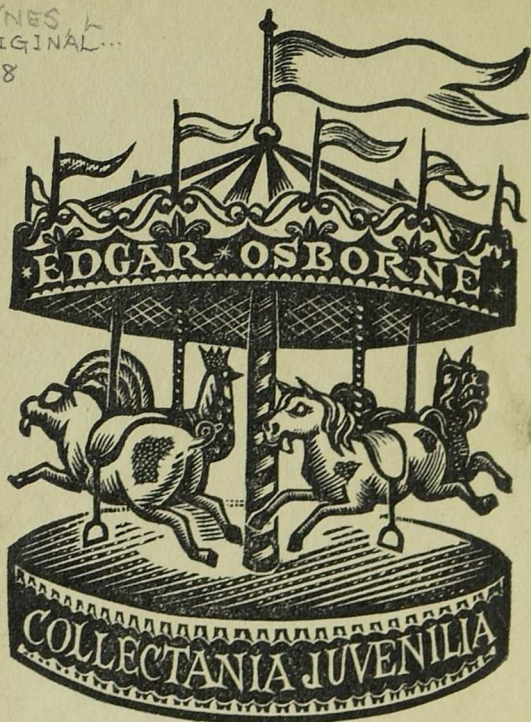




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JOYNES &
ORIGINAL...
1838



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Good-bye—pretty creature! good-bye.

Page 12.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR

INFANT AND JUVENILE

MINDS.

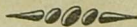
In Two Parts.

BY LUCY JOYNES.

“Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.”—*Solomon.*

“’Tis granted—and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years:
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And, through life’s labyrinth, holds fast the clue
That education gives her, false or true.”—*Cowper.*

SIXTH EDITION.

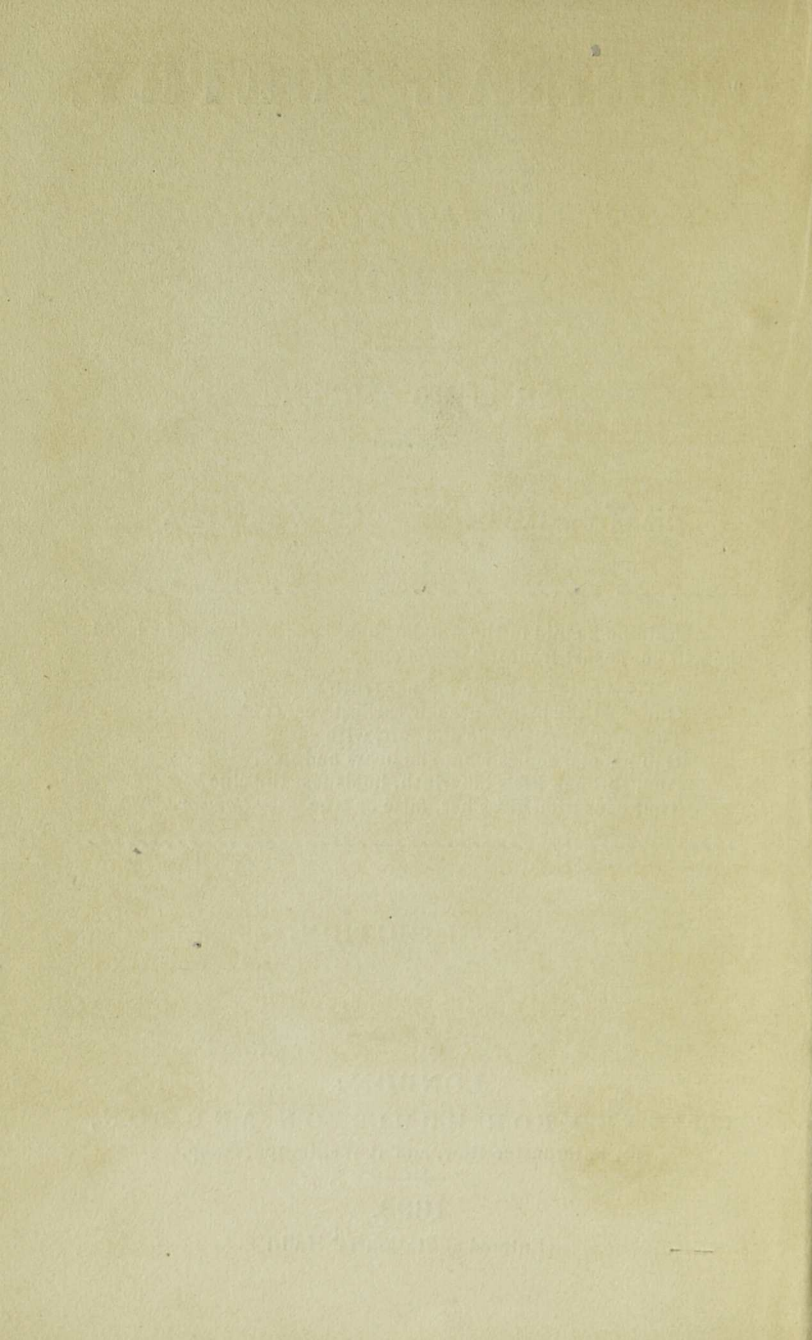


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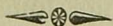
PRINTED FOR HOULSTON AND SON,
65, Paternoster-Row, and at Wellington, Salop.

1838.

[Entered at Stationers’ Hall.]



PREFACE.



INCONSIDERABLE as this little production may appear in the spacious and highly diversified field of literature, its Author presumes that its unassuming pretensions on this point can by no means destroy its importance. The human mind, commencing its career like an inexperienced voyager, demands the friendly aid of education to pilot its little bark: but how important the charge!—Whatever is put into the hands of children, is found to promote the acquisition of notions and habits, which at an early period are formed with ease and facility: and as early acquired principles generally prove the most lasting, the greatest care should be taken, that whatever tends to form, should also tend to beautify, the embryo of immortal intelligence. Under these impressions, the writer of this little volume has

employed her pen: which she hopes will not be deemed a deviation from her ordinary path; seeing she is regularly engaged in the laborious yet delightful task of instructing young minds, and has long been a strict observer of the morals and manners of children: at least she is persuaded it cannot be the case with that indulgent circle who have not been backward to intrust to her care the most valuable of their treasures.

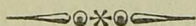
As children are the object of this little work, its design is to make them wiser and better. That much has already been done for this interesting part of the community, is readily granted; but as novelty has a happy effect upon the juvenile mind, there is still a demand for something more. And it is hoped the moral tendency of this little work will promote an increase of domestic felicity, and that its pious sentiments will be conducive to the best interests of the descendants of Adam. A few pieces are consecrated to amusement; and if they but excite a smile upon the cheek

of innocence, a great blessing is ensured, and their design is fully answered. As utility has been made the invariable criterion, it will be found that great simplicity of style is preserved; notwithstanding it admits of some gradual advances, in order to accommodate the different capacities of children.

The consideration of so much of the Author's time being occupied in the performance of the duties of her situation, may give her some claim to the candour of a discerning public; and she indulges the hope that this humble attempt to promote the improvement of the rising generation will escape the severity of criticism. But should she be disappointed in this, she rests assured of a sanctuary in HIS clemency, who will not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PART THE FIRST.



FOR INFANT MINDS.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

COME hither, and hold up your head, little
dear;

If you've done no wrong, what need have you
to fear?

I love the sweet children who make it their plan,
To be good at school, and to learn all they can.

And you, I think, will, for your work-bag so
neat,

With pincushion, scissars, and housewife com-
plete;

And then your new books, which so pretty I call,
Give hopes that you'll make the best use of
them all.

How good are your friends, how indulgent and
 kind,
 With so much affection your welfare to mind,
 By placing you here to improve in each art,
 Where nothing is wanting, but care on *your* part.

Good girls to reward, is a pleasure I know ;
 And what may seem harsh, is their own making
 so :
 But each of your faults I must teach you to
 mend,
 Or else your dear Governess can't be your
 friend.

So shall your Preceptress your weaknesses bear,
 And you, as you strengthen, depend on her
 care ;
 As round the supports, where the branches in-
 twine,
 Firm clasp the weak tendrils of the young vine.

And as the fair sucker of negligent growth,
 Must often be bent, tho' to wound it we're loath,
 Think then should I chide (but I'd rather com-
 mend)
 "I'll learn to submit—'tis the voice of my
 friend."

And if in my pupil, combin'd we discern,
A wish to be taught, with an aptness to learn,
Improvement is certain—and soon we shall see,
She'll smile, the companion of *pleasure* and *me*.



THE NEW FROCK.

“I’VE got a new frock!” said Eliza to Ann,
“With buttons and trimming so neat;
And now with my necklace, my sash, and my
fan,
I surely am truly complete.”

“Your sash, and your necklace, and frock
which is new,”
Said Ann, “I must own, I admire;
But know, your dear friends look for something
in you,
That will please more than pretty attire.

“And if for delight you can nothing discern,
But clothes that are fading so fast;
Why then, let me tell you, to rags they will turn,
And go to make paper at last.

“A something there is, which concerns you no
less;
This something, my dear, is—the mind:

And since it requires a more durable dress,
Let it prove of the *elegant* kind.

“ The actions of life, from the principle flow :
If well be enacted your part,
The graces must play on your innocent brow,
And virtues encircle your heart !

“ And if in Eliza, we joy to behold,
These traits so delightfully meet ;
New frocks she shall have—though in frocks
new or old,
We pronounce the sweet darling complete.”



THE REFUSAL.

GO away—go, naughty boy ;
Nor ever dare to tease me ;
No indulgence will I grant,
While you so much displease me.

Children who have favours oft,
And who as oft abuse them ;
Should not be at all surpris'd,
To hear their friends refuse them.

To the garden, full of fruit,
Matilda goes a walking ;

Edward *wont*, till he reform,
And so 'tis no use talking.

