

THE NEW
ORIGINAL POEMS

FOR
THE INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUNG.

COLLECTED BY CLARA HALL.

Editress of "Affection's Offering," "Parlour Stories," &c. &c.

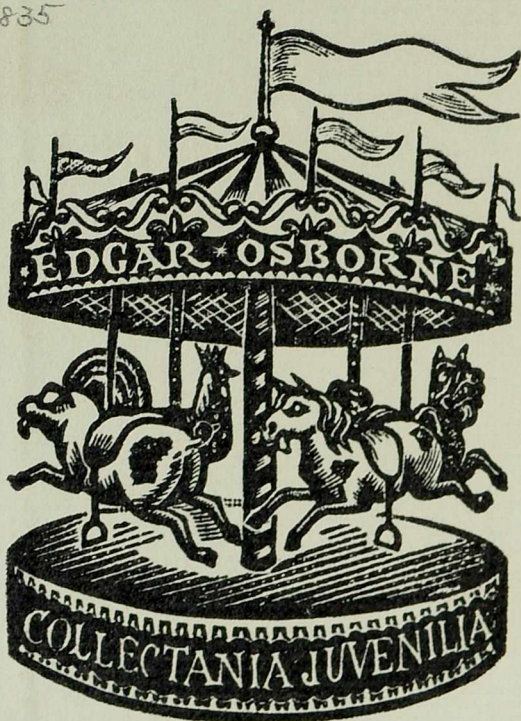
WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:
EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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ca. 1835



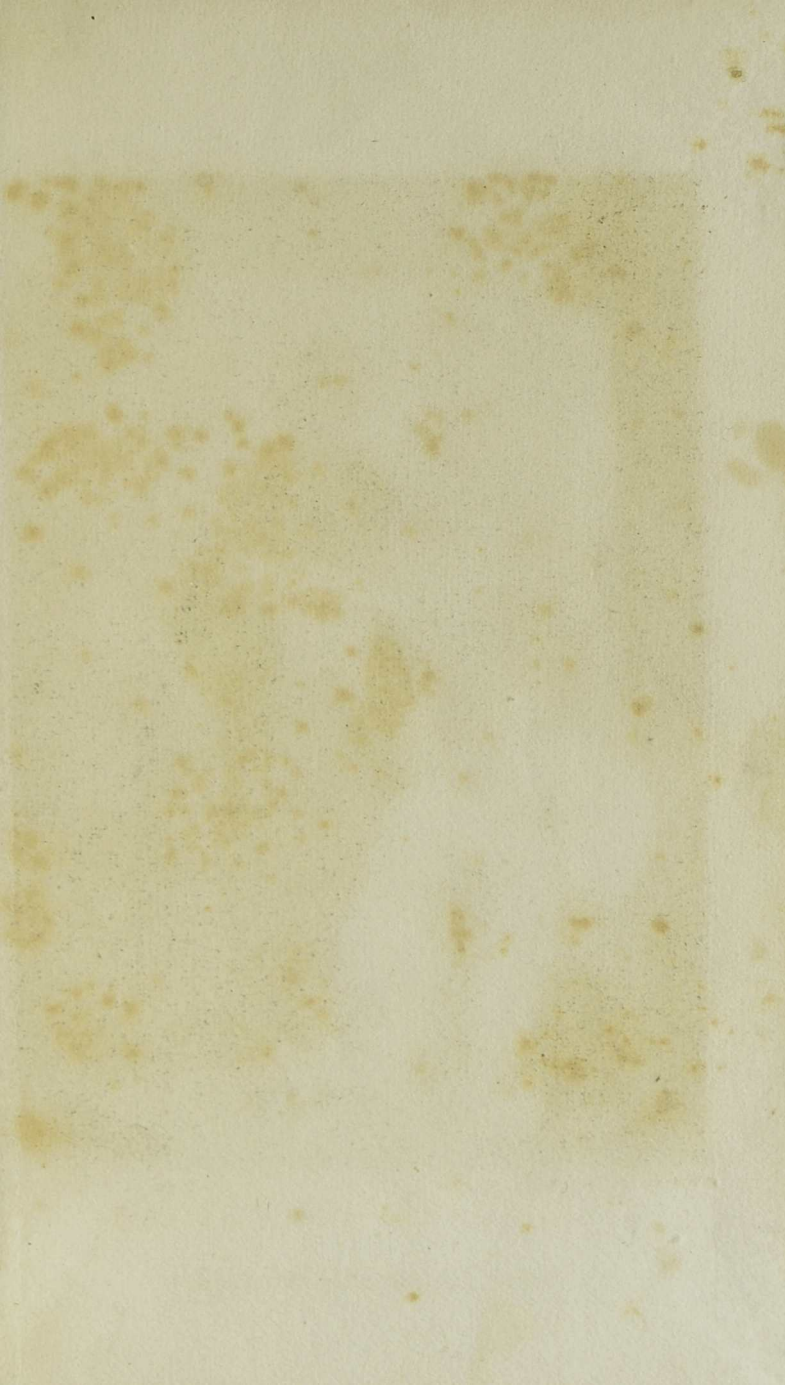
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Elizabeth Anna Lee

