6 But chiefly for that love paternal
Which for Thy children hath ordained
A second life in realms eternal,
If faith on earth their souls sustained.
For an existence thus renewed,
O God! accept our gratitude.

1 To man with reason's gift endued,
The pleasing task pertains,
Of pouring forth his gratitude
In pure and pious strains.

2 Lo! how the branches of a tree
Back to its root convey
The sap that gave vitality
To blossom, fruit, and spray.

3 From mute, external nature, then,
A gentle lesson learn;
With filial love, ye sons of men,
Parental care return.

4 Let gratitude within each breast
Exert its high control;
Its presence, like an angel guest,
Shall sanctify the soul.

5 Canst thou, O Jeshurun! forget
Thy Benefactor's claim?
The God who o'er all others set
Thy nation, faith, and name?

6 Oh! let us in His praise unite,
Who gave with liberal hand
Life, liberty, and moral light,
His law to understand.

7. Submission to the Will of God.

68 1 God Supreme! to Thee I pray,
Let my lips be taught to say,
Whether good or ill may flow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

2 What Thy wisdom may dictate
Let Thy servant vindicate;
Though it may my hopes o'erthrow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

3 Friends may falsify my trust,
Kindred also prove unjust,
Wound my heart and chill its glow,—
Hallelujah, be it so!

4 Health and comfort may decline,
Why at this should I repine?
Both to Thee, my God, I owe,
Hallelujah, be it so!

5 When by disappointment stung,
Hard it is for human tongue
Still to say, though tears may flow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

6 Yet, from Mercy's aid shall spring
Strength of spirit still to sing
'Mid bereavement, pain, and woe,
Hallelujah, be it so!

69 1 Oh! that on morning's dewy wings
I from the world might flee away;
And thus escape the bosom-stings
Fate may inflict some future day.
2 And is it virtue's part to shrink
   From aught that Heaven may ordain?
Shall man, the first and brightest link
   In animated nature's chain,

3 Accept the gifts of grace divine,
   Yet murmur at the mingled ill?
Nor patiently his soul resign
   To God's unalterable will?

4 Mortal! thy impious wish recall,
   Thy spirit arm with fortitude;
Let guilt alone thy breast appal,
   Tho' thorns be in thy pathway strewed.

5 Prostrate thyself before the Lord,
   Ask not from pain or woe to fly;
But that He will that strength accord
   Which triumphs o'er calamity.

70 1 Draw nigh, O Lord! unto my soul;
   Compassionate and kind,
Thou only canst the grief control
   Within its depths confined.

2 How long, how deeply I have mourned,
   No human tongue can tell;
For from a heartless world I turned
   To weep but not rebel.

3 No! ne'er have I, with lip profane,
   Presumed to ask my God
Why I the bitter cup should drain,
   Why writhe beneath the rod.

4 The hand of Mercy well I knew
   No burden would impose
That man's endurance could subdue,
   If faith her aid bestows.

5 Crushed are my hopes, my kindred gone
   Before me to the tomb;
And Thou alone, most Holy One,
   Canst dissipate my gloom.

6 The arrow in my bosom lies;
   But stricken hearts have learned,
That oft to "blessings in disguise,"
   Misfortunes have been turned.

71 1 I wept when from my eager grasp
   The hollow toys of fortune fell;
Nor would that Holy Book unclasp,
   Where purer, brighter treasures dwell.

2 There came another heavy stroke,—
   Those I loved from earth departed;
Yet were the words religion spoke
   Lost upon the broken-hearted.

3 I dared that Providence distrust,
   From whom calamities had flowed;
Forgetting, as I bowed to dust,
   Whose hand past blessings had bestowed.

4 But suddenly, as from a dream,
   Humbled and self-rebuked I woke;
My spirit then saw Mercy's beam,
   And heard the words that wisdom spoke.

5 How long wilt thou, O child of clay!
   Thy Maker's frown in trials see?
Nor mark His smile in every ray
   That brightens thy prosperity?
6 I wept again; but blest the rod
   Against whose chast'ning I rebelled,
And praised, with equal zeal, my God
   For what He gave and what withheld.

5 Nor king, nor vassal can be found
   Who shall escape the common lot.
Let mighty conqueror's Declare,
   If they can with disease contend,
Nor in their final struggle share
   The pangs that meaner bosoms rend.

