;
Some strike the timbrel, some with lyres advance,
And lead with nimble step and song the dance ;
We saw the best and oldest of the vine,
Long treasured, flow in streams of purple wine ;
We saw it all ; in the throng mingled, went,
Young, and gray-haired to join the merriment ;
With tears of bliss, with smiles and laughter trod,
The festive hall ; we felt the joy of God ;

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Supreme the hour, to us the bliss was given,
That day of seeing, feeling, knowing heaven.
Such light and fire, such beauty and such glory,
Earth seldom sees as we saw in that story ;
And blessed with loud amens the sainted preacher
hoary.

Revivals ? Well, my spiritual birth,
Dates from the time when heaven shadowed earth ;
And through the gates of glory sent the light,
That on our hills like golden garments bright,
Spread its soft hues instead of gloom and night.
I know not how my mingled thoughts to speak ;
The weight of burdened glories am too weak,
Almost to bear ; and cannot fairly tell,
To other hearts what mine own knows so well.
Awakenings of the spirit come from God !
In various ways He works ; sometimes the rod,
In punishment upon the people lays ;
In clouds, in storms, in thunder He displays
His power ; through the loud rolling tempest calls
The people to awake ; His anger falls,
On kingly thrones, on princely mansions ; halls,

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And lowly cottages are darkened by
Angels of wrath that leaden-bosomed fly,
Upon destructive missions through the land.
War, famine, pestilence, obedient stand,
Their Captain's high behests, the Lord of hosts,
Quickly to do; and spread through all our coasts,
The awful trains of sorrow, mourning, woe.
But through our charming vales we came to know,
By sweeter, lovelier ways He reigns on high.
'Twas not the cloud that brooded in the sky,
That trembling filled our hearts with thoughts of Him.
He came to us in sunshine, and the gleam
Of summer breaking softly on the soul.
Sweetly upon our Celtic hearts He stole,
As the light breaks the veils that hide the morn.
As spring with song and bloom of sunshine born,
Sheds dew and perfume on the hills once bare;
So our awakening came. Fanned by an air,
That came from lands no mortal eye hath seen,
Whose breath had promises of fadeless green,
Souls quickened gently to immortal life.
I was a witness of the glorious strife;
Oft did I see the gentler spirits come,


To life and light as roses put on bloom ;
Others just like our mountain brooks swell high
With showers falling from a gracious sky,
Surging with penitence loud was their cry.
Some caught the vision of the Sovereign ire,
Remorse their consciences smote as with fire ;
Atoning blood was sprinkled on the flame,
Their pain was soothed, peace to their bosoms came,
As evening comes to earth on dewy wings,
And cools the summer heat and gentle pleasures brings.
Supreme the Spirit's power ; beneath it bends,
All laws ; He works His sovereign, gracious ends,
In ways harmonious with omniscience.
Oft have we seen offended, carnal sense ;
Filled with reproach and scorn the prudish mind ;
Folly and prejudice some spirits blind,
Because the Spirit works His own sweet will,
Poor sinful hearts in His own way to fill,
With peace and joy. Not before jewelled shrines,
Where marble saints look down on learned divines,
Or fanes made sacred by the dust of kings ;
Where songs ascend to heaven on perfumed wings,
Or classic lips repeat their litany,

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And silk-robed prelates feign in dust to lie,
Before the awful Sovereign of the skies, .
Are wrought the Spirit's glorious mysteries.
In cottages and barns, in chambers dim,
In flowery vales beneath the summer's gleam,
Far from the haunts of fashion ; on the wild,
Mountain glen, the Spirit of grace has smiled,
The heavens opened and the quickening powers,
Rained upon human hearts like summer showers,
Falling upon the dry and trodden dust,
Anon to spring with blooms of joy, and peace, and trust.
Ah, wondrous times when the long summer hour,
Fled all too fast ; and the blue starlit bower,
Spread its soft splendour o'er the listening host
Whose souls, illumined by the Holy Ghost,
Rejoiced forgetful of day or night.
When miracles of grace flash on the sight,
And sinful souls are born again through Him,
Who made the stars ; we catch a vision dim,
Of God ; and through this gate a glimpse is given,
Of glory and the angel bliss of heaven.
Earth cannot boast aught fairer ; to its bloom,
The spirit comes ; affection's rich perfume,

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Fills every cell and chamber of the heart ;
Thoughts like melodious, crystal fountains start,
To run their heavenward course ; and star-like rise,
Immortal hopes and bright to make our skies,
Fair as the city of God ; eye hath not seen,
Amidst the wonders of the world I ween,
To saint or prophet true a lovelier, holier scene.

What does experience say and nine ten years,
Of the Messiah's reign ? and how appears,
The advent of His kingdom among men ?
Can I embrace from this rude mountain glen,
A scene so vast ? In part and dim I see,
The vision, though familiar 'tis to me.
Faith leads the way my thoughts are travelling,
Hope angel-like on dewy, starry wing,
Invites me on. Things mundane slowly move,
Impelled by silent powers from above,
Resistless t'wards an all-harmonious bourne.
Methinks I see the golden rays of morn,
More numerous grow in splendour o'er our hills ;
With widening gates a richer radiance fills,
The gladdening heart of day. The tides of life,




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Victorious rise and swell though great the strife ;
And higher daily on the shore they press,
But as they upwards climb they climb to bless.
This age than ages past is better far ;
The highways and the paths we travel are,
Smoother than those our pious fathers trod ;
We cultivate a greener, richer sod,
The plants are fanned by softer, milder airs,
Of social manners ; and each bosom shares,
A richer mead of universal love.
Far wider is the realm in which we move,
Than that too strait but ancient Celtic fold,
In which the Kymric fathers dwelt of old ;
Souls may be less heroic, and the mood,
Less deeply dyed and crimsoned o'er with blood ;
Hearts leap and thirst less readily for war ;
At scenes of carnage shudder ; stand afar,
In sore amazement from the battle-field ;
The soldier's glory envy not ; the yield
Of praise, and fame, and honours harvested,
From dead men's bones and the heart's best blood shed,
Is less abundant ; soon its splendour dies ;
Even as we gaze it fades before our eyes.

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Throughout the land a milder spirit reigns ;
Though less inflamed, more active are the brains,
Of busy workers in the ceaseless toil,
Of adding to our stock of knowledge ; the soil,
To crown with fruitfulness and beauty ; pour the light,
Of noonday knowledge to replace the night,
In which the nations of the world have sat,
For ages almost numberless. See at
This work humane ladies of royal blood :
Princes who from their infancy have stood,
Amidst the splendours of a royal throne.
With sympathetic words and kindly own,
The noble impulse stirring in the heart,
To those less favoured gladly to impart,
The gifts of fortune with a liberal hand.
Illustrious dames esteem it good to stand,
Amidst the thronging multitudes to plead,
The suffering widow's cause, the orphan's need ;
Nor think nor words nor labours spent in vain,
If woe is lightened or is banished pain ;
Or if the shepherdless they gently hold,
To give the comfort of some quiet fold ;
Or banish fever from the lowly cot,




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And soothe and bless the labourer's toilsome lot.
The kings of science and the lords of light,
Who flash new revelations on our sight,
Help us to see new worlds; new laws unfold,
True as the decalogue; though new, as old,
As these fair orbs we call the universe.
These lead us to the better from the worse;
From superstition's realm grotesque and wild,
By these new prophets nations are beguiled;
Before their wand malignant powers flee,
And at their word the moon and stars are free;
They teach that order reigns in earth, sea, air,
Beneficence and beauty everywhere.
High priests of nature, in their hands they hold,
The keys that open her temple, and unfold,
Her rich and various treasures to our view;
They gently woo her; reverently pursue,
Through all her secret ways; with patience trace,
Her characters mysterious; and embrace,
With loving hearts whatever 'tis her will,
To yield to energy, research, and skill.
And much they master; captains great, they stand,
With infinite resource at their command;

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The sea explore and all its caverns deep,
Where in eternal night dread monsters creep ;
A highway make along the watery waste,
Swift as on wings along the billows haste ;
Plant floating cities on the restless tides,
Where many a splendid palace gaily rides ;
And where the tempests howl and surges swell,
Their rage defying in contentment dwell ;
And o'er this broad and ancient empire reign,
The true, enlightened monarchs of the main.

Though less, their power is felt along the sky,
On swifter wings than eagles mount on high,
With lightning speed pass through the gates of light,
Or sail among the starry isles of night ;
And as through worlds their rapid course they run,
And visit many a comet, moon, and sun,
Laden with spoils returning from above,
They fill our hearts with words of peace and love.
No mad destructive demons have they found,
Along the stellar ways or solar ground ;
No wrathful angels with dishevelled hair,
And burning anger streaming on the air ;



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Nor spirits filled with dread malignant ire,
That fly throughout the worlds on wings of fire ;
Throughout the starry-peopled universe,
They saw no foe, nor heard nor woe nor curse.
These prophets bring sweet messages from far,
Tell us the language of both sun and star,
That send us greetings ; brotherhood they claim ;
In origin and nature are the same ;
Though in remotest provinces they lie,
Members they are of one great family ;
“ Fear not,” they say, “ we shine to serve and bless,
Nor burn in anger but in happiness,
Impelled by kindly laws and powers we move,
Nor through milleniums leave the ways of love.”

Again, I see, and watch with great delight,
These masters catch the lightning in its flight ;
And as they woo it downwards from the skies,
Bind it and wed to angel ministries ;
Its flaming wings with thoughts and words they robe,
Unerring send it flying through the globe ;
Teach it obedient to their will to wait,
A patient messenger beside the gate ;

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With folded wings and bright they bid it stand,
Until its needed service they command ;
Summon its aid their mission to fulfil,
Then clothe it with intelligence and will.
But most of all do I rejoice in this,
'Tis made to serve a minister of bliss ;
A demon once it seemed that through the blue,
Burst on the world, or through the heavens flew ;
And if it glared upon us night or day,
Filled with alarm, astonishment, dismay.

Now we invite it kindly to our homes,
With mirthful step and innocent it comes ;
And harmless as a little fairy gay,
We watch its gambols and observe its play ;
We list its voice, it tells through summer hours,
'Tis folded up in rosebuds, sleeps in flowers ;
Wrapped in the dewdrop in the cowslip's ear ;
Softly on golden wings of light draws near,
And bears us messages of love not fear.

I hail as fellow-workers all who bear,
Intelligence from far-off worlds ; and share,


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The light of science with their brother man ;
Who day, and night by night the heavens scan,
And labour on with patience infinite,
To gather on the shining shores of light,
The pearls of truth ; and those who seek to spell,
The ancient stone-book's syllables, and tell,
Creation's story written in the rocks ;
And him who with his golden key unlocks,
The world of beauty or to ear or eye,
And proves by lyre or pencil heaven is nigh.

Within my heart another well springs up,
That yields the purest draughts ; the jewelled cup,
Of joy most oft within its depths I dip,
And pure refreshment sweet as wine I sip.
With many a hymn of thankfulness I see,
Throughout the world the growth of charity ;
Almost a stranger in the world she's been,
Her lovely features only dimly seen,
A pilgrim in the land this heavenly queen.
But now methinks this maiden fair has come,
Her beauty to reveal ; and make her home,
And build her glorious empire amongst men.

