

## The Rocks of Quidi Vidi: A Poetic Text, and Enquiry

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## DOCUMENT

# *The Rocks of Quidi Vidi: A Poetic Text, and Enquiry*

G. M. STORY

THE CORPUS OF POEMS composed in Newfoundland in colonial times, while not large, is more considerable than is often supposed, but it is not, whether of a popular or a "literary" kind, so large that fresh discoveries are without interest in enlarging our knowledge of the development of the local literary culture which emerged in the nineteenth century. My principal purpose is to present the text of one such composition which has come to light, and also, in a preliminary fashion, to enquire into problems of authorship or attribution, date and printing, social and historical context with which this apparently hitherto unrecorded poem bristles.<sup>1</sup>

The work is contained in a small pamphlet, measuring 4 1/4 x 6 1/2 inches, which I purchased in November, 1974 through a Nova Scotia bookseller's catalogue. Bound in thin boards and with the title *The Rocks of Quidi Vidi* printed in gold on the front cover, the poem occupies all fourteen pages of the little book. There is no explicit indication of authorship, date or place of printing, nor any other indication of provenance except a fading signature on the flyleaf, to which I shall return at the end of this brief enquiry. The cover, the paper, typesetting, and general style and appearance of the volume indicate that it is physically a nineteenth-century production, though the imprecision of our bibliographical scholarship in Atlantic Canadian (or other regional) printing history—micro-studies of the printing trade, typographic analysis and identification of local imprints, analysis of paper stocks, the identification of particular printing shops and presses and their surviving accounts, registers, records and the like—makes exact in-

vestigation of a single pamphlet of this kind hazardous and uncertain. The text of the poem is, in appearance, decently printed; but the fact that it has been necessary to emend its mostly venial errors in some thirty or more places (see Textual Notes) suggests that it is the work of a job-printer or perhaps the by-product of a newspaper or periodical press. The pamphlet may be a reprint of an earlier periodical appearance of the poem: at I.49 there occurs a reading with an asterisk which, while it may simply be emphatic, in the convention of the age leads the expectant eye to an identifying footnote absent from the pamphlet printing, and it is therefore possible that the poem will turn up in some unindexed publication to throw clearer light on matters which this apparently unique pamphlet, otherwise unlocated in many years of occasional search in Canadian institutional libraries, leaves dark.

The composition consists of 455 lines of verse organized in three parts of 164, 86, and 205 lines respectively. It is, therefore, one of the longer poems of the Newfoundland colonial tradition, vying with George Cartwright's "Labrador: A Poetical Epistle" (1786)<sup>2</sup> and George Webber's "The Last of the Aborigines" (1851)<sup>3</sup> in scale. There is a far from inexperienced hand at work in this piece. It is that of a practised versifier, and one who has read the English poets—Milton, Shakespeare, the Romantic poets, for example—as well as English hymns. In the most general terms the poem belongs in kind to local landscape and pastoral verse of English literary tradition, here incorporating characteristic nineteenth-century philosophical and theological concerns. It is ambitious in form, and displays, with a rather conventional poetic diction, an attempt at elaborate structure. For the student of Newfoundland verse the poem has unusual interest for its treatment of local landscape and seascape, and particularly for its setting—the village of Quidi Vidi and its environs just outside the town of St. John's. (Locally, this is pronounced either *Kitty Vitty* or *Quīda Vīda*.)

It is this concrete and historical setting that invites an enquiry into authorship and date on the internal evidence of the poem itself. There are, naturally, limits within which inference must be confined, for this is a poem and the speaker a poetic persona. But certain things can be said, or deduced, about the speaking voice we hear. Clearly it is that of a native of Newfoundland, born in Quidi Vidi itself or nearby St. John's (I.153); he writes the poem in later years (I.6, III.99) away from the Island (I.11-12). A habitual scene of his early years is the annual spring departure of the sealing fleet, sailing north from St. John's along the inside cut past Quidi Vidi, and the era is that of sail, not steam (II). He seems in youth to have been a

