

Aurora Australis

or Specimens of Sacred Poetry for the Colonists of Australia

Lang, John Dunmore (1799-1878)

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or Specimens of Sacred Poetry for the Colonists of Australia

Sydney

G. Eager

1826

Advertisement

THE following Poems, which were written, for the most part, in the Great South Sea, during the Author's last voyage from England, are submitted to the Australian public, in the hope of their becoming instrumental in advancing the interests of pure religion, and promoting the practice of virtue throughout the Colony. Several of the most distinguished names in the Christian Church, both in ancient and modern times, have occasionally employed the Muse as an auxiliary to the pulpit; and the author persuades himself that he may possibly subserve the good cause of his Master, by following their example. Desirous of awakening devotional feeling among the people of his adopted country, he has ventured to take down the Harp of David from the willows, and to "sing of the songs of Zion, in a strange land." Some future Australian may, perhaps, arise to make that harp his own, and to sing the sweet melodies of Zion, while he sings the beauties of this Southern clime.

Should any be inclined, however, to question the utility of such publications as the following, the Author would only reply, in the words of Milton,

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta.

Poetry, however excellent, is valuable only as it is subservient to the cause of virtue and the progress of truth. "I would rather have been the Author of one of the Odes of Horace," said the learned Scaliger, "than be king of Arragon." "I would rather," says a German poet of considerable eminence, "have been the Author of some of our old Hymns and Psalm-tunes, than of all the Odes of Pindar and Horace." "For if the Heathen," he adds "regarded it both as a duty and an honour to consecrate their poetry to a false and corrupt religion, ought not the Christian to hold it his highest duty and his highest honour to consecrate his every talent to that Religion which is both true and divine?"

The Author has interspersed, among the following fugitive pieces, a few translations from the "*Geistliche Oden und Lieder*" of Gellert, a work of very superior merit and highly popular in Germany. They may seem rather cramped; but this was perhaps unavoidable from their being executed in the same species of verse as the original, and from their exhibiting the same ideas in the same space. He has also inserted translations, or rather paraphrases, of two of the songs of the Aborigines, for the purpose of evincing that, however degraded they may seem in the scale of humanity, the black natives are not totally destitute of the finer feelings and the high capabilities of man; and also with a view to turn the attention of intelligent Settlers to the only source of Aboriginal lore that seems likely to be ever open to European research.

Several of the following pieces represent the Christian life as a state of trouble, and suffering. and sorrow: and it certainly is so, in every instance, however the fashionable Christianity of the present age may discard the idea. The whole system of revealed religion is manifestly adapted to such a state, and the hopes

and promises of the Gospel are evidently as little designed for a life of uninterrupted prosperity, as a Chart of the British Channel for the exigencies of a mariner in the Straits of Magellan. The Author has, doubtless, been somewhat confirmed in this idea, from what he has himself experienced during his connection with the Scots Church in the Colony; and, in the pieces he alludes to, he has, perhaps, been recording his own experience of the interpositions of Divine Providence, for the furtherance of that good work, in the midst of much and unexpected discouragement, and the manifold exhibitions he has himself witnessed, in the course of its eventful history, of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

In referring to the Scots Church, the Author is most happy to acknowledge the countenance and the liberal support it has hitherto received, from His Majesty's paternal Government. Shortly after his first arrival in the Colony, it was industriously stated to his Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane, that the Presbyterians were, in general, a disaffected and disloyal people; and that, moreover, the Presbyterians of New South Wales were particularly hostile to His Excellency's person and government. Unfortunately for the Presbyterians, His Excellency credited that injurious representation, and accordingly adopted a style, in his Reply to their respectful memorial requesting assistance towards the building of their Church, that sufficiently indicated his suspicions. His Excellency's Reply reached His Majesty's Ministers through the medium of the Government Gazette, and the result was a Dispatch from the Right Honourable Earl Bathurst, requiring His Excellency to afford the Presbyterians the assistance solicited. During his late visit to England, the Author had the honour to receive a Copy of that Dispatch from the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, of which, moreover, he takes the liberty to subjoin the following Extract, chiefly to apprise the reader of the honourable testimony which was borne by His Lordship to the high character and acknowledged efficiency of that National Church to which he belongs:—

Downing-Street, 25th January, 1825

“I am also directed to inform you that Lord Bathurst, in the same Dispatch, expressed his regret that Sir Thomas Brisbane should have required, in his answer to the Memorialists of the Church of Scotland, in the year 1823, that those in whose behalf the assistance of the Government was applied for, should first prove, by their conduct, their loyal and peaceable disposition; as such a requisition might appear as if it were intended to put to their probation the Members of the Church of Scotland—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ONE OF THE MOST LOYAL AND INTELLIGENT PORTIONS OF THE EMPIRE.”

(Signed)

R. W. HORTON.”

In justice, however, to His Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane, and in order to prevent His Excellency from being traduced in Scotland, on account of the Scots Church, of which the Author has reason to believe there is still a possibility; he would not omit to mention, that as soon as His Excellency ascertained the

groundless nature of the representation on which his Reply was founded—and he did so long before His Lordship's Dispatch was written—he did every thing in his power to promote the settlement of the Scots Church, and to repair the breach which his temporary alienation had occasioned. It was requisite, however, that “the wall should be built in troublous times,” that “he who had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, should come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

Sydney,

20th Dec. 1826.

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Aurora Australis

Invocation

Written On Board The Prison Ship Medway, Off The Island Of St. Paul's.

COME, heavenly Muse, descend
From Zion's holy hill:
Thy sacred inspiration lend,
That all I sing may only tend
To work thy heavenly will I

No foolish vain desire
Of glory fills my brain:
I ask not Young's seraphic fire;
I ask not Milton's lofty lyre
To breathe for me again.

Mine is an humbler sphere,
And mine are humbler themes;
Mine is the drooping heart to cheer
With hope of Heaven, when troubled here
Amid life's fitful dreams.

And mine the sinner's soul
To fill with timely fear;
His lawless passions to controul,
And check him ere he reach the goal
Of Ruin's wild career.

And mine the youth to teach
Wisdom's far happier way;
That pure in action, thought and speech,
Australia's hopeful sons may reach
The realms of endless day.

Then, Muse of Zion, deign
To grace my feeble song;
That haply when th'untutored swain
A wakes its unassuming strain
Australia's vales among,

His heart may seek the God
Whom Abraham adored;
And turning from the devious road
Of error, learn to cast his load
Of guilt on Christ the Lord.

The Son of Jesse's lyre

Could charm the soul of Saul,
When, his dark spirit roused to ire,
And filled with frenzy's maddening fire,
His nobles fled the hall.

But a far feebler hand
May haply touch the chord
Whose deeper tone, at Heaven's command,
Shall make the sinner's heart expand
And turn him to the Lord.

Touched by the soothing strain,
As David swept the strings,
Saul's visage oft grew calm again
And seemed like the unruffled main
When the sweet Zephyr sings.

But even a rustic lyre,
Struck by a tuneless hand,
May soothe the passions' wilder fire
And lead their victim to aspire
To Zion's peaceful land.

Then, heavenly Muse, descend
From Zion's holy hill:
Thy sacred inspiration lend,
That all I sing may only tend
To work thy heavenly will!

The God of Abraham

Written On Board The Medway In The South Seas, In Very Stormy Weather.

“WHERE is the God whom I adore?”

Abram of old in Haran cried,
And a sage skilled in Sabian* lore,
To his fond question thus replied;
“Go, seek him in yon starry height,
Amid the glories of the night.”

Silent the patriarch ascends
A mountain to enquire and pray,
When the gray twilight slowly blends
The shades of evening with the day.
Hopeful to Heaven he turns his eyes,
And sees the Evening-Star arise.

“This is the God my soul adores,”
The joyful patriarch exclaims,
“See how he marshals all the stars,
And nightly reillumes their flames!
'Tis glorious thus for man to see
His God! bright Star! I worship thee!”

But as he gazed the silver Moon
Emerging chased the stars away;
And towering in the Night's high noon,
Renewed the splendour of the day.
The patriarch wept, I ween, to see
The God he worshipped forced to flee.

“Alas!” he cried, “my breast I smite!
The god I chose was weak as I.
My God can ne'er be put to flight;
He reigns supreme o'er earth and sky.
All glorious Moon, sure thou art He!
Henceforth I worship only Thee”!

But soon the silver Moon's bright beam
Grew fainter in the azure sky;
And soon her darkening disk grew dim,
As if her hour were come to die.
The Patriarch filled with sudden fear
Thought that the day of doom was near.

“Alas”! he cried, “thou canst not be
My God, bright Moon, for He remains
Unchanged to all eternity
And never waxes, no! nor wanes.
The God I praise with heart and lips
Knows neither waning nor eclipse.”

Then joyful in the eastern skies,
Anon he sees the Orb of day
Crowned with refulgent beams arise,
And chase the shades of Night away.
“Thou art my God, bright Sun,” he cries,
Accept thy servant's sacrifice.”

But when the Sun sinks in the west,
And darkness shrouds the world again,
Again the Patriarch smites his breast
And cries, “Alas! my thoughts were vain
My God, I have not found thee yet,
For thou canst neither rise nor set.”

Now sorrowing as he seeks his home,
An Angel of the Lord appears;
“Abram,” he cries, “from God I come,
To solve thy doubts and calm thy fears.
Nay! wherefore dost thou worship me?
I am a creature, just like thee.

Invisible to mortal eyes,
Thy God inhabits boundless space;
His throne is in the lofty skies,
His word the universe obeys;
O and he is more glorious far,
Than Sun or Moon or Evening-Star!

His power created and sustains
The host of heaven, the verdant earth;
And to their countless tribes ordains
Their various being and their birth.
In wisdom, goodness, power supreme,
What canst thou then compare with him?

But if thine anxious soul desires
To learn the worship he demands;
Know this, O man, thy God requires
A contrite heart and holy hands.
Still be thy prayers conjoined with these;
So shall thy latter end be peace.”

Thus speaks the Seraph, and ascends,

In a bright cloud from Abram's sight;
And the good Patriarch homeward bends,
While his heart thrills with pure delight,
And oft he prays, "O teach thou me,
Henceforth, my God, to worship Thee!"

Hymn from the German of Gellert

Gott, deine Gute reicht so weit, So weit die Wolken gehen; &c.

O GOD, thy goodness doth extend
Far as the lofty sky;
Thy loving-kindness knows no end,
And thou art ever nigh.
My Rock, my Fortress, and my Tower!
Great is thy Mercy as thy Power:
Then hear me, O most High!

I ask not for the heaps of gold
The worldling may enjoy:
A little may I humbly hold
And usefully employ.
But grant me wisdom, Lord, to know
Thee and the gift thou dost bestow
On sinners such as I.

I ask nor honour nor renown,
All-glorious tho' they seem:
A spotless character's fair crown
Of higher price I deem.
To gain Thy praise, to do Thy will—
Be these my chief ambition still,
And a true friend's esteem.

Nor do I ask for length of days.
If wealth my lot should be,
O make me humble, God of Grace!
Patient, if poverty.
And as my times are in thy power,
O grant, in Death's decisive hour,
Thy mercy, Lord, to me!

Farewell to England

Written On Board The Medway.

OUR voyage is begun, for
The anchor is weighed, and
The north wind blows fresh and fair,
 Filling the white sails.

Stately our gallant ship
Mounts o'er the rising wave,
While the white-foaming spray
 Sparkles around her.

England! the tall cliffs that
Long have repelled the foe
From thy loved shores, now are
 Lost in the distance!