You had gone, had you been good ;
Ma'a does not love to grieve you ;
But you've said you would *so long*,
Indeed I can't believe you.

Perhaps Matilda 'll bring you some,
Till then go play with Kitty—
Here she comes! with cherries ripe!
See, Edward bows,—(that's pretty!)

Thanks his sister o'er and o'er,
Before he tastes of any ;
Puts her hat and tippet by,
And gives her kisses many.

Good Matilda, wipe his face,
And try to soothe his sorrow ;
If he be so good a boy,
He too shall go to-morrow.



THE GREEN CORN.

COME, Betsy, my dear,
I'd have you take care ;
On green corn you never must trample :

For, spoiling the blade,
I'm sadly afraid,
You've ruin'd enough for a sample.

But one injur'd stalk,
Which cumpers the walk,
I'll gather, if much you desire it:
And now I'll declare
The use of the ear,
So beg you'll attend and admire it.

And first I would say,
If but for one day,
Little girls were deny'd grain so charming,
Good puddings and pies,
And bread that oft cloyes,
The symptoms would prove most alarming.

Nice patties so light,
And manchet so white,
Are rais'd from the field, I declare it ;
Bread, puddings, and pies,
Wave green as they rise,
And now Betsy wonders to hear it.

From buddings so small,
Ears heavy and tall,
The ripening summer produces ;

Then cut down and bound,
 Thrash'd—winnow'd—and ground,
 The seed becomes *flour* for our uses.

There's several sorts,
 Wheat, barley, rye, oats ;
 And each of these kinds may be eaten ;
 Oats cattle regale,
 And barley makes ale ;
 But little folks call for the *wheaten*.

What more I advance,
 The wonders enhance,
 Since much my dear loves to be dressy ;
 The ripe stalk, when split,
 And platted to fit,
 Will make a fine bonnet for Bessy.



THE LAMB.

HOW do, little lambkin? now don't run so
 far ;

I don't mean to hurt thee, sweet dear :
 What makes you so frighten'd, and call out,
 " Baa, baa ? "

I wish to be friendly as little lambs are ;
 So play thee without any fear.

How pleasant your home is, all shaded with
bowers,

Which border the smooth river's brink ;
Here's so much nice grass, and so many fine
flowers,

I'm sure your soft carpet's as pretty as ours ;
You love to roll on it, I think.

To live in this field, how content you must be ;
But—lambs are oft kill'd for their meat ;
So harmless and playful as lambkin can be,
And if I thought all so good-natur'd as thee,
I'm sure not a bit could I eat.

If you were my own, you should not be serv'd
so,

I'd keep you, and with you I'd play :
But now, little lambkin, to school I must go ;
'Tis time, and I'm learning to read and to sew ;
This you'll never do, I dare say.

Well then, I'm the wiser, but never mind that ;
To learn all I can I must try :
I'll bunch up my nosegay, and tie on my hat,
Then give thee, at parting, another soft pat—
Good-bye—pretty creature ! good-bye.

THE DAISY.

O THE field with daisies spread !
White they are, and tipp'd with red.
Daisy,—give me leave to walk,
Just to bend your slender stalk ;
Jump I won't, but lightly tread,
On your pretty round white head.
Emma loves to see you blow——
“ Shall I crop some, Pa, or no ? ”
“ Yes, my little dear, you may ;
Father loves to see you gay :
Nature kind, with lavish hand,
Scatters plenty o'er the land.
Daisies hope and comfort bring,
As they deck the cheerful spring :
Fraught with promising displays,
Harbingers of brighter days.
Learn, my Emma, as you tread,
Frisking o'er the daisy bed ;
See them, when affronts they meet,
Press'd and injur'd by your feet ;
No ill-nature they retain ;
Soon look up, and smile again.
You could do so, I declare !
Could you not, my little dear ?

When we see the angry breeze
Fight and quarrel with the trees ;
Daisy out of danger keeps,
Never looks, or only peeps ;
Folding close, she hides her head,
Safe within her quiet bed.
Just so all good children do ;
Quarrelling is wrong, you know :
Never mix with them who fight,
Run away—quite out of sight.
Look at all you've cropp'd, my dear ;
See how much alike they are !
From the yellow, cluster'd ground,
Little leaves all fanning round :
Should you twice ten thousand name,
Every daisy's form'd the same.
Wonderful ! this you can tell,
Can you not, my little girl ?
And of one, should Pa explain
All its various parts contain ;
Emma 'd wonder for an hour,
All about a single flower :
But of this shall more be shewn,
When my Emma's older grown.
'Tis the work of God, my child ;
HE *but* spoke, and nature smil'd !
When a Maker, good and wise,
Stretch'd around these pleasant skies ;

Ere the infant earth was drest
In her gay embroider'd vest ;
As up sprang the blades of green,
Daisies smil'd to peep between.
How divine, how neat the plan !
How profuse !—and all for man.
Countless beauties we behold,
Finely cast in wisdom's mould !
Think, my love, what should we say,
Could we all the world survey ?
Every plant, and every flower,
Springing, changing every hour :
All which being entertain,
Found in ocean, air, or plain :
This, and other worlds, my dear ;
Worlds, which hang and float in air ;
Worlds we've oft discern'd on high,
Twinkling in the evening sky.
These, and millions millions more,
As from earth to heaven we soar.
Think, my love, what should we say,
Could we all these scenes survey ?
Since these little flowerets wage,
Wonders new from age to age—
Since so much of God is seen,
In the daisy-spangled green !”

WATER-CRESSES.

ATTEND to my cry,
Ye good people, come buy
Nice Water-cresses !

With basket and hook,
I have waded the brook
For Water-cresses !

There's nothing more rare
In the city so fair,
Than Water-cresses !

Then fill to the brim,
And you'll garnish so trim
With Water-cresses !

A group to maintain
With the little I gain
By Water-cresses !

The trifle you spare,
(Does me good, I declare,)
For Water-cresses !

Then buy while you may,
(For I cannot long stay,)
Nice Water-cresses !

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

HOW sad a thing it is, to live
Without the fear of God !
And neither to desire his love,
Nor tremble at his rod !

For God is good, and by his word
So kindly speaks to man :
Sisters and brothers, let us hear,
And answer, if we can.

I think we'd better all be good :
So let us now begin ;
And let us not so wicked be,
As those who laugh at sin.

If we should grow to riper years,
And still in sin remain,
We, perhaps, when late we've spurn'd his
 grace,
May wish—but wish in vain.

Or, should we soon death's terrors know,
Which children often prove,

How awful it would be to meet
A God we did not love!

'Tis better *now* to seek the Lord,
And walk in wisdom's way;
For as we're not too young to die,
We're not too young to pray.

Then, dearest Lord, in early life,
Let early grace be given;
That we, if early call'd to die,
May early rise to heaven!



MAMMA AND CHILD.

CHILD.

WILL the high and lofty One,
Seated on his dazzling throne,
Condescend to look upon

A little child?

MAMMA.

Yes, the lofty One so high,
Thron'd above the starry sky,
Guards with his paternal eye,

A little child.

And to you his pity moves,
 For the sacred volume proves
 How much he regards and loves

A little child.

God the Son, the very same
 With this great, eternal name,
 Left his glory, and became

A little child.

To redeem a world from woe,
 Jesus liv'd and died below ;
 Liv'd and died for thee, although

A little child.

CHILD.

Then I'll thank this Saviour dear,
 For his love and tender care,
 If you think he will but hear

A little child.

MAMMA.

Yes, he marks whate'er we say,
 And if you sincerely pray,
 Kind regard he's sure to pay

A little child.

And may he your heart incline,
 To obey his laws divine,
 And unto his people join,

A little child.

CATCHING BUTTERFLIES.

PART I.

ALONG the daisy dappled green,
While summer breezes play,
Kind nature's wanton tribes are seen,
All sportive, light, and gay.

Among the cluster'd flowerets fair,
The pleas'd grasshopper sings ;
And rosy beams, and balmy air,
Are cleft by silken wings.

And here the colt enjoys his fun,
And here the lambkins play ;
And here—(the school-bell's tinkling done,)
The naughty truants stray.

But strange—the urchins not content
To share the common joy,
Must games (or rather crimes) invent,
The harmless to annoy.

“ Bless me ! what swarms of butterflies ! ”—
Away with bat and ball.
“ Now for it—who's to have the prize ?
The chase is best of all.”

Now upward sail, and now athwart,
 Eludes their active ken ;
 Just now their prize is nearly caught,
 When, off it goes again !

A friendly, white-emblossom'd tree,
 A respite short bestows,
 But here they haunt the refugee,
 And off again it goes !

Says Charles, " I'll take my hat to him,
 So fetch him down," he cries ;
 " *I've* caught the nimble rogue," says Jem ;
 " But ah ! *I've spoil'd* my prize !"



THE
 BUTTERFLY'S REMONSTRANCE.

PART II.

" **THINK**, children rash, in wanton play,
 Elate with sportive glee,
 The fond pursuit, which makes you gay,
 Is cruelty—to me.

" You, walk or run upon the earth ;
 I, either creep or fly ;

And ere my changes date their birth,
I seem almost to die.

“ Full thrice three moons 'tis since I crept
A caterpillar green—
Then torpid chrysalis, I slept—
Then sprang a new dress'd queen !

“ My summer-life is very short,
And this I call, my prime ;
My only interval of sport,
For months of dreary time.

“ And much I lov'd to use the powers,
Which nature gave to me ;
To visit leaves, and fruits, and flowers,
Or chase the humming bee.

“ No venom have I to discharge,
No keen avenging sting ;
Till this sad hour, I sail'd at large,
A harmless, happy thing.

“ If innocence may pity claim,
That sacred claim is *mine* ;
Dear liberty ! delusive dream—
For liberty I pine.