member of the Anglican-Congregational-Wesleyan chapel at Quidi Vidi (I.124 ff.) established in 1834, and may have received his early religious instruction during the ministry of an identifiable “faithful shepherd” and “good pastor” (I.47-55), and thus become a firm evangelical (I) with an intense dislike of Roman Catholics (I, especially 89). With this evangelical stance he combines a natural theology (III.25 ff.), scepticism of science and technology (III.55 ff.), an aesthetic of natural beauty versus art (III.190), and a Victorian belief in Divine Providence and God’s benign regiment (II.31 ff.) despite personal suffering. He is particularly angered by denominational factionalism in Newfoundland (I.110-112, 134), and by the presence of the Anglican High Church party—“Tractarian priests” (I.148-149)—against whom he invokes the evangelical spirit of his childhood and youth (I), as well as religious figures such as Luther (I.113 ff.) and John Knox (I.123 ff.). A putative chronology would be an author born c. 1815-25, writing the poem c. 1860-70. Beyond this, on the evidence of the poem itself, it would be hazardous to venture.

The immediate locus of further enquiry into the authorship and context of this poem lies generally in those decades of the nineteenth century immediately preceding and coincident with the episcopate of Edward Feild, and these are generally sketched in the exemplary pamphlet by Frederick Jones, *Edward Feild; Bishop of Newfoundland, 1844-1876* (1976). Older works with useful information about contemporary church affairs and figures include R. H. Bonnycastle, *Newfoundland in 1842* (1842), vol. 2, pp. 108-09; Philip Tocque, *Wandering Thoughts* (1846), pp. 371-72; R. B. McCrea, *Lost Amid the Fogs* (1869). More particularly, the anniversary volume *The Dissenting Church of Christ at St. John’s; 1775-1975* (1975) provides information on the establishment in 1834 of the chapel at Quidi Vidi shared by some thirty to forty Episcopalian, Congregational, and Wesleyan communicants until 1842, notable pastors at the chapel including the Anglican T. F. H. Bridge and the Congregational minister D. S. Ward.

Precise identification of the various families attending the Quidi Vidi chapel during these eight years needs to be attempted, and of their offspring, and here a clue provided by the pamphlet may be of value—the signature on the flyleaf. The first word is difficult to decipher, the best guess of my own eyes, and those of others, being *Revd.* The surname which follows employs the common open-topped form of *a* and is almost certainly *Brace*. The family names Brace and Bruce are both recorded in Quidi Vidi (see E. R. Seary, *Family Names of the Island of Newfoundland*, 1976). That of Brace is prominently associated with the establishment of the village

chapel, since the Trust Deed of 1834 records that “The land on which the Chapel at Quidi Vidi is erected [was] purchased by the Hons. William Thomas and Thomas Bennett and Messrs. Robert Job, John Nichols and Marc Willoughby from Messrs. George Brace, William Brace and Richard Brace of Quidi Vidi” (*Dissenting Church* 222). The signature on the flyleaf has the appearance of a presentation inscription by the author, rather than one of ownership; it was quickly written and the volume closed at once, the still wet ink leaving an impression on the opposite inside front cover.

Here this brief enquiry must end for others to pursue, while readers turn to the main business, the poem below.

### Notes

<sup>1</sup>I have to acknowledge a particular debt to my colleague Dr. Hans Rollmann of the Department of Religious Studies at Memorial University. He examined the text of the poem with me and provided acute summary notes which I have gladly incorporated in the discussion.

<sup>2</sup>The poem is most conveniently available at the end of volume 3 of Cartwright’s *A Journal of Transactions and Events . . . on the Coast of Labrador* (1792).

<sup>3</sup>Webber’s work has been edited, with an introduction, by E. J. Devereux in *Canadian Poetry* 2 (1978):74-98.

### Note on the Text

The text which follows is an exact reprint of that of the pamphlet, with the following modifications. Readings have been emended in the passages listed in the Textual Notes, where the lemma before a square bracket records the emended form adopted in the text, followed by the original reading, the swung dash - being used for a word repeated from the lemma in cases where only the punctuation is being corrected. A division numeral is supplied editorially in square brackets at the beginning of Part I. The pagination of the pamphlet is indicated to the left of the poem, and the composition has been provided with line numbering to the right of the text.

p. 1

*The Rocks of Quidi Vidi.*

[PART I.]