1839







Drawn by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by E. Portbury.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

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PREFACE.

NEW ORIGINAL POEMS are presented to my Young Readers, accompanied by a sincere wish, that they may profit by what is herein contained: a considerable portion is of a devotional character, which, it is hoped, will be a recommendation rather than otherwise; and is selected (by the kind permission of friends) from various sources, for which I beg most respectfully to thank all, as well as for some new Contributions.

CLARA HALL.

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THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M. A.

GREAT Father, blest and hallowed be thy name!
They told me when, not sad and lone as now,
A happy child before thy throne I came,
That light and mercy from thy altars flow—
That thou from hour to hour dost ever shed
The dew of blessing on our path and bed—
And when the sun shone bright and skies were
 fair,
I knew the Lord that made the heavens was there.

But now I hear thee when the darksome night
And fearful winds have made me lie and weep,
And pray that soon it may again be light,
Since none care now to bless me ere I sleep.—
Even as the birds their nests, when storms are
 near,
I seek thee in my sorrow and my fear;
And then I weep no more, but seem to rest
In my own home, and on my mother's breast.

O, Father of the fatherless! I pray
 That thus thy love may ever bless my path,
 Guard me at night and guide me in the day,
 Nor let stern men come near me in their wrath!
 And, gracious Father! as the small spring flowerst
 Bloom thankfully, when thou dost give swee
 showers,
 The Orphan's heart not sterile all will be,
 But wake and live in thankfulness to thee!

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

Oh come, beloved! let me hear
 Thy light step greet my listening ear,
 Rustling along the turfy glade,
 While Hesper glows amid the shade;
 For with the faintest flush of day,
 Oh, we must part—far—far away.

LITTLE SAMUEL.

BY SAMUEL HOWITT.

THE child was young,—a tender thing
 About a mother's neck to cling,
 Upon a mother's hearth to bound,
 And scatter joy like sunshine round;

A thing which care and sorrow mocks,
 With loving eyes and sunny locks;
 And innocence, so soft and sweet,
 That round it all affections meet.

Dear child!—and he was bought with sighs,
 With prayers and inward agonies;
 And with a pledge, and with a vow,
 That wait fulfilment even now.

Behold the beasts for sacrifice!
 With gushing tears his parents rise:
 They kiss—they bless—they quit the door,
 And drive the oxen on before.

And lo! 'tis come!—the hour to part :
Back turn the parents—sore at heart ;
And leave before heaven's awful king
That tender, weeping, wondering thing.

Ah ! that dread temple's mighty dome
Is now his only—lasting home :
Unconsciously he walketh near
The God of thunder and of fear.

But gladly, freely may he bound
That dreadful dwelling's courts around ;
Though terrors brood its spires above,
Love glows within,—Heaven's tenderest love.

And though afar—in distance dim—
Still wakes a mother's soul for him ;
Still watches, and from year to year,
With gifts and gladness travels here.