Land of my forefathers!
How can I leave thee, nor
Shed one salt tear as I
 Take my departure!

No! I will weep for I
Never shall see thee more!
England, I leave thee for
 Ever and ever!

Green be thy grassy fields,
Happy thy people,
And peace be thy lot when I
 Sleep on the billow!

Hymn, on Embarking for New South Wales

Written On Board The Medway.

GOD of the dry land and the sea!
From this frail bark, I look to Thee:
Thy heavenly guidance I implore
To Australasia's distant shore.

Thither I go at thy command,
Far from my loved, my native land,
To point to sinful men the road
That leads the penitent to God.

O let thy spirit guide me, then,
That while I preach to other men,
I may not on thy judgment-day
Be found myself a cast-a way!

Lord! shew thy power and grace to me,
As once to Israel in the sea;
That I may wonder and adore
Like Israel on the farther shore.

And when arrived on that far coast,
Tho' troubled long and tempest-tossed,
O may thy fiery pillar shine
Along my path with ray divine!

From the Rock Christ, where'er I go
May streams of living water flow;
And still may thine Almighty Hand
Send manna in the barren land!

So shall I reach the Jordan's side,
And fearless stem its rapid tide:
So shall I make my firm abode
With Israel on the Mount of God!

The Hopeful Sailor

SEE how on board yon gallant ship
 Careering to the wind,
The willing sailor plows the deep
 And leaves the world behind!
Joyful he quits his native shore,
 Nor sheds a single tear,
Though he may ne'er revisit more
 His wife and children dear.

So teach me, Lord, to leave the world,
 When thou shalt give command,
Joyful, as when with sails unfurled,
 The sailor leaves the land!
So teach me to embark in hope
 On the long voyage of death,
When called to heave my anchor up,
 And yield my fainting breath!

On board the Medway at sea.

Australian Hymn

For The Native Youth Of The Colony.

FATHER of all! a youthful race
Unknown to fortune and to fame,
Presumes to celebrate thy praise
And sing the glories of thy name.
Australia's sons would mingle theirs
With Britain's vows and Britain's prayers.

Supreme in wisdom as in power,
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands!
Thy righteous sceptre stretches o'er
The Northern and the Southern lands.
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
Thou rulest the harmonious whole.

Our sea-girt Isle thy presence shares,
And thine Omnipotence displays:
Known unto thee from endless years
Were all its mountains, rivers, bays.
It's every shrub, it's every tree
Was planted, mighty God, by Thee!

Fair on Creation's splendid page
Thy pencil sketched its wondrous plan.
Thine hand adorned it, many an age
Ere it was known or trod by man—
When nought but Ocean's ceaseless roar
Was heard along its voiceless shore.

At length an occupant was given
To traverse each untrodden wild,
The rudest mortal under Heaven,
Stern nature's long-forgotten child!
Compatriot of the tall Emu,
The Wombat and the Kangaroo!

Long did the savage tenant stray
Across his forest clad domain;
And every mountain, river, bay
Confessed his undisputed reign;
While his rude net and ruder spear
Supplied him with precarious cheer.

But still no grateful song of praise
Was heard along Australia's shore:

Her mountains, rivers, lakes and bays
Saw no fond worshipper adore.
His devious path the savage trod,
But still he knew not, feared not God.

God of our Isle! a happier race
Far o'er the wave thine hand has brought
And planted in the Heathen's place
To serve thee in the Heathen's lot:
Grant then that we may all fulfil
Thy bright designs—thy heavenly will!

Chief over all thy works below
Thine eye regards the sons of men,
Fixing their lot where'er they go
And mingling pleasure with their pain.
In mercy, then, good Lord, command
Thy blessing on our Southern land!

If the rude savage knew not Thee,
Nor felt devotion's holy flame,
Though every rock and every tree
Proclaimed the glories of thy name,
O grant that in our Southern skies,
The Sun of Righteousness may rise!

And let his bright effulgence chase
The shadows of the night away,
That Australasia's sable race
May hail the dawn of Gospel day,
And joined with Britain's sons, record
The triumphs of their Heavenly Lord.

So shall Australia's deepest bays,
And grassy vales, and mountains blue,
Resound with the sweet song of praise
From ransomed men of every hue;
While Polynesia's Isles around
Reeche with the joyful sound!

Sydney, Nov. 1826.

Sonnet, to the Comet of 1825

HAIL! messenger of Heaven, bright wanderer, hail!
Thy speed, methinks, betokens thou dost bring
Tidings of import vast from Heaven's Great King:
For on the wind's fleet pinions thou dost sail
Along the blue sky, while thy fiery tail
Sweeping the stars, fills mankind here below
With fearful presage of approaching woe,
And makes the boldest, as they gaze, turn pale!
Bright star, I know not what thy speed portends,
Or whither thou dost urge thy swift career;
But this I know; for wise and holy ends,
The mighty God that made thee bids thee steer
Thy course where'er thou goest. Thy shining train,
Far as its blaze extends, proclaims the Almighty's reign.

On board the Medway, at sea.

Elijah's Appeal

ON Carmel's top Elijah stands,
While famine wastes the Jewish lands;
And Israel's tribes attend his call,
To choose their God—the Lord or Baal.

“Build ye an altar,” lo! he cries,
“Ye priests of Baal and sacrifice,
While I, an exile from your coasts,
Build also to the Lord of Hosts.

And let the tribes of Israel fear,
That God from henceforth and revere,
Whose fire, descending from the skies,
Consumes his servant's sacrifice.”

The tribes approve; the priests of Baal
From morn till eve their idol call;
But still in vain—their sacrifice
Unburnt upon the altar lyes.

The Prophet then with ardent zeal,
Hastes to present his high appeal;
But glory first to God ascribes,
And thus bespeaks the listening tribes.

“Israel, thy long-offended God
Has smote thy land with Famine's rod,
And written on thy pallid face
His curse against a rebel race.

But now he comes with signs of power
And mercy in thy trying hour,
That henceforth all thy tribes may own,
“The Lord of Hosts is God alone.”

Then, with his hands upraised, he prays,
“Honour thy servant, God of Grace!
And now before this people's eyes,
Let fire consume thy sacrifice.”

Instant the heaven-born fire obeys!
The offering and the altar blaze!
The tribes fall prostrate and each one
Exclaims, “The Lord is God alone!”

Great God! here too a rebel race
Insults the Almighty to his face!

Australia's sons, both great and small
Forsake the Lord and worship Baal!

Doubtless, for this the harvest yields
A blasted crop in all our fields,[†]
And want assails on every hand
And Famine wastes our guilty land!

But as of old thy mighty power
Shone brightest in the darkest hour;
So let it shine forth here again
That men may know and fear thy reign!

If idol-priests, O Lord, there be,
Who care for aught more than for Thee;
O send thy light throughout our coasts,
That all may fear the Lord of Hosts!

And if there be a faithful few
Who guide the wandering sinner's view
To Jesus and the world above;
Honour thy servants, God of Love!

Yea! bless the word which thou hast given,
And send thy Spirit's fire from Heaven,
To melt the sinner's heart of stone
And teach him, "Thou art God alone!"

So shall Australia's skies distil
The dew that fell on Zion's hill!
And oft her sons thy praise resume,
When we are silent in the tomb!

Universal Prayer from the German of Gellert

Written On Board The Medway At Sea.

Ich komme vor dein Angesicht,

Verwirf, O Gott, mein Flehen nicht: &c.

GREAT God! I bow before thy face,
Deign to receive my humble prayer.
Forgive my sins, O God of grace,
And leave me not to dark despair!

Lord! cleanse my heart, that while I live,
With humble fear and grateful love,
Due praise to thee I still may give,
And peace of conscience ever prove.

In every danger, Lord! defend,
For still I trust thy gracious aid!
With the Almighty for my Friend,
What foes shall e'er make me afraid!

O, I am wholly in thy power!
From thee I hold my Reason, Lord!
Preserve it to my dying hour;
Inform it by thy blessed word!

And grant, that while I live, I may
Still set the Lord before mine eyes;
That walking in thy heavenly way,
Thy faithful people may rejoice.

Lord! 'tis my happiness to know
What thou in mercy dost reveal,
Be it my happiness to do
All thy commands with ready zeal.

My feeble power could ne'er suffice
To conquer passion's ruthless sway:
But, Lord! thy wondrous grace supplies
Sufficient strength to gain the day.

Of life's possessions grant me, Lord!
Whate'er thy wisdom may decree.
If life's best gift thy grace afford,
The smallest let were large for me.

But if thine ever-bounteous hand

Sould still increase my humble store;
Still may the friendless poor command
Assistance at my friendly door!

Grant me sound health and gratitude
Thy countless benefits to own;
Nor let me e'er for selfish good
The path of duty basely shun.

Provide me, Lord! a faithful friend,
My heart to cheer, my steps to guide;
Whose bright example may defend
Me from impiety and pride.

And if thy wisdom should extend
My span of life through many a day;
Be thou my Guardian to the end,
Nor leave me when my hairs are grey.

But if my doom is hastening on,
Receive me in thy mercy, Lord!
And be thro' Christ, thine only Son,
My Tower, my Shield, my great Reward.

The Voyage of Life

Written On Board The Medway.

MAN, like a ship with many a sail
Spread to a favouring breeze,
Embarks before Hope's flattering gale,
Upon the world's wide seas,
Right sure he will not, cannot fail
To gain his port with ease.

But, like a vessel far at sea
Struck by a sudden squall,
If Fortune (fickle dame!) should flee,
Or Passion should enthral,
Right soon the hapless youth may be
Engulphed and lose his all.

Then let thy spirit, Lord! be given,
Like a fair breeze to blow
And keep my canvass still unriven,
While here I sail below,
Till safely in the port of Heaven,
I let my anchor go!

Still Life from the Greek of Anacreon

‡

CROWNED with laurel and with bay,
Singing to my Lesbian lyre,
Life glides peacefully away
Bringing all my hopes desire.

Gyges may increase his store
And his golden treasure share;
I am richer, happier far,
Without wealth and free from care.

Hated Envy, sure, my heart
Never yet by thee was stung;
Fearful I avoid the dart
Of a slander-loving tongue.

Tranquilly my moments run;
Softly do they glide away.
May I set like you bright Sun
Glorious at the close of day.

Sydney, October, 1826

Luther's Soliloquy

On Receiving The Bull Of Pope Leo X. Declaring Him A Heretic And An Enemy Of The Church Of Rome.

THE die is cast! The die is cast!
The fatal Rubiconⁿ is passed!
And I am now thy foe at last,
Proud Rome!

And as the Carthaginianⁿ swore
Against thy State eternal war,
So do I swear, high heaven before,
Proud Rome!

The might of Christendom may be
Galled with thy yoke of slavery
And kiss their chains! But I am free!
Proud Rome!

Yes! Undismayed at thy renown,
I scorn thy favour and thy frown,
I trample on thy triple crown,
Proud Rome!

O thou hast held o'er many a land
Fell Superstition's iron hand;
But thou shalt lose thy high command,
Proud Rome!

Yes! thou shalt fall! 'tis Heaven's decree!
And happy shall that mortal be
Who lives thy ruin dire to see,
Proud Rome!

Here one poor Saxon stands alone
Thy firm but feeble foe—aye, one!
But myriads shall assail thy throne,
Proud Rome!

And He whose brightness gives them light,
Shall hurl thee from thy giddy height,
And turn thy glory into night,
Proud Rome!

I see the dawn of that bright day!
I see the darkness flee away,
And Christ assert his rightful away,

Proud Rome!

Then hull thy vengeance on my head!
Rack all my joints, my heart's blood shed!
Men shall be free when I am dead,
Proud Rome!