ONCE more assist me while I sing,  
 Blest Spirit, now stoop down and bring  
 Help from above, that I raise  
 A song of thankfulness and praise,  
 To Him who safely, hitherto, 5  
 Hath kept me all my journey through;  
 Who gave me sight to see and know,  
 His love and workmanship below;  
 And bid me thankfully record  
 The gracious guidance of the Lord. 10

Dear Terra Nova! can it be,  
 That I should cease to think of thee?  
 Thou art a fondly cherished land,  
 A goodly, and a pleasant strand;  
 A land of lakes—a land of rocks; 15  
 I little heed the man who mocks,  
 Thy sweet wild beauties. I have been  
 Amid thy clumps of leafy green;  
 Pluck'd thy bright berries, and e'en now,  
 As I look back, this heart will glow. 20

Can spot of earth so pleasant be,  
 As Quidi Vidi's rocks to me;  
 On whose wild crags I oft have leaned,  
 And in whose little Church have gleaned  
 Fruits to refresh me on the way, 25  
 And hopes the startling tear to stay.  
 There, from a couch of craggy rock,  
 I've watched the slow ascending flock;  
 Watched them ascend the house of prayer,  
 Followed and felt that God was there. 30  
 'Tis not in pillared domes of art,  
 That truths most touch, and warm the heart;  
 And 'tis not pageantry and show  
 Can sooth the soul when sorrows flow;  
 When man is far, and God is nigh, 35  
 'Tis then the thrilling heart beats high.  
 For strains of art, an organ's sweep,  
 We'd tuneful gales, and sounding deep,  
 There as we joined in songs and praise,

	Though human tongues the air would raise,	40
	The winds (heaven's messengers, I trow,)	
	In deep accompaniment would blow;	
	The billows, too, would dash and roar,	
	In chorus, as they swept the shore.	
	Who would not traverse ice and snow	45
	To hear such deep, rich music flow?	
	A faithful shepherd, too, had we,	
	In memory still his form I see,	
	And watch the good man* even now,	
	In fancy moving o'er the snow.	50
	My dear, dear country! would there were	
	Many such watchmen stationed there;	
	Who would not fear the trump to blow;	
	There are who sound it faint and low,	
	As though they <i>feared</i> that men should hear;	55
	There are who tamely yield to fear,	
	And pour no more the warning blast:	
	Would that this apathy were past!	
	If leaders fear, and shrink away,	
	Who shall the hosts of darkness stay;	60
	Who, 'mid the gathering shades of night,	
	Prepare them for the last dread fight?	
	How the uncertain summons know,	
	Or be prepared to meet the foe?	
p. 3	The watchman slumbers at his post,	65
	And onward moves the apostate host!	
	Christians ungirded careless stand,	
	And Popish vassals crowd the land.	
	The foe employs each serpent wile,	
	And Christians can afford to smile.	70
	The merchant labours on for gain;	
	Rome rivets on the galling chain;	
	All this has been, and shall it last?	
	The shades of night are falling fast!	
	And ye who would not stir before,	75
	Hear war-sounds pealing at your door?	
	Arise! your monarch bids you rise!	
	Nor slumber till the battle cries,	
	Awake you, when it is too late!	
	Ah! yours will be a fearful fate,	80
	Who thus are cumberers of the ground	
	When the last trump of victory sound!	
	And, sure as sunlight gleams from high,	
	'Tis very near—that blissful cry!	
	That shout of triumph, can you doubt	85

- From which side victory will peal out?  
 Oh! for the shades to pass away,  
 That veil from you the light of day!  
 Yes; antichrist must shortly fall,  
 And God, our God, be all in all. 90  
 Lift! lift your banners to the sky,  
 And raise the thrilling note on high!  
 The King of kings is our defender;  
 And our high watchword, no surrender!  
 Once, and again, let all men hear,  
 Shall sons of Terra Nova fear? 95  
 Do you not love the craggy strand,  
 Of your rock girdled pleasant land?  
 That dear bright shore! that ocean laves,  
 Shall it become the land of slaves? 100  
 p. 4 Tell me no more! I must be calm,  
 And cease the war note of alarm!  
 Were my heart stone, I might refrain,  
 And sink to apathy again;  
 But while the glow of life remains,  
 I must give vent to thrilling strains. 105  
 Methinks God's earth, on which we tread,  
 Methinks God's sky-roof over head,  
 And the wide rolling, awful main,  
 Might tremble at the deeds of shame 110  
 Now perpetrated on thy shore.  
 My loved, but peaceful isle, no more!
- Oh, for a Luther! to proclaim,  
 In his own bold, undaunted strain,  
 The truth of God; or, such as he, 115  
 To teach the nations to be free!  
 "Though every roof-tree were a fiend,  
 And I by shrinking might be screened  
 From their dark treachery," he could say;  
 "I'll meet them in the blaze of day;  
 Meet them beneath God's arching sky, 120  
 Nerved by His arm, their rage defy!"
- Oh, for a Knox! no pallid fear  
 Shook his stout heart; no peril near  
 Affrighted him; but firm he stood, 125  
 And battled with the raging flood!  
 Oh, for a Knox! to walk this strand,  
 And blot the mass-house from the land:



That school of treachery and crime,  
Rife with the blood of every clime! 130

Oh! would you that your sons should creep,  
Above the soil on which you sleep,  
Wearing the galling chains of Rome  
In your once peaceful island home?  
p. 5 And are ye men? and can ye bear 135  
Your daughters should their fetters share:  
And in the silly nun's procession,  
Go crouching to the foul confession?

Rise, men and brethren! rise and stand!  
Before the Sun a dauntless band! 140  
Shall he affirm, the man of sin,  
That ritual waters cleanse from sin,  
And ye be silent, while ye know,  
Such hell-forged lies are sinking low  
Poor sin-beguiled, unstable man! 145  
Fly ye, who fear;—but ye who can  
Contend till death—tell me no more!  
Tractarian priests, upon your shore,  
Are scarce resisted, and prevail.  
Relieving efforts cannot fail 150

To work great good; I say no more!  
But ceaseless pray for that loved shore  
Where first I drew the breath of life,  
And for each clime, where the dread strife,  
With Satan's murky band of night, 155  
Is waxing fierce, can arm with might  
The weakest saint; and bid arise,  
As fragrant incense to the skies,  
A thankful song of joy and praise.  
Ere the strife end, the note we'll raise; 160  
Lauded and blest be Thou, our King!  
We trust Thee, and Hosannahs sing;  
And bending low before Thy feet,  
Prepare Thy coming, Lord, to greet!

p. 6

PART II.

*The Sealers Departing—One Mourner on the Rocks apart*

On the bleak rocks stands nature's suffering child,  
Gazing intent upon the prospect wild;

And ever, and anon, she lifts an eye,  
 Wet with emotion, to the darkening sky:  
 Then for a moment does she send a glance, 5  
 On the gay vessels that are crowding past:  
 Then turn again, for ill her heart can bear,  
 The shouts of merriment that rend the air.  
 Once she was gladsome, but her joy is flown  
 In the bleak world, she wanders now alone; 10  
 Yet not alone, for still one friend is nigh,  
 Tho' man unheeding, pass the mourner by;  
 She lifts her head, and on her fevered brow,  
 And her pale cheek, descends the drifting snow:  
 She feels its coolness and revives again, 15  
 Casts one long, yearning glance upon the main  
 Then seeks once more her craggy couch of stone,  
 Where many a weary day she's sat alone;  
 On the grey rock exhausted, there she leans,  
 On her pale cheek the parting sun-light gleams: 20  
 She had been there before the morning broke,  
 Or feathered songsters in their nests awoke;  
 Still as a monument, and bending low,  
 Her warm tears gushing, melt the very snow,  
 But does she hate him who had left her there, 25  
 While he was traversing climes bright and fair?  
 Hate him! Oh no! she lifts her hands on high,  
 To heaven's bright Monarch, throned in the sky;  
 Hark to the sounds now breathing from her tongue,  
 The echoing rocks those fervent tones prolong. 30  
 "Father of Mercies, Thou who sitt'st on high,  
 Keep him! Oh, keep him! with Thy watchful eye;  
 Shield him, Oh! shield him with Thine own right arm,  
 Preserve him safe from danger, and from harm.  
 Is there a blessing full, and rich, and high, 35  
 May it be his. May the o'er arching sky  
 Pour floods of comfort, the pure orb of day;  
 Flash brightness round him, wheresoe'er he stray.  
 Teach him! Oh, teach him! Father, to love Thee,  
 E'en though he spend not a lone thought on me: 40  
 To idol-making this weak heart is prone,  
 And Thou art just to leave me thus alone.  
 Just, aye, and merciful, the time will be,  
 When I more clearly shall Thy goodness see.  
 Friends say forget, but oh! that cannot be, 45  
 My Father, but I'll yield him up to Thee;  
 Take him and mould him, Father, to Thy will,  
 And bid this ever throbbing heart be still."