1 O Thou! in whom the power dwells
   To heal or wound, to save or slay,
Whose hand alone the mandate seals
   That hastens or arrests decay,—
Let me, with pious fortitude,
   Thy dispensations justify,
And in each great vicissitude,
   With perfect faith on Thee rely.

2 Oh ye! who have consigned to dust
   Some darling object of your care,
Fail not in Heaven still to trust,
   Whose mercy will your loss repair;
Nor let the bitter cup in vain
   Be tendered to your trembling lips;
For God, with beneficial pain,
   Thus of its pride the spirit strips.

3 Mortals presume to call their own
   Blessings vouchsafed by grace divine;
Not as a gift but as a loan,
   Father! will I consider mine.
And when Thou wilt to recall
   All that on earth I love the best,
Before Thy footstool will I fall,
   And bow to Thy supreme behest.

4 The messengers of death surround
   Alike the palace and the cot;

3 "Affliction cometh not from dust,
   Nor trouble from the ground?"
But from a Source all-wise and just,
   A God with mercy crowned.

2 The heavy hand from heaven came,
   That on thy heart is pressed;
But, oh! remember 'tis the same
   By which thou art art blessed.

3 Hast thou, in looking o'er the list
   Of friends and kindred dear,
The names of many loved, and missed
   That were but lately there?

4 O, selfish mourner! weep no more
   For spirits disembarked,
For those who mortals were before,
   But now are angels called.
Wouldst thou, who standest on the brink
Of the sepulchral sod,
To suffering clay those souls relink
That have escaped to God?

Rather than lower these to thee,
Let faith exalt thy mind,
In death God's delegate to see,
Who will the severed bind.

All terror from thy thought dismiss;
For on His wings alone
The righteous leave the grave's abyss
To reach their Father's throne.

Healer of the wounded heart!
Hearer of the mourner's prayer!
Fortitude to me impart,
Life's vicissitudes to bear.

Let me be possessed alone
Of the wealth that wisdom yields,
Such as leads to Heaven's throne,
Such as virtue's stamp reveals.

What is knowledge but the light
From Omnipotence derived?
Truth, by whose reflection bright,
Faith and hope are ever revived?

Grant, O Lord! above all gifts
Understanding may be mine,
Such as human nature lifts
Up to that which is divine.

Then what Mercy hath decreed
Will be rightly understood;
That no heart is doomed to bleed
But for some determined good.

Lord! let Thy countenance now shine
Upon Thy creature's clouded sense;
That I my spirit may resign
To all Thou wiltst to dispense.

That, struggling in the depths of woe,
I may not to despondence yield;
But, while affliction's waters flow,
Praise my Redeemer, Rock, and Shield.

Let sorrow to my stricken heart,
Through faith, be ever sanctified;
Let grief perform an angel's part,
And unto Thee the mourner guide.

Alas! what fragile props indeed
Doth human nature rest upon;
Its staff is but a broken reed,
By death in one brief hour withdrawn.

Draw nigh to me, O gracious God!
No more let my affections cleave
To earth's frail idols, which the sod
Is ever open to receive.

Sire, eternal and supreme!
To Thee my trembling voice I raise,
Praying Thou wilt with mercy's beam
Enlighten all my future ways.

Despond not, O my heart!
But firmly bear thy part
In life's severe probation;
The path by virtue trod,
Though rugged, leads to God,
My Rock and my Salvation.

2 Banish thy secret grief,
Earth's pilgrimage is brief,
Its turmoils evanescent;
And when the flesh decays,
God's word the hope conveys,
Of happiness incessant.

3 The innocent shrink not
From their appointed lot;
But, in the deepest sorrow,
Believe that heaven's light
Follows fate's starless night,
To gild the unborn morrow.

4 Lord! though my cares increase,
Oh! grant me inward peace
And pious resignation;
Let all I may endure,
Render my spirit pure,
And worthy of salvation.

Many are the pains and sorrows
Life has yet for me in store;
But from faith my spirit borrows
Strength, its trials to endure.
Through darkest clouds bright sunbeams break;
Lord! Thou wilt not Thy child forsake!

2 Though falsehood, with envenomed dart,
May my innocence assail,
It cannot long affect my heart,
Shielded by religion's mail,

Nor thence the sweet conviction take,
God ne'er will virtue's cause forsake.

3 Though all I love and cherish sink
Prematurely in the grave,
In woe I will not cease to think:
Mercy smiteth but to save.
The dead will in God's kingdom wake;
The living He will not forsake.