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How seldom was she seen on mount or glen,
When these gray hairs were golden, these eyes young,
We thought she could not speak a foreign tongue,
Nor dwell beyond the region of these hills,
Nor list the sound of other rippling rills,
Nor gaze with eyes of light on other flowers,
She could not be the same that smiled on ours.
Yes most we thought she loved our mountain home ;
Nor far beyond our threshold did she roam ;
Not often did she cross an ancient stream,
Nor cast on mountains far away a gleam,
Of lovely sunshine from her heavenly face.
Long did we gaze and trembling tried to trace,
Her features just beyond the silver seas,
That girdle this fair Isle ; but enemies,
Marshalled for war and panoplied saw stand,
With vengeance in their eyes on every strand.
Still more 'twas sacrilege, 'twas mortal sin,
So fair a maid could ever dwell within,
The torrid climes and bless an Ethiop skin.
We thought the negro a predestined slave,
His place the dread plantation or the grave.
Nor cared the world how soon would dawn the day,




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When these wild children would be swept away,
From the dark desert and the wilderness.
Why trouble o'er the African? caress
The dusky Hindoo? for the Redskin pray?
God loved the world the sacred scriptures say;
Doubtless! it is His will, His way, His nature;
But how can we embrace so vile a creature,
As the dark savage of the desert wild?
Our eyes are opened, and our hearts beguiled,
By visions more divine and heavenly ways.
We leave the gloom the hate of other days;
To dusky tribes amid their desert sands,
Across the sea, we stretch out friendly hands;
For those who people many an ice-bound shore,
The hearts libations and its prayers pour;
Nor from untutored savages withhold,
Our hoarded treasures and our hard-earned gold;
Our riches pour upon the wilderness,
That it may bloom and all its people bless.
And more, far more than gold or gems we give,
Those who beneath our roofs paternal live;
Whom we have nursed from earliest infancy,
For whom we live and willingly would die;

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These we resign, these on the altar lay,
These teach, inspire, and lead along the way,
That points to China, Africa, Ceylon,
The Congo, Mississippi, Amazon ;
The Andes or the Mountains of the Moon ;
Where icebergs gleam, or blows the hot typhoon,
Where camels travel on the burning plains,
Or where the frost of endless winter reigns.
Dark phantoms and the hideous brood of night,
We leave for fields and angels bathed in light ;
The clouds and mists of prejudice retire,
More wholesome is the air which we inspire ;
More clear is the vision of the brain,
And wider far the broad outstretching plain,
Our prospect travels. Soft before us rise,
Some gleams though faint of coming paradise ;
The land the prophets saw, the lovely bourne,
Of all their hopes, of inspiration born,
Our spirits seek and through long vistas see,
Nor quite so distant as 'twas wont to be.
Things change ; the great ice-age is melting slow,
Warm hearted sympathies around us flow ;
The age of stone and iron hearts is past,



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We're coming to the golden age at last ;
Angels in distant heavens no longer stand,
But at our thresholds give a helping hand ;
The glorious rose of the millennial hour,
Is in the bud and soon will be in flower.
Our faith is not in bayonets and swords,
But in kind deeds, and gentle, loving words ;
We hate sharp instruments that wound and kill,
Nor can admire the means of doing ill ;
The claw, the tooth, the fang of brutal force,
Our benediction have not but our curse ;
Though still we praise the noble and the strong,
Yet more when pity does to them belong ;
And bless the hero when we see him seek,
To help the wretched and protect the weak.
We hail thee city of God, thy towers tell,
Mother of nations where the tribes shall dwell,
In peace ; and walk in fadeless golden light,
Purged from all sin, and garmented in white,
While in thy work and worship all unite.
Tell me fair seat of wisdom, queen of love,
If to thy golden gates the peoples move ?
If in thy paths I see a myriad feet,

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Their pilgrimage towards thy mansions beat ?
Methinks I see them on thy highways come,
Their weary spirits panting for their home ;
Oh may the way the ages long have trod,
Soon end in righteousness, in love, in God.

How fares it with the Old Evangelist
Among the evening shadows and the mist,
That thicken in the vale and veil the skies ?
Of what complexion are the thoughts that rise,
In the lone land of more than nine ten years ?
Loved seer what vision to thy heart appears ?
Frowns it upon thee ? is it robed in fears ?
Give us in strains soft, musical, and long,
Thine old-world echoes, and thy farewell song.
Fair is the vision though the light is dim ;
I tremble not though standing on the rim,
Of worlds unknown and awful mysteries.
Close at the threshold of my homestead lies,
The grave, with but a step or two between.
I often stand in thought above the scene,
When friends will gather round this mortal clay,
And in its mountain sepulchre shall lay,

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This dust in peace to wait the Coming Day ;
And sing as I have heard them sing ; and weep,
Perchance a friend that's laid below to sleep.
A melancholy pleasure fills my soul.
I give to nature back this earthly dole,
Without a sigh or tear ; nor can I feel,
A single shade of sorrow ghost-like steal,
Along the heart's emotions ; yes to die,
I am prepared ; and quite resigned to lie,
Among the generations gone before.
Death is no king of terrors, but a door,
That opens on a little silent cell,
Where ends my pilgrimage, and all is well.
In silent meditations, when alone,
Beside some flowery hedge, or mossy stone,
Or where some sparkling rivulet may run,
When I have crept to seek the summer sun,
With age and labour bent, decrepit, lame,
I've listened to the members of this frame,
And caught their whispers more or less distressed,
Feet, hands, eyes, ears, lips, tongue all pray for rest.
A double consciousness my soul pervades ;
I want to sleep among the quiet shades,

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Beneath the turf and gold-tipped floweret.
Yet when this glimmering life-star comes to set,
'Twill fade to seek the forehead of the morn.
Death and the grave are portals whence I'm born,
And spring to light, and stretch my wings and fly,
To regions dowered with immortality.
My soul is charged with reminiscences,—
Perpetual founts of happiness—and these,
Become prolific parents of bright hopes.
Not as the blind man on the highway gropes,
Walk I among sweet memory's dewy fields.
The way I travel backwards each step yields,
Something to solace, charm, revere, delight.
The fragrant meadows ever green and bright,
Are bathed in golden sunshine; fairest flowers,
Greet me at every step through all the hours;
And voices musical and soft I hear,
That sing where summer reigns throughout the year.
Hope stands beside me bright-eyed angel fair,
And sheds her smiles and perfume on the air,
And tells me these delights of memory,
Are born of heaven and God, and cannot die.
The faded flowers of love will bloom again,

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Lost links be added to the broken chain ;
The little lambs now missing from my fold,
These eyes again shall see, this bosom hold ;
And faded like the morning mist,
Will star-like shine again in Heaven I wist ;
Friends who in death from my communion drew,
A sweeter fellowship will soon renew ;
And brethren many whom I've often met,
Whose suns amid the storms of life have set,
I hope to see in bright array ere long,
No veil between, a radiant, glorious throng,
Their worship join and everlasting song.
With starry finger hope dispels the gloom,
And points to worlds that lie beyond the tomb,
Whither prophetic spirits have retired.
To see them all, my spirit is inspired,
As though it drank of wine in heaven distilled,
Whose every drop was with enchantments filled.
The gates will open to their mansions fair,
And to the city where th' apostles are ;
And angels ever waiting on the wing,
To speed throughout creation ministering,
To such as me amid the toil and strife,

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The sins and sorrows of a mortal life ;
Home of the seraphim that ever cry,
To Him who sits upon His throne on high,
Who rules the worlds and shapes their destiny ;
City of Christ the Lord, the Master dear,
The distant heaven-crowned King, the Spirit near,
The wounded friend whose wounds the nations heal,
The thorn-crowned One to whom the angels kneel ;
The crucified, whose cross has long become,
The Tree of Life crowned with perpetual bloom.
To be with Christ—I feel the hour is nigh,
Soon shall I stretch these weary feet and die ;
I list to voices floating on the air,
And catch the fleeting gleams of visions fair ;
Methinks I feel sometimes a gentle hand,
Laid warm on mine from some fair sunny land ;
Tokens, prophetic intimations these,
'Tis not far off, the hour of my release ;
Frail the partition, and the veil so thin,
Would they but rend and gently let me in,
To be with Christ ; less than a silken thread,
Prevents my sinking softly to the dead ;
Or holds my spirit from its native skies,

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The light, the love, the bloom of paradise.
Yet not impatiently I hope I wait,
To see the angel coming to the gate ;
Submissively I linger, watch, and pray,
Attentive list the call to go away ;
Resigned to slumber in the silent tomb,
Prepared to mount the way that leads me home.
Lord bid this heart its faint pulsation cease,
And let Thy servant soon depart in peace.



SONNET

*Read at the Funeral of the late Rev. WILLIAM EVANS,
of Tonynefail, on Tuesday, February 10th, 1891.*

AMONG these stubborn hills and mountains bare,
He simply lived, a prophet of the Lord ;
And learned among the flocks and herds His word,
That was his chiefest and his constant care ;
He drank in thoughts divine with this pure air,
And filled with God a ruddy youth did go,
Elisha-like behind the mountain plough,
Till summoned by a voice divine to bear,
The prophet's mantle on his shoulders flung.
Throughout the land, among its rugged hills,
In every nook, by rocks, by rivers, rills,
His silver voice was heard, and bell-like rung,
O'er rapturous hosts for well nigh fourscore years ;
To-day the prophet's dumb and we are left in tears.

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Miscellaneous Poems, &c.

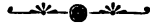


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Miscellaneous Poems.



CHRISTMAS EVANS COVENANTING WITH GOD.

FAR to the west had gone the summer sun,
But fringed with glory crag and cloud and wave,
The deeper glens were veiled in shadows dun,
To which the streamlets plaintive music gave ;
The air was vocal with the lark's last trill,
Borne from the golden closing gates of even,
While dew the fleece and flowers began to fill,
Breathed like a benediction come from heaven.

Along the western uplands slowly went,
An old evangelist who travelled far ;
Beyond the hills towards a village bent,
What time the hour showed the evening star ;

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His message to the yeomen was of peace,
And eloquent of truth and love his tongue ;
From toils among the flocks or fields they cease,
To list the word of life both old and young.

He deeply pondering slowly travels on,
Absorbed forgetful of the passing hour ;
Nor thinks how far the evening sun has gone,
His mind has yielded to the Spirit's power ;
His soul has risen to the glorious height,
When space and time are lost in fervent thought ;
And soaring upwards to the Infinite,
The vision of the Ineffable has caught.

His spirit's like an eagle on the wing,
That upwards bravely beats towards the light ;
Whose eager pinions and pulsations bring,
The sun unclouded clearer to the sight ;
Supreme the moment, no cloud stands between,
He sees the glory, feels the falling rays,
Of love divine fall on his heart unclean,
And in that Presence humbly bows and prays.
A myriad thoughts are fluttering in his breast,
To cleave the light all seemed with ready wing ;

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Anon like gentle doves some leave the nest,
 With golden feathers sun-drawn murmuring ;
Some carry perfume on their wings abroad,
 Fragrant with bloom shed by thanksgiving's bower ;
The dew of tears are borne by some to God,
 The heart distilled in deep contrition's hour.

That heart beat high with memories of old,
 When angels walked upon the earth with man ;
And to the simple Hebrew shepherds told,
 Of Jehovah ; and how their future ran,
Laden with glory, though as yet too dim,
 For mortal sight ; and how the patriarchs swore,
A sacred covenant with Elohim,
 That He should be their God for evermore.

Nor less the melodies of Israel's lyre,
 Their music through his yearning spirit sent,
Kindling therein devotion's glowing fire ;
 Or memories of the royal penitent,
The king who made confession of his wrong,
 Low in the dust a bruised reed he lay ;
Who poured his sorrows forth in plaintive song,
 And vowed no more from Israel's God to stray.

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Protected by the mountain solitude,

He made confession of his every sin ;

The secret chambers of his spirit stood

Open, the stainless light to fall within ;

No weakness or infirmity concealed,

No appetite or passion there excused ;

To God's all-seeing eye was all revealed,

If gifts, or powers, or blessings were abused.

Foreswore the tongue that poisoned truthfulness,

The eye whose fringes opened wide on gold ;

The tainted lip that moves to curse or bless,

Like Balaam's on the eastern hills of old ;

Thought of the prophet that from duty shrank,

And sought from Nineveh to flee dismayed ;

Scorned him who from the cup of blessing drank,

Then with a kiss the Son of Man betrayed.

He sought atonement, for forgiveness pled,

With anguish strong, and many tears cried ;

He saw at God's right hand the Lamb who bled,

And on the cross for man's redemption died ;

The star of hope shone in his heart though dim,

Nor with it could the clouds of guilt contend ;

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 It brighter grew, its glory came from Him,
 Whose smiles reveal Him as the sinners's Friend.