“Rash fingers rais’d the fatal storm,
My shatter’d wings have stood ;
And I, no more the part perform,
Which Heaven design’d, *I should.*”



THE
HISTORY OF A GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

A GOOD little girl,
As I have heard tell,
Though not more than seven years old ;
Would grieve, if she thought
A fault she had wrought,
And weep when the same she was told.

Well, this little child,
Neither sullen nor wild,
Would mind what her friends had to say ;
And if bade to do,
What she lik’d *not*, ’tis true,
She directly was seen to obey.

When naughty and rude,
Her young sister she view’d,
Who often her mother would tease ;

As I have heard say,
She would give up her way,
If the baby she thought she could please.

Her generous mind
Was obliging and kind,
And this, with delight, I declare,
If sweetmeats she had,
For which she was glad,
Her play-mates had always a share.

And then, when at school,
She attended to rule ;
For neglect she considered a crime :
But if a mistake
She happen'd to make
She would strive to mind better next time

Now this little girl
Sometimes had heard tell
Of the evil which lurks in the heart ;
And then she would sigh,
And inwardly cry,
“ O ! may I from evil depart ! ”

And when she heard tell
(Which delighted her well)
Of the Lord, who would take it away ;

“ Lord, take away sin,
Make me happy within,”
This infant was known for to say.

Her delicate frame
Very shortly became
The prey of disorder and pain ;
But her mind was at ease,
She said, “ If he please,
The Lord can restore me again.”

And when (it is said)
To her room and her bed
This good little dear was confin'd,
The smiles of her face
Enliven'd the place,
Such comfort she felt in her mind.

When laid on her bed,
She look'd up, and said,
“ Dear mother, what makes you fret so ?
Though ill as I be,
Pray, don't weep for me,
For the Lord will support me, I know.”

But soon she grew worse,
The doctor, and nurse,
And all, her dear life could not save :

Afflictions most sore
She patiently bore,
And descended in peace to the grave.

And now that her breath
Has vanish'd in death,
We hear her sweet accents no more ;
Her labouring breast
Has sunk to its rest,
And to heaven she's gone, to be sure.

The spot which contains
Her precious remains
Is sprinkled with many a tear ;
But employ'd as she is,
In the mansions of bliss,
O how can we covet her here !

Let each little girl,
Who would wish to excel,
Improve her example divine ;
Like her, live in love,
Then mount up above,
A glorified spirit to shine.

THE LITTLE SLOVEN.

JEM, my boy, where have you been,
To make yourself this figure ?
Sister Ann is neat and clean,
And you, for shame ! are bigger.

Look at other children neat,
And see your fellow never ;
Stockings down about your feet,
And head as rough as ever.

Little boys should cleanly be,
If e'er I understood one—
I am going a little way,
So stay, and be a good one.

You're not fit to go with me ;
So let us have no crying :
Little folks should ready be,
Who cannot bear denying.

Sister Ann *is* fit to go—
So neat, have you not seen her ?—
But I'm in a hurry now,
Good-bye—*you* go when cleaner.

THE LOVING SISTERS.

MAMMA one day was going out,
A visit for to make,
And thought, for once, she might make free,
One little girl to take.

So bade her elder, Emma, dress,
And Helen to excuse ;
Sweet Emma, as she thank'd mamma,
Presum'd not to refuse.

But wondering why the favour'd child
So little joy express'd ;
Mamma observ'd, and read the tear,
Half shed and half suppress'd.

Sweet Emma pleads—" Do, dear mamma,
Some alteration make,
For should we Helen leave at home,
No pleasure can I take."

" Don't mind *me*, Emma," Helen cry'd,
I wish for you to go ;
When I'm as old, (if good as you,)
Ma will oblige me too."

(Good little children, be assur'd,
 Such conduct we applaud,
 Although we may not always grant
 A similar reward.)

Mamma, observing both so good,
 Either to grieve was loath,
 So call'd up Betty to assist,
 And kiss'd—and took them both.



AN ISLAND.

WHAT an Island is, Emily wishes to know—
 Come, then, and papa will endeavour to shew;
 For, much as a careless request I despise,
 To enquire and attend, is the way to grow
 wise.

An island, my dear, is a portion of land
 Surrounded by water on every hand:
 But the maps we'll consult, which better will
 shew
 What my little geographer wishes to know.

You see the gay colours—well, all these
 are land ;
 And the bordering streaks are the loose
 shelving sand,
 Or permanent rocks which environ the
 strand :
 Well, then the pale grey—this is ocean, or sea,
 Where ships sail away, to fetch sugar and tea.

Some land, we perceive, is surrounded almost,
 A neck of earth, but, intercepts the sea-coast ;
 While country joins country, remote from the
 sea,
 That vastly extensive the dry land must be.

But these are not islands—these each of them
 bear
 A name which I think would but puzzle my
 dear.

Well, now for this island—see, many they be,
 Which seem to besprinkle the broad southern
 sea.

Now *all round* an island the water doth flow,
 And Britain's an island, being situate so :
 This plain simple sketch you will surely retain,
 Or I think you'll not soon see the maps out
 again.

THE
PLAY-ROOM'S APPENDAGES.

RISING hill, and valley low,
Where the pleasant zephyrs blow,
Often echo to my roar—
Am I not a Battledore ?

Mounted up so very high,
Whirling as I downward fly ;
Up again at every knock—
Am I not a Shuttlecock ?

Gallop, gallop fast away,
Still I ever ever stay ;
Up my pretty head I toss—
Am I not a Rocking-horse ?

Nicely form'd, and polish'd fair,
Wax, and paint, and glass, and hair ;
From the city great I came—
Guess if Dolly's not my name.

Clean and neat as neat can be,
With partitions, one, two, three ;

All equipp'd so very spruce—
Am I not a Baby-house?

Often am I sent away,
But I never choose to stay;
Into polish'd cell I fall—
Are we not a Cup and Ball?

I can travel very far,
Without feet, or wing, or car;
I am tall and very light—
Guess if I am not a Kite.

Harass'd much, though much would rest,
Chided, though I do my best,
Flogg'd, if I essay to stop—
Guess if I am not a Top.

Very fast I run while beat
Up and down the level street;
Never stand, but often stoop—
Guess if I am not a Hoop.

Hands and fingers though I've none;
Feet, or ears, or eyes, not one;
I can strip off coat and hat—
Guess if I am not a Bat.

Though of little worth I be,
Great regard is shewn to me;

Glad embraces spare my fall—
 Guess if I am not a Ball.

All allow 'tis my employ
 To conduce to health and joy ;
 Still I'm little more than twine—
 Am I not a Skipping-line ?

I can neither run nor walk,
 Hop, nor jump, nor laugh, nor talk ;
 Yet I'm no inactive thing—
 Guess if I am not a Swing.

I approve of pretty toys
 To delight good girls and boys,
 Such as love in me to look—
 Guess if I am not a Book.



A WINTER-PIECE.

WINDOW sash and panell'd door,
 Close as tight as ever ;
 Travellers on the whiten'd moor
 Shiver, shiver, shiver.

Winter stern, in massy chains,
 Binds the rolling river ;
And the tribes of icy plains
 Shiver, shiver, shiver.

Robin Red-breast daily comes,
 For he's welcome ever :
See him, as he picks the crumbs,
 Shiver, shiver, shiver.

“ Little bird, so loath to stay,
 I will tease thee never ;
But thou'lt on the frosty spray
 Shiver, shiver, shiver.”

There the girl in ragged clothes,
 Whom I pity ever,
Shrugs her shoulders as she goes,
 Shiver, shiver, shiver.

“ Little girl, without a shoe,
 Thinly clad as ever,
Whither would you wander to,
 Shiver, shiver, shiver ?”

“ Gentle lady, you must know,
 Down the frozen river,
I have very far to go,
 Shiver, shiver, shiver.”

“ Then some clothes for you I’ll spare ;
I shall miss them never ;
For the sight I cannot bear,
Shiver, shiver, shiver.”

“ Thank you, lady, good and kind ;
Heaven grant you never
May, like me, in winter wind,
Shiver, shiver, shiver.

“ Lady, kind, what you bestow
Was more welcome never ;
Now I shall not need to go
Shiver, shiver, shiver.”



GOD THE CREATOR.

GOD, the Creator, I adore,
And sing how great his power ;
Seen in the smallest thing that breathes,
And every little flower.

He made the glorious sun so bright,
And moon, less distant far ;

He drew the sable shades of night,
And hung out every star.

He made the fleecy, dappled clouds,
And blue, that shews between ;
He ting'd, in rain, the glittering bow,
And clad the earth in green.

He roll'd the ocean's restless wave,
And spread the shelving sand ;
He made the steep and craggy rock,
And all the level land.

He made the stately forest oak,
And every slender spire ;
He, too, perfum'd the violet-bed,
And tun'd the feather'd choir.

He made the pretty playful trout,
And huge enormous whale ;
He made the swift, the sprightly horse,
And slowly creeping snail.

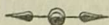
He taught the mole to harbour low,—
The lark to soar on high ;
He made the bird of broad-spread wing,
And every little fly.

He binds the waves in icy chains,
When winter reigns severe ;

And thunders loud, in summer's heat,
Amid the lightning's glare.

This God—this wondrous God, made *me*,
But not of nature wild :
This great Creator, good and wise,
Made me a little child !—

Made me a child—to own his power,
And lisp his worthy praise :
Then will I early seek his face,
And learn his righteous ways.



GOD, THE REDEEMER.

GOD, the Redeemer, I adore,
And sing his wondrous love,
Seen in the purest sympathy,
Which brought him from above.

Though homage grac'd his throne from all
The orders of the sky ;
Rich in his glorious dignity,
He could not see us die.

When man first broke God's righteous law,
And thus his fall began ;
The Saviour said, " On *me* let fall
The curse denounc'd on man.

" I'll take his part, I'll bear his sin,
I'll suffer for his sake ;
And man, believing in my name,
Again shall bliss partake !"