4 Though death in frightful form appear,
'Gainst my life to lift his scythe,
My mind shall triumph over fear,
Though the trailer flesh may writho.
Its perfect trust this cannot shake;
The faithful God will not forsake.

5 Omnipotent! Thou art with me
In tears and tribulation;
Creator! I submit to Thee
In every dispensation.
My soul Thy essence doth partake;
This, Father! Thou wilt not forsake.

When I would smile, remembrance brings
A thousand sad and bitter things,
Vexations, crosses, wrongs, and woes,
That blighted hope and broke repose.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
When shall I say, Thy will be done!

2 I mourned for one who, like a twin,
Shared every thought that passed within;
"Oh! would that I might die for thee,
Was echoed in my agony.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
I should have said, Thy will be done!
3 Time brought me to the Lord, my Shield,
Whose help my wounds had scarcely healed,
When suff'ring rings, various and deep,
Destroyed my health and banished sleep;
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
My words were not, Thy will be done!

4 I saw my kindred's fortunes changed,
The feelings of my friends estranged;
In silence I was doomed to grieve
O'er wants my hand could not relieve.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
I said not yet, Thy will be done!

5 How weak in faith must I have been;
How led by sorrow into sin,
In trial ne'er to recognise
The seraph mercy in disguise.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
My heart now says, Thy will be done!

79 1 God of the universe! unfailing friend
Of all who meekly at Thy footstool bend,
In pious gratitude for blessings gained,
Or resignation to the ills ordained,—

2 Oh! grant me firmness in the hour of woe,
To bless the Being who has dealt the blow;
And in the furnace, with unceasing prayer,
Avert the evil promptings of despair.

3 Hast Thou withdrawn the authors of my birth?
Recalled my dearest kindred from the earth?
Though nature may her tearful tribute claim,
Still let the voice of faith exalt Thy name.

4 God of the universe! at Thy command,
The sun himself and all the starry band
Shall, like the human frame, at last decay,
Nor leave, from globes dissolved, one ling'ring ray.

5 All, all must perish by progressive bight,
Or sudden failure of the vital light;
What unfaction then shall be to mourners left,
Of their material treasures thus bereft?

6 Graven on rocks with pen of diamond point,
Are words that shall like balm their wounds assuage.
The soul of man o'er ruined worlds shall spring,
And with immortal hosts Thy glories sing.

80 1 Frail, feeble, inefficient man!
In one thing only art thou strong;
In will, to thwart thy Maker's plan,
In deed, to execute the wrong.

2 Unreal glory and false shame
By turns thy heart and mind divide;
The first is found in wealth or fame,
The last is only wounded pride.

3 The just, who doth the poor redress,
Below the judge corrupt is placed;
And friends untitled please thee less
Than strangers that with rank are graced.

4 The majesty of mortal kings,
To thee is ever sanctified;
Yet from thy lips arraignment springs
Of God, who doth o'er all preside.
5 O shallow worldling! when they smile,
   In silence thou receiv'st the blow;
Yet questionst thy Creator's right.
   The stroke corrective to bestow.

6 Thou dar'st not in familiar tone
   To princes of this world appeal;
And yet upon the great Unknown
   Call lightly in thy woe or woal.

7 The Lord's anointed is not he
   Who in a robe of state appears;
It is the pious, pure, and free,
   Whose spirit virtue's ermine wears.

8 Frail, feeble, inefficient man!
   Oh pray! that thou may'st be ever strong
In will, to prosecute God's plan,
   In deed, for e'er to shun the wrong. P.M.

5 DUTIES TOWARDS OURSELVES.
  I. SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

82 1 While man explores, with curious eye,
   The works of nature and of art,
He passeth real wisdom by;
   Nor cares to read the human heart.

2 A stranger to himself alone,
   He walketh forth in worldly guise;
Nor wouldst thou in his lofty tone
   The child of frailty recognize.

3 Yet pause, O man! in thy career,
   And search the chambers of thy soul;
For passions dark and deep are there,
   That spurn at reason's weak control.

4 A thirst for blood, for gold, for fame,
   Pollutes thee, yet thou know'st it not;
Because it borrows glory's name,
   And sheds false lustre on thy lot.

5 Seek pieté—self-knowledge seek,
   Their guidance ask to virtue's road;
On thee will Heaven's light then break,
   And thou wilt know and bless thy God.
   P.M.
2. SELF-EXAMINATION.