On board the Medway—Latil. 20. South.

The Mermaid's Song

**Written On Board The Andromeda, Off The Coast Of Brazil,
1823.**

OUR vessel had left the Scottish strand
On her voyage to a distant and desert land;
And the moonbeam was kissing her milk-white sail
As it flaunted aloft in the dying gale.

When, lo! as I sat on the deck all alone,
And mused on the days and the years that were gone;
A Mermaiden's voice came soft on my ear
And I listened awhile her song to hear.

And ay as she sung, her doleful song
Came mingled with music the breezes along;
For she touched her harp with her Syren hand
Like an Elfin minstrel from fairy land.

“The storm is hushed and the moon on high
Sails beauteous and bright in the azure sky,
But the Thunder-cloud shall gather soon
And envelope in darkness the silver moon.

And yon gallant ship with her streamers so gay
Shall sink in the deep sea for ever and ay;
And many a fathom beneath the wave
Shall her sailors sleep in their watery grave.

Then watchful mariner leave thy helm,
For soon shall the surge thy vessel o'erwhelm,
And thou shalt sleep to-morrow with me
Adown in the depths of the raging sea.

Sailor, rest, for thy toils are o'er?
Dream'st thou of home and thy native shore?
Ah! never again shalt thou see the Sun
Rise over the mountains of Caledon.

Captain, thy canvass is all unfurled,
And thou art bound to the nether world;
The Mermaiden's daughter shall be thy bride
To-morrow beneath the raging tide.”

She ceased, but the echoes still seemed to prolong
The last wild notes of her Syren song
'Till I was aroused from her fairy spell

By the sound of the sailor's midnight bell.

Hymn for the Sabbath From the German of Gellert

Erinure dich, mein Geist, erfreut Des hohen Tags der Herrlichkeit; &c.

AWAKE, my soul, and hail the day
On which thy Saviour, Christ, arose,
And vanquishing fell Death's array,
Led captive all thy mightiest foes!

Yes, O my soul, I say, rejoice
As if thou did'st thy Saviour see.
As if thou heard'st his gracious voice
Saying, "My peace be still with thee."

He is the God who was and is,
And whose dominion knows no end;
But though he dwells in heavenly bliss,
He is thy never-failing Friend.

He calls thee from the depths of woe,
To glory, honour and renown;
He calls thee from a cross below,
To wear with Him a heavenly crown!

To sin then learn from him to die,
And in affliction's darkest hour,
Still, O my soul, on Him rely,
His is the kingdom and the power.

Yea! with the just in bliss to dwell
For ay around His glorious throne,
Truly thou might'st relinquish well
This fleeting world without a groan.

On board the Medway.

Sonnet, To the Comet of 1825

O TELL me, loveliest wanderer of the sky,
That with a bright stream of translucent light
Gleaming along thy wake, illum'st the night,
As thou dost sail amid yon orbs on high;
Whence art thou come and wherefore come so nigh
The precincts of our dark terrestrial sphere?
Wert thou a stranger to repose and joy,
In thine own world and com'st to seek them here?
Did hope deferred make thy heart sad above?
Or cruel Death fill thee with bitterest woe?
Or dost thou mourn thine unrequited love,
And come to seek true hearts and bliss below?
Alas! fond wanderer, thou hast come in vain!
Soon shalt thou find the Earth a world of grief and pain!

On board the Medway—Lat. 22. South.

The Voyage to Heaven

THE sun may shine and the favouring gale
Blow fair as fair may be,
When the mariner hoists the milk-white sail,
And joyfully puts to sea:
But ere he arrives at the distant haven,
Whither the good ship is bound,
Her canvas may all be rent and riven,
And the tempest roar around.

So often, I ween, on the world's wide seas,
Is the voyage of life begun
With a cloudless sky and a favouring breeze
And the smiles of a summer-sun:
But ere the young mariner crosses the main,
Or hails the haven nigh,
The storm overtakes him again and again,
And the tempest clouds the sky.

And so when the Christian mariner steers
To yonder promised land,
Tho' placid at first the deep sea appears,
With sunshine and Zephyrs bland:
Yet ere he arrives on the heavenly coast,
The storm will rudely blow,
And his shattered bark be tempest-tossed
On a sea of trouble and woe!

And dost thou think, fond dreamer, then,
Thou canst reach the port on high,
And ne'er feel the storm as thou crossest the main,
Nor look on a lowring sky?
No! storms and tempests, sorrow and care,
Beset the heavenly way;
Tis only the weary whose barks are there
Securely moored for ay!

On board the Medway, off the S. W. Coast of New Holland

**To Lady Brisbane on the Death of Commodore Sir
James Brisbane, C. B. of his Majesty's Ship Warspite,
Who Died in Sydney,**

19th December, 1826.|

WHY, Lady, art thou weeping
As if thy heart would break?
He is not dead, but sleeping,
And shall speedily awake:
The Resurrection-morn will come
And rouse the slumberer from the tomb.

Tho' ghastly and unsightly
Is the visage of the dead,
When the smile that played so lightly
On the manly cheek has fled;
Yet, Lady, soon that ghastly face
Shall glow with heavenly loveliness.

For the spirit is immortal
Tho' its tenement is dust;
And the Grave is Heaven's portal
For the spirits of the just.
There shall they live in endless day,
When Sun and Moon have set for ay.

Ezekiel's Vision

ALL thoughtful at the close of day,
As Judah's captive Prophet lay
By Chebar's rapid tide;
Transported to his native land,
Jehovah's Angel seemed to stand
In vision at his side,

Far as he cast his eyes around,
The bones of men covering the ground,
It seemed as white as snow;
For dry and blanched by sun and rain,
They seemed the bones of armies slain
Full many an age ago.

“Can these bones live?” the Angel cries;
The Prophet, much amazed, replies,
“Lord, thou alone dost know.”
“Then go,” the Angel says again,
“And preach to these dead bones of men:
'Tis God commands thee, Go.”

“And know, O man, thy God can give
Life to the dead and make them live
To praise his mighty power.
For hopeless tho' they seemed before,
His quickening spirit can restore
Their vigour in an hour.”

Doubtful at first, the Seer obeys,
And “Live, ye bones, live, live!” he says,
“And hear Jehovah's word.
Spirit of life, reanimate
Their withered, dead and hopeless state,
That they may praise the Lord!”

Soon as the Prophet lifts his voice,
Sudden he hears a rustling noise
Around him on the plain.
The bones unite! and lo! they rise
In flesh and blood before his eyes,
A host of living men!

“Thus, wheresoe'er, O Lord, we go
To preach thy Gospel here below;
The ground whereon we tread
Only presents a numerous band

Of sinners in each guilty land
As hopeless and as dead!

Mere human power can ne'er revive,
Or spirit, health and vigour give
To these dry bones, O Lord!
But still we know thy power can make
The dead to hear and to awake;
And still we preach thy word!

Lord, send thy spirit from on high!
That while we preach salvation nigh,
The dead in sin may hear,
And to new life arising stand
A numerous and a holy band,
Accomplished in thy fear!

On board the Medway at sea.

The Sailor's Burial,

(Suggested By The Death Of A Sailor On Board The Medway.)

I HEARD a voice far far at sea!
'Twas the voice of a dying sailor's prayer;
And ere the morrow his spirit was free
From a world of toil and sorrow and care!

I heard a voice far far at sea!
As we tolled the sailor's funeral-knell;
And sweet was that heavenly voice to me,
"He has reached the haven and all is well!"

I heard a voice far far at sea!
As the sailor sunk beneath the wave,
"Who dies in the Lord, O happy is he,
He shall rise in glory from the grave!"

I heard a voice far far at sea!
"Prepare ye living men to die,
For soon shall your endless mansion be
With sinners in woe, or with God on high."

Sacramental Hymn From the German of Gellert

Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.
Tod! wo sind nun deine Schrecken? &c.

JESUS lives, and so shall I.
Death! thy sting is gone for ever!
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives and reigns supreme:
And his kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honour.
God is True, as he is Just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by his Grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to his glory living.
The weak he raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and I am sure,
Nought shall e'er from Jesus sever.
Satan's wiles, and Satan's power,
Pain or pleasure—ye shall never!
Christian armour cannot rust;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of bliss before thee:
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just.
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

On board the Medway.

Sonnet. The Friendship of the World.

*

In youth's gay morn, I left my native land
To pitch my tent on a far distant shore.
My heart was full at parting—for a band
Of my youth's friends eternal friendship
As I stood tearful on the yellow strand.
Strange climes I visited, famous of yore,
And saw strange men: but still affection grew
Stronger and stronger for my native earth
Till I resolved at length to visit you,
My youth's fond friends and my parental hearth
Friends cold as ice I found—and the wind blew
Chill through the desert cottage of my birth
“O I will re-embark,” I said, “and die,
Far from my youth's fond friends, & from my natal sky.”

On board the Medway

Lament of Mattathias.

Written On Board The Medway, In The South Seas.

‡

THE sun had gone down, and his last feeble ray
On the high hill of Zion was melting away,
When under the shade of a sycamore tree,
I heard the lament of the old Maccabee.

“Go, all in thy, glory, and sink in the west!
Go, shine, thou bright sun, on a land of the Blest!
For the children of Judah, they ask not thy light;
More fit for their grief are the shadows of night!

Alas, for thee, Judah! The host of the Lord
Is smitten before the idolater's sword!
And Zion weeps under the Syrian's rod,
And an idol is reared in the temple of God!

O city of David! thy heroes are gone!
For the Gentile profane sits on Solomon's throne!
And the fearful Jew bends to an image abhorred,
Where his forefathers oft paid their vows to the Lord!

'Tis the Lord who afflicts for the sins of our line!
'Tis he who chastises with mercy benign!
For the children of Judah long long have forgot
The hand that appointed and blessed their lot!

Yet God shall return and his promise fulfil;
He will gather his outcasts and favour them still.
Then comfort! ye mourners, and hope in his word;
Tho' all should forsake you, yet will not the Lord.

For the Shiloh shall come to his temple ere long,
And the mourners of Zion return with a song.
Thy sorrow, O Judah, may last for a night,
But joy everlasting returns with the light.

**Epistle to the Gentlemen of The St. Andrew's Club, in
Answer to their Card of Invitation, to Their
Anniversary Ball, &c.—Sydney, 25th November, 1823.**

FRIENDS of St. Andrew and the Thistle,
Accept, I pray, this short epistle,
In answer to your invitation
To the grand Ball and cold collation.

I wish you well as well may be.
Long may you live in harmony;
And every year in hot November
The Caledonian Saint remember!
Scotsmen! full well I ween ye may
Do worse than hold St. Andrew's day!

But, Gentlemen, pray don't refuse me
This one small favour—to excuse me
From dancing at your splendid ball;
For why, I cannot dance at all.

I am a plain, perhaps, rude man
Tho' a true Caledonian;
My boyhood spent in books and schools,
I know not Fashion's modish rules.
Unskilled alike at high Quadrille,
Or German waltz, or Highland reel,
I own I never learned the art
To act the polished dancer's part.

But, Gentlemen, do not suppose
That I am one of Scotia's foes,
Tho' I should neither dance nor sup,
Nor quaff the red wine from the cup,
Nor join the merry roundelay
With you on old St. Andrew's day.

No! Caledonia, I do love thee
And the bleak sky that frowns above thee
I love my country. Yes, I do
I love my country's children too;
O may they never bring dishonour
By vice or knavish arts upon her!
May every Caledonian be
Virtuous and loyal, brave and free,
Of spotless fame, true to his word,
And honourable as a lord!

