

**THE**  
**CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE,**

**AND**

**MISSIONARY ANNUAL,**

**FOR**

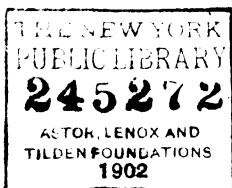
**MDCCCXLIX.**



**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**PUBLISHED BY BROWER, HAYES & Co.**

**1849.**

*M V W*



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,

By E. H. BUTLER AND Co.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District  
of Pennsylvania.

## GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY JAMES C. MOFFAT, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES IN MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

### I.

A GARDEN of the dead,—  
A sweet, wild scene of fair and rude,  
Of open lawn and shady wood,  
Of spirit-healing solitude  
O'er hill and valley spread ;  
Where calmly sleep, beneath the soil,  
Yon crowded city's men of toil.

### II.

The tumult and the strife—  
The war, which minds immortal wage,  
For earnings of a fleeting age,  
Deceit and selfishness and rage—  
The heartlessness of life—  
Touch not, with their unhallowed breath  
This consecrated land of death.

## III.

This kingdom of repose,  
Dear to the pain-exhausted wight,  
Who slumbers through the long dark night,  
Without a fear of morning's light  
    And its attendant woes.  
No harsh sounds of the rattling street  
Can discompose his last retreat.

## IV.

And 'tis a joy to know,  
That he whose heart is worn with care,  
Whom life-long toils could never spare  
The blessings of fresh fields and air,  
    Or brooks' enlivening flow,  
Shall die, and o'er his rural grave  
The wild birds sing, and willows wave ;—

## V.

That many young are here,  
Yea, gentle ones, who did not long  
Strive in the contest with the strong ;  
But, leaving to triumphant wrong  
    The glory of its sphere,  
Chose, early, their befitting rest  
Where spring unfolds her beauties best.

## VI.

The coarse and selfish, too,  
 Are they not here? Yea, with the dead;  
 But not for them are hopes, thus bred,  
 Upon the living bosom shed,  
 Like drops of evening dew.  
 Whatever mould receives such trust  
 'Tis "earth to earth and dust to dust."

## VII.

Though many a modest dell,  
 Among thy spacious woodland lies;  
 Where, unprofaned by tearless eyes,  
 Unfeigned grief may pour her sighs,  
 In sweetest tears may well;  
 Proud mausoleums, from the height,  
 Invoke the far discerning sight.

## VIII.

Are these the honors paid  
 To genius, virtue, learning, sense?  
 Are they, so tasked for life's defence,  
 Without the slave's poor recompense,  
 Rewarded 'mong the dead?  
 Or do those stately piles of stone  
 Proclaim the pride of names unknown?

## IX.

The virtuous and the wise,  
Rejoicing in their better part,  
A temple in the kindred heart,  
Fairer than aught that toiling art  
For others can devise,  
May well resign the sculptured tomb,  
Where the sod is green and violets bloom.

## X.

Nor let our hearts repine,  
If they have not earth's riches won ;  
Can gold in life, in death a stone,  
Repay for all its labors done  
The effluence divine ?  
Then genius may, like common things,  
Be valued at the gold it brings.

## XI.

When wings the soul away,  
To its far fate in weal or woe,  
What shall it reck, or can it know  
Of all the honors men bestow  
Upon its mouldering clay ?  
But blame them not—They gratify  
The mourning heart, the admiring eye.

## XII.

That low and sloping mound  
Of velvet grass, whose humble page  
Is graved with simple "name and age;"  
It too has virtue to assuage  
The mourner's rankling wound,  
Who sadly lingers in the shade  
Beneath the weeping willow made.

## XIII.

No cold repulsive gloom,  
Which dwells in vaulted dungeons damp,  
Unlighted but by funeral lamp,  
Presumes to impress its mouldy stamp  
Upon that rural tomb;  
But cheering beams of healthful day  
Come sobered through the leafy spray.

## XIV.

And notes, that never jar  
The chords of grief, come tenderly,  
Like words of love, from every tree—  
The outpourings of a gentle glee,  
Which nothing dares to mar;  
For here, no cruel arts destroy  
That guileless life, that song of joy.

## XV.

Emblem of Paradise,  
Fair Greenwood, no rude hands profane  
The hallowed sympathies that reign  
'Mong subjects of thy blest domain  
Of sainted memories—  
The chain of harmony, which binds  
Human with being's humbler kinds.

## XVI.

Thus fancy learns to love,  
Not dread the body's resting place ;  
And with symbolic skill to trace  
In fairer lines the blessedness,  
Which waits the soul above—  
Pictures to the surviving given,  
To beautify their hopes of heaven.