1 Descend into thyself, my soul!
   And ask religion's aid.
   To search thy chambers, and control
   The passions there arrayed.

2 Even from the cradle to the grave,
   God heareth frailty's cry;
   Nor can the voice of reason crave
   What Mercy will deny.

3 Oh! ever prone is mortal man
   To self-deceit and sin;
   And he who would reform his plan,
   Must turn his eye within.

4 For often vice, with specious art,
   Will virtue's tone affect,
   Deceive the sense, deprave the heart,
   And riot there unchecked.

5 Then firmly watch, and freely probe
   The slightest moral wound,
   And boldly rend deception's robe
   That hides what is unsound.

6 Long hast Thou taught Thy servant, Lord!
   That trust and timely prayer
   Will to the spirit strength afford,
   Such discipline to bear.

7 The balm that heals the sinner's hurt
   Springs from a source divine;
   O God! regard not my desert,
   But let that balm be mine.  P. M.
Or was faith, that man should ne'er forget,
Relaxed beneath His chast'ning rod?
Alas! my frail and feeble mind
Forgot past blessings, and repined.

Lord! let this self-examination,
Answered forever in truthful tone,
Lead to the perfect reformation
Of sin, to which my soul is prone,
And fit it in a future state
With angels to associate.

In glory, Lord! dost Thou appear,
And we the call of angels hear,
The holy praise of Thy great name,
With pious rapture thus proclaim:

If in palaces we abide,
Or in rude cottages reside,
Among life's flowers or its weeds,
Still let us strew devotion's seeds.

Deep in the heart let virtues dwell,
Like pearls within a mortal shell;
What purer gems for age or youth
Than meekness, innocence, and truth?

These weigh not down the spirit's wing
That would to heaven's portal spring;
But speed it in its upward course,
By dint of their own moral force.

O Thou! who art the living Fountain
Of mercies man can never count,
From bonds of sin my spirit free,
And let it soar and sing to Thee;

No higher privilege I claim
Than to extol Thy blessed name,
And answer, when the angels call,
Holy art Thou, O God of all!

3. HUMILITY.

Hearken not, man! to the voice of self-love;
Adverse to meekness and truth it will prove;
Calling all puny achievements august,
That gild common clay or magnify dust.

Wisdom is walking o'er by thy side,
Checking thine arrogance, chast'ning thy pride,
Bidding thee measure thy fabrics infirm
With works to which time can affix no term.

How will thy temples and altars compare
With those that nature delighted to rear?
With the perfect, sublime, and vast designs
Of her forest, ocean, or mountain-shrines?

What is thy beauty? the bloom of an hour;
What fame's duration? the life of a flower;
Genius seems ever to sing 'neath a cloud,
Gold cannot brighten one thread of the shroud.

Pi
5 Self-lauding man! through the firmament's bars.
List to the chorus of seraphs and stars;
Then will thy heart, in humility's tone,
Bow to the world's mighty Master alone.

87 1 Out of sorrow's depths I cry
To my Father, throned on high;
Mercy's hand, I humbly trust,
Will remove the mourner's dust,
While my heart repeats again,
Bless the Holy One, Amen!

2 Should not I more favor win,
Than the sons of shame and sin?
Yet the sweets of life are theirs,
While my portion is but tears,
Wherefore have I shouted then,
Bless the Holy One, Amen?

3 What shall Heaven render thee,
Who thy neighbor's fault canst see,
Yet art sightless, as the mole,
To the blues upon thy soul?
Still unclean, though loud thy strain,
Bless the Holy One, Amen!

4 He who stands self-justified
In his spiritual pride
Shall no grace from God receive,
Though he may the world deceive
By repeating o'er again,
Bless the Holy One, Amen!

88 1 On Shinar's plain see Babel's tower rise;
Woe shall the builders and their work betide!
For that which seeks to penetrate the skies,
Shall prove a ruined monument of pride.

2 Here let the bold transgressor read his fate,
And, trembling, pause amid his plans profane;
Confusion shall upon his deeds await,
And incomplete his daring schemes remain.

3 Vainly he braves the vengeance of his God;
For as a moral beacon shall he stand,
While many tongues shall spread his shame abroad,
His guilt proclaiming through each foreign land.

4 Like lofty towers, haughty hearts shall fall,
While humble ones to heaven shall aspire,
As they in unity of worship call,
In death and life, on one Eternal Sire.