Where'er he go, where'er he roam,
Far from his loved his native home,

May Scotia be the Polar Star
Of his attraction from a far!
And when he lands on foreign shore
To pitch his tent nor wander more,
O may he plant her virtues there
And breathe his own in foreign air!
So should we in this Southern clime
Revive the olden golden time!
So should Australia's cloudless skies
Smile on a Southern Paradise!

Sonnet, The Glad Sound

WHEN some sweet melody or mountain-lay,
Dear to his youth ere he had learned to roam,
Strikes on the Switzer's ear when far away
In foreign climes from his beloved home,
Sorrow and joy commingled fill his heart
With strong emotion, and the frequent tear
Drops from his eye. Thenceforth no art
Can lure him from his home and children dear.
So when the blessed Gospel's still small voice,
Proclaiming peace and pardon to his soul,
Strikes on the sinner's ear, celestial joys
Possess his breast, while tears of sorrow roll
Adown his cheek. Thenceforth he seeks the road
That leads to happiness, to heaven, to God!

Sydney, June, 1826.

Lines

to the Memory of George Kilpatrick, Esq. Surgeon of the Expedition Appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the Year 1823, to Explore the River Zambese, on the S. E. Coast of Africa. †

IN youth, when nought bedims the past, and when the future seems
Richly arrayed in all the bright hues of a lover's dreams,
Tissweet to have a youthful friend whose heart beats unison
And whose romantic spirit chimes harmonious with your own.

And in ripe manhood when the world's deceitful glare is gone,
And friendship has in every breast grown cold save his alone,
'Tis sweet, if Death should number him among the good and brave,
To shed affection's bitter tear o'er his untimely grave.

O I have had that bosom-friend in my life's opening bloom!
O I have shed that bitter tear o'er his untimely tomb!
And still my first, my fondest friend, as memory turns to thee,
The tear, so sadly sweet, shall flow and thy memorial be!

Oft have we climbed in boyhood's days the mountain's steepy height,
And wandered in the shady glens from early dawn till night;
Or whiled the time away with tales of legendary lore,
In Kelburn's ancient groves of pine on Scotland's distant shore.

And often have I listened since and still delighted been
To hear thee tell of other climes and many a classic scene—
How thou didst stem the Tiber's flood & visit ancient Rome,
And climb the snowy Alps on foot to gain thy native home.

Fair Science won thy youthful heart, and to increase herstore,
Disease and shipwreck thou didst brave on many a foreign shore;
But now thy race is run, and far far from thy native land,
The Negro digs thy lonely grave on Afric's fatal strand!

On board the Medway, Lat. 8. South.

Lux in Tenebris

WHEN the trade wind blows fair
 Along the waveless sea,
Then lives the sailor, freed from care,
 In dull monotony.
Where'er he turns his wearied eye,
 'Tis azure sea and azure sky.

But when the loud wind blows,
 And darkness shrouds the deep,
And every wave that strikes her bows
 Breaks o'er the labouring ship;
The storm-worn sailor, then, I ween,
 May gaze upon a grander scene.

For then the troubled sea
 Glow with unwonted light,
And every wave shines georgeously,
 Amid the gloom of night.
One might forget the storm to spy
So bright a sea, so dark a sky! †

So on the Christian's way,
 When favouring fortune smiles,
And all seems like a summer-day,
 With neither cares nor toils;
The scene may please, but yet 'tis tame,
Devoid of interest, still the same.

But when rude storms arise
 Around him on his way;
When thickest darkness hides the skies
 And veils the face of day!
The man of sorrow then, I ween,
May gaze upon a brighter scene.

For God will then illumine
 His toil-worn servant's path,
Cheering affliction's midnight gloom,
 Brightening the shades of death,
And proving to his raptured sight,
"At evening-time it shall be light."

On board the Medway at sea.

To My Horse

On Riding Alone By Moonlight Over The Blue Mountains, When Returning From Bathurst—June, 1826.

WHILE the bright Moon ascends the height
Of Heaven most gloriously,
And sheds her beams of mellow light
On rock and forest-tree,
My little steed, this beauteous night,
I'll wake my song for thee.

Full many a Bard has penned his ode
To Beauty's fading charms,
And oft the song-inspiring God
Has sung wild war's alarms;
But why should I, on this lone road,
Sing either love or arms!

I'll sing of thee, my little steed,
Companion of my toil,
Whom I have found a friend in need
For many a long long mile.
Alas! man's friendship is indeed
As transient as his smile.

Whether thou art a steed of birth
And lofty pedigree,
Whose sires have trod on Moslem earth,
Is all unknown to me.
But sure thou hast intrinsic worth
That best nobility.

Patient and cheerful thou hast trod
This solitary way;
Nor murmured at the toilsome road
In darkness or by day.
Would I had trod the path of God
As cheerfully away!

Yet thou hast stumbled on thy path
And brought thy rider low—
Even to the very gates of death—
But sure, 'twas nothing new;
The very best of mortals hath
Stumbled and fallen too.

Thy trappings, neither new nor gay,
 Befit thy rider well;
For sure in vanity's array
 Mid worldlings to excel,
Befits not him who points the way
 From folly, sin and hell.

Thy wants are few. The splendid lord
 (All happy tho' he seem)
Thou enviest not his gilded board;
 Nor dost thou ever dream
Of costlier fare than the green sward
 And the pure mountain-stream.

And sure if self-deluded man
 Would only copy thee,
And learn contentment's simple plan,
 From wild ambition free;
He'd live and die far happier than
 The world's nobility.

For whether life's short journey lead
 Through deserts wild and drear,
Or over lawn & flowery mead,
 Its destined close is near.
The rider and his fiery steed
 Are but a moment here!

Then let us run our mortal course
 In virtue's narrow way;
So shall we, like the victor-horse,
 Be crowned on God's great day,
Nor pine like millions in remorse
 For ever and for ay!

The Eastern Magi

Written On Board The Medway, Under The Line.

LED by a brightly blazing Star,
The emblem of Messiah's reign,
A band of sages from afar
Traverse Arabia's arid plain;
And spices from the east they bring
To greet the long-expected King.

To Salem's towers they bend their way—
Salem renowned for priestly lore,
And Princes who with sovereign sway
Ruled far and wide in days of yore.
But there in palace and in fane
They seek the Prince of Life in vain.

“Where is the King of Judah! Where!”
In Herod's royal court they cry;
But Herod and his courtiers there
Are each unable to reply!
The Princes knew not—no, not they—
Where Zion's new-born monarch lay.

“Where is the King of Judah? Where?”
Amid the assembled Priests they cry;
Amazed the younger idly stare,
The elder blush with downcast eye.
Nor Priest nor Levite—no, not one
Can tell of David's royal son.

From Salem then the sages turn.
But heavenward as they cast their eyes,
Again they see the meteor burn
Conspicuous in the starry skies.
Joyful they hail its heavenly flame,
And lo! it rests o'er Bethlehem.

There in a manger lowly laid
The infant King the sages find,
In swaddling-bands poorly arrayed,
Scarce sheltered from the rain or wind.
A grateful homage straight they pay,
And homeward bend their joyous way.

Jesus, my King, I too have sought,
On Zion's consecrated ground,

With sins and not with spices fraught,
Thee have I sought but have not found!
O send forth then some glittering Star
To guide me where thy dwellings are.

Jesus, my Lord, full well I know
Men cannot guide my steps to thee,
From this base world of sin and woe,
Learned and noble tho' they be;
I still should search in vain for aye,
Unless my God should point the way.

But glory be to God on high,
Whose word is as a star at night,
To guide the wandering sinner's eye
To Bethlehem and the Prince of Light
Open mine eyes that I may see
That star, Good Lord, which leads to thee!

The Albatross, or, the rock of ages

¶

THE Albatross, with ceaseless flight,
May cruize for many a day
And many a long and stormy night,
While land lyes far away.
But still there is some rocky isle,
Amid the Southern seas,
Where the tall Albatross awhile
Forgets to mount the breeze.

For thither he will speed at length,
(Howe'er he loves to roam)
To build his nest and gather strength;
The Sea-bird has a home!

How like the Sea-bird's airy flight,
Deluded man, is thine,
Pursuing pleasure day and night
Amid the ocean brine!
For sure the world is but a sea,
And pleasure is not there,
But bootless toil and vanity
And sorrow and despair!
But, ah! unlike the Albatross,
Still dost thou vainly fly
The waves of that wild sea across
Although thy Rock is nigh!

For, know, there is a Rock for thee,
And firmly does it stand;
Blest is its shadow far at sea,
Or in the weary land!
There rich refreshments thou shalt find,
There living water flows,
And sweetest fruit of every kind
In every season grows.
Then thither speed thy drooping wing,
Nor longer idly roam,
Christ is thy Rock and he will bring
Thee to a heavenly home!

On board the Medway, off the S. W. Coast of New Holland.

The Staff of Moses Transformed Into A Serpent

WHEN Moses wrought in Pharoah's land
The wonders of the Lord,
His staff became at God's command
A serpent on the sward.

But we behold just such a scene,
Oft as the power of God
Transforms the staff on which we lean
Into a scourge or rod.

Such transformations are designed
To teach us where to place
Our hopes, and with a patient mind
To wait the hour of grace.

Thus where I cherished many a hope
Full sadly have I quaffed,
From disappointment's bitter cup,
The nauseating draught.

And where my every hope was gone
And all seemed cheerless night,
There suddenly around me shone
A heart-reviving light.

So we may also see the rod
Its former shape attain,
Just as the snake transformed by God
Became a staff again.

On board the Medway in the South Sea.

The Widow of Nain

SLOWLY and sad a funeral-train
Advances from the gates of Nain,
As Jesus walks along the plain.

The corse they bear—a widow's son!
Ah! how she weeps! her hope is gone,
And she is friendless and alone!

Can Jesus pass a scene of woe
So sad and sorrowful, nor shew
His pity or his power? O No!

“Weep not, afflicted one,” he cries,
While tear-drops fill his own bright eyes,
“Thy son shall live—Young man arise.”

Instant Death owns his conqueror near,
And quits his prey with conscious fear,
And the youth rises from the bier!

Meanwhile the people weep for joy;
The mother clasps her risen boy,
And hymns of praise their tongues employ.

Jesus, my God! I too am dead
In sin, and quickly were I laid
In hell for ay, without thine aid!

But if thou say, “Young man, arise,”
Soon shall I ope my closed eyes,
And wake to life and heavenly joys!

Verses to Mr. George Lang, the Author's Brother, on his Embarking for New South Wales. London, April 25th, 1821

*

O FARE thee well, my Brother,
My heart still throbs another
 “Fare thee well!”
'Tis a word of bitterest sorrow,
Ushering in a lonely morrow!
 Fare thee well!

No parent, sister, brother,
Can greet thee now, nor other
 Earthly friend!
The deep sea lyes before thee;
But Jehovah's shield is o'er thee
 To defend.

Then tho' the raging billow
Rolls beneath thy heaving pillow
 Far at sea;
Trust in him who never sleepeth,
And whose guardian angel keepeth
 Watch o'er thee!

When the beauties of Aurora
Ushering in the balmy morrow,
 Gaily shine,
And when the dew of even
Falls from the brow of Heaven
 On the brine;

Let thy song of deep devotion,
From the stormy lap of Ocean,
 Mount on high
Angels from Heaven bending
Shall bear the notes ascending
 To the sky!

And when a lonely ranger
On the mountains of the stranger
 Far away,
Let Jehovah's counsel guide thee,
And let God, whate'er betide thee,
 Be thy stay.