The grace so rich, so full, so free,
Admiring seraphs sang ;
And rapturous strains of—" Man redeem'd !"
Through heaven's vast circles rang.

Yes, so it was—the Son of God
The sinner's place supplied ;
He came, and led a suffering life,
And, lastly, for him died.

Witness his low degrading birth—
A manger was his bed ;
And often times he had not where
To lay his sacred head.

Witness the conflicts he endur'd,
Expos'd in desert drear,
When evil spirits press'd him sore,
And hunger rag'd severe.

Witness the Saviour's great fatigues

In travels to and fro ;

Witness his solitary hours,

Upon the mountain's brow.

Witness the crimson of his sweat,—

The fervour of his prayer,—

Stretch'd on the garden's dewy ground,

In chilling midnight air.

Witness the scorn of cruel men—

The savage clamorous throng,

Which urg'd the bless'd, the lovely Lord,

With feeble steps along.

Witness the thorns—the reed—the robe—

The nails—the cross—the spear ;

Witness his last deserted cry,

And meek forgiving prayer.

Witness the copious mingled stream,

Which issued from his side,

When Christ the Lord, the kind, the good,

The great Redeemer died.

He died for all—he died for *me* :

What heart can love withhold ?

He asks *my* love—O matchless grace !—

When *his* can ne'er be told !

A

HYMN OF PRAISE.

SING to the Lord of lords a song,
Sing loud with cheerful voice ;
Sing to the Lord, each lisping tongue,
Be sacred themes your choice.

Sing to the Lord, who built the sky,
And fram'd the earth's broad base ;
Sing to the Lord, who wrought on high,
And fix'd the stars their place.

Sing to the Lord, who still is near,
And for each want provides ;
Sing to the Lord, whose guardian care
O'er all his works presides.

Sing to the Lord, who pass'd not by
His fallen creature, man ;
Sing to the Lord, who deign'd to die,
To seal his love-laid plan.

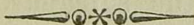
Sing to the Lord at opening day,
When beams the cheering light ;

Sing to the Lord at closing day,
When shades to rest invite.

Sing to the Lord of lords a song,
For righteous are his ways ;
Sing to the Lord, sing loud and long,
And re-resound his praise.



Part the Second.



FOR JUVENILE MINDS.

ENGLAND.

AFFECTION, from glancing around the wide
earth,

Tenaciously cleaves to the land of my birth :
The land of my birth ! where my infantile cry
Recited my wants, and procur'd a supply.

The land of my birth, where my first feeble
tread

Tript light on the carpet kind nature bespread ;
Where life's early dawn shed a lustre serene,
And griefs intermingled and checker'd the
scene.

'Tis England, renown'd !—where I fondly re-
trace

The budding of reason, and dawning of grace ;

Where much the extension of kindness, and
cares,
Has favour'd the growth and improvement of
years.

'Tis England!—the safeguard of all I hold
dear ;

Beneath whose lone cypress soft steals the big
tear—

Rever'd—whether marble or daisy-tuft keep
The spot where my much belov'd relatives
sleep.

Here earthquake ne'er rent with its *fury* the
soil,

And seldom is pestilence known to despoil,
Or whirlwind destructive to ruffle the zone,
'Tis England, O England, dear England I own.

Here rains, gentle rains her fair bosom bedew,
To swell the rich grain, and the landscape re-
new ;

The tame cattle low in rich meadows so green,
And populous cities crowd towering between.

Here laws are constructed in equity fair,
And know no distinction to peasant or peer :

Here rigour is temper'd with mercy so mild,
And justice e'en weeps as she scourges the
wild.

Here Gospel's free heralds send forth a glad
sound,

The youth are instructed, and Bibles abound ;—
And then, for thy care of the aged and poor,
O England, dear England, I love thee the more.

While commerce exalts her, Britannia the
brave

Emerges triumphant, the queen of the wave ;
And wide, as is wafted the sound of her name,
Extends her importance, her glory, and fame.

While ocean all tremulous, lashing her shores,
Propitiously rolling, from evil secures ;
And if it but threaten, how dire the alarms,
For England, O England, dear England has
charms !



GRATEFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

MY voice I raise, in thankful praise,
To God who reigns above ;

Who, ere my sight beheld the light,
First look'd on me in love.
He's kind to all his creature's call,
But *more* than kind to me ;
Then while I'm bless'd above the rest,
I should more thankful be.

Had I a claim to savage name,
Where swathes the southern sea ;
I then might own a form of stone,
And blindly bow the knee.
Or, if a God I understood ;
The notion how obscure ;
Without his book, wherein to look,
And learn his nature pure.

But well I know, from whom do flow
The comforts I enjoy ;
This book divine, I claim as *mine*—
The treasure of a boy !
O ! may I still, research HIS will
Who did the gift bestow ;
May I believe, and grace receive,
To practise what I know.

Had I been born of race forlorn,
And hurry'd o'er the wave ;

With cruel chain, I'd toil'd in pain,
A little negro slave.
Or if I had, a British lad,
Liv'd but some centuries back ;
I'd been as wild and rude a child,
As little negroes black.

But Gospel days dispens'd their rays,
The mental mist to clear ;
And parents kind, the Lord inclin'd
The infant mind to rear.
Now sent to school, and taught by rule,
Where books my hours employ ;
While teachers wise delight my eyes,
What favours I enjoy !

My voice I raise, in thankful praise,
To God who reigns above ;
Who, ere my sight beheld the light,
First look'd on me in love.
He's kind to all his creature's call,
But *more* than kind to me ;
Then since I'm bless'd above the rest,
May I more thankful be !

PITY.

EARTHQUAKES are most dreadful things !
For so historians say ;
But we've here no fatal ones—
I hope we never may.

Earth just like our cradle rocks !
And all the people quake !
(Houses upon houses fall,
And others sadly shake.)

Some are kill'd, and some are maim'd,
And some escape and run ;
But they know not where to fly,
Alas ! they are undone.

What distress, what anguish keen,
What terror seizes all ;
When the dome and store-house sink,
And works of ages fall.

Such the crash ! (but O the cause,)
While each with terror pants,
When my Arthur's little spade,
Upturns *a nest of ants !*

A HINT.

WOULD you, ye fair-ones, be despis'd
As cruel and unkind ;
As holding in a beauteous form
A strange disgusting mind ?

Then, tripping o'er the dewy lawn,
Or path divided dale,
You need but, *take a step aside,*
To tread upon a snail.



THE FLY AND THE ANT.

'TIS summer, and nature is sportive and gay,
The bright rosy beams and the soft breezes
play ;
All air teems with life, and light swarms, as
they sail,
Convulsively quiver and dance in the gale.
A fly, of more beauty than candour possess'd,
Elated, and rather more pert than the rest ;

While jesting at large, as she buzz'd round and
 round,
 Made free with some ants that were pacing the
 ground.

“What need,” she exclaim'd, “have that
 covetous crew,

For ever and ever to tug as they do ?

The glories of summer to them are no treat,
 They live but to toil, and they toil but to eat :
 The pest of the garden, so loathsome they
 crawl,

I guess, were they able, they'd worry up all ;
 We flies eat at pleasure, then gambol and play,
 And strange ! if we are not much wiser than
 they.”

An elderly emmet with patience long tried,
 Provok'd to an answer, thus meekly replied :

“The free observations which some people
 make,

Are dictated, mostly, by scorn or mistake :
 Not that I'm concern'd, after all that's been
 said,

With airy fram'd fancies humm'd over my head :
 And as for a reason, believe me, tis true,
 I only reply out of pity for you.

Nor are we so greedy as you may suppose,
 Though, as you observ'd, not a moment we
 lose :

But know, there's a season, and soon 'twill be
 found,
 When you'll neither fly, nor I run o'er the
 ground ;
 And as in this season we hope to be fed,
We think it most prudent to lay up our bread ;
 And perhaps we may snugly regale on our
 store,
 When your light fantastical tribes are no more
 For when the fierce tempest takes you with
 a sweep,
 It comes not to us—to our cabin we creep.
 Though fools may real worth in mean habit
 deride,
 And humble industry be sneer'd at by pride ;
 The maxims of wisdom are sure to prevail,
 Though soft balmy breezes and sunshine may
 fail.
 Then, when from the north the bleak winter
 winds blow,
 And we in our store-house are shelter'd so
 low,
 The better secur'd by a cover of snow ;
 We would not exchange with you insolent
 things,
 To sail with the downfall of fine colour'd
 wings."

THE NEW SILK DRESS.

“LUCY wants a new silk dress :
She shall have one when older ;
Silks are not for children fit ;
And so I’ve often told her.

“Frocks so neat, of linen white,
I’m sure are very pretty ;
Lucy ought to be content—
But won’t—and that’s a pity.

“Silk so very soon will stain,
That fruits or cakes would soil it ;
Wash it won’t to make it clean ;
And so of course must spoil it.

“Lucy wants a clean frock *oft*,
And fortune, not extensive,
Won’t admit the frequent charge
Of dresses so expensive.

“Seldom could she venture out,
And not suspect the weather ;

Storms, though not the most severe,
Would spoil it altogether.

“ But my little Missey shall—
She shall have one to tease her ;
Then farewell to graceful ease,
And pretty sports that please her.”

Lucy ventures half a smile,
But seems a little fearful ;
Thanks and kisses good mamma,
And says, “ I will be careful.”

“ O, the new, the silken dress !
How do, my little duchess ?
Let us view the lady gay—
Come, don't you be so touchess.”

Now to join a merry group,
Miss Lucy is invited ;
When admirers not a few
The silken slip excited.

Soon the feast and play commenc'd,
And silk was soon in danger ;
Care but render'd Lucy grave,
And freedom was a stranger.

Candle-light and tire, at length,
(So long by mirth surrounded)
Caution hush'd—and ere they part
Fresh cakes and fruits abounded.