89 1 My God, my Father, and my Guide!
On Thee for aid I call;
Oh! save my soul from worldly pride,
Which causeth man to fall.

2 Power is but a subtle snare,
Frail spirits to mislead;
Wealth, a treacherous betrayer,
Fame but a broken reed.
3 Against these lures, Thy servant, Lord!
   For succor hath appealed,
    Thou only canst these dangers ward,
     Who art my Strength and Shield.

4 The storm will smite the lofty tree
   That with its rage contends,
     But leave the pliant sapling free
      That to its fury bends.

5 So shall the meek, who humbly strive
   Thy wrath to deprecate,
    Those blasts of adverse fate survive
     Which shall the proud prostrate.

6 Save Israel from worldly pride,
   All-perfect Source of grace,
    And to the gates of heaven guide
     A blind and wandering race!

4. CONTENTMENT.

90 1 In the great scale of human life
    God casteth good and ill,
      The sweet and bitter, peace and strife,
       By turns the balance fill.

2 Mingled is every mortal draught;
   Yet thus will folly rave;
    Wormwood alone have I e'er quaffed,
      My neighbor's cup I crave.

3 His prayer by Providence is heard:
   Doth he the change enjoy?
    No! in his heart the gall-drop's stirred,
      That must all things alloy.

4 His competence enlarged to wealth
   Brings not expected bliss;
    Unsated appetite and health
     Have been exchanged for this.

5 Another of his lot complains,
   Whom all the world thinks blest;
    Mere gold his lofty soul disdains,
     But sighs for glory's crest.

6 And soon upon his brow august,
   The meed of honor shines;
    But ah! his lov'd ones lie in dust,
      For these his spirit pines.

7 Take then, O man! the chequered lot,
   To thee by God assigned;
    Give thanks for every blessing brought,
      To evil—be resigned.

91 1 Oh! whence doth human happiness arise?
   Is it dependent upon cloudless skies?
     Or on that changeless sunshine of the soul,
      That calm content derived from self-control?

2 Light of all seasons, in life's wintry scene,
   As in its buoyant spring-time still serene,
    Its tempered glory radiates for e'er
      From virtue's orbit and religion's sphere.

3 Let us not hope contentment's beam to find
   In a restless and ambitious mind;
    It rests not on that rainbow of an hour,
      The gold and purple robe of worldly pow'r.

4 It gildeth not the godless dome of pride;
   Nor in the sordid bosom will abide;
But as the day-star of each mortal shines,
Who in full trust his heart to Heaven resigns.

5 O Thou! whose eye all human wants can see,
Grant that its influence may govern me;
Let that blest ray of peace my soul illum
Nor wane till I descend into the tomb.

P. M.

92 1 On dim futurity, with idle aim,
Man's restless mind is ever prone to gaze,
To know what portion he may chance to claim
Of all the good and ill that fate displays.

2 Impious waste alike of time and thought!
Insane attempt, that curtain dark to rend,
The hand of Providence itself hath wrought,
To veil the evils that o'er life impend.

3 Unwise and rash! foreknowledge, if possesst,
Would aggravate inevitable woe,
Would make the present period unhlest,
And crush the nerve that else might brave the blow.

4 Thus, too, would promised pleasure lose its zest,
Forested by expectation long and keen.
Oh! then let Heaven's wisdom be confessed,
That doth from mortal eyes the future screen.

P. M.

5 How grateful is my heart to Thee, O Lord!
For this concealment of life's chequered lines;
No tongue can utter, and no pen record
The depth of all Thy merciful designs.

P. M.

PROVERBS, CHAP. XXVII. V. 1.

93 1 Let me for present hours borrow
The garland pleasure wears;
To God I'll dedicate the morrow,
And mourn for misspent years.

2 Half of thy prayer, to thy own sorrow,
Is granted, child of mirth!
The wreath is thine, but e'er the morrow
'Twill lie with thee in earth.

3 The rich man 'neath his purple awning
Contented sits at eve,
Nor dreams the sepulchre is yawning,
His ashes to receive.

4 A widow lifts the voice of mourning,
For him who yesterday
Vowed, with another sun's returning,
His pious debts to pay.

5 "The world with graves is perforated,"
But these beheld them not,
Their hearts, with luxury elated,
Death's dwelling-place forgot.

6 O Israel! the lesson borrow,
Nor, for earth's brightest things,
Defer to an uncertain morrow
Praise to the King of kings.