If Prosperity should bless thee,
And her train of friends caress thee
 With their love;
Let the thought of Heaven fire thee,
And let gratitude inspire thee
 From above.

If Adversity's bleak morrow
Should cloud thy dawn with sorrow
 And with gloom,
Let Hope still hover o'er thee
She will shed her brightest glory
 O'er the tomb.

Then fare thee well, my Brother,
My heart still throbs another
 “Fare thee well!”
'Tis a word of bitterest sorrow,
Ushering in grief's lonely morrow;
 Fare thee well!

Verses to the Memory of Mr George Lang, who died in Sydney, 18th January, 1825.

Written On Board The Medway, In The British Channel.

AND thou art gone, my Brother,
From this world of sin and woe!
And thou hast bid thy last adieu
To friends and all below!
And now thou lighest mute and still,
The old earth on thy breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Short was the journey of thy life
And thorny was the road!
But thou hast cleared the barren wild
And reached the mount of God!
And thou hast seen thy Saviour there
In glory all confessed,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest!

Full soon thy course was finished,
And the work assigned thee done!
Full soon thy Christian fight was fought,
And thy prize of glory won!
Now thou hast gone to wear thy crown
On high among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest!

If spirits of the just retain
The ties on earth that bind,
Sure thou hadst friends to greet thee there
More than thou left'st behind.
Thy fathers, who for Christ endured
The oppressor's malice long,[†]
Would greet thee with a parent's voice
And with an angel's song.

My brother, O my brother!
Would I had seen thee die!
And caught the last word from thy lip,
And heard thy parting sigh,
And laid thee in the silent grave!
I knew it not the while,

I knew not of thy parting hour,
In Britain's distant Isle!

Sure thou didst go to yonder land
To pave the way for me;
And to build an altar to thy God,
Far o'er the dark blue sea.
Perchance again thou goest before
To yonder world above,
That we may there unite ere long
To bless the Saviour's love!

Sweet was thy welcome when I first
Reached Australasia's shore,
When all the perils of my voyage,
And all its toils were o'er!
But sweeter shall thy welcome be,
If e'er to me 'tis given
To reach, when life's last voyage is o'er,
The friendly port of heaven!

The Last Words of the Author's Brother

‡

O SOFT and sweet was his parting voice,
As he lay on the bed of death!
His spirit had tasted celestial joys,
Ere he yielded his parting breath;
And his thoughts, in that mortal hour, were of me,
Far over the deep and billowy sea!

“Captain, look well to thy vessel's sails,
As she rides on the ocean-wave:
Yon billow, upraised by the western gales,
Might prove my brother's grave!
Oh! who should then comfort out sorrowful mother
If she were also to lose my brother!”

“But weep not, fond mother, I go to a land
Where nothing can hurt or annoy.
See! yonder my fathers—a glorious band—
Invite me to share in their joy!
Yes, mother, I go but a little before ye,
And glad shall I welcome your coming to glory!”

“Yet say not I leave no memorial behind,
Tho' I fade in life's earliest bloom:
Yon temple of God will many remind
Of its builder laid low in the tomb.
And ay when within it some sinner is won,
I shall joy as a sire at the birth of his son.”

“But how strong is thy sinewy arm, O Death!
(Tho' I know a stronger than thou,)
My eyes they are dim—thou hast stifled my breath—
I yield thee the victory *now*.
But when Jesus shall give me the battle ere long,
O I shall sing joyful the victor's song!”

So sweet were the last words that dropt from his tongue!
So peaceful—so hopeful he died!
And oft as our vessel glides swiftly along,
And the foam dashes white from her side,
Methinks I can still here such accents as these,
Sung soft by the scraph that rides on the breeze!

On board the Medway, Lat. 2. North.

Gloria Deo; Or, The Coral Insect.

¶

THOUGH every power on earth combines
To do his high command,
God can effect his vast designs
By the most feeble hand:
The weakest instrument may raise
A deathless structure to his praise.

Far in the deep sea's vast abyss,
Where ocean's gloomy bed
Is to the seaman fathomless,
Even with the deep-sea-lead,
The coral insect rears an isle
Where man may live and summer smile!

Unseen he plies his hidden toil,
For many a long long year,
While overhead fierce billows boil
And gallant fleets career.
At length the islet greets the day,
Rising amid the foaming spray.

So doth the Church of Judah's God
Amid the nations rise;
Its firm foundation deep as broad,
Its summit in the skies.
'Twas God that drew the mighty plan
For thee, the builder, feeble Man!

Deep in Eternity's abyss,
Its base is firmly laid;
And (wondrous in the realms of bliss!)
Man is the builder made!
The coral insect cannot be
A feebler architect than he!

Unseen he labours many an hour
Beneath the raging flood,
Strong through the Spirit's mighty power
And the good word of God;
Tho' Unbelief contemns his toil,
And Satan vainly raves the while.

At length the lofty fabric stands,
In glorious majesty;

And every tribe in Heathen lands
Enters successively!
What Seraph, ere he saw, could tell,
Man should have built so strong, so well!

Yet all the glory and the praise
To Judah's God belong.
Then, O ye builders, gladly raise
To Him your grateful song!
The Lord, the Master-builder, planned,
Ye only build by his command.

On board the Medway, off the S. W. Coast of Van Diewen's Land.

The Magellan Clouds.

Written At Midnight During A Storm, On Board The Medway, In The South Seas.

*

WHILE the children of Jacob in Goshen remain,
They know but the change of the even and morn;
No visions of glory their senses enchain,
No bright corruscations their pathway adorn.

But soon as they march on their perilous way,
Through the sea and the waste to the land of delight,
A bright cloudy pillar precedes them by day,
And a pillar of fire illumines the night!

And so when the sun of Prosperity beams,
In the home of his forefathers brightly and clear,
All peaceful the path of the Christian seems,
But visions of glory may never appear.

Yet soon as he speeds through the enemy's land,
Or soon as Adversity's tempests assail,
The angel of God will appear at his hand,
And the music of heaven sound sweet in the gale.

Ye, beautiful clouds, are a symbol to me,
Of the sights I have seen and the joys I have felt,
Since first I embarked on this perilous sea,
Since first in the land of the stranger I dwelt.

Nor would I the sweet recollection forego,
For the scenes that my boyhood was wont to admire.
Thy beauties, fair Scotland, how faintly they glow
To the luminous cloud and the pillar of fire!

Paraphrase of HEB. XII. 1–2

YE followers of the Son of God,
Why murmur at his chastening rod?
Supported by Jehovah's grace,
Why faint ye in your christian race?

See! countless witnesses around
With diadems of beauty crowned!
See! saints and martyrs cheer you on
To share the glory they have won!

See! Jesus your Almighty Friend,
Your faith's great Author and its End!
From his exalted throne on high
Regards you with a pitying eye!

He from his love to men below,
Endured the cross and all its woe;
But now he reigns at God's right hand,
The glory of the heavenly land.

By his divine example fired,
And with his ardent zeal inspired,
The race assigned us let us run,
Nor faint until the prize is won!

So let us tread affliction's path,
As Jesus trod the vale of death;
And like him heavenward turn our eyes;
A crown of glory is the prize!

Largs, Ayrshire, 1822.

New Year's Day

Written In Edinburgh, 1st, January, 1822.

JOYFUL in Scotland's royal city
Thousands hailed the infant year, †
And with welcome warm and witty
Poured around the maddening cheer.

All was joy and all was gladness,
All was revelry and song;
Why then with unwonted sadness
Throbb'd my heart amid the throng?

I thought, Edina, of the numbers
Thou hast seen carousing here,
Now sunk, alas! in death's deep slumbers
Reckless of the coming year.

I thought of man's short hour of pleasure
And of sorrow's lengthened day;
Of ills protracted passing measure,
Joys that swiftly fleet away.

I thought of that dread hour of sorrow
To the guilty sons of men,
When after death's dark night Aurora
Dawns not on their hopes again!

Then when the Archangel stands proclaiming
That old Time's last year has run,
When the world around is flaming
And Eternity begun;

O may we with joy and gladness
Hail the never-ending year,
Nor in wild despair and madness
Tremble at its coming near!

Verses on the Ruins of Knock Castle.

Largs, Ayrshire, 1821.

‡

THE waning moon was toiling up yon steepy mountain's side,
And her pallid beams so faint and few were flickering on the tide,
And the bird of night's wild scream was heard from yonder ruined wall
Where Caledonia nightly mourns her ancient glory's fall.

My mind was rapt in solemn thought and contemplation deep,
As musing on the days of old, I climbed the rugged steep
Where Knock in high baronial pride once reared her stately form,
That now has braved a thousand years the battle and the storm.

Methought the notes of ancient war stole softly on my ear,
And I heard the clashing of the sword, the buckler and the spear,
And the trampling of the warrior's horse, as in the days of old,
He rode beneath you rifted arch bedecked with glittering gold.

But now, alas! these days are gone, and the tempest-riven dome
Is now no more the baron's pride, or the beauteous maiden's home;
For the loud wind whistles wildly where the faggots wont to blaze,
And the notes of revelry were heard in Scotia's proudest days.

And now the dismal owl has placed her eyrie on the wall,
And the solitary raven fixed his lodging in the hall,
Where oft, perhaps, the minstrel-bard has charmed the listening throng
With his tale of ancient glory and his wild chivalric-song.

But weep not, Caledonia, for thine ancient glory gone
And thy palaces in ruins and thy deserted throne;

Far happier are thy children now than their brave fathers when
These walls resounded with the shouts of twice five hundred men.

No chieftain winds his bugle now along thy smiling fields;
No Scottish swords are broken now on Scottish foemen's shields.
The loudest sound that strikes the ear where thousands fought and fell
Is the song of joyful reapers or the distant Sabbath bell.

ODE To Glasgow College.

Written On Board The Medway, In The South Sea.

¶

THOUGH distant in the Southern Sea,
My fancy oft reverts to thee,
Thou venerable pile!
Where erst I spent the happy hours
When Youth exerts his opening powers,
In Learning's grateful toil.

And oft as Ocean in his pride,
Rolls nightly on the billowy tide
And laves the nether sky,
Then, in my hammock slung, I dream
It is the Clyde's transparent stream
Gliding all softly by.

Yes! memory shall still retain
Thy honoured form, tho' ne'er again
I hail thy classic walls!
O may thy laurels flourish long!
And happy be the youth that throng
Thy Academic Halls!

There have I joyed to follow thee,
Æneas! o'er the Tuscan Sea,
Until thy voyage was done;
And wept when fierce Pelides slew,
Or brutally exposed to view
Old Priam's warrior-son.

There hoary Sages, bland and kind,
Unlocked the treasures of the mind,
Each to a youthful band;
While, as a father leads his son
From step to step, they led them on
With a parental hand.

There Metaphysics would enchain
My prostrate powers, vexing my brain
And baffling all my skill
To comprehend—what God conceals
In deepest shade and ne'er reveals—
The empire of the Will.

There Galileo's art unfurled
The chart of yonder starry world
Clear as the cloudless noon;
While Newton taught with steady hand
To sound the seas, to mete the land
And poise the distant moon.

There Geometry spread all her snares,
Her polygons and curves and squares,
To lure me to the shade;
While I, like a wild shepherd boy,
Enamoured of the hills, would fly
From the dark-visaged maid.

There Anatomic art would scan
The wonders of the inner man
And range them on the shelf;
While, as the keen scalpel dissects,
Keen speculation oft detects
The very soul itself.

There Paracelsus* deigned to own
He ne'er could find the Sages' Stone,
Nor make men live for ay;
Tho' when the clouds would' darkly frown
He'd call the rolling Thunder down
And steal his bolts away.