Thus spake the maiden, we but little ken,  
 Perhaps hope kindled in her bosom then; 50  
 For in her eye the glistening tear drop stayed,  
 As though some heavenly messenger, had laid  
 Aside his glory, and come hastening down,  
 Sent on a message from the Bright One's throne;  
 To tell her that her prayer was heard above, 55  
 And would be answered by the God of love;  
 To whisper, faint not, for the time is nigh,  
 If not below, you'll meet him in the sky.  
 And is this dreaming? Oh! who does not feel  
 More than he ventures ever to reveal; 60  
 And could she now have looked, she might have seen,  
 A bark storm-stricken—many such I ween.  
 True, but in one a noble form there lay,  
 For whom great wonders had been brought that day;  
 For whom bright messengers had left the sky, 65  
 See, helpless in the storm the vessel lie;  
 Her timbers creaking, and her sails all riven,  
 p. 8 By the dire tempest, wildly, madly driven.  
 E'en the bronzed seaman's cheek is waxing pale.  
 He can no more—must every effort fail— 70  
 Must they stand nerveless, helpless; must it be,  
 That mastered by fierce winds, and raging sea,  
 They sink all hopeless? Hark! low fearful sound  
 As of a spirit moaning mid the shrouds,  
 Falls thrillingly on every listening ear, 75  
 And seems to say, prepare, for death is near.  
 But now a messenger comes hastening down,  
 Winging his way with speed, from yon bright throne;  
 And to that angel is a mandate given,  
 To lull the storm—e'en now the clouds are riven. 80  
 Oh! there were prayers long registered in heaven,  
 Those prayers are answered. Man, weak man, had striven,  
 Hopeless and long, felt every effort fail;  
 But prayer is potent—sinks the fitful gale;  
 The morning dawns—the darkening shadows flee, 85  
 And safely bound they o'er the yeasty sea.

p. 9

## PART III.

HAIL! Quidi Vidi, dear to me  
 Are thy bold crags, thy pathways free;  
 'Twere bliss to climb those steeps again,  
 And gaze from thence upon the main:

'Twere bliss among thy rocks to wander, 5  
 Or by thy beauteous lakes to ponder,  
 Where, cradled in their beds of green,  
 Thy sparkling waters, aye, are seen;  
 Heaven's own pure rays upon them beaming,  
 Or night's bright eyes above them gleaming. 10  
 On winter's pavement dazzling white,  
 I've wandered there and felt delight;  
 I've climbed thy slippery crags and stood  
 In awed delight, or musing mood.  
 From thence I've watched the barks that bore 15  
 Bright ones and loved ones, from the shore;  
 There felt this cheek the keen cold gale,  
 That well nigh taught this heart to quail:  
 Though I but daily loved it more,  
 The ocean's deep-toned thundering roar, 20  
 And loved thy snow clad peaks that stand  
 In rough wild grandeur round the land.  
 Oh! 'Tis such vastness that can give  
 Meet thoughts of Him in whom we live;  
 Such boundless prospects, that afford 25  
 Proofs of the greatness of our Lord.  
 We gaze upon an insect's wing,  
 We hear the young birds sweetly sing:  
 And feel, indeed, that God is kind,  
 And glad thanksgiving fill the mind; 30  
 But rolling worlds that crowd the sky,  
 And giant billows foaming high,  
 p. 10 Tell of his vastness, skill and might,  
 Who guides yon orb of starry light;  
 And keeps beneath His mild control, 35  
 Insects that creep, and worlds that roll.