Behold the exulting mother stand !
A little coat is in her hand :
Its every thread in love was spun,—
'Twas shaped in blessings for her son.

O blessed child! O mother blest!
What joy and glory on you rest!
In sorrow did she ask, and lo!
God's mercies stream and overflow.

Already, in the midnight hour,
The Spirit of Eternal Power,
From heaven descending, deigns to pour
On that sweet child its prophet lore.

And soon, on his advancing youth,
The tribes shall lean in love and truth;
Wide, wider shall his fame expand,—
Judge, prophet, father of the land.

Lo! now the sacred oil he brings,
Creating Israel's earliest kings;—
Now rends away a monarch's crown—
Now calls Heaven's awful thunder down.

O blessed child! O mother blest!
On you what joy and glory rest!
For him all grace and good that shine,
Are thine, proud mother, tenfold thine!

THE LITTLE VILLAGER.

Oh, 'tis a bright morning that brings on the day,
 And the buds are all blooming in nature's
 wild bowers ;

Sweet child of the village, be happy and gay,
 For hope is with thee, child, as well as the
 flowers.

'Tis thy spring-time of life, and no winter hath
 yet

Ever sorrow'd thy heart, ever sadden'd thy
 brow ;

And, oh ! when the sun of thy summer hath set,
 May it leave thee as happy and tranquil as now.

Thou art playful and thoughtless, — and so
 shouldst thou be,

For care and reflection are not with thy
 years ;

But time will bring many a sorrow to thee,
 And the smiles of thy cheek will be follow'd
 by tears :

Still may Hope, like the sun that is shining
above,

Shed its joy-giving influence on all that you do,
Be the guest of thy bosom, the one cherish'd
love,

Making all you behold appear happy and true.

LINES

TO A FLOWER BLOWING AT MOONLIGHT.

It is the hour, it is the hour,
When she, my lovely evening-flower,
That only with the dewy night,
Unfolds her beauty to my sight,
That loves the cooling evening breeze,
Should blossom 'neath the linden trees ;
Fed by these tears that nightly fall,
O'er hopes and joys fled past recal.

THE FILBERT NUT.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Lucy to her grandsire came,—
 “ Do not, sir, my boldness blame,—
 Once you said, that all which grows,
 From the bramble to the rose,
 All that springs in grove or field,
 Would a useful lesson yield.

“ Walking underneath the screen
 Of a hedge-row, high and green,
 This my brother William found,
 Pluck'd, and lying on the ground.
 'Tis a filbert. Can you preach
 On the doctrine it will teach ?”

Nought at first the Grandsire said,—
 Smilingly he shook his head.
 Lucy, laughing at the view,
 “ Cried, “ I think I've puzzled you.”—
 “ Do not triumph yet, my dear,
 We shall find a lesson here.

“ First, the outer husk survey,—
This is learning’s early day;
Rugged, to the palate sour,
Type of many a toilsome hour:
’Tis a rough, but needful skin,
Wrapping all we prize within.

“ Lo, the shell! a nearer guard,
Close and compact, firm and hard.
Care and perseverance too,
This requires to lead you through,
Lest your tender teeth you break,
Or the painful search forsake.

“ This, I think, displays to youth
The written page of Gospel truth:
Learning leads you first to this,—
Then conducts you on to bliss.
Deeper treasures lie concealed,—
Forward, they shall be reveal’d.

“ Here a mantle we have found,—
This unfolds the kernel round.
Taste it, ’tis a worthless thing,
Quite unmeet for nourishing.
Sad indeed your case, my dear,
If the search be ended here.

“ Knowledge may be earned with pain,
Yet be profitless and vain.
Many, in an evil hour,
Take the form without the power :
Such religion cannot give
Food on which a soul may live.

“ Fling it by, and cast your eyes
On the real, the precious prize ;
All the rest we count but dross,
For the doctrine of the Cross :
Helps they may be, but no more,—
This the Christian’s dearest store.

“ Round, unbroken to the eye,
Emblem of eternity :
Thus Redemption—it began
Long before the race of man ;
Older than the solid earth,
Everlasting in its birth.