There would the Sage of metals stand,
Vesuvian lava in his hand,
And conjure up the Earth
Her secret history to disclose
And tell of all the horrid throes
That marked Creation's birth.

And there with countenance benign
Where piety and learning shine,
Would sit the good MacGill—
God's holy counsel skilled to teach
And eke to lead as well as preach
The way to Zion's hill.

Friend of my youth! with counsel sage
Oft didst thou guide my ripening age
In God's most holy way.
Still peaceful be thy honoured lot
Till both the Teacher and the taught
Meet in the realms of day!

Friend of my youth! full many a son

Will greet thee when thy course is run,
In yonder holy land!
Some have already reached its shore,
Some tarry here, some go before
As God may give command.

For thou hast trained full many a youth
To preach the Way, the Life, the Truth,
In Kedar's wilds afar!
Their trophies then are also thine
And thou shalt therefore henceforth shine
Bright as the Morning Star!

Methinks I see them gladly go
O'er burning sands and frozen snow
The soldiers of the cross!
Thompson and Steele and Stevenson,
Martin, Brownlee, Bennie, Mac'-Lean
And Sutherland and Ross! †

Youthful associates in the war
Whose trophies are more glorious far
Than wealth or fame's reward,
God gave you wisdom, courage, might
And holy zeal nobly to fight
The battles of the Lord!

So shall ye sing the victor's song,
And joyful 'mid the ransomed throng,
Hear the Redeemer tell,—
What shall delight the ravished ear
More than the loudest plaudits here—
That ye have served him well!

For tho' I shed the willing tear,
Steele! ‡ over thine untimely bier,
I own it is not wise!
Once when we strove each to be first,
Each failed; but now I fare the worst,
For thou hast won the prize.

Youthful associates! never more
May we revisit Scotland's shore,
Or Glasgow's classic fane;
Those ancient venerable towers,
Where erst we spent the happy hours,
We ne'er may see again.

But when, in Zion's splendid halls
The Angel of Jehovah calls

The catalogue of Heaven;
If then our honoured names appear
In the celestial register
By God's own finger graven;

O we shall meet to part no more,
But on a friendlier happier shore,
Learn the high lore of bliss!
For Christ shall be the Teacher then,
And the glad scholars ransomed men
As the stars numberless!

Hymn. From The German of Gellert.

Wahrists, der Fromme schmeckt auf Erden Schon manchen selgen Augenblick.

¶

A FEW short hours of transient joy
The virtuous man may know,
When travelling to you world on high,
In this vain world below;
Yet ah! his lot is sorrow still
Until he reach God's holy hill.

But a few years of trial past
On Zion's thorny road,
And Zion's traveller shall at last
Ascend the mount of God.
Here he may dwell with pain and care,
But rich rewards await him there.

There all that seemed mysterious here,
Bright as the light shall shine,
And all God's works and ways appear
All holy, all divine.
There, mid the radiant choirs of bliss,
He'll know how good Jehovah is.

For there they sing that heavenly strain
Which few on earth may sing,
“The Lord Omnipotent doth reign,
And holy is our king.
Whatever pleased him he hath done,
And all his works are good—each one!”

Then what are all our sorrows here!
They last but for a day!
For Christ the Lord shall soon appear
To wipe the tears away
From all his faithful followers eyes,
And give them mansions in the skies.

Sydney, March, 1826.

Sole Oriente Fugiunt Tenebrae

**Written On Board The Medway, Storm Bay, Van Dieman's
Land, On Making The Coast Of That Island In Very
Tempestuous And Hazy Weather.**

WHAT tho' the tempest ruder blows
And darker lowers the sky,
When tossing on a sea of woes
The heavenly port is nigh!
What were a winter's day of sorrow
If joy were coming on the morrow!

What tho' alarming doubts arise
And fears on every hand!
One gleam of sunshine will suffice
To light us to the land!
Soon as we hail the gladsome ray
Our doubts and fears shall flee away!

What tho' the heavenly Sun of Grace
Enveloped seems in night!
Soon will he shew his glorious face
And say, Let there be Light!
The Sun ne'er wears so fair a form
As when illumining the storm!

Sonnet, Written On Board The Medway, Off Hobart Van Dieman's Land

O I COULD gaze the live-long summer-day
On such a scene as fills the raptured eye
In this fair haven! Mountains that reach the sky
Rise on the right and left, shadowing the bay
With their huge forms, and diadem'd with grey
And castellated rocks, whose hues may vie
With the dark tints o'the sombre drapery
That waves i'the wind adown their sides for ay.
Yet all is wild and waste, save where the hand
Of man, with long-continued toil and care,
Has won a little spot of blooming land
From the vast cheerless forest here and there!
So is the moral world—a desart drear
Where but a few green spots amid the waste appear!

Simeon

THE aged Simeon waited long
In Zion's holy fane,
Amid an unbelieving throng
To hail Messiah's reign;
On God's high promise he relied,
And saw the Saviour ere he died.

So may I with the eye of faith,
Behold my Saviour too,
Ere in the gloomy vale of death
I bid the world adieu!
So may I hail my Saviour-king
And say, O Death, where is thy sting!

Sydney, January, 1826.

Yet all is still as death! Wild solitude
Reigns undisturbed along the voiceless shore,
And every tree seems standing as it stood
Five thousand years ago. The loud wave's roar
Were music in these wilds! The wise and good,
That wont of old as Hermits to adore
The God of nature in the desert drear,
Might sure have found a fit sojourning here!

May, 1823.

Paraphrase and Translation of A Song of the Aborigines

Ngaan nubang dhuraa?
Barraburiong gil-waa!

A WARRIOR lyes in yonder dell,
His eyelids closed for ever.
Heroes! I slew him and he fell
Near Warragumby river.
Who is he ere we dig his grave?
Come tell me in the song.
O he is like a warrior brave
Bold Barraburiong!

Spes in Adversis

YES, doubting Christian, stand and see
The energy divine
Of Him who once in Galilee
Turned water into wine.

Do all thy friends forsake thee, and
Is all thy treasure spent?
See! Jesus stands at thy right hand,
The Lord Omnipotent!

When hope has fled, 'tis his delight
To succour from on high;
For still when darkest lowers the night
The ruddy dawn is nigh.

His heavenly aid then still implore,
Nor intermit thy toil:
Think on Sarepta's widow's store,
And on her cruse of oil.

For tho' he put full many a cup
Of sorrow in thy hand,
And make thee drink the med'cine up
With look of stern command.

Yet soon as death's short sleep is slept,
Glory shall crown thy brow;
And thou shalt say, "Lord, thou hast kept
The good wine until now."

Sydney, 1826.

Epinikion

Supposed To Be Sung By Nehemiah, The Tirshata, Or Governor Of Judah, After The Completion Of The Second Temple.

WE built thy walls, O Zion,
In sorrow and in fear;
And each builder kept his eye on
His battle-axe and spear
As he builded; for the Lion
Of Samaria was near.

But now thy holy Temple
Stands on its rocky base,
Magnificent and simple,
As befits Jehovah's praise,
And Judah in its ample
Courts adores the God of Grace.

Zion! thy fame shall flourish
'Till Time's concluding day;
And posterity shall cherish
Thy hallowed name for ay;
But thine enemies shall perish
And their memory pass away.

* Sanballat and Tobiah,
Despite your hostile band,
On this mountain of Moriah,
The House of God shall stand
'Till the kingdom of Messiah
Is established in the land!

Sydney, 1826.

Paraphrase and Translation

Of A Song Of The Blacks Of Hunter's River, Composed On The Eve Of An Expedition To Port Macquarie Elizabeth Henrietta, A Colonial Schooner, At The Time Anchored Off Newcastle, And A Breeze Blowing Up The Bay.

SWIFT-FOOTED warriors of our band,
Haste ye and do not tarry;
Gird ye like men from white man's land
And hie to Port Macquarie.
There will you see the great canoe
Sheltered from every breeze,
Altho' she rolls and pitches now
In yonder stormy seas!

Verses On Revisiting England

January 1, 1825.

HAIL! happy England, land of freemen, hail!
 >My heart beats high to see thy shores again.
Thy hearts of oak are cased in virtue's mail,
 Great Legislatrix of the boundless main!
The fettered Greek may tell the captive's tale,
 And the proud Bourbon lord it over Spain:
Slaves may submit, and despots may command,
But thou art England still, Freedom's blest land!

Long may the Rose bloom on thy shelving shore!
 And the green Shamrock deck thy sister-isle;
And Caledonia's Thistle, as of yore,
 Wave its head proudly in the breeze the while
O may your sons ne'er be divided more,
 Ye much-loved isles. Still be their common toil
To guard their birthright. Then even wild war's thus
Shall never burst your triple cord asunder.

David's Pride and Penitence

Written During The Prevalence Of An Epidemic Catarrh In
Sydney, And Throughout The Colony.—November, 1826.

THE minstrel-king of Judah sat
All in his banquet-hall,
Richly arrayed in Eastern state,
On a high festival.

A Syrian slave stood by his side
With the fruit of Eshcol's vine,
And the monarch's heart was filled with pride,
As he quaffed the blood-red wine.

“Edom and Moab, so lordly once,
Their willing tribute bring,
Proud Rabbah falls, Damascus owns
The Hebrew for her king;
And where are now Philistia's lords,
Israel's insulting foe?
Before the glance of David's swords
They have melted like the snow.”

Far other sounds were heard than these
From Judah's sceptered prince,
When, in his wrath, God sent disease
And noisome Pestilence
To smite the bravest of his land—
Full seventy thousand men—
That all might see Jehovah's hand
And own Jehovah's reign.

For then full many a victim dies
In offering to the Lord,
And prayers of penitence arise
To stay his vengeful sword;
While thus the humbled monarch spoke,
“Lord, spare our guilty land;
Have mercy on thy little flock,
The people of thy hand!”

Here too, alas! a numerous race,
Unholy and profane,
Proudly contemns the God of Grace
Nor owns Jehovah's reign!
Here too the Angel of the Lord,

By righteous Heaven's command,
Has girded on his vengeful sword
To smite a guilty land!

O may we then, like Judah's king,
With penitential care,
Our willing sacrifices bring
Of undissembled prayer!
So shall the ever-gracious Lord
Spare our devoted shore,
As when of old He sheathed His sword
At Ornan's threshing-floor.

Sonnet, on the Conflagration of the Forest Around Sydney,

November 25th, 1826.

FEARFUL I stood on the moss-covered rock
Whose rugged cliffs adorn our beauteous bay:
The forest blazed around, volumes of smoke
Towering to heaven obscured the face of day;
And as the red Sun shot his parting ray
Through the dense atmosphere, the lurid sky
Glowed with a fiercer flame—spreading dismay
As if the dreadful day of doom were nigh!
Alas! where shall the fear-struck sinner flee
From that great day's all-devastating blaze,
When the Earth burns, the hills melt to their base,
And with intensest heat boils the deep sea!
O then to stand upon the Rock of Ages,
While all around the conflagration rages!

The Heads of Port Jackson

LO! yonder looms the land! High o'er the deep
Its barrier-rocks stretch their embattled line,
Marshalling their front 'gainst the resistless sweep
Of the big ocean-wave! Australia, thine
Are adamantine walls; along thy steep
And rugged cliffs rages the ocean-brine,
While ever and anon the foaming spray
Rises heavenward and clouds the face of day.

High on the bold South Head thy Pharos stands,
Shedding its gladsome ray across the sea,
When the cold South wind whistles, and all hands
Are weary of their voyage. How sweet to me
Its midnight beam! In Afric's desert sands
The traveller finds a friend in each green tree,
So doth the sailor from far lands returning,
When mid the gloom he sees some beacon burning.