The sombre hills that stood around, became
 The dwelling place of God and angels fair;
 The ancient cairn an altar, whence the flame,
 Of pure devotion wooed the evening air;
 And there he lay a living sacrifice,
 In covenant he fell upon that shrine;
 The green sod, mountains, and the starlit skies,
 Witness and seal that sacrament divine.



STANZAS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ROBED in rich star-fringed gloom,
 Melodious sovereign of the sunless hour;
 To the hushed heart of night art come,
 To speak thy gentle power;
 With more than royal affluence dost shower,
 These priceless gems, a jewelled rain of song;
 Falling like pearls on tree on plant and flower,
 And bloom-embowered brook that glides along,
 Murmuring his dreamy joys those fragrant woods among.

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Spirit of mystery,

Hiding within the deepest folds of night ;

Singing while fairies make their revelry,

And fading with them at the morning light ;

Whence art thou ? whither dost thou take thy flight ?

The stars' and lightning's birthplace I have seen ;

Spring's firstborn glory dressed in spotless white ;

Hast thou among the heavenly choirs been ?

Angel of song thou art just come from God I ween.

Why sing this hour sweet bird ?

When thy wings fluttered in our tainted air,

Was thy pure blood by some strange impulse stirred ?

Alone wouldst thou thy charms unrivalled bear ?

It cannot be ; thy passion is divine !

Thou art enamoured, night to thee is fair ;

With matchless gems her Ethiop tresses shine,

Her perfume-laden breath to thee is sweet as wine.

Lover of tear-dimmed night !

This sable-bosomed queen in vain dost woo ;

Thy voice is rich with amorous delight,

And tremulous with passion's tenderest dew ;

Yet listless is thy mistress ; through the blue,



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Thy soul of beauty scarce can touch her dreams ;
Her smiles that dimly break upon the view,
Flow to thy throbbing heart in faint, cold streams,
And break upon its shore in pale and dying gleams.

What strains now woo my ears ?

Upon this stream of song now gently rise,
Soft waves whose murmur has the sound of tears ;
A pleasing pain upon my spirit lies,
And rapture in sweet melancholy dies ;
With sorrow thou dost make my soul acquaint ;
Methinks thy heart has caught some maiden's sighs,
And in thy song hast parabled her plaint ;
Or murmuring chant and low of some expiring saint.

Divine this midnight hymn !

Yet heavy droop these flowers bent with dew ;
This drowsy stream goes dreaming through the dim,
And slumbering woods till lost within the blue,
And sleepy dell where spring's first violets grew ;
Thou God-sent singer of the wilderness
Though nature heeds not, to thyself art true ;
Thou art too great for smiles and sweet caress,
'Tis thine a weary world with song to soothe and bless.

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How solemn are these woods!

This pomp of gloom with awe is eloquent ;
As o'er a shrine here dark-winged reverence broods,
Tear-eyed devotion too in worship's bent ;
This is thy temple, hither thou art sent,
A midnight oracle thy voice to raise,
In perfect song, inspired instrument ;
High priest of love and beauty may thy lays,
Hymned to a world asleep ascend to heaven as praise.



GWYNABER.

NO palace or ancestral pile,
Once built by prince or baron bold ;
A neuadd of the Kymric style,
A peaceful yeoman's humble fold.

Its white walls glistened from afar,
(White through Bruallen's simple art)
Through shady elms, just like a star,
When clouds at even stand apart.



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A low roof trimmed with rustic care,
Sheltered Gwynaber from the showers ;
While summer sprinkled here and there,
The old brown thatch with small blue flowers.

The woodbine crept along its face,
And kissed with creamy lips, the eaves ;
The rose blushed in its sweet embrace,
While finches twittered 'mong the leaves.

Above the roof paternal threw,
An oak his strong majestic arms ;
And which in smiling summer grew,
A palace of melodious charms.

Here primroses first sought the light,
Beside a southern chamber door ;
Gwen hymned their coming with delight,
And oft their golden favours wore.

Myfanwy, flower-adoring maid,
With tender, violet, loving eyes ;
In star and heart-shaped beds displayed,
The splendours of her paradise.

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Beside the rose and violet,

The tulip, pansy, lily fair,

Nest's honey hunting pets were set,

Whose sweetest friendship breathed—beware.

Sheltered by odorous crimson stood,

The beehive with its busy clans ;

Nest cherished their industrial mood,

Their cunning and laborious plans.

Watched their tongues dip in dewy wine,

And gather stones of sun-made bread,

And revel at their feasts divine,

On blooming, golden tables spread.

Hard by and fronting southern suns,

The croft hung bright with purple bloom,

Where whistling thieves, the sweet-billed ones,

Would pipe o'er cherry ripe and plum.

There finches fair did build and woo,

And blackbirds linger long and late ;

While maidens fair with eyes so blue,

Would listen at the wicket gate.



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Nor would they listen all alone,
 'Mong leaves and flowers and dewy pearls,
While stars came peeping one by one ;
 They had their mates those blushing girls.

Behind Gwynaber, stern and bold,
 Bryngarw raised its giant head ;
Its front was sometimes touched with gold,
 And sometimes shrouded as the dead.

Flanked high by stout and stalwart pines,
 That breathed the sweetest balm ; and drew,
The brightest, softest emerald lines,
 In graceful curves across the blue.

The cascade fell not far away,
 For ever bent its silver bow ;
In merry laughter broke its spray,
 And rained in showers of pearls below.

Pontglaslyn spanned the ancient flood,
 Its arches resting on the rock ;
Old, gray, it bravely still withstood,
 The storm, and mountain torrent's shock.

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Upon the stream a beechen grove,
Cast dreamy shadows soft and deep ;
On either bank a network wove,
Where summer sunshine went to sleep.

The eastern hill a tower crowned,
Where peaceful shepherds shelter sought ;
Though warriors once within it frowned,
And for their mountain stronghold fought.

A temple flowered in the glade,
Llwyneos, sacred fane and blest ;
There starlit orisons were paid,
A brown bird was the holy priest.

A mossy bank beside a brook,
Was sought by many a pilgrim fair ;
Twynserch its glistening jewels shook,
And flung its perfume on the air.

A thick grove almost hid from view,
The Cyleh ; a stony circle grim ;
The bards say from these meinhirs grew,
The angels and the eholim.

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Beside it bubbled soft and low,
 Ceridwen's fount, a well divine ;
The druids sought its mystic flow,
 And praised its waters more than wine.

By yonder emerald girdle bound,
 Llyn Fanwy lisps its deep sad plaint ;
The herds and fishers say the sound,
 Is breathed by fair-haired white-robed saint.

From wailing waves, 'neath dim lit skies,
 When soft gray mist floats o'er the scene ;
Like some unhappy dream doth rise,
 'Tis said Llyn Fanwy's spectral queen.

Farewell Gwynaber, now farewell,
 A shade creeps deepening o'er the scene ;
Shall I in tear dipt numbers tell,
 More what thou art and what hast been ?

Ah no ; my tale is ended now ;
 At yonder Llan the loved are laid ;
The fair, the sweet, the blest are low,
 There pillowed 'neath the yew-tree's shade.

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THE PATRIARCH OF THE VALE.

IN the Vale of Glamorgan he lived,
And oft of the land he would boast ;
The fairest and sweetest where everything thrived,
From the far-away hills to the coast.

The old man delighted to tell,
Of its pastures, its cattle, and corn ;
And how with abundance in summer 'twould swell,
Like the sea :—on whose strand he was born.

The strength of the field-going wains,
The number of flocks white as snow ;
Corn stacks like big towers built up by the swains,
And brighter than gold was their glow.

The orchards that blossomed in spring,
In autumn their promise made good ;
When raven-haired maidens their baskets would bring,
And crown in their merriest mood.

Its flowers were fairer to him,
Than any that Syria had seen ;
What music so sweet as the lark's morning hymn,
Rained down on the meadows so green ?



No mansions or palaces fair,
The noble creations of art ;
With his white little cot and its charms could compare,
His home, and the joy of his heart.

The old man full often would tell,
Of the heroes who lived in the vale ;
Of the battles they fought, and the warriors who fell,
And martial would grow with his tale.

The castle that frowned on the hill,
He knew how its ruin was wrought ;
Its towers dismantled, now lonely and still,—
'Twas the stranger destruction had brought.

The bards of the vale were his pride,
He recited their odes full of fire ;
Their songs, the delight of his bright fireside,
He sang to his sons the good sire.

The druids who worshipped the sun,
He had seen in the circle of light,
But these mystics had faded away one by one,
As stars fade away with the night.

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The vale's dewy, emerald sod,
The land of enchantment so gay ;
By the yellow moonlight the fairies had trod,
In the groves he had seen them at play.

And spectres his vision had met,
In the dim lonely lanes of the land ;
The sea too has wraiths, he could never forget,
What he saw on its moist yellow sand.

Late too as he journeyed along,
And hastened his steps quick and soon ;
He saw in the churchyard a hushed spectral throng,
In white, by the light of the moon.

He had heard too most wonderful things ;
One night in a blue, cloudless sky,
The air was melodious with murmuring wings ;
A choir of angels was nigh.

'Twas easy for him to believe,
Though how, he could not understand,
That witches could sail on the sea in a seive,
And traverse the air as on land.

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The circle of years so wide,

Yet simple, in peace he had made ;

His daily companions and, best, next his bride,

Were his mattock, his plough and his spade.

His brown wheaten loaves and sweet milk,

Made the patriarch's countenance shine ;

He wore corduroy—he had never seen silk,

And strangers his lips were to wine.

The odorous breath of the morn,

He shared with the lamb and the lark,

And watched 'mong the furrows the slumbering corn,

That drooped 'neath the dew in the dark.

He knew not what sages had said,

Their pages to him were all sealed ;

But a far grander volume from his youth he had read,

And treasured what nature revealed.

He was wise in the ways of the wind,

The clouds, and the moon and her looks,

The secrets of flowers and plants he would find,

And tell what was babbled by brooks.

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He knew every bird of the grove,

Every trill he could tell whence it came ;
And divine like a seer every token of love,
And measure the strength of the flame.

His finger he'd lay on the wing,

Of the bee when bright with gold dust ;
His touch was enchantment ; the wee busy thing,
Felt the touch of a friend it could trust.

He had seen from his white native cliffs,

On soft summer seas gaily sail,
The big gallant ships and the trim little skiffs,
For lands far away from his vale ;

But the sailors who sought on the waves,

A home ; or the soldiers who trod,
The far foreign fields and there found their graves,
Could not tempt him to leave his own sod.

His faith—well we'll give it that name ;

Was shadowy ; still there was light ;
No sun perhaps blazoned the sky with its flame,
Yet not without stars was his night.

Though dim was his night, deep his gloom ;
 He beheld through the shadows a God ;
And to Him he would journey he hoped through the
 tomb,
 By the way which the Master had trod.

In the Chapel on Sabbath he'd sit :
 With reverence listen and learn ;
There hope like a lamp in his spirit was lit,
 Which through life still continued to burn.

The friends who had faded away,
 The cherished the loved ones of old ;
Had only gone out of their prisons of clay,
 To enter their mansions of gold.

He knew he should see them again,
 When he came to the end of his years ;
To be from them so long was his hearts greatest pain,
 And it troubled its fountain of tears.

One sunset he said "I am sick,"
 Not a moment before was it known ;
Then quiet and soft like the clocks latest tick,
 Came the end ;—'cause the weights had run down.

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In the heart of the vale now he sleeps,
 That vale which his spirit had wed ;
 The daisy is there, and the moss softly creeps,
 And wraps with its mantle his bed.



DR. WEBB.

DR. WEBB lived in the city of Visalia, California. For forty years he was engaged in turning every verse of the Old and New Testaments into poetry. He undertook this gigantic task at the command of God, as he believed. Having proceeded so far as the closing chapters of Revelation, the pen fell from his hand, and the pious scribe was summoned to his eternal rest.