P. M.
1 Oh! where is he who yesterday
   Stood erect in manhood's prime?
Weep! for the shadow of decay
   Rests upon the child of time;
Weep for creation's noble chief,
   Whose vital tenure is so brief.

Woe to the man, who in a cloudless morning
   Promise of a golden sunset sees!
Nor heed experience that whispers warning,
   "Peril lurks in every passing breeze."

2 From the same elements may spring
   Balm, and bloom, and mortal blight;
Yet we watch not time's fleet wing,
   But pursue some vain delight.
For changing seasons unprepared,
   Though every leaf of life is scarred.

O shame! thus to foil our Maker's intent,
   Who moral sagacity gave;
That we might improve to their utmost extent,
   Years that pass between birth and the grave.

3 Waste not the present in regret
   For omissions of the past;
Bright blossoms may be gathered yet,
   Through eternity to last.
These are virtues—angel flowers,—
   Natives of celestial bower.

He that to immortality aspires,
   Must his heart to Heaven dedicate,
And all its thoughts, its feelings, and desires,
   By the laws of mercy regulate.
3 To every fleeting day then link
   Some blest remembrance as it flies,
   Some deed that on the grave’s dark brink
   To soothe thy conscience may arise.

4 Keep mercy ever in thy sight,
   Whether thou judgest friend or foe,
   Her mantle, pure as heaven’s light,
   Around each erring spirit throw.

5 Let faith triumphant o’er all things,
   Virtue teach and self-denial,
   And firmly shall her angel wings
   Bear thee through life’s stormy trial.

6 Mortal! be warned, while yet thy prime
   By dread disease is unassailed;
   Oh! trust not to the future time,
   Whose aspect God himself hath veiled.

6 DUTIES TOWARDS OTHERS.
   1. TRUTH.

97 1 Let the standard of truth by Judah be
   planted,
   Where’er he may chance to abide;
   Let praise to the God of his father be
   chanted,
   Though strangers his worship deride.

2 Oh! fail not to foster each pious emotion
   That reason or faith generates;
   But freely and fearlessly breathe your
   devotion
   To God, who the soul animates.

98 3 How weak is the sceptre of temporal
   power,
   The spirit of truth to o’erthrow!
   Sublimely o’er time doth her majesty tower,
   Eternity’s herald below.

4 Her law is a lamp to the feet of each mortal,
   That else would in dark places stray;
   Its light radiates immortality’s portal,
   Nor wanes, though a world may decay.

5 Oh! follow her path, and forsake that of
   error,
   All ye who salvation would seek;
   Nor ever, through danger, through shame,
   or through terror,
   Her glorious ordinance break.  F. M.

98 1 Early and late my God I seek,
   Before Him stand and pray;
   Yet find all human words too weak
   His wonders to portray.

2 I love to see the morning light
   Break forth to gladden earth,
   Like charity, that takes delight
   In cheering humble worth.

3 And when the glorious star of eve
   Ascends the vault on high,
   The first to reach, the last to leave
   Its station in the sky,

4 I think of Hope, whose rays serene
   The dawn of life illume,
   And still in its decline are seen
   Lingering above the tomb.
5 But brighter, purer, more divine
Is truth than either orb:
Let this, O God! forever shine,
And all my soul absorb.

2. HONESTY.

1 Father! will abstinence, or prayer, or song
Open for us celestial portals?
Or as atonement serve for any wrong
Committed 'gainst our fellow-mortals?

2 Oh, no! the key of mercy's golden gates
Turns when touched by penitential tears;
And joy alike the contrite soul awaits,
And the meek, that no deep blemish bears.

3 Thou lovest him who faithful, true, and just,
Even when by poverty beset,
Would perish rather than betray his trust,
Or the claims of probity forget.

4 The honor Thou as pure dost reconcile
Builds not on its predecessor's fame;
Nobility in its own spirit lies,
Clad in virtue's ermine—a good name.

5 Thy image we behold in human love,
In human justice trace Thy form divine;
The soul's high statue, soaring high above
All mean artifice and low design.

6 From all that their integrity might blight,
God of mercy! Thy weak children shield;
Most sacred let them hold each other's right,
Nor to guileful passions ever yield.

3. JUSTICE.

DEUTERONOMY, Chap. 1.

100 The prophet to the people said,
(Whose numbers none might count,) Full long have ye, O Israel! stayed
In Horeb's marble mount.

