

**THE RETURN; A
SUMMER-DAY'S
JOURNEY**

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The return; A summer-day's journey by Edmund Peel

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EDMUND PEEL

**THE RETURN; A
SUMMER-DAY'S
JOURNEY**

THE RETURN;
A SUMMER-DAY'S JOURNEY.

BY



EDMUND PEEL,

AUTHOR OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM, JUDGE NOT,

&c.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1848.

VENTNOR:
Printed by T. Butler.

TO
MRS. BROWN,
OF MIDDLETON IN TRESDALE,
THIS SUMMER-DAY'S JOURNEY
WITH ITS PASTORAL SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS,
IS INSCRIBED
BY HER AFFECTIONATE BROTHER
EDMUND PEEL.

THE RETURN.

longo post tempore venit.

COME, Love and Memory, with pilgrim-feet
To roam again the region of the dawn,
The dawn of hope which having lured from home
Your fellow-traveller, left him!—Hope no more
For *him* the primrose by the meadow-path
Shall *here* unfold, nor vision in the wood
Reveal, nor add one sparkle to the stream :
For they are gone who made the vernal world
Of which he dream'd delightful, they who roved
With him the dewy glade, while silence hung
Enchanted o'er the brooding nightingale.

Hope soars, beholding earth and each dear grave
 Bosom'd in heaven!—Come round me, ye beloved
 Companions of my childhood, whether earth
 Or heaven infold you, be in spirit near
 To greet me on my journey. Shapes and hues
 Long-vanish'd, reappear; years, days, and hours,
 Angels alike of sorrow and of joy,
 Of chasten'd joy and sorrow long subdued,
 Are now before me, colour'd with the dawn,
 Or dim, or mellow in the light of noon.
 Familiar forms of beauty and of love
 Move round me, smile upon me, bloom and fade
 Untimely; and a weight is on my heart!

A river glideth by me calm and clear
 As when, my mother holding by the hand,
 I first beheld it flowing thro' the vale
 Fleck'd with fine motes, or dimpling in the light
 Of pearly myriads waved with emerald
 And ruby, poised amid the sunny stream:
 Nor wanted shade; for oft came floating by

Islands of verdure, swaths of meadow-grass
New-mown, slow-moving to the measured sweep
Of scythes. It was a time of calm, a place
For contemplation, whence divinely rapt
The soul is caught up to her native heaven.
But hither we return, and here abide
'Till earth to earth be render'd, not in light
And sunshine ever, by the tree of life,
In health and blissful ease; oft under cloud
Of woe, and ever in the shadow of death.
Nor leads thro' pleasant pastures, by the flow
Of peaceful waters, one unvarying path
To the pure region of our pilgrimage:
More often do we climb the crag of pain
Tangled with thorn, a stony solitude
Of gloom and horror; roam the wintry waste;
Or meet the plague of death 'mid fiery sands
High-roll'd above the howling wilderness;
Or faint on the dull road of common life.
Ye slaves of passion, wasted by the fire