Homeward bent, she hop'd the best,
Though seem'd somewhat dejected ;
But alas ! the harm was more
Than little folks suspected.

Now when Lucy's maid appear'd,
To dress her in the morning ;
Pale and pensive Lucy sat,
And view'd her fine adorning.

“ Nanny, was it so last night ?
Then did the night deceive me ;
Oranges I thought would stain,
And so they do, believe me.”

Time to dress for day arriv'd,
Though dreaded its appearing ;
Much as silk had been admir'd,
Few pleasures crown'd the wearing.

“ Nanny, do mind what I say—
Be sure you don't reveal it ;

Put my largest tie-'fore on,
You know that will conceal it."

Lucy, when some ladies came,
All dress'd in white, though older,
Begg'd to keep her dishabille,
But fear'd mamma would scold her.

Ma, who mark'd the rising blush
She did not wish to heighten,
Spar'd her looks, as she perceiv'd
The slightest glance would frighten.—

"Dear, how dull my Lucy's been!
And not a smile at parting?
Silent, now we are alone?"—
But Lucy's tears were starting.

"Out to tea but yesterday,
And not one bit of chatter?
Take aside the dishabille,
And tell me all the matter.—

"Would you like a fresh silk dress?"
So gently press'd her mother;
"No," replied the weeping girl,
"*I do not want another.*"

A FATAL DISASTER.

THREE wanton lads as e'er could be,
Who spurn'd at all advice,
Went jocund, as from school set free,
To slide upon the ice.

That winter pastimes are the best,
The rovers all accord ;
And all the fun for weeks had been
Upon the river broad.

The sprightly limb, with quicken'd step,
Enhanc'd the sportive glee ;
The merry joke and laugh bespoke
The spirits light and free.

When lo ! the sun's more potent warmth
Produc'd a gentle thaw ;
But warning swamps were not enough
To keep the youths in awe.

The fearless urchins heeded not
How wide the waves might flow !

Nor yet (conceal'd in icy mask)
How deep they roll'd below!

The courage each brave feat evinc'd,
Which each was proud to share,
Might hence, had *prudence* done her part,
Have grac'd a nobler sphere.

Let then, through all the playful tribes,
This warning timely sound:—
The ice gave way!—they all sunk in!
And every one was drown'd!



RELIGION.

THERE is (though sin hath caus'd man's fall)
A something, the concern of all;
This something I suppose they call
Religion!

The heart, I have been told's the place,
Wherein to entertain this grace;
And all that would be good embrace
Religion!

Sensations soft affect *my* mind,
 Soaring, it seeks a Maker kind ;
 Say, in these feelings do I find

Religion ?

✓ Yes, child—these feelings are a test ;
 Without this witness, never rest,
 But cherish in thy infant breast

Religion !

We need not be perplex'd with doubt ;
 But should be much concern'd about—
 (Nor are we truly bless'd without)

Religion !

O! may we tread with footsteps sure,
 The sacred road, from sin secure ;
 Then reap in bliss the fruits of pure

Religion !

✓ And when we bid this world adieu ;
 Sinking to rest with heaven in view ;
 How shall we joy that e'er we knew

Religion !

Thus if at death the Lord approve,
 Angels will convoy us above ;—
 The shining guards of all that love

Religion !

Where rob'd in white, with crowns of gold,
 We shall—while new delights unfold,
 Enjoy—when countless years are told—
 Religion!



DEATH.

DEATH! what is death?—not all the books,
 Nor men, on earth, can shew
 This something, we so little now,
 And *much*, ere long, shall know.

Sometimes in all their dire parade
 Death's harbingers appear,
 When blighted fades the bloom of youth
 Beneath disease severe.

Not so when rosy health prevails,
 When at his touch *alone*,
 The lovely ruins death pourtray,
 And make his terrors known.

Yet—death's a friend to all the good—
 The short but certain way,

Which leads them from earth's gloomy vale
To everlasting day.

The heaven-born spirit speeds her flight
Beyond the starry pole,
To vie with glorious seraphim,
While endless ages roll.

Yes, all who fear the Lord, at death
He takes with him to dwell ;
And dooms the wicked to endure
The woes no tongue can tell.

Great God ! if, ere I reach my prime,
To judgment I ascend,
Then, O, may I in thee behold
A father and a friend !



MORNING AND EVENING.

MORN.—AGAIN, my waking eyes
Salute the cheerful day ;
By sleep refresh'd, I rise,
My grateful thanks to pay. —

My grateful thanks to pay
To God, whose guardian care
Watch'd o'er me, as I lay,
And slumber'd void of fear.—

And slumber'd void of fear,
While I expos'd *might be*
To some destructive snare,
Though unperceiv'd by me.—

Though unperceiv'd by me,
Foes in array might stand;
And foes repuls'd might be—
My guard an angel band.—

My guard an angel band,
May I, throughout this day,
In awe of evil stand,
'Mid spirits pure as they.—

EVEN.—'Mid spirits pure as they,
My prayer at evening said,
My weary limbs I lay
Upon my downy bed.—

Upon my downy bed,
May no sad dream affright;

Nor flame curl round my head,
Alas! this silent night.—

Alas! this silent night,
Had I no hope in God,
How would my aching sight
Explore this dark abode!—

Explore this dark abode,
Nor dare resign to sleep;
But sweet's the gift bestow'd,
Since God will deign to keep.—

Since God will deign to keep,
I hope, through Christ forgiven,
To wake, reviv'd, from sleep—
Or else—to wake in heaven.



THE GLASS PEN.

“O DEAR! dear mamma, we were playing,
and then
Matilda let tumble her pretty glass pen!—
The pretty glass pen which you bought at the
fair,
A shilling it cost, and you thought it not dear.”

“Why that is a pity—I said, by the way,
How soon ’twould be broke, but you all said
nay, nay.

Alas! the glass pen—ah! she’s griev’d I can
tell,

Come, come my Matilda, ma knows the case
well;

Come dry up your tears, for were I to cry too,
I’m far from believing ’twould make it anew.

Do you think you can guess what ’twas made
from, my dears?

Transparent, like crystal, the substance ap-
pears;

As firm, and how *brittle* Matilda can tell—

(Alas! for the plaything, so light as it fell,)

You can’t—then you could not, I’ll venture to
say,

Were you to do nothing but guess all the day.

Well, loves, I will tell you; as I understand,

Glass is made from a compound of salt mix’d
with sand.

But listen, my darlings, ’t must be understood,

This salt is extracted from sea-weed and wood,

And all sorts of plants too, by virtue of heat;

And not like the salt which we take to our meat.

Well, then the fierce furnace the mixture must
pass,

And melt to a liquid, before ’t can be glass.

The liquid then laded, and manag'd by rule,
Sets into due fashion as it becomes cool.
The maker of bottles a little doth lade
With a tube, which he blows—and a bottle is
made.

But for all our window, and other flat glass,
The liquid is run upon tables of brass :
And then very cautious they are, to be sure,
Or they would be scalded, and that very sore.
The thickness and breadth is determin'd while
hot,

By rods, and by rollers, and I know not what.
But all is not done when 'tis safe in the mould,
Great care must prevent its too soon growing
cold.

So gently convey'd into furnace complete,
It hardens, by slowly assuaging the heat.
This, last of the process through which it doth
pass,

Is called by the makers, the *nealing* of glass.
And, but for protracted attention and care,
'Twould break of itself when it came to the
air.

Besides, many nic-nacks of glass may be made,
But rare are the artists who make this their
trade.

And if one of these with my shilling I serv'd,
Enhancing the meed which his merit deserv'd,

Who roam'd a poor exile—why then I confess,
With my loss I'm contented, nor wish it were
less.

And happy, my child, should this little event,
By being improv'd, greater evils prevent :
So catch at a hint, my Matilda, and then,
You'll *gain* by the loss of the pretty glass pen.

Fair virtue, all lovely ! a treasure, my dear,
A choice one indeed, is consign'd to your care.
A thousand endearments encircle the prize,
Where secreted deep in your bosom it lies :
Here, caution the strictest must ever prevail,
And proudly repel the soft arts that assail.
Fair virtue, all lovely !—neglect it, and then,
We've more to deplore than the pretty glass
pen.

Matilda has charms, though as yet they're
unsung ;
Hope plays well her part, for Matilda is young—
Youth beams a fair morning, and pleasure's the
gale,
When fond expectation would spread her broad
sail.

But many the changes that tend on the way,
To cloud the fair aspect of life's little day—
But many the changes, and mostly severe,
Which sport with delights, in vain pleasure's
career.

Once ventur'd, the storms you are like to abide ;
 But fear to launch out, 'tis a dangerous tide.
 If sunshine entice, and you verge to the brink ;
 Well arm'd with suspicion, Matilda must think ;
 ' How many, at length, have been wreck'd on
 this sea,
 Whose launching was joyous, and smooth as
 could be—
 That pleasures, though shining, are brittle as
 glass,
 And frail as the bubbles which break as they
 pass :
 So soon the fair charm may be broken'—and
 then,
 Record, for example, the pretty glass pen."



HARRY'S EVENING ADVENTURE.

HARRY was once a pleasant child,
 Obliging, kind, and free ;
 In disposition far from wild,
 And much caress'd was he.

Upon the neat-fenc'd home play-ground,
 Retir'd from public view ;

The social party oft were found—
The well selected too.

And in fair study's pleasant ways
And inoffensive play,
His days of youth—his golden days,
Slipt carelessly away.

But where perfection never reign'd,
No lasting bliss is found ;
Some hints, which happier feelings pain'd,
In Harry's ear would sound.

A tender father's prudent care,
For harshness he mistook ;
The wise restraint was deem'd severe—
Restraint he could not brook.

“ I shan't,” says Harry, “ hurry home
So very soon to-night ;
Just round the vill I'll take a roam,
The moon shines out so bright.”