2 Accomplished are your holy wars,
Ye tread the promised land;
Your multitudes are as the stars;
God's blessing's on your land.

3 And may ye, even a thousand-fold,
More numerous become,
On Palestine's conquered mould,
When ye have fixed your home.

4 But how can I your embrace bear,
Your burthen and your strife?
Wise men among the tribes there are
To govern ye through life.

5 Let these adjudge the Hebrew's cause,
The stranger's claim decide,
And in expounding Heaven's laws,
Hear not the person tried.

6 For in the eye of nature's God,
Degree no favor finds,
Rank falls 'neath the judicial rod,
Low as the meanest minds.

7 Of mortal face be not afraid,
For judgment will descend
From Him who is, in truth arrayed,
The pious poor man's friend.
8. Oh! let the modern Israelite,
    Taught by the elder wise,
Treasure this golden rule of right,
    So simple, yet sublime.

9. When ye as arbiters are called
    Between the small and great,
Let equity stand unimpeached
    And speak its pure dictate.

4. RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Psalms xvi.

101. Who, God of glory! shall be found
    Worthy of so high a grace,
As e'er Thy praises to resound
    In Thy holy dwelling-place,—
And with heaven, earth, and sea,
Join in choral hymns to Thee?

2. He whose soul, all sin abhorring,
    E'er to virtue's height aspires,
And 'gainst evil passions warring,
Quenches their unholy fires;
Who, 'mid fortune's worst caprice,
Loses not internal peace.

3. Who shall in the house of prayer,
    God supreme! Thy praise declare?
He who with forbearing meekness,
    Guilt in others palliates,
Yet in self each lesser weakness
    Searches out and reprobates.
He who from reproach or shame
Guards a fellow-creature's name.

4. Who shall in His holy place
Praise the Lord of life and grace?
He whose acts and meditations
Are alike from falsehood free,
And of truth, on all occasions,
Will the fearless champion be.
Who with life as soon would part,
As the angel of the heart.

5. Who, O God! is justified
In Thy temple to abide?
He who sees in moral duty
The right tenor of the heart,
And in holiness a beauty
That with time will not depart.
Virtue thus his soul must raise,
Who would his Creator praise.

5. FORBEARANCE.

102. Of all the virtues that we find
Promoting bliss among mankind,
Forbearance, (upon which depends
The peace of kindred and of friends,) Is that which, more than all the rest, Conduces to make mortals blest.

2. Can wit, whose tone is ever high,
Or beauty that enchants the eye,
With this domestic grace compare,
Which doth the robes of meekness wear?
Whose look serene, and language sweet, Rude passion ever can defeat?

3. Accomplishments, however rare,
Do not enable us to bear
The wrangse, the trials, and the strife,
To which we are exposed through life;
Or cause us humbly to sustain
Grief, disappointment, want, or pain.

4 No! to this child of faith alone
Are powers of endurance known,—
A sufferance of worldly ill,
A self-denying pious will,
That malice quells, and can assuage
The fiercest mood of frantic rage.

5 Long, long didst Thou forbear, O God!
To chasten Israel with Thy rod;
That chosen but rebellious host,
Thy loving kindness never lost,
Be patient still, almighty Sire!
Although their sins provoke Thine ire.

6 Grant me, O ever Just and Wise!
The virtue I most highly prize,
Whose placid temper and soft tone,
I pray henceforth may be my own;
Forbearance grant, in deed and word,
To Thy frail worshiper, O Lord!  

Oh! ever adverse to the scheme
Of Providence divine
Is proud intolerance, whose beam
Lights but a single shrine.

2 One creed, one teacher, and one sect,
Its advocates uphold,
Regardless if a world be wrecked,
Beyond its narrow fold.

3 It reasons not, but strives to mock
That charitable zeal,
That e'en for a dissenting flock,
Kind sympathy can feel.

4 How patiently hast Thou, O Lord!
Discordant faiths allowed,
How equally dispensed reward,
Or chastisement bestowed:

5 Yet would the bigot sons of pride,
(Mere bloated worms at best,)
The movements of man's spirit guide,
And its free march arrest.

6 Father of mercies! Thou alone
This blindness canst remove,
And bring us all before Thy throne,
In bonds of peace and love.  

Why, O man! is not thy soul's desire
To virtue's excellence confined?
Why let sinful passions e'er conspire
To drive her from thy heart and mind?
So that in earth's most gifted creatures,
Seldom we mark her modest features.