“ Here, in spotless hue, are seen
Saintly garments, white and clean :
Purity, a glorious dress,
CHRIST’S unsullied righteousness ;
May it in our lives be shown,
Sanctified, and made his own !

“ Eat the nut,—’twill not suffice
Feasting on it with our eyes ;
Not alone with beauty graced,
Sweet as honey to the taste,
Not for man too weakly mild,
Nor too solid for a child.

“ Love is idle, hope is dead,
Till on JESUS we have fed :
While Himself he deigns to give,
Eating Him, by Him we live.
Bread of life ! by faith alone
Can we make that food our own.

“ Thus, my Lucy, he hath put
Teaching in a simple nut ;
Graved upon each flowery sod,
See the wisdom of your God.
May it in your bosom shine,
With the beams of truth divine !”

COTTAGE VESPERS.

FAR in the west the mountain's head
 Peers through a curtain rosy red ;
 Over the lake the village bell
 Breaks on the evening silence well :
 The reaper in the field since morn
 Spares for a time the bending corn ;
 All sights and sounds in earth and heaven
 Proclaim the rest that GOD hath given.

There's one has been abroad all day,
 Who through the forest comes this way ;
 He loves the spreading sycamore
 Which fronts our little cottage door :
 Beneath its boughs the table trim
 Is spread with harvest cheer for him.
 Bless'd are the fingers that prepare,
 With their best skill, his humble fare !

My blue-eyed girl, thy flowers are here,
 Within this goblet tall and clear ;
 My fair-hair'd boy, thy fruit is piled
 On leaves most natural and wild.

God bless thee, girl ! God bless thee, boy !
And fill your father's heart with joy,
When, after labour's sultry hours,
He tastes this fruit and scents these flowers.

“ Mother, he comes ! His path to see,
I climbed the bare old hawthorn tree.—
Now, sister ! now !—our speed be tried,
Who first shall reach our father's side !”—
Glory to Him who spreads above
A boundless canopy of love,
That shades, as does this sycamore,
The lowly threshold of the poor !

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A LOVELY LITTLE GIRL.

BY A MOTHER.

STILL her tones of endearment breathe sweet on
my ear—

Still fancy will picture her melting blue eye;
And, oh! every smile to my heart was so dear,
I could not believe my lov'd Mary would die.

Oh my Mary! thou dear little angel of light,—
On earth thou wert all that an angel could be—
The last thoughts of my bosom thou art ev'ry
night,—

The sigh of the morning is prompted by thee.

When the still lapse of time shall have soften'd
the woe,

That rends the fond heart of a mother for thee,
From my lips the warm praise of thy beauties
shall flow,

For, oh! they will ne'er be forgotten by me.

When the father, whom Mary so sweetly
resembled,
Can hear her dear name without wounding his
breast,
I may tell him how often I tenderly trembled,
For the fate of the beautiful flow'r I prest.

For oh ! thou wert claspt to the heart that now
mourns thee,
With all the affection a mother's had known ;
How often these arms have endearingly borne
thee,
While soft round my neck thou didst circle
thine own.

Thou wert the bright sunshine that chased away
sadness,—
Thou wert the fair spirit of peace and of love,—
And thine was the laughter of innocent gladness—
An angel in beauty—in softness a dove.

And do I then weep that my Mary possesses
Transcendantly more than to angels are given ?
Oh, could I but soothe the wild throb that
oppresses
My heart—I'd not wish to recal her from
heav'n.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THOUGH lofty Scotia's mountains,
 Where savage grandeur reigns,
 Though bright be England's fountains,
 And fertile be her plains :
 When 'mid their charms I wander,
 Of thee I think the while,
 And seem of thee the fonder,
 My own green Isle !

While many who have left thee,
 Seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me
 Of its endearing claim.
 Afar from thee sojourning,
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still " Mavourneen,"
 My own green Isle !

Fair as the glittering waters,
Thy emerald banks that lave,
To me thy graceful daughters,
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh, there are hearts within thee,
Which know not shame or guile,
And such proud homage win thee,
My own green Isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee,
Mavourneen,—though unseen:
Bright be the sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green!
May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken, nor defile,
But heaven for ever bless thee,
My own green Isle!