HE lived in the land of the sun,
 Of pumpkins, of fig trees, and vines ;
 Where the settler takes out on the prairie his gun,
 And then off the wild deer dines.

A land of broad acres and gold,
 Where no one feels poverty's pinch,
 But where all the citizens so I was told,
 Respect, and believe in Judge Lynch.

For Jack came down from the hills,
His pistol peeped out at his side ;
That day the brigand a saloon keeper kills,
That same day the murderer died.

Gravely the doc shook his head,
And cursed the blood-befouled place ;
For a moment examined the wounds of the dead,
And pitied the lifeless face.

He knew much about medicine,
But theology was his delight ;
He revelled in dreams of redemption and sin,
But neither could fathom quite.

The people went to him, for he,
With a wonderful vision was blessed,
Being doctor and prophet he surely could see,
Right into their vitals they guessed.

His pills had a wonderful vogue,
They were death upon all aches and pains ;
But an editor said—mark he was a rogue,
That the pills were picked up on the plains.

He was modest ; and yet in his eye,
Pride shone, for he strongly believed,
That he was a prophet ; that some would deny,
Which sorely the oracle grieved.

He could see, what is now-a-days rare,
To the depths of both heaven and hell ;
And the lives of both angels and devils declare,
And the secrets of Hades could tell.

He preached ; as a prophet he should ;
When he dealt out some terrible hits ;
But the people said that the sermon was good,
For the doctor gave them fits.

He lectured ; and great was the charm,
Of his words to the gay city belles ;
But alas he was scathing, and made the place warm,
For the sceptic and infidel swells.

They squirmed ; yet indulged in a laugh,
For amusement they certainly had ;
But they sneered at his reasoning ; 'twas nothing but
chaff,
And swore that the doctor was mad.

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His duty to him was assigned,
Assigned by the greatest of powers ;
At a time when fever had seized on his mind,
And during delirous hours.

Omnipotence gave him his task,
The Bible to popularize ;
'Twas his to obey and never to ask,
Was it possible, needful, or wise.

He made up his mind, and girt,
With a resolute will his loins ;
Money making he said was like gathering dirt ;
But he still kept his eye to the coins.

Each verse he must put into rhyme,
Bright, rhythmical, polished, and even.
The doctor engaged ;—quite oblivious of time,
For time would be granted by heaven.

No verse must the prophet omit,
No name though hard, crooked, or rough ;
The business to cut them and shape to a fit,
Was often uncommonly tough.

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He crawled through the Pentateuch,
And crept through the Prophets and Psalms ;
With Job what infinite patience he took,
And David's transgressions and qualms.

He felt a sneaking delight,
For Solomon's amorous strain ;
And with the gay lover spent many a night,
Nor thought all his vanities vain.

He dressed up Elijah's meals,
And polished his fiery car ;
And rhymed all around Ezekiel's wheels,
Each shone in his verse like a star.

To the frontier prophet at last,
He toiled his poetical way ;
And from Malachi over to Matthew he passed,
Impatient of any delay.

The entrance seemed rugged and hard,
From the seers of the Old to the New ;
By patriarchs, kings, prophets, all entrance seemed
barred,
As phalanxed they stood to his view.

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But gently he coaxes his rhymes,
And his weary poetical feet ;
The periods of long generations he climbs,
And turns in his verse smart and neat ;

The prospect before him was rich,
When the first page of Matthew was turned ;
His fancy found many a sweet nook and niche,
And glorious the guerdon it earned.

The gospels were radiant with bloom,
And sweet was the perfume they shed ;
From Bethlehem's inn to Calvary's tomb,
His fancy with beauty was fed.

Now Peter, and Paul, and the Acts,
And Epistles divine must be sung ;
But alas the lyre reveals certain facts,—
The singer is no longer young.

Yes, time that makes weary the wing,
And the brightest of fair blossoms nips ;
With a breath nigh spent heard the minstrel sing,
His way through the Apocalypse.

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Slowly he stumbled on,
For the burden of glory was great ;
At length the light of the city shone,
And he stood at the pearly gate.

At the portal he dropt the pen,
And for ever ceased to plod ;
The frenzy was gone and sane again ;
He stood in the presence of God.

The dreamer of forty years,
Of folly now stood convinced ;
He blushed while his eyes were filled with tears,
And among the angels he winced.

His works could not follow him there,
Though in a poetical dress ;
So in the bright city so spotless and fair,
He found himself plunged in a mess.

'Twas decided the doctor meant well,
And the purest of motives could plead :
So kindly, though his Bible was only a sell,
They took the will for the deed.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

SIMPLE pleasures of the wilds,—

Where the primrose grows,
Where the violet fragrance yields,
Where the hawthorn blows,
Where the foxglove opes its cells,
In the shady hollow,
Where the lane is blue with bells,
Where the broom is yellow.

Simple pleasures of the wilds,

Where the squirrel leaps,
Where the glossy raven builds,
Where the beetle creeps,
Where the weasel hunts his prey,
Where the otter hides,
Where the sunny fountains play,
Where the river glides.

Simple pleasures of the wilds,—

When the cuckoo sings,
When o'er mountains, woods, and fields,
June her glory flings,


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When the sickle smites the corn,
When the fields are mown,
When the hunter winds his horn,
When the nuts are brown.

Simple pleasures of the wilds,—
To the heart they come,
Fill with laughing joys the child's,
With their grace and bloom,
To saint, patriarch, and sage,
Nature's charms are known,
And in every land and age,
Princes, peasants own.

Simple pleasures free as air,
All around they lie,
Always fresh and sweet and fair,
Filling earth and sky,
Though some with the passing day,
Quickly disappear,
Still they come from May to May,
With the changing year.

Simple pleasures 'tis from you,
Daily draws my spirit,



'Tis your riches I pursue,
 And your wealth inherit,
 Flowing full through ears and eyes,
 Charming sense and reason,
 Earth you make a Paradise,
 In this summer season.




THE DRUID DOCTOR.

YOU still maintain the honours of the race,
 Whose fame and glory you delight to trace,
 Back to primeval ages far and dim,
 That border on creation's utmost rim ;
 You stood as pontiff on the Rocking Stone,
 And there unfurled the crimson flag alone,
 What time the suffering Hu expiring made his
 Descent, and crossed mid gloom and woe to Hades.
 When ? if I've read aright the Calendar,
 St. Thomas' was the day, I do aver.
 Saint Thomas', said the hierophant, I guess,
 You are no Welshman ; if you are know less,
 Than Kymro should ; how deeply I deplore,
 This sad forgetfulness of ancient lore,

In Bran's, Caradawg's, Taliesin's land,
When men no more their own tongue understand,
But wed their thoughts to words of this new comer,
The Saesnaeg vile, and leave the speech of Gomer.
St. Thomas, says the sage, and now discloses,
The secrets of his muse—'tis Santo Moses!

That Moses was a Jew no doubt you think,
Because you from the Hebrew sources drink,
The streams of knowledge flowing thence I'm sure,
Are not the heavenly waters sweet and pure,
A Welshman, sir, was Moses, said the sage,
To prove it, I'll against the world engage.
You are no patriot, I see you smile;
Take this from me, it may your thoughts beguile;
Should all the languages of earth die out,
Kymraeg at once from human brains would sprout,
As buds from trees, or grass among the hills,
As I'm a prophet true, thus nature wills.

I see you're gazing upwards at my cap,
'Twill do you good to get another rap;
You take me from my dress to be a fool,
Ah simpleton I dress, eat, sleep, by nature's rule.



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My dress—don't smile—'tis what the critics call,
Perhaps you know the word—symbolical ;
This cap, oft gazed at with astonishment,—
A fox's skin without a seam or rent ;
When on my head 'tis like a globe of gold,
As when the sun its splendours doth unfold,
And every hair is like a living ray,
Shot upwards from the cloudless king of day ;
You see, my friend, those sparkling pendants three,
Behold therein a bardic mystery,
The Runic sign that stands like columns bright,
From summer hills up to the source of light ;
The sun our teacher is and healer too,
And from his chair in yon bright hall of blue,
Enlightenment and healing doth dispense ;
Life, joy, health, comfort, all come flowing thence ;
I am his Son Incarnate ; as you see
This cap's the golden sign of my M.D.

Again, dear sir, observe these breeches green,
Which oft along the country side you've seen ;
The simpletons think I am lunatic,
These breeches mean I'm sane and never sick ;

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Ah, would the stupid, silly folks but see,
And know the symbol of the mystery ;
Stand at my cottage door, observe the fields,
How nature in the woods and meadows builds,
Look at her colour in her healthiest moods,
When bounding life her swelling bosom floods,
As seen in laughing blooms and bursting buds ;
'Tis my profession health to have and give,
And hope at least a century to live.

You look inquisitively at my vest,
That spreads its crimson colour o'er my breast ;
If right I read the meaning of your eye,
You ask, though voiceless, for the reason why ?
This colour is the symbol of the heart,
And tinges with its dye the doctor's art ;
If practised and intelligent he knows,
How from its fount the purple current flows ;
Divines the secrets of the seat of life,
Lists if they murmur harmony or strife,
Discerns how beat the rippling scarlet flood,
The body's welfare and the spirit's mood.
You know this colour is the sign of Mars,



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Of flaming passions, burning anger, wars ;
'Tis mine by right, I sanctify the sign,
And make it worthy of the gods divine.
This tunic white, extending to the waist,
Implies a doctor should be pure and chaste.
A son of Æsculapius—not of night,
Born in the fount of science, child of light.
When standing near a poor afflicted dam,
In heart he should be like a harmless lamb ;
Or by a virgin, laid in anguish low,
His spirit should be like the stainless snow,
Nor bear within the mind's capacious ark,
A single thought that's venomous or dark.
Pray tell me, in your wisdom, if 'tis true,
You hold the creed imputed, sir, to you,
That those who die can know no second birth,
That all that's left of them is common earth ;
The vase of life is naught but common clay,
And only superstition vain to pay
Affectionate regard to mouldering dust ?
Such sentiments I hold are right and just ;
I botanized upon my mother's grave ;
Another act more noble still and brave,—

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 Without remorse, without a pang of pain,
 My sire I scalped, and analysed his brain !
 To gain a point in litigation, glad
 From his poor skull to prove my father mad ;
 Nor thought when once the vital spark had gone,
 That I had wronged *him more than wood or stone.*
 My son, my firstborn son, I built his pyre,
 And with these hands consigned him to the fire,
 And saw his locks, limbs, heart in smoke ascend,
 Yea, tearless, sighless, watched him to the end !
 That's my religion. Only one thing more,—
 I worship too—bui Moloch I adore ;
 To him I gave my noblest sacrifice ;
 And when I too, in death, shall close these eyes,
 It is my will that on yon sunny knoll,
 My friends shall build my pyre of wood and coal,
 Uncoffined, without ritual, burn the whole,
 An offering to Moloch, body and—soul.



THE THREE POETS.

¶ THREE humble toilers, poets too,
 Of genius delicate and true ;
 Though lowly workers, men of note,

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Who oft to Eisteddfodau wrote,
And carried medals off and gold,
Their names were blazoned and enrolled,
Among the bards sublime of old.

Their crafts? a humble weaver one,
Whose nimble fingers daily spun,
Beside the loom; a mason mild,
The next, the muse's blue-eyed child;
The last bard handled plough and spade,
And oft when reaping verses made.

They met beside the evening fire,
When ploughmen from the fields retire;
When weavers leave the busy loom,
And masons seek the charms of home.
Each made out against one and all,
His craft was most poetical,
And thus to while away the time,
Upheld its dignity in rhyme.

THE WEAVER.

My friends, you know the weaver's loom,
Has been and will be until doom,
By thinkers of poetic mind,

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Perceptive, subtle, deep, refined,
A favourite simile to show,
How thoughts originate and grow.

When busy at the loom, I sing,
My sweetest songs; from it I bring,
My happiest thoughts; before his eyes,
When swift the nimble shuttle flies,
The weaver sees the poem rise.