2 One vain-glory! mortal will pray
To be with worldly honor crowned;
And one with the shafts of wit will play,
Though these the innocent may wound.
Others there are in the human fold,
Who ask of Heaven no gift but gold.

3 Shall a righteous neighbor then desert
The frailest portion of God's flock,
Of kindred sympathies possesst,
By the same joys and woes imprest.

2 But ah! how very slight a cause,
Will counteract kind nature's laws,
And to that dread estrangement lead,
Against which God and angels plead.

3 An unkind word, pronounced in haste,
Hath years of tenderness effaced,
Checked confidence, whose genial flow
Is sweeter than aught else below.

4 In jealousy a poison lurks,
That oft affection's ruin works;
This first implants suspicion's seeds,
And to fraternal contest leads.

5 Ye brothers, who would cherish strife,
Oh, think of those who gave you life!
By whom ye were together blest,
Watched, prayed for, counselled and carcast;

6 What deep reproach to these it bears,
What grief entails on their gray hairs,
When discord on their household hand,
Hath laid a cold and with'ring hand!

7 Lord of the universe! we pray,
Thou wilt this evil put away,
And grant that Israel may be found,
In faith by concord ever crowned. P.M.

2 "Let there be love!" it is the beam
That earth from darkness shall redeem,
And in its mighty heart mature
The only bud that shall endure.

3 "Let there be love!" its vital ray,
Alone exempt from brief decay,
Shall in the human soul entomb
The germ of its immortal bloom.

4 "Let there be love!" its gentle tone
Is music heard from Mercy's throne,
Echoed by charity below
To hush the cry of guilt or woe.

5 "Let there be love!" blest is the creed
That doth to this pure issue lead,
And thus promotes the hallowed plan
Of brotherhood 'twixt man and man.

6 "Let there be love!" earth, air, and sea,
Obedience yield to this decrees;
Woe then to reason's forward child!
Whose spirit is by hate defiled.

7 O God! let universal love,
Unholy strife from earth remove,
And link, in one harmonious whole,
All human kind from pole to pole. P.M.

107 "Let there be love!" it is the light
That makes the sphere of heaven bright,
First, from creative Mercy's thought,
By the rejoicing angels caught.

108 Truly and tenderly should I
As myself my neighbor love,
His weal promote, his wants supply,
And with him in concord move.
Thus by God's benign command,
Clasping close the social band.
2 For this did Providence decree,
   From the cradle to the tomb
None from sorrow should be free,
   But partake one common doom;
That the tried and suffering heart
Might kind sympathy impart.

3 The poor, the rich, the meek, the proud,
   Side by side our Father placed,
Each with reason's power endowed,
   Each with His own image graced.
Who shall then, with selfish aim,
Mock at man's fraternal claim?

4 Will destiny, that through the globe
   Flings for e'er its iron barb,
More venerate the monarch's robe
   Than the beggar's tattered garb?
With hand impartial, it will strike
Pride and poverty alike!

5 Oh! wherefore then as strangers treat
   Pilgrims seeking the one road
That leads them to the mercy-seat
   Of a universal God?
Who alone beyond life's goal,
Shall distinguish soul from soul.

6 Men, who live on earth as brothers,
   There shall find a Father's love;
And the tears here wept for others,
   There shall pearls of ransom prove,
Mortal frailties to redeem
From the wrath of the Supreme.

7. FILLIAL LOVE.
EXODUS, chap. xx. v. 13.

109 When I remember, O my God!
The bounties from my birth received,
Knowledge that from my parents flowed,
Of all Thy mercies had achieved:

2 Those guardians how shall I requite,
Who cherished me thro' childhood's stage?
Unless I in Thy law delight,
And shield and honor them in age;

3 Soften with unceasing care,
Frailties they may through life betray,
With love and reverential fear
Their least command or wish obey.

4 Ye outcasts from the social pale!
Apostates from the fillial creed!
Let Sinai's warning voice prevail,
When nature fails her cause to plead.

5 Bless ye the authors of your birth,
Next to your heavenly Father's praise,
The highest duty upon earth
That faith enjoins or man obeys.

110 Intensely radiant was thy peak,
Majestic Horeb! on the day
That moral light was seen to break
On Israel's benighted way.
Hallowed soil!
Where a God
Through His delegate conveyed
Laws in mercy's spirit made.