Australian Anthem

YE kindreds of the earth,
Come, sing a nation's birth!
Australia's Sun
Has risen with orient light
To chase the shades of night;
Aye! and in glory bright
His course to run.

Dark was the night and drear!
Full many a hopeless year,
Thick shadows lay
O'er the vast Southern land.
At length Heaven gave command,
And Britain's magic hand
Unveiled the day.

Britain, thy fame be sung
By each Australian tongue
While rolls the Sun!
Still may thy flag unfurled
Wave o'er the subject world,
'Till tyranny is hurled
From every throne!

Australia's blooming isle
Rejoices in thy smile,
Queen of the seas!
Beneath thy downy wing,
Her hopeful children sing
Great George their patriot-king,
In joyful lays,

Australia! land of hope!
Thy sons shall bear thee up
Even to the skies!
And Earth's exalted ones
Shall hail thee from their thrones,
Queen of the Southern Zones.
Australia, rise!

Rise! and may Gospel day
Wax brighter as thy sway
Extends around;
'Till the vast Southern main
Hail the Redeemer's reign,

And its isles ring again
With the glad sound!

The captive negro toils
In yonder hapless isles,
Far o'er the waves:
But thou, blest Isle, art free!
No negro pines for thee!
No! thou canst never be
A land of slaves!

O be it then thy care,
From Superstition's snare
And Slavery's chain,
To set the wretched free;
'Till Christian liberty,
Wide o'er the Southern Sea,
Triumphant reign!

Sydney, December, 1826.

Notes and Illustrations

Note I.—Page 5.

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

THE Patriarch Abraham was originally an idolater, and worshipped strange Gods, in common with the rest of his family, on this side the river Euphrates. At length, however, he was divinely called to the knowledge and worship of the true God, and directed to emigrate to the westward and settle in the land of Canaan. Asiatic tradition represents him to have belonged to the sect of the Sabians, who worshipped the sun, moon and stars, and of whom an interesting account is given in the learned treatise of Hyde, *De Religione Veterum Persarum*. As the Author does not possess a copy of that treatise, in which he recollects having seen the original tradition on which the Poem in the text is founded, he refers the Reader to the following extract from the Koran of Mahomet, who copied the story from the Jewish Talmud:—

“Call to mind when Abraham said unto his father Azer, dost thou take images for Gods? Verily I perceive that thou and thy people are in a manifest error. And thus did we shew unto Abraham the Kingdom of Heaven and Earth that he might become one of those who firmly believe. And when the night overshadowed him, he saw a star, and he said, this is my Lord; and when it set, he said, I like not Gods which set. And when he saw the Moon rising, he said, this is my Lord; but when he saw it set, he said, verily if my Lord direct me not, I shall become one of the people who go astray. And when he saw the Sun rising, he said, this is my Lord; this is the greatest; but when he saw it set, he said, O my people, verily I am clear from that which ye associate with God: I direct my face unto Him who hath created the Heavens and the Earth. I am orthodox and am not one of the idolaters.”—Koran, chap.iv.

Note II.—p.22.

ELIJAH'S APPEAL.

In the year 1824, the Colony of New South Wales was almost reduced to the miseries of famine; wheat having risen, in the course of a few months, from four, to twenty-five shillings a bushel. The scarcity arose partly from the failure of the crop, and partly from an improvident expenditure of grain at the commencement of the season.

Note III.—p. 35.

STILL LIFE.—FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

The idea in the two last lines is the only one in this little piece that is not Anacreon's. It was added to give it somewhat of a Christian character.

Gyges, king of Sardis, a city in Asia Minor, which was afterwards the seat of one of the Apostolic Churches, was famous for his immense wealth.

Note IV.—p. 37.

LUTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

This piece was suggested by the following passage in one of the nervous epistles of the great Reformer, written immediately after he was excommunicated by the Roman Pontiff, and delivered over to the Secular power. It merely embodies his own sentiments, and clothes them in a poetical dress.

“A me quidem jacta mihi alea, contemptus est Romanus furor et favor; nolo eis reconciliari nec communicare in perpetuum; damnent exuranique mea.”—Luther. Epist. ap. Seckendorf.

The Rubicon was the boundary of Julius Caesar's government in ancient Gaul. In crossing that stream, therefore, with his victorious legions, and without the sanction of the Roman Senate, Caesar proclaimed war against his country. The difference, however, between the case of Caesar and that of Luther, is very obvious. In the former, the liberties of Rome were sacrificed to the boundless ambition of an unprincipled usurper; in the latter, a crusade was commenced by a single individual against a system of universal usurpation, and the liberties of the world were in consequence restored.

The famous Carthaginian General, Hannibal, was led to the altar by his father Hamilcar, when only nine years of age, and made to swear that he would never make peace with the Romans, with whom his country was then at war.

Note V.—p. 61.

SONNET—THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

Suggested by a medical Gentleman's observing, in the course of conversation with the Author, that his College acquaintances scarcely knew him on his return to Scotland, after a four years' absence in the Mediterranean, and had all forgotten their youthful promises of lasting friendship. It is doubtless a common case, tho'

the Author has seen exceptions to the general rule.

Note VI.—p. 61.

THE LAMENT OF MATTATHIAS.

Mattathias was the father of Judas Maccabens, the Deliverer of the Jews from the oppressive yoke of the Syro-Grecian Monarchs, the successors of Alexander the Great in the kingdom of Syria. About 170 years before the birth of Christ, Antiochus Epiphanes, the eighth of these monarchs, published an edict, requiring uniformity of religious worship throughout his dominions; which, in order to gratify his personal antipathy towards the Jewish nation and the worship of Jehovah, he appointed Commissioners to carry into rigorous execution in the province of Judea. One of these Commissioners, Apelles by name, came to Modin, a city of Judea, in which Mattathias, then an aged priest, resided with his five sons. Zealous for the law of God, and filled with indignation at the forcible establishment of idolatrous worship, Mattathias and his five sons fell upon the King's Commissioner, as he was exhorting the people to offer sacrifice to idols, and slew him. They then fled to the mountains, where they soon collected a considerable band of followers, which, under the command of Judas Maccabens, performed a series of most heroic exploits, and finally overthrew the Syrian power, re-established the worship of Jehovah, and erected an independent government in Judea. The appropriate motto which Judas and his followers chose, in their patriotic stand for the worship of Jehovah and the liberties of their country, was these words in Exodus 15. 11.—“Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods?”—the initial letters of which, in the Hebrew, viz. M. K. B. I. being inscribed on the military standard, formed the word Makabi or Maccabec, which afterwards became the honourable designation of Mattathias and his posterity.

The Lament of Mattathias was suggested by a conversation with an old German Jew, a prisoner on board the Medway. He was a man of very general information, having received a tolerable education in his youth, and having subsequently travelled over all Europe, as an itinerant vender of jewellery, in which capacity he had followed the British army to Waterloo. He had left a wife and family in Amsterdam, of whom he spoke with great feeling, and against whose advice he had gone to England—eventually to be apprehended as a criminal, and tried, convicted, and banished to the world's end. He was rather fastidious in the choice of his associates

on board ship, and had very few acquaintances among his fellow prisoners, though he shared the general insensibility of their order, in regard to his personal criminality. For on questioning him, as to the cause of his banishment, he replied, with much indifference, "Ich verkaufte silber und ich wusste nicht dass es war gestohlen;" I purchased some silver, and did not know that it had been stolen.

The Author ascertained two circumstances from the conversation of this expatriated sinner, which may not appear uninteresting to the reader, and of which he was not previously aware. The one is the general prevalence of infidelity, among the continental Jews of the middle classes, in regard to the Old Testament Prophecies, interpreted according to their own ideas, respecting the coming of Messiah. For on asking him repeatedly whether they still generally looked for the promised Messiah, he always replied in the negative, observing, "Wenn Einer sagt, Er komnt, tausend sagen, Er komnt nicht;" Where one says, He is to come, a thousand say, He will never come. The other circumstance is the existence of a spirit highly favourable to the progress of genuine christianity among the outcasts of Israel; for he uniformly affirmed, that multitudes of Jews on the continent would embrace Christianity, were it not for the idolatrous practices of a great proportion of the Christian Church. In the city of Amsterdam, for instance, a great number of Jews, of the middle and higher classes, occasionally, and not unfrequently, attend divine service, in the places of worship belonging to the Established Church of Holland—the Presbyterian Church; but in the cities on the banks of the Rhine, in which there are no Protestant Churches, and in which the descendants of Abraham are also very numerous, the synagogue is the only place whither the Jews resort.

Note VII.—p. 69.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF MR. KILPATRICK.

Mr. Kilpatrick was a fellow-student of the Author's, at Glasgow College, where he received a very superior medical and general education. He was a young man of uncommon promise, and of a most adventurous spirit—ardently attached to scientific pursuits, and cherishing the strongest feelings of genuine philanthropy. On receiving intelligence of the Neapolitan revolution, shortly after the completion of his medical studies, he left Scotland with another medical gentleman, who is now in His Majesty's Service in India, to join General Pepe and the Constitutionals. On arriving at Naples,

however, he found that a counter-revolution had been effected, in consequence of which the Austrian power was universally predominant. He therefore shaped his course towards Rome, where he spent some time in examining the remains of antiquity in that ancient city, and where he narrowly escaped a classical death, in swimming across the Tiber. From thence he walked over the Alps to Chamberri, in France; and both he and his fellow-traveller, shortly afterwards, embarked from London for India. Having spent some time in Bengal, where he formed an extensive and very valuable collection of specimens in Botany, Mineralogy, and Ornithology, Mr. K. was returning to Europe, when he was unfortunately ship-wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, losing all his property, and having all his hopes suddenly blasted. In this unenviable situation, he volunteered to accompany the expedition, which the Lords of the Admiralty had fitted out to explore the river Zambese, on the south-east coast of Africa; and, his services being cheerfully accepted, he proceeded on the expedition. But all his companions, with the exception of one solitary individual who returned with the tidings, having successively fallen victims to the fever of the country, the circumstance preyed upon his spirits, and threw him into some disease, of which he died in the house of a Portuguese lady of rank, by whom the expedition had been very hospitably received, in the settlement of Mozambique.

Note VIII.—p. 73.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

The phenomenon, alluded to in these verses, is well known to all who have been at sea, especially in the intertropical regions. During a squall in these regions, in a very dark night, the scene is peculiarly grand.

Note IX.—p. 83.

THE ALBATROSS.

The Albatross is a wellknown and very interesting inhabitant of the higher latitudes of the Southern Hemisphere. He will accompany a vessel for weeks together, subsisting on the offals that are thrown overboard, or on whatever else he may pick up from the surface of the water. At the approach of summer the Albatross makes for the land—generally some barren island in the great Southern Ocean, where he rears a youthful progeny, which he carries with him to sea, on the return of winter. The Author has seen

one of these majestic birds measure eleven feet nine inches, from the tip of the one wing to that of the other.

Note X.—p.90.

VALEDICTORY VERSES TO MR. GEORGE LANG.

Mr. George Lang, the Author's brother, was educated at the University of Glasgow. He was induced to emigrate to New South Wales, by the assurance of patronage and support from His Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane, to whose immediate neighbourhood he belonged; and immediately on his arrival in this country he had the honour of receiving a grant of land, without previous solicitation of any kind, from His Excellency Governor Macquarie. About ten months thereafter, he received, from the Deputy-Commissary-General, an appointment in the Commissariat Department, which he held till after the Author's return to Europe in 1824. During the Author's absence from the Colony, however, he resigned that appointment, for reasons which, tho' highly honourable to his memory, the Author does not deem it requisite to particularise. He died in Sydney of an inflammatory fever, on the 18th of January, 1825, aged 23 years, and was buried in the Scots Church by permission of His Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane.