The church-yard cross'd—the clock strikes
eight—
“ Papa says that's my hour ;
But what of that, it's not so late,
I'll have a little tour.

“ Here’s Lawless Sam, and Crafty Jem,
And Alexander Sly ;
Pa says I must not play with them,
But then I can’t tell *why*.”

From less to more, in wanton sport
Young Harry bore a part ;
But, now and then, a busy thought
Would keen conviction dart.

Chill terror thrill’d through every vein,
As loud the plaudits rung,
When Lawless vow’d access to gain,
Where golden-pippins hung.

But who so brave, to climb the tree ?
“ No coward !” is the cry ;
And try’d, as converts new *must* be,
Young *Harry’s* hoisted high.

“ And now,” say they, “ you’re mounted, Sir,
You’ll let us have our fill ;
So pluck away before you stir,
Or tell of you we will.”

When lo ! within the shady lane,
Old Farmer Grim they spy—

Then make pretence to play again,
When all at once they cry—

“ A boy a stealing apples ! see !
Holloo, holloo, holloo !
That boy is stealing apples, see ! ”
And pelt him sore they do.

Poor Harry dropp'd upon the ground,
With apples' luckless weight,
And woeful ! as he turn'd him round,
Old Grim was at the gate.

Not fam'd for mercy, I suppose,
And long provok'd 'tis true,
He freely dealt in threats and blows,
To *old* offenders due.

Then in a fit of rage severe,
He whirl'd the culprit round,
And left him speechless with despair,
Upon the clay-cold ground.

With ankle sprain'd, and clothing rent,
And body bruis'd all o'er,
Asham'd poor Harry sobbing went,
And reach'd his father's door.

The father saw, with sad surprise,
The urchin's hapless plight ;
The mother clos'd her aching eyes,
And sicken'd at the sight.

“ I shan't,” says Harry, “ soon forget
What I've so late been taught ;
And I perhaps may profit yet
From wit so dearly bought.

“ And now, if wicked boys, or men,
Should ever tempt again,
And laugh, and call me coward—then
A coward I'll remain.”



THE SALT-MINE.

WHILE some spurn dull earth for the regions
of air,
And soft balmy slumbers through glasses to
stare ;
To minute the motions revolving our noon,
Or measure the mountains that stud the fair
moon ;

Some, studious of strata, or bent upon ore,
Dig deep, and still deeper, obscurely to
pore :

And drear as the vaporous caverns, and far
As hardens the fossil, or sparkles the spar ;
Where lodges the diamond in secreted hold,
Or shines the pale silver, or glistens the gold ;
Or glows the rich ruby, or breaks to the view
The emerald modest, or amethyst blue ;
Or cluster the masses, or lengthen the veins,—
These prompt the pale miner, rewarding his
pains.

But tenants of earth, for the most part, are
seen

To bustle about on its surface serene ;
And as the employments but vary the aim,
The object in all, we presume, is the same.
And we, as we gaze on these elegant skies,
Resplendent with glory, and shaded with
dies—

And we, as we tread on this beautiful earth,
Must sigh, that great numbers are groping be-
neath.

Yet, but for their service we could not enjoy
Conveniencies great, which we daily employ.
But some have obtain'd (though we own they
are rare)

Neat, settled abodes, beyond cavities drear.

The salt-mine near Cracow* is known to impart
Magnificence, sacred to nature and art.
Through winding recesses, and dismal be-
side,
The traveller shudders to follow his guide ;
To fathom the deeply sunk, difficult bent,
Where pulleys and ladders must aid the de-
scent ;
The fancy-form'd shapes of the shadowy
dells,
His light, twinkle, twinkle, but faintly repels.
But mark, the arch-herald bemoans, ere
arriv'd,
The loss of his taper, so sily contriv'd :
Then through the dark avenues, hideously
drear,
He urges the traveller, fainting with fear,
When lo ! a new scene, a new world he be-
holds !
And scarcely conceives what the vision un-
folds.
A crystalline plain, beneath vault sloping vault,
With canopies spacious, consisting of salt ;
Illumin'd with lamps, and reflecting their
rays,
Till beauty and lustre conspire to a blaze.

* *In Poland.*

Here's roads, and here's houses, and carriages
too,

Scoop'd out of this salt rock, all brilliant with
hue.

And deep in earth's bosom (now would you be-
lieve)

'Tis just like a town, where whole neighbour-
hoods live ;

And people there's many, immur'd in salt-hives,
Who never saw *sun*-shine in all their whole
lives.

We hope the poor souls are content with their
lot,

And yet for their glitter we envy them not :
For scenes so familiar few charms can bestow,
And little the worth of the charms of mere
show.

But woe ! to the horse, neighing glad to the
soil,

Once destin'd, where sparkling charms not, to
toil.

No more o'er the fresh fertile meadows to
bound—

He snuffs the last breeze as he shoots from the
ground,

And as the fair day-light recedes from the
view,

Ah !—bids to green fields an eternal adieu.

GOOD QUESTER.

“COME, then! I won't indulge the fray,
 I've teas'd thee long; forgive, I pray,
 And hear thy canting master say,
Good Quester.

“The walk at noon, the evening glee,
 The treat when feast and taste agree,
 Doubly delight—if shar'd by thee,
Good Quester.”

The fawning chieftain's gestures prove
 The truest heart—a glance can move—
 Delightful scene! if *all* would love
Like Quester.

When unknown paths beguile my way,
 As through the devious maze I stray,
 My snuffing guide appears to say,
“Chase Quester.”

'Tis kind indeed, that God should please
 To aid our safety and our ease
 By animals—nor least of these
Is Quester.

Say, does the honest, prudent sire
A cheap and trusty guard require?
Then frugal cheer, and little hire,
Asks Quester.

When boasted friendships tamely end,
And disappointments keen attend,
I find a never-failing friend
In Quester.



ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

ALL glorious is the place,
The Temple of the Lord ;
Where sinners seek his face,
And listen to his word,
Where crowds approach his gracious throne,
And praise and bless the Three in One.

Come hither, heedless youth,
Awhile thy ear incline ;
Sweet is the voice of truth,
The theme is all divine ;
O let its charms thy heart engage
To seek the Lord in early age.

'Tis here the Gospel Sower,
Commission'd by his Lord,
Draws out the hidden store,
And throws the seed abroad ;
Till at the close, to crown the year,
The smiling fruits of grace appear.

The fierce alarm he sounds ;
While God, through his own power,
The sinner's conscience wounds,
And then applies the cure ;
Till melting hearts to Jesus move,
And all dissolve in grief and love.

The long lost son returns,
The Father sees him come,
His heart with pity yearns,
He runs to aid him home ;
His open arms invite him near,
And cheering voice salutes his ear.

The abject sinner sees
And knows his Father's face,
And prostrate on his knees,
Implores his pardoning grace ;
When lo ! the Father reconcil'd,
Embraces his returning child.

Such mutual joys abound,
In the delightful place,
Where poor lost souls are found,
And taste redeeming grace :
O happy place ! who would not go
Where Gospel tidings freely flow !



THE
LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,
Day of all our days the best.
Sacred pleasures, beating high,
Fill my heart with peace and joy,
As my waking ideas say,
“ O, it is the Sabbath-day ! ”

Thank the Lord of earth and heaven,
That another *day* is given ;
Thank him that my cheerful sight
Views again the morning light ;
Thank him more, my heart would say,
For another *Sabbath-day*.

'Tis to-day that Christians meet,
Soon they'll throng the noiseless street ;
And though different ways they go,
Christ has but one church below :
All agree to praise and pray,
On the blessed Sabbath-day.

I'll be dress'd and ready soon
For the sweets preceding noon ;
For the Temple of the Lord,
Where we hear his holy word ;
Help me, Saviour, now, I pray,
To improve this Sabbath-day.

Or, if thwarted my intent,
Or if sickness me prevent ;
If the Lord my way approve,
And a young disciple love ;
If the Lord his love display,
This shall prove a Sabbath-day.

And upon that awful morn
When no day to me shall dawn,
When pale death shall close these eyes,
May I view the upper skies ;
There to spend (Lord grant I may)
An eternal Sabbath-day.

THE
LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

AH! how soon the day is gone ;
Swiftly the wing'd hours have flown.
Yet, a savour of the past
Will, I hope, for ever last ;
For I've heard of wisdom's way,
On this precious Sabbath-day.

But, alas ! I too have seen
What a giddy child I've been ;
Yes, and I have felt, beside,
Much of vanity and pride ;
Now I grieve, and well I may,
Though I love the Sabbath-day.

Dusky evening comes apace,
Veiling nature's lovely face ;
But, amid the gloomy spheres,
Lo ! a beauteous star appears,
Whose bright twinkling beams a ray
On the closing Sabbath-day :

And though grief pervades my breast
 As I, sighing, sink to rest ;
 'Mid conviction's gloomy night,
 Hope's the star that twinkles bright ;
 For, through grace, I surely may
 Better keep the Sabbath-day.

Saviour, make my heart anew,
 Nothing less than this will do ;
 I, unless thy Spirit draw,
 Cannot keep thy holy law :
 Jesus, guide my doubtful way
 To a glorious Sabbath-day.

Heaven approves—it shall be so—
 Mercy speaks in whispers low ;
 Peace returns, a welcome guest ;
 Pleas'd and sooth'd I sink to rest ;
 Guardian angels ! by me stay—
 Fare-thee-well, sweet Sabbath-day !



ON PIOUS CHILDREN.

RAIS'D in the nursery of grace,
 Behold ! these opening flowers

Bid fair for an immortal bloom,
In Eden's blissful bowers.

Fair hope their morning streaks—they spring,
Bedew'd with love divine ;
And basking in the cheering ray,
Like polish'd gems they shine.

Hope, as she gilds the present scene,
The flag of life unfurls ;
She calculates on future years,
And points to distant worlds.