There, too, I've wandered, when the scene  
 Was warm with sunshine, bright with green;  
 When flowers bloom'd free, uncheck'd by art,  
 Or all man's wisdom can impart. 40  
 Trim prune the parterre if you will;  
 Let the dear wild flowers twine their fill:  
 In sweet profusion gem the vale,  
 Unfettered as the perfumed gale;  
 In wild confusion climb the steep, 45  
 Free as the bounding joyous deep;  
 And yon fair maid, with step so free.  
 Seek not to check her laugh of glee:  
 The promptings of a fresh young heart,

Outweigh the choicest rules of art. 50  
 Oh! let her climb these steeps again,  
 'Twill come full soon, the hour of pain;  
 Stiffness deforms not nature's face,  
 But all is sweet unfettered grace;

And stiffness has no charms for me, 55  
 Give me the wild rose climbing free.  
 Straight may the barbed arrow fly.

Not so yon bird its pinions try;  
 Canals, and railroads, straight may lie,

But brooks, and streams meander by; 60  
 The flower-clad shrub, the noble tree,  
 In leafy grandeur waving free,

If shaped by man, might well appear  
 With stems all straight, and leaves all square;

But all this bright variety 65  
 We might have looked in vain to see;  
 And thus man spoils fair nature's face,

p. 11 Puts uniformity for grace;  
 And thus man's tutoring the fair,

Deforms by over anxious care. 70  
 Away with artificial rules,

The cramp'd deformity of schools;  
 I love the warm heart's genial glow,

The speaking eye—the open brow—  
 I'd teach each eye to look above,

And each young heart to glow with love. 75  
 For oh! must every plant lift up,

Each its bright bell, or golden cup;  
 Must flowers, to meet the glowing skies,

Raise their gold heads and azure eyes? 80  
 While that the fairer bend below,

Hearts that with thankfulness should glow;  
 And that the nobler spend on earth,

Their spirit's might in empty mirth.  
 Oh! never strive to damp the joys,

That in young hearts spontaneous rise; 85  
 Nor cramp, by fettering rules of art,

The warm, rejoicing, thankful heart.

Lov'd Isle round which the waters roar,  
 Firm as the rocks that gird thy shore; 90  
 I'd have thy sons undaunted stand,

And battle for their father-land.  
 Bright as the aurora of their skies;

	Fresh as their green sward's brilliant dyes;	
	Pure as the snow's descending flakes;	95
	Clear as the water of their lakes;	
	Oh! such I'd have each maiden be,	
	That steps upon thy pathways free.	
	True, mine has been a changeful lot;	
	But what I've felt in that wild spot,	100
	Ingrained within my heart will stay,	
	Tinge future scenes, nor pass away.	
	Full many an aching heart, I trow,	
p. 12	These crags have trod mid sleet and snow;	
	And many a one with sorrow wild,	105
	Mourn'd here the loss of friend and child:	
	Above them heard wild billows dash,	
	And round them angry surges splash.	
	These rocks have witnessed, too, I ween,	
	Full many a rapture thrilling scene;	110
	From hence the bark first hove in sight,	
	That filled dimmed eyes again with light:	
	Specks viewed from hence the heart hath thrilled,	
	And yearning souls with glad thoughts filled.	
	Listen, e'en now a gladsome sound,	115
	Floats on the mellow air around:	
	"Oh! said I not he'd come again?	
	I dreamt his bark was on the main;	
	That speck between the sea and sky,	120
	It is his bark! and it draws nigh;	
	Oh! what glad thoughts this bosom swell,	
	It is his bark! I know it well!"	
	 Mourner, thou art blest—the time is o'er,	
	Of lonely watching on the shore;	125
	Thy trusting faith is well repaid,	
	Though many a weary day be stayed:	
	Thy cares are soothed—thy heart at rest—	
	Safe pillowed on a kind, fond breast;	
	We'll leave thee, thou art happy now,	130
	And roam once more these steeps of snow.	
	But hark! methinks a sound of fear,	
	Falls sadly on the listening ear;	
	Aye, in this blighted world, deep woe	
	Glooms mid the sunshine. Bending low,	135
	Mark yonder mourner! we'll draw nigh;	
	Nay, sorrow's sacred—hark! that sigh;	
	Hush, now a deep heart touching sound,	
	Rises and fills the air around:	