When thread with thread like line with line,
To form the warp and woof combine,
When colours blend in various dyes,
And into blooming flowers rise,
The weaver's heart within him glows,
His soul the poet's rapture knows.

You know, my brothers, well enough,
He weaves the most ethereal stuff;
What silken threads pass through his hands,
The produce of the sunniest lands;
What golden textures, crimson, blue,
Not fairer Eden ever knew;
And while he weaves he thinks of those,
For whom beneath his fingers grows,

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The softest robe ;—to clothe the fair,
A fabric wove with greatest care.

While bending o'er the loom I wove,
The Lay that won the prize on Love ;
'Twas as a weaver, friends, I ween,
I sang the Lyric of the Queen
Of Sheba ; threads in hand I spun,
My Royal Song on Solomon,
And robed the king in garments bright
And glowing as the orient light.

The weaver's loom and skilful art,
Thoughts of the Deity impart ;
When at my craft I think of Him,
Who dwells among the cherubim ;
And silently the heart will ask,
If His is not the weaver's task ?
What are those myriad threads of gold,
Which I through earth and heaven behold ?
Who but Omnipotence hath spun,
Those patterns in moon, stars, and sun ?
Did He not weave those robes of light,
And cloudy, flowing veils of night ?

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Is not this universe His loom,
Whence all things into being come ?
Each wrought with infinite design,
Of beauty, gloriously divine ?
When at His loom did He begin,
This protean robe of worlds to spin ?
Is matter not a woven thought,
By Him with life and spirit fraught ?
All is but warp and woof I deem,
A poem—or poetic dream.

I've praised the loom and sung my song,
Nor will the argument prolong.

THE MASON.

Poems and buildings oft compare,
In beauty, splendour rich and rare,
This from experience I know,
When building poems often grow ;
The loveliest images I see,
Spring from the craft of masonry ;
Beneath the mason's hands arise
The noblest of analogies.

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The structures fair that crown our land,
Like odes before his fancy stand ;
When toiling in the summer sun,
I sung my Palace Song, and won ;
When sweat fell dripping from my brow,
And heart burnt with the poet's glow,
While labouring on the sacred fane,
I saw my theme, and sang again ;
'Twas while the scaffolding I trod,
My fancy planned the Temple Ode.
Cathedrals are, as bards will own,
Majestic poems, psalms in stone.

The Holy City next my theme,
The heavenly Jerusalem ;
In ecstasy I saw it rise,
The crown, the queen of Paradise.
I mason-like perceived it all,
And built in verse its sapphire wall,
Its gates of pearl securely laid,
With skill as one who knew the trade ;
Street upon street in spendid line,
I made with polished gold to shine,

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On each side built with special care,
The angel-homes and mansions fair,
With beams of light I built the throne,
Of glory, where He reigns alone.

You've told us that the Infinite,
Has woven in the loom of light,
This universe ; He seems to me,
The Builder of all things I see ;
A moment brother but reflect,
And God will seem an Architect ;
As to the prophets, saints, and sages,
He has revealed Him through all ages ;
Have not inspired tongues called Him
The Carpenter ? and worlds that gleam,
The mansions of His house ? He planned
Them all, Omnipotence bade stand.
And is He not the Builder too,
Of City fair veiled by the blue,
Of which the prophets dream and sing,
Where seraphs burn and wave the wing,
And weary saints perplexed, distressed,
Pass in to find eternal rest ?

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My craft, in truth it seems to me,
Is most allied to poesy.

THE FARMER.

O for a golden-headed shaft,
To fight those of the tuneful craft;
Ye muses grant me heavenly fire,
Teach me to strike the poet's lyre;
And show that for the song divine
No craft or art compares with mine.


You build, and nobly, upon art,
Has nature never touched your heart?
Have you not gazed upon her face
With rapture? felt her warm embrace?
Heard not the music of her voice?
Has not her wine made you rejoice
More than the juice of purple fruit?
I follow humbly in her suit;
And from her inspiration draw,
Fair queen, my life, my light, my law.

How oft as in her silver car,
Queen-like withdraws the morning star,

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When through the dim, dissolving dark,
She smiles adieus upon the lark ;
When earth awakes as from a dream,
When flower and plant, the grove and stream,
The bee, the ant, the beetle, bird,
The drowsy flock, the sleepy herd,
Alike the gentle impulse feel,
Like rhythmic waves of music steal,
And moves to more harmonious life ;
Ere plunging in the daily strife,
My feet have brushed away the dew,
From flowers golden, crimson, blue ;
I've listened to the first sweet note,
From glossy blackbird's perfumed throat,
I've watched the jewelled fleece of lambs,
In mountain glens beside their dams,
And mist break like a fading dream,
From the soft bosom of the stream ;
Yea, oft I've found the morning yield,
Rich as the bloom of clover field,
The stuff with which our songs we build

The Seasons as they come and go,
Their charms upon my spirit throw ;




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Quick ripples to my lips the song,
When following the plough along ;
And many a sonnet has been born,
When I have stood 'mong golden corn,
When watching fading flower and leaf,
My muse has known elegiac grief ;
When rocks with icicles are hung,
And I have spent the day among,
The frozen hills, my harp I've strung,
And winter's glories I have sung.

I think my craft, if craft it be,
Has been the nurse of poesy,
In every age ; in ancient time,
Inspired prophets, bards sublime,
Sang of the earth and husbandman ;
Their genius after nature ran,
And caught its glories ; wreathed the plough,
With honour ; told in numbers how,
The seed was scattered o'er the soil ;
Sang of the sickle and its toil ;
With harvest joys their lyres rung,
When man was God-like and the world was young.

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And from the toils of husbandry,
Comes many a fair analogy ;
Fresh springs the parable before the eyes,
And spiritual kingdoms rise,
To greet inspired minds and wise.
As fades away the morning grass,
We see our fellow mortals pass ;
As falls the flower in richest bloom,
The fairest youth oft meets his doom ;
When sowing in its cold, dark bed,
The seed, the mind thinks of the dead ;
But when the quickened seed doth come,
In risen glory from the tomb,
From its long sleep awake again ;
Ah, then, we say men are like grain,
Destined to rise, their winter gone ;
Not as the iron they sleep, or stone,
But as the seed that comes with power,
When nature wills and gives the hour,
Forth from its narrow cell to bloom,
And wave victorious o'er its tomb.
Certain resemblances I find,
Between the soil and human mind ;



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I see the law of culture reach,
Imperially its arm to each ;
Perceive the principle of growth,
Apply with equal force to both ;
Nor less important is the season,
Of sowing as to soil and reason.

Break up the fallow soil, and plough
The mind deep ; in the furrows sow,
Naught but the living grain and best ;
Truth only, golden truth and blest,
Sow with a liberal hand ; nor spare
The heart ; but drive the pointed share
Right through its centre, though it bleed,
And much should die therein if need,
Of poisonous plant or noxious weed ;
Though it should run with crimson sorrow,
The seed will lovelier colours borrow ;
The deepest wounded oft-times throw
The richest crops, and wave aglow,
With life, whose smiling splendours prove,
The offspring fair of chastening love.

You've spoken of the Deity,

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The highest theme of poesy,
As Weaver and as Carpenter.
Good, brother bards, as I aver,
To me he seems as Husbandman.
Space, boundless, infinite, I scan,
As his own field ; and in the morn,
When time's young eye was dim ; unborn,
The immortal, hymning tribes of light ;
The mantle of eternal night
Uplifting ; I behold Him stand,
The Sower with the seed in hand,
And through space scatter wide and far ;
Abroad as sun, as moon, and star,
They fall in numbers infinite ;
And then I hail Him with delight,
Attentive to His vast estate,
Watch equally o'er small and great ;
His eye omniscient daily runs,
O'er planets fair and shining suns ;
He sees them flourish or decay,
Through æons grow or pass away ;
Some through millenniums wear their bloom,
Some sicken, die, and seek their tomb.



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From seed sown by the hand divine,
Not stars alone and suns that shine,
Have sprung to people time and space ;
Life, dowered with a nobler grace,—
The fairest attributes of sense,
The loftiest intelligence,
Affection's bloom and perfume sweet,
And will that from its royal seat,
Extends o'er all its sovereign power ;
'Tis seed beneath its crown—in flower.
The produce of the Husbandman
Divine, I fain would see in man ;
From culture more ethereal rise,
The plants and blooms of Paradise ;
The angels and the cherubim,
That smile in glory near Him,
Enwreathed around His throne above,
Are but the harvest of His love.

'Twas done ; in peace the contest ended,
Each had in verse his own defended ;
Resolved ere long again to meet,
And each with song the other greet.



Sonnets.

TO W. GRIFFITHS, ESQ., ON HIS LEAVING PONTYPRIDD.

WE will not say farewell, but just good-bye,
For oft we hope to see thy face again ;
Thou art not crossing now the wide-spread main,
To sojourn neath a bright Australian sky ;
Not to fair France or sunny Italy,
Allured by olive grove or purple vine,
Not to the Danube or the fabled Rhine,
A health or pleasure seeker thou dost hie.
No, no, thou art dear friend a neighbour still,
A few steps further off thy hearthstone lies ;
And any morn we may if such we will,
See the smoke from thy cottage chimney rise.
And hope when woods are green around, and bloom
the sweet wild flowers,
To visit with thee ancient haunts through coming
summer hours.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

LEADER of souls, from the fair land of bloom,
And fragrant groves, beside the azure sea,
Thy loving Lord to glory summoned thee ;
England's Elijah borne by angels home ;
Amid a nation's grief thy dust shall come,
To the old land and dear that gave thee birth ;
From toil and pain to rest in English earth,
And in its heart enshrined no more to roam.
The widow's shield, the orphan's help and stay,
The sinner's friend, the people's shepherd true,
Myriads throughout all lands mourn thee to-day,
With tears that gather like the evening dew ;
Champion of faith, though fallen in the strife,
Thy valour, truth, and loyalty have won the crown
of life.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD TENNYSON.

THE nation mourns him ; from our widow'd Queen,
Who knew his worth, and honoured, loved him
well,
To princes, peers, on whose spirits fell,
The noblest thoughts in perfect song I ween ;
Those in whose hands the helm of state hath been,
And those who guide a nation's destiny ;
The lone, calm, patient watchers of the sky,
Now mourn, eclipsed, the brightest star they've seen ;
Our mitred pastors in cathedrals dim,
And pale-browed priests beside their altars sigh,
Grief mingles with our poet's minstrelsy.
Our warriors drop a silent tear for him ;
England's proud heart is bowed, wrapped in deep folds
of gloom,
And sorrowing lays her wreath of love upon her
Laureate's tomb.


READ AT DEWI WYN OF ESSYLLT'S FUNERAL,
FEBRUARY, 1891.

BACK to the quiet village near the sea,
Sweet bard art borne beside the Severn floods,
And laid among the shadows of the woods,
That ofttimes soothed thy soul with melody ;
Thy loving, ancient friends of infancy,—
The ruined castle hoar with ivy hung,
The stream, the bridge, the dusty mill where young,
The heart first felt the poet's ecstasy,
Though sadly changed thou art, they welcome thee ;
Yet not without a sigh or tender tear,
To sleep at home, in this sweet vale with her,
Who slept before—from every sorrow free.
And yet methinks thou'rt not beneath this sod,
But elsewhere singing still th' immortal songs of God.

TO THE SUN.

On Witnessing a Particularly Glowing Sunset.

FAR waves o'er western lands thy soft bright hair ;
A flowing fount of splendours is thy face ;
Its gushing streams of crimson glory grace,
With rippling, swelling bloom thine empire fair ;
Long dost thou linger on yon golden stair,
While burning messengers around thee wait ;
On flaming wings they crowd the western gate,
And all, thine own imperial purple share.
To burnished halls I see thee now retire,
Vermillion veils behind thee gently close,
As folds its blushing heart a summer rose,
And dies 'neath cooling dew its evening fire.
With ruddy bloom does thy pavilion shine,
And Bacchus like thy robes seem washed in wine.