And when, O! when, in glorious clouds,
Immanuel shall appear,
To gem with saints his starry crown,
These babes shall glitter there !



THE CRYSTALLINE GEM.

NOT all the fam'd ore of the mines of Peru,
Nor India's diamonds so rare ;
Nor pearls of the ocean, exquisite in hue,
Can with the choice Crystal compare.

When innocence suffers, at soft pity's call
Its sparkling honours are shed ;
And more than resplendent its mystical fall,
Light over the sick parent's bed.

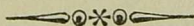
Let beauty enchanting importance bespeak,
Let smiles amid soft blushes play,
This—dashes a charm on the dimple-fraught
cheek,
More truly important than they.

Reflecting affection in mirror so true,
While friends are essaying to part,
So fondly officious, it points the adieu,
And rivets esteem on the heart.

I love the fam'd ore of the mines of Peru,
With India's diamonds so rare,
I love the fair pearls, so exquisite in hue,
From ocean's deep caverns so drear.

But take the fam'd ore of the mines of Peru,
Take India's diamonds so rare,
Take ocean's fair pearls, so exquisite in hue,
But leave me, O leave me—*the tear!*

THE SEASONS.



SPRING.

DARK! O dark, the hour of noon!
Dreadful presage! bursting soon.
Dismal howl and drifted hail
Aid the horrors of the gale;
Struggling elements contend;
When, O! when shall Winter end?—
Peace!—the storm is passing by;
Glow a milder, clearer sky;
Phœbus gilds the brightening scene,
Winds are laid—and all's serene.
Nature wakes a grateful strain,
Trembles, hopes, and smiles again:
Kindest mother—calms her fears,
Wipes away her pensive tears;
Fix'd her gaze on new-born Spring;
New displays, new raptures bring;
Infant season's softest charms
Welcome—to her wide-spread arms.

Dawn of Summer! nature's child!
Rudely civil; sweetly wild;
Dandled on the lap of day;
Cherish'd by the genial ray;
Pleas'd and lull'd as cuckoo sings,
Rock'd on zephyr's gentle wings;
Foster'd every glowing grace,
Till her footsteps we retrace;
Till her animating tread
Wakes to quivering life the dead;
Liberty's glad reign restores,
And imprison'd verdure pours.

Sprightly Spring, when skipping by,
Woodlands share the feast of joy;
Nature's tenants all divide,
Nature's glory, nature's pride.
From her wardrobe's breaking store,
Rich deposits freely pour;
Mantles wrought, and finely wove,
To the fashions of the grove;
Borders gaily spangled o'er;
Dresses never worn before;
Scenery and carpets new;
Canopy of shaded blue.
Here she draws the landscape *green*;
Few and modest tints are seen,
Primrose pale, and violet low,
Springing, shrinking, blushing blow.

There she streaks the lively hue,
Glowing in the crocus blue.
Round, exquisite honours sheds,
Cent'ring in the cowslip beds.
These, ye fleecy tribes, are yours ;
These, the Donor's love ensures :
Freely crop the tender blade,
And the flowery mead invade.
Airy sports, and music's joy,
Feather'd choristers employ ;
Perch'd on spray, or ply'd the wing ;
Fields are vocal, heavens ring.
Yonder, in sequester'd grove,
Finches warble themes of love ;
Linnets their sweet carols lend,
Soften'd notes responsive blend ;
Echo pleas'd, prolongs the strains,
Till wrapt satiety complains.



SUMMER.

HAIL! to rosy Summer's reign :
Glories vieing in her train.
Grandeur vests her splendid glow ;
Beauty her majestic brow.

As her triumph swells the higher,
Rivulets shy in haste retire—
Thunders roll to make her way—
Round her chariot lightnings play—
While the threaten'd blast of death
Verges to a milder breath.

Let me, ere the vivid ray
Gilds meridian's brilliant day ;
Let my calm reviving powers,
Wak'd before the busy hours ;
Joy, enamour'd the sweet vale
Where the lilies scent the gale ;
While the bee her task pursues,
Revelling 'midst ambrosial dews ,
And the light-heel'd, timid fawn
Paces o'er the verdant lawn.
Glowing pleasures—pleasures pure
Each delighted sense allure.
Let me here myself peruse ;
Profit from impartial views :
Meditation raise the mind
To philanthropy inclin'd ;
Passions yield to soft control,
Sooth'd, if aught can soothe the soul.

There a rank of mowers, blithe,
Ply the expeditious scythe.
Here are many new-made paths,
Green and level 'twixt the swathes.

Here I'll wander with delights,
Winding, as the lark invites.
See! methinks she hovers low—
Hark! I hear the voice of woe!
Ah! alas! poor bird! *poor* bird!
'Twas thy plaintive moan I heard.
Here's thy nest with young ones five,
Not a single chick alive;
Heads quite off, and sever'd wings—
'Twas the scythe—dear little things!—
Little thought of weapon rude,
As the mates last fed their brood,
And the hen, with downy breast,
Sooth'd her cherupers to rest.
True, the strange transition shews
Pleasure's near allied to woes.
Awful spot! be sacred hence;
Seat of suffering innocence.

Now the lads and lasses gay,
While the sun shines, toss the hay;
Till the fierce meridian heat
Bids the rustic group retreat.
Point the parch'd to juicy fruits,
Grateful acids thirst salutes.
Bounteous nature, ever kind,
Doth relief and succour find.
Pulpy cherries please the taste,
And improve the cool repast.

Still as night the noon of day;
Zephyrs soft refuse to play.
To the hedge the heifer creeps,
Chews her cud while echo sleeps.
While—the philosophic cow,
Whimseys brooding on her brow,
Studious, on her humours bent,
Courts the shallows of old Trent;
Musing o'er the curling wave,
As her feet the bubbles lave.
“Only I,” says she, “appear
Doom'd to bask in sultry air;
Misses, Masters, none are seen
To approach the faded green.
Not a hound, nor sluggish cur,
Kennel'd snug, will choose to stir:
These, at Summer-day's soft close,
Haunt me when I would repose.
Then the gadflies, tiresome things,
So torment me with their stings:
I, of service vast to man,
Fare and shelter as I can.
Heedless quite of what I ail,
Sue takes care to fill her pail;—
Night and morning, to be sure;
But I'll try to kick it o'er.”
“Prithee harkye, honest cow:
That you're kind, *all* must allow.

But, though hardships you lament,
 Don't indulge in discontent ;
 You, while man your profit shares,
 You contribute to his cares :
 He, in season drear, provides
 Fodder good, and shed besides.
 Give us milk, and, day by day,
 You shall have good grass, or hay."



AUTUMN.

TO the breast which cares annoy,
 Welcome, welcome, Autumn's joy !
 Hope, all meaner passions sway'd,
 Boding o'er the rising blade,
 Since the heavy plough's escort,
 Plodded as the furrows wrought.
 Welcome to the gaze oft seen,
 Ling'ring o'er the earing green ;
 As the eye the wave pursu'd,
 Grudg'd each foot that dar'd t' intrude,
 Ere the honours of the field
 To the well-wield sickle yield.
 Now, the bending, suppliant ear
 Only asks the reaper's care.

Fray the pilfering, feather'd flocks,
Bind the sheaves, and pile the shocks ;
Stubble drove, the waggon creaks ;
Load it well, and crowd the flakes ;
Now the wish'd-for day is come ;
" Harvest-home ! O, harvest-home !"
Hous'd the more than golden hoard ;
Circle next the smoking board :
Helpers all, partake the spoil,
Just reward of honest toil ;
Push the sparkling bowl around,
Let the merry joke abound :
Now the wish'd-for day is come ;
" Harvest-home ! O, harvest-home !"
True as evening veils the sky,
Merry gleaners clacking by,
Bear the largess, welcome load,
To the hamlet richly stow'd ;
Provident as busy ants
Laying up for future wants.

Various wholesome roots beside,
Orchard's treasure, garden's pride,
Ask attention—sue for care
To preserve 'gainst season bare.
Ere long, bow'd with presents large,
Withering stalks betray their charge :
Ladder quive the lofty trees,
And collect the fruits with ease.

Scale the loaded pear-tree's height,
Where the generous boughs invite ;
Lay the staple apples by ;
Autumn tells a Winter nigh :
Shake the purple-coated plum,
Down the fruit and foliage come !
Where the clasping tendrils twine,
Of its clusters ease the vine ;
Luscious pulps, and dropping gums,
Kernels sweet in shelly toms ;
Downy peach, and nectarine fair,
Pine delicious, crown the year !

Chilling blasts, foreboding harm,
Houseless, feather'd tribes alarm.
Some in cold and scanty times
Take a tour to milder climes :
Those the travellers leave behind
Will, we hope, a pittance find.
Hardy haws in clusters red,
Shew the chirpers shall be fed.
Little birds whom instinct leads,
Culling food from various seeds,
Know full well the good to choose,—
The pernicious to refuse :
Nature's pensioners all share
Nature's bounty, nature's care.
Now the yellow leaves abound,
Bleak winds drift the ruins round ;

Saps forsake the branches bare,
 Seek the roots, and harbour there ;
 Hail ! ye snows, that keep them warm
 Ere forth breaks the killing storm.
 Hail ! to clear and healthful frost ;
 Think not, ' pleasures *all* are lost :'
 Though the day, a transient guest,
 Hide betime in sable vest ;
 We'll embrace the moon's delay,
 To consult the Milky-Way ;
 Trace the luminaries far ;
 Call by name each twinkling star ;
 Tell how solar orbs combine,
 Gravitate, revolve, and shine.

Rivulets freeze—the cold benumbs—
 Winter threatens—here he comes !
 Wrapt in fur and wool-warm clothes,
 Creeping on with blue cold nose :
 Comfort greets the hoary sire,
 With a high-pil'd blazing fire.



WINTER.