- A mother, mid this prospect wild, 140  
 p. 13 Mourns for her shipwrecked only child:  
 And we can catch the words, and sighs,  
 That from her wounded heart arise.
- “My brave boy o’er these crags would oft-time stray,  
 And mid these clustering berries would he play; 145  
 And where he played, there must his mother be,  
 Till she sleep with him in the booming sea.  
 Oh! when this throbbing heart shall beat no more,  
 Lay me with him not, not upon the shore;  
 But in the caverns of that sounding sea,  
 Where the child sleeps, there would his mother be; 150  
 Oh! sink me in the deep, the knelling tide,  
 The waves, perchance, will waft me to his side;  
 The raging of the storm affrights not me,  
 Where should the child, but with his mother be:  
 Oh! that I could but clasp him to this heart, 155  
 Never from his loved form again to part.  
 But not for ever can this parting last,  
 Soon heaven’s strong messenger shall pour his blast;  
 Then all that sleep in Jesus shall arise,  
 Together mount the peopled, glowing skies; 160  
 And with their Saviour, from all sorrows freed,  
 No more shall storms invade, or torn hearts bleed:  
 For He shall wipe the tears from every face,  
 Of His blood-purchased, His redeemed race.  
 Yes, thou, my child, didst seek Him in thy youth, 165  
 And He ne’er left thee, for His name is truth;  
 But doubtless bore thee from the raging sea,  
 And from all suffering set thy young heart free.  
 Yes, God is good, this truth I will hold fast,  
 Author of every mercy, first and last; 170  
 And still he gives me, blessed be His name,  
 Oft-times a cheering token of the same.”
- That mother is a Christian, in her eye  
 We read that truth, and Christians may defy  
 The storms that mutter, and the bolts that fly; 175  
 p. 14 To shake their faith in Him, who still is kind,  
 Though here below deep bitterness we find.
- Mourners look up! they’ll soon be past!  
 Earth’s storms, and heaven’s deep raptures last;  
 Though now ye wander in the gloom of night, 180  
 For you are sown bright fields of glorious light:  
 Though now ye mourn mid suffering, woe, and crime,

Gladness of heart ye'll reap—the blisful time  
 Is speeding on, the word that cannot fail  
 Hath said it. Blow, thou fitful gale! 185  
 Thou hurricane in fury, sweep thou past;  
 Lash the broad ocean—snap the creaking mast—  
 Tear up the forests,—rend the rocks again—  
 Or spend thy fury on the distant main.  
 'Tis one, thou'rt mastered, not a breath can blow, 190  
 But the great mind hath willed it to be so;  
 Ye blind philosophers, who see so far—  
 Or think ye do—who trace each gleaming star—  
 Who delve the earth—and fain would have it known,  
 That ye can trace the birth of every stone: 195  
 Who grope in darkness, taking it for light,  
 Gods in your own, but insects in His sight,  
 Who dropped you here—ye little things, to creep  
 On this His footstool—but in time to reap,  
 If ye seek rightly, fields of heavenly light, 200  
 Harvests of knowledge, wisdom and delight;  
 Bow down before your Monarch's rightful sway,  
 He'll flood your spirits then, with beams of day:  
 By all who meekly seek Him, He is found,  
 His goodness compasseth the world around. 205

### Textual Notes

PART I.16 mock] mock *the plural s lightly pencilled in the printed text* 32 most] must 58  
 past!] ~? 74 fast!] ~? 79 too] to 85 shout] shot *the printed text is prone to omit letters* 94  
 watchword] watchward 102 cease] cese *here but correct form at I.12 and elsewhere* 116 free!]  
 ~? 130 clime!] ~? 139 brethren!] ~? 142 sin,) ~. 152 pray] prayer PART II.7 bear,) ~. 11  
 nigh,) ~. 16 main,) ~. 18 she's] she'd 41 weak] week PART III.7 cradled] cradeled 8  
 waters,) ~. 11 dazzling] dazzaling 39 bloom'd] bloom'ed 59 lie,) ~. 60 by;) ~: 62 free,) ~.  
 89 roar,) ~. 103 trow,) ~. 116 mellow] mellew 120 speck] speak 131 roam] rome 144 o'er]  
 e'er 150 be;) ~, 151 knelling] kneling 161 sorrows] sorrow's 162 hearts] heart's 179 rap-  
 tures] rapture's 197 sight,) ~.