TO THE SUN.

I.

THE LYRIST.

GAERSIDI'S bard, prince of the golden lyre,
Whose throne is circled by the laughing stars,
Thy music rushes through the trembling bars,
That net the mantling blue with lines of fire;
Thy festive hymns with joy the worlds inspire,
In solemn dance are moved their circles bright;
Anointed with the waves of holy light,
Caught from the face of their melodious sire.
Though standing on the outer circle far,
Sweet flutterings come as from immortal strings,
Whose mild faint echo inspiration brings,
And fills with cheer our dim and lonely star,
Thy songs we hear rehearsed on winds and rhythmic
seas,
The thunder's roll, the swallow's twitter, and mur-
murings of bees.

II

THE WORD.

THOU primal utterance of the Eternal Mind,
Whose thoughts are syllabled in worlds of light,
Hymned into orbs and trembling choirs bright,
With which the gleaming scroll above is lined ;
Thine author to thy glorious form resigned,
The splendours of His riches infinite,
Thou art of wisdom, majesty, and might,
By Him, His burning parable designed ;
Celi's immortal word and flaming tongue,
Thy speech is poured in floods on worlds afar ;
In golden strains to earth, and moon, and star,
Unwearied has thy sweet evangel rung.
Truth shines undimmed in thine anointed face,
Thy beams are eloquent of overflowing grace.

TO THE FULL MOON.

YES, thou art beautiful! I wonder not,
Throughout all ages bards have hymned thy
praise ;
And kings to thee did glorious temples raise,
And priests, adoring, oft thine altars sought,
And mighty peoples costliest offerings brought.
My fancy paints thee not as goddess now,
Nor mighty huntress with the silver bow,
Nor queen whose throne with starry gems is fraught.
To me thou art a silver lake of light,
Brilliant and bubbling to the very brim ;
A myriad glimmering waves around the rim—
A cloudless shore of blue—dance soft to-night.
In thy calm depths unveiled by summer smiles,
Methinks I see some far-off blessed isles.

PRESENTED TO MISS RAY, YSTRAD, RHONDDA, ON THE
OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

IN my lone wanderings among the hills,
Seeking with leisured step that quiet joy,
That mingles in the heart with least alloy,
Fresh as the mountain breeze and sparkling rills,
And on the meditative mind distils
Soft, pure, and gentle as the evening dew,
On plant and flower from the stainless blue,
And all its secret cells and chambers fills ;
I've ofttimes seen two crystal streamlets meet,
And rushing each the other to embrace,
Predestined to unite in nuptials sweet,
Radiant with heaven's golden smiles and grace.
Emblems of human hearts—for better or for worse,
Henceforth through sunshine or through shade they
run their wedded course.

ON SEEING A BIRD HOVERING AND SINGING OVER ITS
OWN SHADOW.

HOW quick they beat those bright sun-laden wings,
What wild emotion stirs that gold-tipt bill ?
That soft, yet trembling breast, a gushing rill
Of music on those listening flowers flings ;
Far off among the rocks the echo rings,
And weaves its silver threads among the pines
Mellifluous waves beat high along the lines,
Of yellow corn a generous summer brings,
And lays with gentle hand on hill and plain ;
Deluded ! all thy wooing is in vain ;
Thy heart is wounded ; weary is thy brain,
And sick for one soft, sweet responsive strain.
A mocking phantom plays upon thy sight,—
A strange illusion born of heavenly light.

READ ON THE ROCKING STONE, PONTYPRIDD, AT THE
OPENING OF THE GORSEDD,
BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN JUNE, 1892.

GRAY with millennial years, this unhewn Stone,
Whose rugged grandeur charms our wondering
eyes,
Stands as a witness of the mysteries,
When white-robed druids claimed it as their own ;
In the dim, distant, bardic ages gone,
With rapture here his harp the poet strung,
And girt with summer glories sweetly sung,
Melodious lays to Hu upon his throne.
High priests of nature, ministers of light,
Here stood with foreheads bare and feet unshod,
Before th' Eternal and the Infinite,
And in this lowly temple worshipped God.
Symbol of old-world lore, science and song divine,
With festive joy we bring our homage to thy shrine.

CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

DISMANTLED fortress, like a bride bereft,
Of all her honours ; grace and beauty gone ;
Sitting in dreary widowhood alone,
With naught but days of desolation left ;
How are thy massive walls and towers cleft,
Unroofed thy winding corridors and halls ;
Thy stately column slow decaying falls ;
The graceful arch yields to the quiet theft,
Of time's unceasing, ever-pilfering hand.
No princely train sweeps o'er thy still green sward,
Nor in thy towers nestling sings the bard,
Beside thy port no watchful warriors stand.
No damsels dance, nor love-sick maidens sigh,
While pining captives in thy dungeons die.

CASTELL COCH.


I KNEW thee once dismantled, and saw fly,
The dismal raven 'mong thy rifled towers,
Beheld upon thy crumbling walls the flowers,
And weeds their garish colours flaunt on high ;
Time was when near thy scarpèd cliffs did lie,
Hurled to his doom full many a warrior brave,
Whose blood with purple tinged the wandering wave,
That sought the sea with many a mournful sigh ;
Thou art no more a ruined fortress stern,
Whose faded glory patriot bards might mourn,
Enthroned upon the hills thou art a queen,
Girdled with vineyards fair and forests green,
With smiles thy renovatèd turrets greet,
Cathedral spires, yon busy mart, and fleet.

TO THE CROMLECH AT DUFFRYN GOLWG.

MOTHER of vanished tribes, in widowhood,
'Mong haunting shadows sittest, stern, august ;
From age to age o'er long forgotten dust,
In lone and sad bereavement thou dost brood ;
The long-drawn dirges of the Severn flood,
Soothe thy great sorrow with the sound of tears,
Like mourning genii through millennial years,
They wander sighing through thy sacred wood ;
We would regard with reverential mood,
Thy silent sorrow and thy voiceless grief,
And mourn thy prophets faded like a leaf,
That once with harp and song around thee stood ;
Now briars and nettles creep within thy grove,
And croaking ravens through its branches move.

THE PSALMIST'S WISH (PSALM LV. 6).

O HAD I wings like yon swift fleeing dove,
Soon would I cleave the air away to fly,
And seek beneath a calm and friendly sky,
To nestle in some green and quiet grove ;
Or in some rocky crevice hide above,
Far from the turmoil of the world, at rest ;
The soft, cool air to soothe my troubled breast,
And solaced with the sweet delights of love ;
My spirit hungers for the solitude,
Far from the haunts of men, their hate and strife,
And tongues that poison all the springs of life,
And arrows sharp that pierce the just and good.
It cannot be ; God grant that I may dwell,
At peace among my people Israel.




MORGAN THE GENTLE (MORGAN MWYNFAWR)

THE hero's honours Morgan did not claim,
Siluria's awful sword while in his hand,
Was wreathed with flowers; throughout his
wave-washed land,
No smitten people trembled at his name ;
His royal star burned with the mildest flame,
Softly it smiled on castle, palace, tower ;
Upon the people like a summer shower,
On growing corn his gentle goodness came ;
His princely courtesy hath won him fame,
Through all the land by sweet-voiced minstrels
sung,
And great it grew upon the people's tongue,
With none to sorrow, envy, or to blame.
Balmy and fair this flower within his heart did bloom,
And still its memory sheds its perfume o'er his tomb.

HEAVEN—WHERE ?

IS heaven hid behind those golden bars ?
Or lies within that trembling veil of blue ?
Is it concealed beyond remotest stars,
That only faintly glimmer on the view ?
Do all those suns and galaxies lead to
Some Holy City clothed in fadeless bloom,
Fairer than seer or prophet ever knew,
Whence all our angel-inspirations come ?
Is heaven a thing of space, or time, or sense,
Adorned with pearl and paved with polished gold ?
Or built upon the heart of innocence,
That into grace, love, beauty doth unfold ?
Thrice happy they who bear their heaven within,
Free from the gloom of guilt, free from the taint of sin.




TO A CROW.

SWIFT traveller among the thickening shades,
 Speeding o'er mountains, rivers, thorpes and
 glades ;
Bens, tarns, fells, glens thou'rt leaving fast behind,
And reaching on upon the western wind ;
Why beat thy wings so steadily and strong,
 Thy neck outstretched towards the setting sun ?
Is his the golden path the evening long
 Thou followest enamoured lonely one ?
Not for the sun methinks but leafy trees,
 Long leagues away that yearns thy glossy breast,
And thou art scenting afar off the breeze,
 From fragrant groves where thou hast built thy
 nest ;
Dim, fading speck, lost amid thickening light,
Like thee I seek my home and bless the shades of
 night.

ST. PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

ALONE he stands a prisoner in chains,
Untinged his manly brow with blush of shame ;
No trembling fears seize upon his frame,
Though weak from long imprisonment and pains ;
There in the royal presence he explains,
How he beheld the glory of the Christ,
From Pharisee became Evangelist,
And bravely at that bar his faith maintains ;
The pompous Roman says that Paul is mad,
The king, politic, versed in courtly wiles,
An interest feigns beneath contemptuous smiles ;
The unquailed prisoner, manacled, is glad,
Before the sovereign of a hostile race,
To justify his faith and plead Messiah's grace.



ISLWYN—YNYS-DDU.

IS this the glen to which thy soul was wed,
Where first thy gentle spirit saw the light ?
Here didst thou linger waiting for the night,
To lay thee down in yon cold narrow bed ?
Along those winding ways thy feet were led,
A poet-pilgrim traversing the cwm,
To which so late the smiles of summer come,
And from its cheerless heart so soon are fled ;
Did not thy friendships lend their sombre hues,—
The rock, pine, cloud, the mist that fills the vale,
And tinge with melancholy shades thy muse,
And with their gloom thy tender heart assail ?
This dark, cold, sullen stream thy Jordan was I fear,
That listening heard thee sigh and caught thy falling
tear.

I HAVE SEEN MY GOD.

WAS it philosopher who found at last,
The long sought secret of the universe ?
Or bard before whose mind the glory passed,
While dreaming, building up immortal verse ?
Or prophet while in rapture catch the gleam,
Whose burning splendour did the heart assail ?
Or white-robed priest to whom the cherubim,
The beatific vision did unveil ?
The words were spoken by a simple maid,
Whose lips were pale and eyes were growing dim ;
In the lone valley 'midst the darkening shade,
And dismal, dying desolations, Him,
Her God she saw, and for a moment met ;
The vision passed away, and soon her sun was set.



THE OLD TOWN CROSS, LLANTWIT MAJOR.

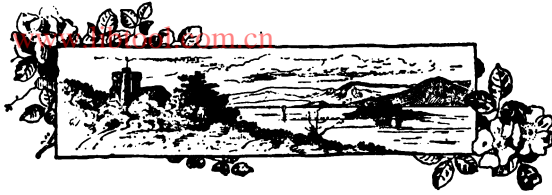
THIS said that here beside the Severn sea,
Where stands this fragmentary monument,
To which the cross a sacred glory lent,—
The symbol of redemptive mystery ;
To this rough western island coming, he,
The great apostle of the Gentile world,
The crimson banner of the Lamb unfurled,
To which Glamorgan's princes bent the knee.
The village fathers proudly claim this spot,
Marked by the print of an apostle's feet,
Who came the Kymry in God's name to greet,
Their tribes to bless and sanctify their lot.
Still are they blessed these village patriarchs hoary,
St. Paul's evangel own, and in the cross they glory.

EMBLEMS OF LIFE.

THE fragile flower, or perishable grass,
Whose lowly life is rooted in the earth ;
Sprung from the mouldering dust that gave it
birth,

Back to its native element will pass ;
At morn it is ; at noon it only was ;
Before the blighting, scorching desert air,
Low the head droops, and fades its beauty fair,
Its glory gone, a withered thing, alas !
O man who proudly boastest of thy power,
As if thou wert a cedar strong and tall,
Remember, in a moment thou may'st fall,
Behold thine emblem in the grass or flower ;
The morning dew may glisten on thy bloom,
The evening sun may shine upon thy tomb.





