

The Crown.

OH! blessed Morn, Creation's Jubilee!
The Bridal hour of a triumphant Church!
Birthday of endless glory! when the roll
Of earthly Providence shall be unfolded
Before a wond'ring Heaven; and "in Thy light,
O God! we shall see light." The Night of weeping
Lost in the splendours of a perfect Day!
Floods of surpassing lustre pour'd upon
Dealings inscrutable! The retrospect
Of life's vicissitudes replete with love
And cov'nant faithfulness. Each burden'd tear
Acknowledged needful discipline! The cloud
Whose black'ning front portended while below
Nothing but angry tempest, proved to be
Surcharged alone with mercy in disguise;
The wheels of Providence revolving nought
But good! Each aspect of Jehovah's ways
Causing the heart to bound with holier joy,
The tongue to thrill with louder notes of praise—

An ever-deepening anthem; like the song
Heard by the Seer of Patmos; as Eternity,
With its unending ages onward rolls,
The Hallelujah, syllabled in whispers,
Increases to a deep harmonious swell—
“The voice of many people;” deeper still—
Till, like “the sound of a Great Multitude;”
And yet still deeper—like the gushing noise
“Of many waters;” till the augmenting chorus
Equals the roar of “mighty thunderings,”
And onward rolls the pealing “Alleluia!
Amen! Omnipotent Jehovah reigns!”

“There shall be No Night there!” Oh, cheering thought!

No night of *Ignorance*—which oft on Earth
Gives birth to unbelief, and makes the heart
Refuse to bow submissive to the Rod,
And own its just infliction, because seen
Through a distorted medium! There shall be
No night of *Sorrow* there; no bleeding hearts;
No sudden blighting of life’s fairest prospects:
No chilling penury to freeze its bliss!
Tear-drops all dried, and anguish all forgotten;

Or, if remember'd, only like a dream
Or feverish vision of some sleepless hour;
The recollection of the night of woe
Enhancing all the more the joys of morn!
No night of *Death* is there; no sever'd ties;
No rifled households, and no sad farewells;
No tear of Widowhood to dim the eye;
No open'd graves. No night of *Sin* is there;
No more corruptions chaining down the soul,
Hamp'ring its energies, the fertile cause
Of all the suff'rings of a suff'ring world,
Which makes the Christian Pilgrim feel his path,
From first to last, a toilsome battle-field—
No rest till Death discharge him. But in Heaven
The trumpet peal is mute. The warrior there
His armour cast aside—the conflict's done—
The Victory achieved! Faith lost in sight,
And Hope in full fruition! This, *for Ever!*
Oh, wondrous words! Glory to know no end!
Oceans of Joy, unbounded by a shore!
For Ever! 'Tis ETERNITY!—"the life-time
Of the Almighty!"—Christian, thine existence is
Commensurate with that of God Himself!
One Endless Sabbath—and that Sabbath—*Love!*

Teach me to live the heir of such a world :
Thankful to bear my Cross for such a Crown ;
Content to steer the shatter'd bark of life
To reach a port like this. And though the past
With warning voice prepares me to expect
The night of trial *here* ; yet still let Faith,
Stretching her eye beyond life's dim horizon,
Rest on the brighter shores, and many mansions,
And better Friend above ! Be this my beacon,
Wooing me onwards, buffeting the storm—
“ Mourner, there is no night of Trial *THERE* ! ”

But who can dare to lift the hidden veil
Inscrutable, which hides from mortal gaze
That festival of bliss ? “ Eye hath not seen,
Nor ear hath heard, nor human heart conceived ”
Its wonders. God himself the “ All in All ! ”
The focus of a Light ineffable,
To which, the origin and end of all,
Each lesser ray of glory will converge.
The myriad blood-bought worshippers engaged
In pondering His searchless attributes,
Or mystic secrets of Incarnate love.
For, lo ! in midst of the Eternal Throne,

Stands there "a Lamb as if it had been slain!"
Its scars and blood-marks eloquently speak
To an adoring Heaven! The ransom'd throng
Scaling its heights and fathoming its deeps,
Unfolding new discoveries of grace
And mercy infinite! The mighty Problem
Still unexplored and inexorable,
Elicits the confession—"Oh, the depth!"

Oh! come, sweet heavenly dawn! bright day
of peace,
A halcyon reign of cloudless, tearless bliss!
One everlasting summer, with no winter!
No killing frosts to mock the reaper's hopes,
Or mar his joyous song! One endless morning,
Stranger to night! Each ransom'd spirit, like
Some peerless orb of light, up climbing high
A boundless firmament, but ne'er attain
Its full meridian! The Tree of Life
Waving immortal fragrance, and its fruits
Perennial! Each toil-worn warrior
Of earth, his forehead laying with the stream
Which rolls its crystal waters from the Throne
Of God and of the Lamb, there washing off

The blood and dust of battle, and exchanging
The Pilgrim armour for the Pilgrim rest!

Oh, come, thou blessed Haven of repose,
Where not one wave of trouble e'er shall roll!
How do I wish these gloomy waters pass'd,
To feel secure within thy stormless shelter!
Wave upon wave is sweeping over me,
But, oh! thrice blessed thought, they drive me no
Amid the quicksands and the eddying currents
I leave behind: each in succession wafts me
Nearer and nearer to that blissful shore.
Lo! I already see the shining cliffs
And glitt'ring Temples in the dim horizon;
I hear the cadence of no earthly music
Fall on my ravish'd Ear!—It is—it is
The anthem peal of glory! thrilling chorus!
As if ten thousand times ten thousand harps
Were strung to form one mighty orchestra,
Waking the Echoes of Eternity!
O God! I cannot listen to the thunders!—
Hush'd be the music of my earthly strains,
And let the choirs of Heaven take up the song.