Note XI.—p. 96.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF MR. G. LANG.

The Author's forefathers, who were Scotch farmers, were obliged, in common with many more of their countrymen, to free from their native land for righteousness' sake, during the violent persecution to which the Scots Presbyterians were subjected, in the reign of Charles the Second.— They obtained a temporary asylum in Holland, from whence they returned to Scotland, at the Revolution of 1688.

Note XII.—p.98.

THE LAST WORDS OF THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER.

Although the Author's brother had not exhibited, during the continuance of health, anything beyond an unblemished character, a regular attendance on the outward ordinances of religion, and a zealous attachment to the cause of the Scots Church; he was led before his death, by a variety of seemingly untoward circumstances, to see the vanity of all sublunary pursuits and the worthlessness of all earthly dependence; so as to leave the world with patient

resignation, in the well grounded hope of a better inheritance than the world can possibly afford. The Author has good reason to regard his brother as the instrument, in the hand of God, for the planting of a Scots Church in the Colony, and of consequence to cherish his memory with more than fraternal affection. Before his arrival, there had, doubtless, been a general desire, among the Scots Presbyterians throughout the Territory, for the settlement of a Presbyterian Minister in Sydney; and there had even been a Society formed in Sydney, denominated "The Evangetical Society of N.S. Wales," the object of which was to ameliorate the morals of the Colony, partly by the introduction of three Presbyterian Ministers, who were to itinerate in the Territory, and to be supported by the produce of the Society's flocks and herds. But that chimerical Institution very soon died a natural death, and the general desire for the settlement of a Scotch Clergyman among the Presbyterians in the Colony, remained completely inoperative, 'till the arrival of Mr.G. Lang.

During the short time he remained in Van Dieman's Land, on his way to the Colony, the Author's brother employed himself in ascertaining the state of the Scottish population of that island, in reference to the means they possessed of obtaining religious instruction; and he actually waited on Lieutenant Governor Sorell, from whom he experienced a very kind reception, to ascertain the sentiments of His Majesty's Government, in regard to the settlement of Presbyterian Ministers of the Church of Scotland, in those parts of the island in which their services might be required. At that period there was no Presbyterian Minister in Van Dieman's Land. On his arrival in N. S. Wales, the Author's brother resumed his enquiries, and the result was an earnest invitation to the Author to settle in the Colony, as a Minister of the Church of Scotland. That invitation was grounded on the desire of many respectable Presbyterians throughout the Territory, and the measure it recommended received not only the previous sanction, but the express approval of His Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane.

At the same time, while the Author deems it requisite to state these circumstances in order to correct and to counteract misrepresentation; and while he gratefully acknowledges the countenance he has uniformly received, as a Minister of the Church of Scotland, from His Excellency the present Governor, and desires to commemorate the services that were ultimately rendered to the cause with which he is connected, by His Excellency Sir Thomas

Brisbane; he would be chargeable with ingratitude, were he not to acknowledge the very great obligations, under which the Scots Church lyes to the Honourable John Mac'Arthur, Esq., who, like Boaz of old, by his unsolicited interposition, voluntarily performed the part of a generous kinsman towards the Scots Church, when much nearer relations refused to redeem the inheritance of "Elimelech."—See the History of Ruth.

Note XIII.—p. 101.

GLORIA DEO, OR THE CORAL INSECT.

It is a well known fact, that many of the islands, and most of the extensive reefs, in the intertropical regions of the great Pacific Ocean, have been the work of the coral insect, an animalcule scarcely visible to the naked eye. The island of Tonga Taboo, one of the Friendly Islands, which at present contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, is a specimen of the architectural abilities of this most wonderful of Nature's agents. It is a complete mass of coral, and is as level as a bowling-green. On a calm evening, myriads of these animalculae float on the surface of the water, along the whole extent of the reefs they are employed in constructing, communicating to the sea a beautiful purple colour. When disturbed, however, they return to their well built cabins under water, and the sea resumes its caerulean hue. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! in wisdom hast thou made them all!

Note XIV.—p. 104.

THE MAGELLAN CLOUDS.

The Magellan Clouds are two beautiful nebulae, in the Southern Hemisphere, so named from the Portuguese circumnavigator Magelhaens. The luminous appearance they exhibit arises from innumerable clusters of stars.

Note XV.—p. 108.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The commencement of a New Year is universally hailed throughout Scotland with demonstrations of joy. Warm gratulations and kindly wishes are mutually interchanged by people of all ranks; while enthusiasts for the customs of the olden time circulate the juice of the Scottish grape much more freely than is deemed convenient at other seasons.

Note XVI.—p. 111.

VERSES ON THE RUINS OF KNOCK CASTLE.

The Ruins of Knock Castle are situated in the parish of Largs, in the west of Scotland, on the patrimonial estate of Sir Thomas Brisbane. The situation is beautifully picturesque; and the circumstance of the famous battle of Largs, having been fought in its immediate vicinity, renders it doubly interesting. The battle of Largs, which secured the independence of Scotland, and delivered the Scottish nation from the fear of Danish and Norwegian invasion was fought between Alexander III king of Scotland, and Hacho, king of Norway, in the year 1263. History informs us, that nearly twenty thousand of the combatants fell in the battle. At all events, Hacho was completely routed; his nephew, who lyes buried at Largs, was slain, and he himself, in returning to Norway, died at Kirkwall in the Orkneys, of a broken heart.

Note XVII.—p. 115.

ODE TO GLASGOW COLLEGE.

The University of Glasgow was founded in the year 1440. It was of very little note, however, 'till after the Reformation, when it was entirely remodelled by the learned and zealous reformer, Andrew Melville, in conjunction with the elegant historian and poet, George Buchannan, who framed its laws and bequeathed to it his Library. Since the Reformation it has produced many eminent men, among whom the celebrated names of Dr. Reid and Adam Smith, who were both professors of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, are not the least conspicuous.

The University of Glasgow consists of a Chancellor, (the Duke of Montrose,) a Lord Rector, (an office once held by the eloquent Mr. Burke,) a Principal, and about twenty Professors in the various departments of Theology, Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, Language, &c. The number of Students varies from a thousand to fifteen hundred. The course of study prescribed for Ministers of the Church of Scotland, at the Scotch Universities, in addition to a previous course of tuition in the Latin language, embraces a period of eight years, the first four of which are devoted to the study of the learned languages, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, and the last four to the study of Theology, Church History and the Oriental Tongues. Most of the Theological Students, however, embrace the opportunity afforded them of attending other classes besides those prescribed by the

Church, such as Anatomy, Chemistry, Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, Astronomy, &c.

Note XVIII.—p. 118.

ODE TO GLASGOW COLLEGE.

Paracelsus, an eminent Physician, who lived in the dark ages, and whose history is involved in some obscurity, is generally represented as a mere Alchemist, who wasted his time and talents in the fruitless search for the Philosopher's Stone and the Universal Elixir; the possessor of which was to become immortal, and to be able to transmute the baser metals into gold. He may justly be regarded, however, as the father of the modern science of Chemistry.

Note XIX.—p. 120.

ODE TO GLASGOW COLLEGE.

The Rev. Messrs. Martin and Mac'Lean are Ministers of Scots Churches in British America. Mr. Sutherland is one of the Colonial Dutch Presbyterian Chaplains at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Steele was lately Minister of the Scots Church, Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. Stevenson, who relinquished a very eligible settlement in Scotland to become a Missionary to the Heathen, is now acting in that capacity under the Scottish Missionary Society at Bombay. Messrs. Thompson and Ross are Missionaries, and Messrs. Brownlee and Bennie are Catechists, under the Glasgow Missionary Society, in Kafferland, South Africa.

Note XX.—p. 121.

ODE TO GLASGOW COLLEGE.

The Rev. James Steele, A. M. late Minister of the Scots Church, Kingston, Jamaica, was a candidate along with the Author at the University of Glasgow, for a prize for the best Essay on Hebrew Criticism. The Judges, to whom the Essays were submitted, could not decide as to which deserved the prize, and consequently two prizes were given instead of one. Mr. S. was a young man of superior talent and of the most amiable dispositions. He fell a victim to his zeal in the service of his Master, having caught the fever of the Island in the discharge of his Ministerial duties.— He died about a year after his settlement, deeply regretted by the numerous Scotch inhabitants of Jamaica.

Note XXI.—p. 123.

HYMN—FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

As this Hymn is rather long and diffuse in the original German, the Author has taken the liberty to compress it considerably, so that his version is rather a condensation than a translation. He has used the same freedom, and for the same reason, with the four last verses of the Hymn for the Sabbath. In the other pieces he has adhered as closely as he could to the original.

Note XXII.—p. 137.

EPINIKION.

Sanballat, the Horonite, Satrap of the province of Samaria under the kings of Persia, and his deputy Tobiah, the Ammonite, manifested a very hostile spirit towards the Jewish people when rebuilding the temple and the walls of Jerusalem, after their return from the Babylonish Captivity.— At first, indeed, they professed great friendship towards the Jews, and offered to assist them in their pious undertaking; but the latter, discovering their hostile intentions, firmly declined their assistance and carried on the building themselves. Thenceforward Sanballat used every effort to hinder the work, sending injurious representations to the King of Persia respecting the Jews; secretly endeavouring to foment divisions among themselves and to alienate their affections from Nehemiah the Governor; and keeping them in a state of perpetual alarm by open hostilities. In these circumstances, their perilous situation is feelingly depicted by the sacred historian in the following artless narrative:—

“It came to pass, that when Sanballat, and Tobiah, and the Arabians, and the Ammonites, and the Ashdodites heard that the walls of Jerusalem were made up, and that the breaches began to be stopped, then they were very wroth, and conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Jerusalem and to hinder it. Nevertheless we made our prayers unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night. And it came to pass from that time forth that the half of my servants wrought in the work, the other half of them held both the spears, the shields, and the bows, and the habergeons. They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. So we laboured work; and half of them held the spears

from the rising of the morning 'till the stars appeared. Neither I, nor my brethren, nor my servants, nor the men of the guard which followed me, none of us put off our clothes, saving that every one put them off for washing.”—Nehemiah, chap. iv.

Such were the difficulties which a Jewish Governor experienced in building the Lord's House at Jerusalem. Is it wonderful, therefore, that something of the same kind should be experienced still, by those who are engaged in the same honourable cause, tho' in a much humbler sphere?

Note XXIII.—p. 49.

TO LADY BRISBANE.

The Author would be right sorry to prostitute his office, as a Minister of the Gospel, by holding forth the hopes of a blissful immortality to any who had nought but their earthly rank to recommend them to a heavenly crown. From the little, however, that he knew of the hero of Curacoa, he has good reason to believe that his hopes, in that important respect, were well founded, and that he has at length been enabled, through the great Captain of our Salvation, to overcome the Christian's last enemy, and to obtain the victory over death and hell. At all events, he gave the Author distinctly to understand, during the only conversation he ever had with him, that his hopes, in reference to futurity, were not founded on his own righteousness, but on the sure foundation of Christianity, the merits and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Christianity, doubtless, is not subject to the law of entail; but the Author may be allowed to remark that during the last two centuries a considerable number of eminently pious individuals, have sprung from the family of Brisbane, among whom may be reckoned several very faithful and zealous Ministers of the National Church of Scotland.