Songs.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN CROCKETT, Esq.,

WITH PLEASANT MEMORIES OF MANY HAPPY HOURS SPENT AT HIS
FIRESIDE PRACTISING THE NATIONAL AIRS OF WALES.

THE GENIUS OF CAMBRIA.

EISTEDDFOD SONG.

Air:—"March of the Men of Harlech."

CAMBRIA hail! accept our greeting,
List to loyal hearts now beating,
Smile upon the muse's meeting,
And its joys prolong;
Fill with sweet delights the hours,
Make them fresh as vernal showers,
Fragrant, chaste as blooming flowers,
All our vales among;

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Now our hearts inspire,
With thy heavenly fire,
 Gifts divine,
 Sweet as wine,
Grant to son and sire ;
Be thou queen of all our pleasures,
Guardian of the poet's treasures.
Mistress of melodious measures,
 In the land of song.

Rise ye bards and druids hoary,
Sing the Kymric nation's glory,
Strike your harps and tell the story,
 Of her ancient fame ;
How in youth she took her station,
As a high-born noble nation,
At the threshold of creation,
 When from God she came ;
Splendid was her dower,
Wisdom, virtue, power ;
 Bright and fair,
 Free as air,
Was she in that hour ;

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Nought her joyous breast distressing,
Love and hope her heart caressing,
Queen-like crowned with every blessing,
Earth and heaven bare.

Radiant once as summer morning,
Truth and right her train adorning,
Tyranny and falsehood scorning,
Generous and brave ;
Down through long and chequered ages,
Marching, she all hearts engages,
To her, warriors, poets, sages,
Fortune, blood, life gave ;
Still her children love her,
Fadeless charms discover,
As when young ;
Speak her tongue,
All the wide world over.
Genius of our ancient nation,
Grant us now thy consecration,
Breathe upon us inspiration,
From mount, grove, and wave.

OLD CAMBRIA.

Air:—“Hen Wlud Fy Whadan.”


LOVED mother of minstrels and fair queen of song,
To whom both the harp and the poem belong,
With truest devotion our lips speak thy fame,
Enshrined in our hearts is thy name.

CHORUS.

Name, name, we love old Cambria's name ;
While rivers run,
While shines the sun,
Still brighter may burn thy fair fame.

The tyrant oft sought thee in dust to lay low,
The heel of oppression to stamp on thy brow,
Though smitten, and wounded, and crimsoned with
blood,
Yet dauntless for freedom hast stood.

The songs of thy minstrels have rung through the hills,
The blood of thy warriors have purpled the rills,
Thy druids have worshipt in deep-bosomed woods,
Thy bards taught by mountains and floods.

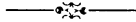


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We gaze with unceasing delight on thy vales,
And list to the music that floats on the gales,
The voice of the tempest when loudest it calls,
The rush of thy rivers and falls.

Fair land of the Kymry, we're proud of the past,
And pray that thy beauty and honour may last,
The crown of thy glory may kind heaven save,—
The language and lore of the brave.

Be thine the rich harvests of plenty and peace,
In righteousness, power, and wisdom increase,
Advance with the nations, march on in the line
Of progress and blessings divine.



CYMRU FYDD.

Air:—“ Hen Wlad Fy Whadan.”

ALL hail to the Cymru that is yet to be,
The queen of the hills and the bride of the sea,
On the pathway of ages she comes like a star,
And scatters her radiance afar.

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CHORUS.

Hail, hail, Cymru Fydd, all hail ;
Bride of the sea,
Our queen shalt be
To reign in the home of the free.

The oldest of nations I see fair and young,
Time not having touched her in brow, eye, or tongue,
Her spirit drinks deep from the fountains of truth,
She's ever renewing her youth.

She's free as an eagle that floats on the air,
Her heart like her flowers a stranger to care,
The streams of her pleasures shall daily increase,
She breathes the sweet perfume of peace.

She moves through the ages in garments of white,
While science attends her, an angel of light ;
The fair halls of beauty to her shall belong,
The poet, the harp, and the song.

Her heart with the throbbings of friendship shall move,
And swell like the tides of the ocean with love ;
The depths of its kindness no plummet shall know,
Strong, full, and unceasing its flow.

And daily the incense of worship shall rise,
 From temples of concord that point to the skies;
 Peace be to her altars and blessed be her sod,
 That blooms 'neath the smiles of her God.



SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

Air :—“ *Glan Meddwod Mwyn* .

I BOAST not of treasures in silver and gold,
 Nor name among nobles and heroes enrolled;
 A stranger to fortune, to fashion, and state,
 I live among shadows unseen by the great;
 Though garters or coronets never have seen,
 Nor trod in the halls of our princes or queen,
 Yet breathes there a happier spirit I ween?

Baptized in his splendour I sing to the sun,
 His glory to numbers melodious will run;
 And nightly I gaze on the city of God,
 Whose mansions and streets by bright spirits are trod;
 The valleys, hills, mountains are temples to me,
 The noblest of anthems I get from the sea,
 The groves are like harps full of wild melody.

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 For me the lark carols his songs dipt in dew,
 The rose puts on crimson, the violet blue ;
 For me the brooks babble that run through the vales,
 Their oldest, their newest, their sweetest of tales ;
 For me is the perfume that floats on the air,
 When summer's most gracious or spring is most fair,
 Then why bear a sorrow or carry a care ?

The songs of the angels some day shall be mine,
 The feast of redemption its fatness and wine ;
 Mine now are the favours that fall from the face,
 Of Christ King of glory the Sovereign of grace ;
 I boast of the hope of a fair paradise, .
 And star-like I see the bright vision arise,
 That beckons me on to a home in the skies.

WILL HOPKINS' LOVE.

WILL HOPKINS was the lover of the MAID OF CEFN YDFA. Tradition says that she died of a broken heart, in his arms. The Maid lies buried in the Church of Llangynwyd, among the hills of South Glamorgan.

Air:—"Y Deryn Pur."

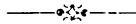
NOW gently waft fond heart thy sighs,
 Upon the winds to wander,
 Along the primrose path that lies,

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Among the meadows yonder ;
Send them roaming,
Through the gloaming,
Winged and swift like bright birds homing ;
Perfume laden,
Woo the maiden,
Where the violets are blooming,
In banks of blue,
All dipt in dew,
Whereto the true one's coming.

The way seems far and long to-night,
By every nook and turning,
Though moon nor star has come to sight,
With dimmest, palest burning ;
Passed hill ridges,
Crossed the bridges,
Left behind the hazel hedges ;
Shall I ever,
Leave the river,
With its grim, dark, rocky ledges ?
Tell me dull time,
When shall I climb,
Beyond these sighing sedges ?

I see blue eyes with light aglow,
 Did ever stars so glisten?
 I hear a voice, though faint and low,
 Impatient spirit listen!
 Softly singing,
 Sweet words, winging
 To the heart their way, and bringing,
 From my angel,
 An evangel,
 Every note with true love ringing;
 Ah this is rest;
 Supremely blest,
 To heaven's best I'm clinging.



WILL HOPKINS' RAPTURE.

Air :—“*Megem's Daughter.*”

SHE'S bright as the light that falls on the lily,
 And chaste as the dew that lies on the rose;
 She's sweet as the violets down in the valley,
 And fresh as the heather that on the hill grows;

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As gently she comes as the queen-star of even,
Whose smiles like gold streamlets are rippling the
blue ;
How gladly the heart would enthrone her in heaven,
And worship the goddess that comes into view.
The heart like a censer with incense is laden,
And daily its perfume ascends to the skies ;
The flame on its altar burns ever sweet maiden,
The light in the temple of love never dies ;
How oft have I wandered where beauty invited,
And followed wherever she pointed the way ;
And felt when her vision's divine I had sighted,
Bright angels of pleasure all through the heart play.
But why was enchantment on plant, leaf, and blossom ?
Why rapture in sunshine, in fountain, and song ?
The dell and the brooklet that ran through its bosom,
The hills and the heather I wandered among ?
Fair maiden thy spirit all nature has haunted,
And touched with its beauty fount, blossom, and
stream ;
The heavens are holy the earth is enchanted ;
And thou art the glory and life of my dream.

LAMENT OF THE MAID OF CEFN YDFA.

Air :—“ *Y Deryn Pur.*”

A SIMPLE maid among the hills,
Remote from towns and cities,
Her tears mingles with the rills,
Whose woes and pains none pities,
Every yearning
Changed to mourning,
With a broken heart and burning;
Hopes all clouded,
Sorrow shrouded,
Darker with each day's returning;
O fatal morn,
When I was born,
To bear this cruel scorning.

Each tiny thing upon the wing,
Among these gloomy mountains
Each timid fawn that wakes at dawn,
Beside those weeping fountains;

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In each billow,
Down the hollow,
By yon drooping, sighing willow ;
'Mong those bowers,
Fading flowers,
Each and all may choose its fellow ;
But thou poor dove,
For loyal love.
A thousand curses follow.

My sorrow do not blame, nor sighs,
Nor scorn my melancholy ;
The burning tears that flood my eyes,
I know in heaven are holy ;
Yes, by heaven,
I'm forgiven,
'Tis my prayer at morn and even ;
And I'll cherish,
Though I perish,
All the love my God has given ;
'Twas He who gave,
Be mine the grave,
There rest sad heart and riven.

WILL HOPKINS' COMPLAINT.

Air.—“*Y Gwenith Gwyn*” (*The White Wheat*).

AH wounded heart and full of pain,
 'Tis vain thy sad complaining ;
But tears will rise and blind those eyes,
 And sighs there's no restraining ;
I can't be brave beside this grave,
 Where wave those mountain grasses ;
Alas to know she lies below,
 All other woe surpasses.

Of angel mould and worth untold,
 For gold thy bloom was blighted ;
They heard thy sighs but to despise,
 For gold thy cries were slighted ;
Thy heart was sold for paltry gold,
 And told to bow to duty,
They made thee wed though well nigh dead,
 And fled were light, hope, beauty.

Ah well they knew that thou wert true,
 To him who grew beside thee,

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From childhood's hour my mountain flower ;
 Yet gold had power to chide thee ;
 Thy sire and dame put out the flame,
 Of love that came from heaven,
 And as a slave though true and brave,
 To this dark grave wast driven.

Though fled thy 'charms 'mid death's alarms,
 These arms sustained thy spirit ;
 My blest, 'twas from this throbbing breast,
 Thou didst God's rest inherit ;
 Through life denied, in death's divide,
 My spirit bride wast given ;
 My last, long kiss didst bear from this,
 Sad world to bliss and heaven.



THE DYING MAIDEN.


Air :—" *Y Deryn Pur.*"

A LOVELY maiden lying low,
 In anguish long did linger ;
 Her brow was cold and white as snow,
 Touched by death's fatal finger ;

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Pale and faded,
Sorrow shaded,
Like a withered flower lying ;
From her bosom,
Drooping blossom,
All life's angel hopes were flying ;
Her mother dear,
With many a tear,
Stood by and watched her dying.

O cease those tears, the maiden said,
And close the founts of sorrow ;
Nor stand beside my dying bed,
Such bitter grief to borrow ;
See above us,
Hosts who love us,
And methinks their songs I'm hearing ;
Is it heaven,
This last even,
Kiss me mother—I am nearing ?
Death's clouds though cold
Are touched with gold,
And angel smiles are wearing.



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Though dim these eyes I've seen my God,
 The vision came this morning ;
 I saw the place of my abode,
 My spirit felt the warning ;
 Now we sever,
 I for ever,
 In the light eternal hiding ;
 To the splendour,
 Shining yonder,
 I am gently, sweetly gliding ;
 Farewell, we part,
 I near God's heart,
 To have my blest abiding.



TO THE LARK.


