

1849

## Lines: Suggested by Reading Clifford's Description of Elysium

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LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING CLIFFORD'S DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

THERE is a land where suns do ne'er display  
Their clouded rays to mar its brightest day—  
Nor moonbeams pale, nor twinkling stars, that sweep  
In sportive image through the glassy deep,  
Through murky clouds their dusky radiance pour  
On sleeping lands, or sea's resounding shore.  
There rage no wars—there no diseases dire,  
With stroke untimely, cut off son or sire—  
No mother's heart by death's rude hand is torn,  
While, anguish-struck, she cries, "My child is gone"—  
But endless day, with light unailing, cheers  
Abodes of spirits unoppressed by cares.  
There He, by whom the hosts above were made,  
Earth's form arranged, and ocean's pillars laid,  
With his own presence lights the space profound,  
And streams of glory scatters far around.  
There healthful air, in gentlest murmurs, moves  
Through richest fields and ever-blooming groves ;  
Whence odors, sweeter than Elysium knew,  
Diffuse their fragrance midst the pearly dew,  
Distilled on flowers, by clouds ne'er overcast,  
Unreft by storm and undisturbed by blast.  
There peaceful streams of crystal waters flow—  
There ripened fruits on trees perennial glow,  
Whose healing leaves, through life's dull movements, shed  
More potent vigor with a nimbler tread.  
There melting sounds, on softest breezes, bear  
Their soothing influence to the listening ear.  
No change of season or of time is known,  
But spring's perpetual verdant glories crown  
This smiling scene, where lasting beauties meet,  
Not scathed by winter, and unparched by heat.  
There angel harps their measured anthems raise,  
Fill heaven's high courts with ceaseless songs of praise ;  
While blood-washed spirits join the holy choirs,  
Drink in their strains, and feel their kindling fires—  
And Jesus's smiles, in beaming mercy, come  
To glad the *Christian's Everlasting Home.*