TRAVELL'D far, still far to go,
 Ambrose pads the village brow :

Huts, but not a soul is seen,
 Drifted snows, with wrecks between.
 Anxious Ambrose, craz'd with cares,
 Checks his steps—the inn appears :
 Mark the contest, how severe ;
 Home! so distant; home! so dear ;
 Not a village lies between ;
 Not a dome for miles thirteen—
 Light as yet, and track'd the way ;
 Feet so fleet, unwont to stray,
 Mend their pace—dark clouds appear ;
 Halting Ambrose lingers here ;
 Sweet is rest, but—but—(a tear,)
 Counts his lighten'd pence again :
 “ One, two, three ; ” (a wish for ten,)
 Hesitates—resolves anon—
 Drinks a pint, and pushes on.

Hope each boisterous passion quells,
 Calms and smooths love's homeward whirls.
 Worn, as nervous vigour fails,
 Courage climbs the Alpine hills ;
 Braves the everlasting snows ;
 Daring feats affection knows.
 Fancy wing'd, outstrips the wind,
 Leaves the dreary scene behind :
 Fancy points the fond alarms,
 Ere his children twine his arms.

Home! dear home enchants:—his flight
 Notes with sorrowful delight;
 Truest Anna's wishful eyes
 Re-invoke the low'ring skies;
 Sighing oft, as oft her gaze
 Lingers o'er the whiten'd maze.

Anna, to her aching breast,
 Clasps her infant closer prest;
 Chides the wind, and sighs again—
 “Cease, my Anna, to complain;
 Long thou shalt not sigh in vain.”
 Here's the mile-stone! “miles eleven;”
 Twice two more, then, only seven.

Lo! while ply'd his frailer power,
 Changes mark the fleeting hour:
 Chaos re-usurps its reign;
 Sudden tremors seize each vein;
 Warlike horrors vengeance wage,
 Deathlike terrors spend their rage;
 Quivering hope's last glimmering ray
 Flutters o'er departing day.
 See! it comes! the tempest breaks!
 Nature's self convulsive quakes;
 Torrents upon torrents fall,
 Gusts tempestuous level all.
 Way-mark none, nor guiding ray,
 Dubious steps bewilder'd stray;

Flights of fancy all blown o'er,
 Strength exhausted long before,
 Ambrose yields—he sinks—he dies—
 Hold! he lives, as faint he spies
 Through the wreathing trees a light!
 “What is this beguiles my sight?
 Does a meteor false appear?
 Does an ignis-fatuus glare?
 Say, O Heaven! say, must I live?”
 Now, cold limbs, numb'd powers, revive;
 Starting, striving, staring true;
 Glows to his ecstatic view,
 Plac'd in low-ridge loft, the light,
 The bewilder'd to invite.
 Thither sped his footsteps sure,
 Ditches, hedges, clamber'd o'er;
 Ere his anxious longings wait,
 Mark—a peasant creaks the gate.

HOST.

Weather-beaten stranger, hail!
 Whither bound in dreadful gale?

TRAVELLER.

Five long miles, if I be right,
 Yet to go this dismal night;
 Faint, and poor, and wet, and cold;
 Me, a sufferer! *me* behold.

HOST.

Through the naked sycamore,
Peeping o'er the woodbine bower,
Supplicating stranger, see
Yonder light—come on with me :
There I hold a rustic spot ;
Strait my grounds, and small my cot ;
But 'tis snug, and warm, and dry,
We'll the shrinking fire supply.
When we've much, we know to spare ;
Those who've *less*, our *little* share ;
Happier slumbers wait our rest
When we've succour'd the distress'd.
But the heavier rains descend,
Let us hasten in, good friend. —
Now we'll change thy dripping clothes,
Thou shalt here obtain repose ;
Distant home thou canst not gain ;
Here, this dreadful night remain.
Stranger, fill the wicker chair ;
Prithee check the useless tear.
Come, my children, circle round,
Let your rosy smiles abound.
Wife, the cheery comforts bring,
Then improve the social ring.
Hark ! the rending woods resound
With a drear terrific sound :

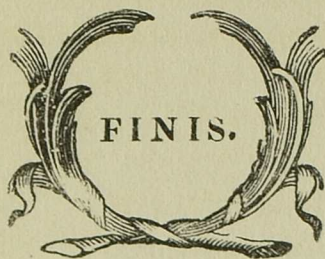
Down the pelting torrents come—
 Prais'd be Heaven! we're all at home.
 Frithee, stranger, check that tear;
 (Home! but wounds a stranger here:)
 But a tear shall sacred be
To the breast that sighs for thee.
 Welcome, stranger, to our fare,
 Welcome as my children dear;
 Winter treat, the best we know,
 Freely, gladly, we bestow.
 Up with hands and hearts to Heaven;
 Grateful all, for blessings given;
 Thousands are, I fear, distress'd;
 We are screen'd, and fed, and bless'd.
 Hark! the rending woods resound
 With a drear terrific sound:
 Down the pelting torrents fall—
 Happy—we are shelter'd all!
 Once again, ere we retire,
 Trim the lamp, recruit the fire;
 Careless how the winds complain,
 Cheer the batter'd hut again."

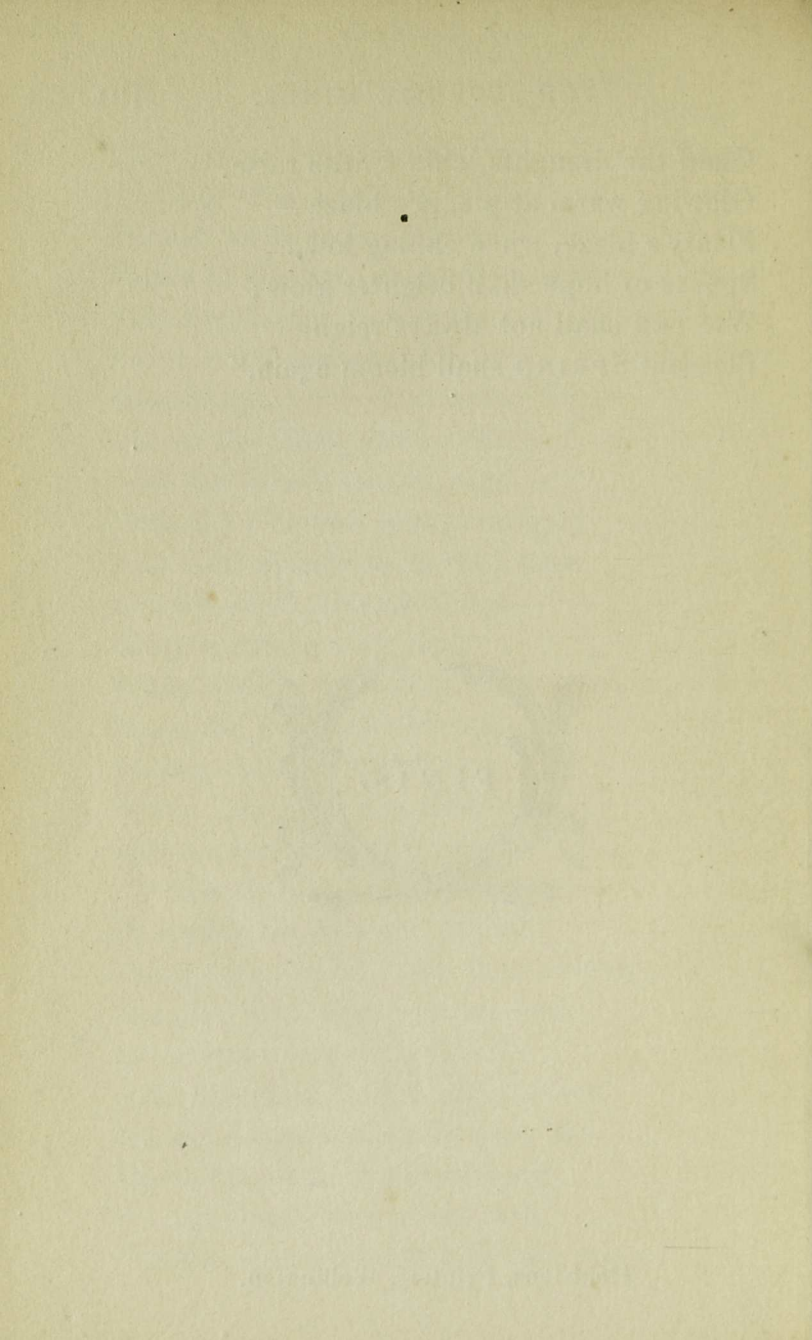
Hearts attun'd to friendship's flow,
 Retrospect, how busy now,
 Drawing themes from far-fled years—
 Smiles as often dash'd with tears.
 Then—for where content abode
 Void of pomp, *devotion* glow'd—

Then (as well became 'em) all
Worship God, and him extol :
Though no consecrated pile
Points to Heaven—no peopled aisle
Aids the flowing praise and prayer,
Sweet as incense-scented air,
Heaven approves ; and mercy free
Cheers the lonely *two or three*.
Now the Bible's sacred page
Doth the attentive group engage ;
And their artless notes they raise
In a hymn of grateful praise—
Song in unison with soul,
While shrill sounds responsive howl.
Song, the interrupted song,
Feelings stifled, stifled long ;
Stifled long, still win their way,
Still implore, and still repay.

“ Gentle pity ! misery's friend,
Drooping nature's call attend ;
Haste thee—need, more than severe,
Sues for more than wonted care.
Once again, ere we retire,
(Dim the lamp, but bright the fire,)
Heedless how the winds complain,
Haste thee—fill the bowl again.
Stranger, welcome to our fare,
What we have, thou need'st not spare ;

Quaff the draughts, chill spirits raise,
Glowing warm at plenty's blaze—
Plenty's blaze, when ebbing low,
Sparks of hope shall brighter glow ;
WINTER shall not always reign—
Pleasant SPRING shall bloom again."





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