Air :—“ *The Rising of the Lark.* ”

SING, sing, upon the wing,
 Light, airy, gay ethereal thing,
 Beneath thy cloudy bower ;

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Trill, trill, o'er vale and hill
Thy notes, with holy rapture fill
 The heart of this chaste hour ;
 Dewy blossoms
 Ope their bosoms,
Smiling 'neath thy joyous song ;
 Laughing fountains,
 Groves and mountains,
All thy blissful strains prolong ;
 Through me lone one,
 Thy passions run,
Of pleasures swift and strong.

Mount, mount, towards the fount,
Whose living streams no eye can count,
 That flood the purpling east ;
Bear, bear, through stainless air,
A heart a stranger now to care,
 To far-off realms of rest ;
 Drink in pleasure,
 Without measure,
And the rich ambrosia share ;



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Sundrawn lover,
Brimming over,
Are the jewelled cups up there ;
And rosy wine,
Of lands divine,
For thee, brave bird, they bear.

Rise, rise, and scale the skies,
The golden gates of Paradise,
Are opening, enter in ;
Quite, quite the garments white,
Now woven in the looms of light,
Thy pinions strong may win ;
Child of wonder,
Robed in splendour,
Art thou not Apollo's priest ?
Thy heavenly lyre,
Is hung with fire,
With hymns of burning glory drest ;
Far, far away,
I hear thee play
The anthems of the blest.

THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

Air:—“The Rising of the Lark.”

WHY, why art thou so high,
Among those far off hills that lie,
In lofty solitudes ?
Lone, lone art thou sweet one !
Ah, dost thou, blushing virgin shun,
Earth's cruel multitudes ?
Mountain maiden,
Beauty laden,
Dost thou not my sorrow share ?
Am I spying,
Deeply lying,
In thy gentle heart a tear ?
Did not that sigh,
That passed me by,
Though perfumed, breathe thy care ?

Sweet, sweet the smiles that greet
Me, from this gem that's at my feet,
Ere now I thought was sad ;

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Thine, thine is mountain wine,
That fills thy heart with joy divine,
And bliss that seems like mad ;
Tender blossom,
Is thy bosom,
Not the home of all that's glad ?
Swift advancing,
Gaily dancing,
Like a loving, longing lad,
With lips aflame,
Fair zephyr came,
And perfumed kisses had.

True, true the sky so blue,
Is thine, and morn and evening dew,
And gentle cooing dove ;
Springs, springs on sunny wings,
The lark, and on thy bosom flings,
Melodious floods of love ;
As of olden,
Bright and golden,
Are thy guardians fair in light ;

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From their heaven,
 Morn and even,
 Smile on thee like angels bright ;
 Thou art I ween,
 A mountain queen,
 Here reigning in delight.



THE VISION OF BEAUTY.

Air :—“ *Ash Grove.*”

OH! whence was my vision of beauty? ye flowers,
 Arrayed in your glory, to you I appeal ;
 When May with her jewels adorns your bowers,
 And brightest of crimson your blushes reveal ;
 Say have I not seen her a fairy queen sitting
 Enthroned, her robes flowing on sun-woven green,
 And love-laden minstrels around her brow flitting,
 Was that my fair vision? It was not I ween.

Oh, tell me, ye stars at the threshold of heaven,
 My vision of Beauty, say, came it from you ?
 Descending to earth through the portals of even,
 Her breath full of perfume and sprinkled with dew ?

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 Ah me, you are silent, but smile in your glory,
 Your silence is golden, your thoughts I surmise ;
 Your meaning is this,—it is often before thee,
 Thy vision is seen in a pair of blue eyes.



DESPONDENCY : OR THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

Air :—"Ar Hyd Y Nos" (Poor Mary Ann).

DISMAL are these days of sorrow,
 Clouds veil my sky ;
 Only fading lights I borrow,
 Soon, soon to die ;
 Hope its flight away is taking,
 Joy its ancient home forsaking,
 Ah poor bleeding heart and breaking,
 Thy doom is nigh.

Fast the wintry snows are falling,
 Thickly they come ;
 List those plaintive voices calling,
 As on I roam ;
 Lone my pilgrim way I'm wending,

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'Neath the weight of years bending,
Through the dismal vale descending,
On to the tomb.

Life was once as fresh as morning,
While the dew lay ;
Beauty everything adorning,
Like blooming May ;
But how changed and sad's the story,
Withered, buried is the glory,
Now I'm in December's hoary,
Dark, dying day.

Faded are the smiles and graces,
Which once I knew ;
Banished are the friendly faces,
Sweet, bright and, true ;
Pale the lips once kissed in greeting,
Warmest hearts have ceased their beating,
Nor in field, street, home our meeting
Shall we renew.
Now the heart is filled with ashes,
Light and comfort fled ;

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All its flames divine and flashes,
 Burnt out and dead ;
 Round the embers sprites are fitting,
 While I, in the darkness sitting,
 Thoughts like winding sheets am knitting,
 For my cold bed.

Far from summer climes I'm drifting,
 So wearily ;
 Waves of woe my bark are lifting,
 And heavily ;
 Heedless of my sighs and fearing,
 Fate my shattered craft is steering,
 Through the mists and clouds I'm nearing,
 Death's frozen sea.



TO AN OLD HARP.

Air :—“ *Jenny Jones*.”

0 WHERE are the sounds that once soothed every
 sorrow,
 The sweet, breathing beauty that fell from thy
 strings,

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The charms that the care-laden heart came to borrow,
 That gave to the fancy smiles, sunshine and wings ?
 To pleasures melodious no longer I listen,
 That flowed from thy bosom in waves of delight ;
 And soft eyes of blue that beside thee did glisten,
 No longer their splendours rain down on my sight.

I cannot but think of thy strings hung with glory,
 With hope all aglow and with passion aflame ;
 And lips that enwreathed them with many a story,
 That from hall or bower with fair maiden came.

But now as a widow that art broken-hearted,
 And brooding in sadness, neglected, alone ;
 Unhonoured with smiles, grace and beauty departed,
 By friendship deserted, thy lovers all gone.



TO AN OLD HARPIST.

PLAY, play once more,
 As in the days of yore,
 The days that never shall forgotten be ;
 Awake the slumbering string,
 Touch it a living thing,
 Of minstrelsy.

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Play, play again,
The songs that banish pain,
That chase the gloom of sorrow from our sky ;
Bright jewels, sparkling airs,
Twin sisters to the stars,
That cloudless lie.

Play, play,—the strings,
May give the fancy wings,
To wander through the realms of light and love ;
And breathe the softer air,
Through which on pinions fair,
Bright angels move.

Play, play and tell,
In thrilling numbers well,
The soft sweet story of the heart's own pride ;
Tell of the maiden fair,
With blue eyes, golden hair,
Or blushing bride.

Play, play the lyre,
May yet our hearts inspire,
With purer joys than from the goblet flows,

A WILD WINTRY NIGHT.www.libtool.com.cn

The charm of ruby wine,
 Was never so divine,
 As music knows.

Play, play, the song
 May help to make us young,
 And bring the frosted heart again to bloom ;
 The light and beauty fled,
 Of summer, o'er it shed,
 And sweet perfume.

*A WILD WINTRY NIGHT.*

HOW wild the hills are to-night !
 The wind is but a lament ;
 The moon emits but a watery light,
 As into a sepulchre sent ;
 Like shivering spectres the trees,
 Like a corse the river lies,
 An avenging spirit is out on the breeze,
 On wings of gloom he flies.

The music has died away,
 From the leafless forests all ;



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 The sheep in the hills where the snowdrifts play,
 Are huddled under the wall;
 Perhaps from home beguiled,
 Returning o'er mountain or moor,
 Some pilgrim drops, dreaming of wife and child,
 And dies near his cottage door.

And sadly we think of those,
 Whose business is on the deep;
 And ask, if this freezing tempest grows,
 Where to-night will they sleep?
 O! Thou who art Lord of the sea,
 Remember our mariners brave;
 From the cruel teeth of the rock make them free,
 And the hungry mouth of the wave.



HYMN.

“THE FATHER OF LIGHTS.”—James i. 17.

LIGHT of the worlds, whose cloudless beams,
 Fall on the paths that angels tread,
 Whose glory through the heavens streams,
 And far as suns and planets spread.

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Thy splendour time can never dim,
Nor veiled will be by deepest night ;
Before thee burn the cherubim,
With thine eternal radiance bright.

Effulgent fount of life, thy face,
With love ineffable e'er glows ;
Abroad through heaven and earth thy grace,
A shining, shoreless ocean flows.

Thy rays are messengers that fly,
Like angels fair on golden wing ;
And as they smiling cleave the sky,
To distant worlds thy favours bring.

Ceaseless and new thy mercies are,
Through the eternities they run ;
And clothed with beauty bright and fair
With glory gild both star and sun.

Angels who near thee ever dwell,
To whom thou dost thyself reveal ;
Thy praise in holy anthems tell,
The rapture of thy presence feel.



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'Tis life to see thee as thou art,

Ah me! it brings immortal bliss;

Fall light of heaven upon my heart,

As gentle as an angel's kiss.

Then, freed from every earthly stain,

And mist, cloud, gloom that on it lay;

Hopes the blest vision to attain,

Of God, of heaven, and endless day.





Welsh Waifs.



I.

REV. I. POWELL'S REPLY TO CERTAIN IRREVERENT YOUTHS.

POOR boys, and so you say the devil's dead,
And this without a sigh or tear you've said !
Your father's dead ! and you are orphans left ;
Why joke and laugh when you are thus bereft ?



II.

DR. JONES AND THE FERRYMAN.

FERRYMAN.

BEFORE this raging storm your courage dies,
As I perceive in limbs, and cheeks, and eyes ;
Why, Christian sire, are you afraid of death ?
In what I pray have you reposed your faith ?

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DR. JONES.

Through all this storm I hope to keep afloat,
 Though anchor, sail, nor helm has thy frail boat;
 And having viewed it well from fore to aft,
 My faith is not in thy poor, crazy craft.



III.

THE RECTOR AND THE C.M. MINISTER.

THE RECTOR.

WHY stand beside this swollen stream,
 This Sabbath morn as in a dream?
 The furious brook you'll never cross,
 Except with damage great and loss;
 At once without demur or twaddle,
 Mount up, be seated in my saddle;
 We'll ride across—I have a mind,
 For once to take a seat behind.

THE C.M. MINISTER.

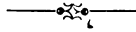
Well, Rector, you are very kind,
 But keep the saddle I entreat,
 Nor think of taking a back seat,
 With preachers this holds firm and fast
 In Wales, the greatest comes on last.

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IV.

COLLEGIANS AND THE OLD EVANGELIST.

SOME students dressed in cap and gown,
 One day were sauntering in town,
 When, spying an evangelist,
 Resolved at once upon a jest,
 And thus the itinerant address:
 Why is it Sir that for your need,
 Evangelistic on a steed,
 You ride about, of thorough breed?
 In pomp, your Lord you much surpass,
 Who rode upon a lowly ass.
 Said he, in our parts the asses,
 Have gone to theologic classes,
 And in their ardent quest of knowledge,
 I see, have here come to college.



V.

REV. GRIFFITH HUGHES', GROESWEN, REPLY TO
 THE BAPTIST.

YOUR baptism deny? Why any fool
 However ignorant he is and dull,

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Your baptism in Holy Writ can find ;
 But ours requires intelligence and mind :
 'Tis plain—yours on the very surface lies ;
 Ours deeper, found by men enlightened, wise.



VI.

THE GREETING OF REV. CHRISTMAS EVANS AND
 REV. JOHN HERRING.

WONDERS cease not, 'tis marvellous to me,
 A Herring on this mountain-top to see ;
 'Tis far more strange, the Herring quick replied,
 To see a Christmas in midsummer-tide.



VII.

THE CENTENARIAN'S REPLY.

“JOHN HARRY,” said a messenger,
 “Sad news to you this morn I bear,
 Last evening with the setting sun,
 Escaped the spirit of your son,
 To other worlds from this he's gone.”

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Said John, but scarcely heaved a sigh,
When to the man he made reply,
I've been expecting what you've told,
My son was made of mortal mould,
Besides, *poor Dave was very old.*"



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