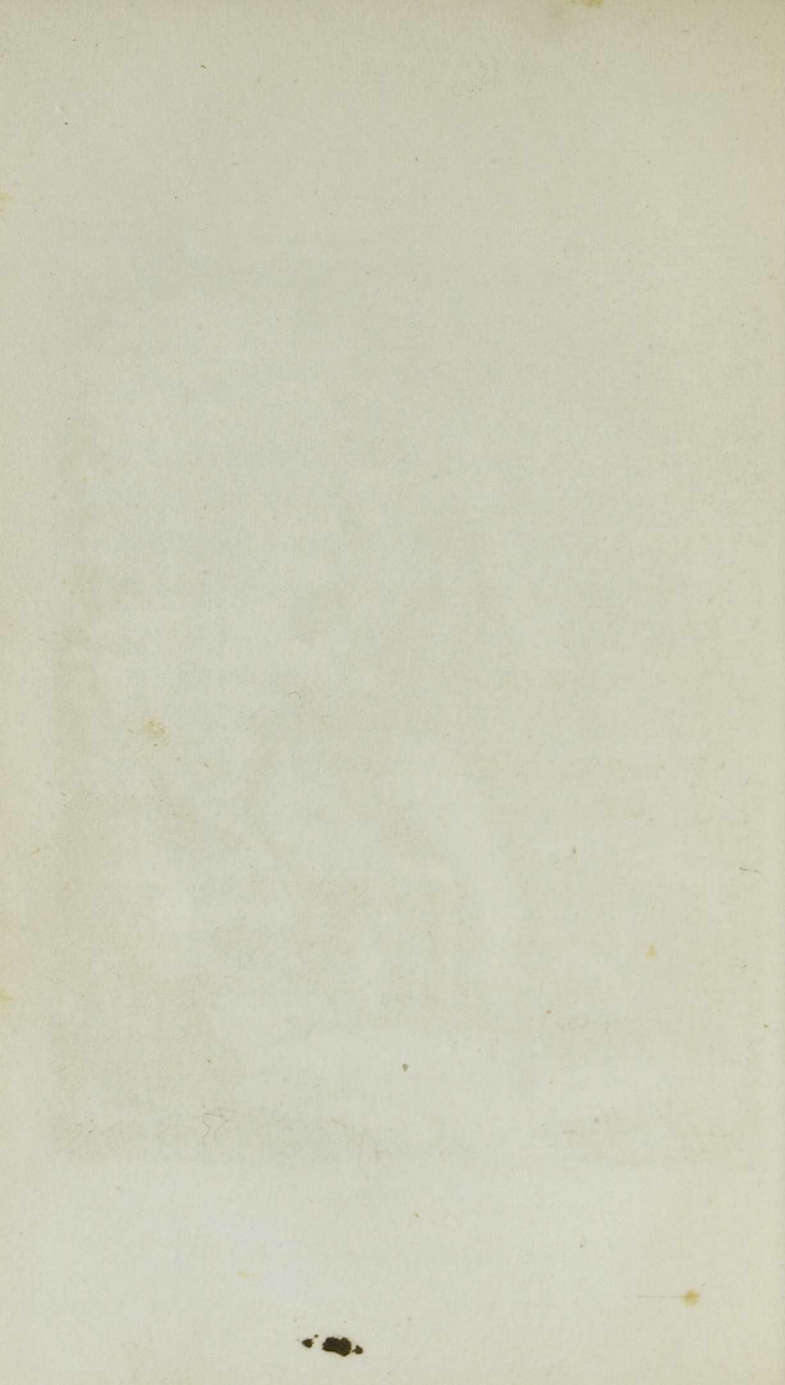
TO MY INFANT BOY.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

COME, little smiler ! I have heard men say,
That in the looks of children one may trace
The destiny of years—turn then this way,
And I will read thy fortune in thy face.
And now that I have shaded gracefully
Those silken curls, that a glad brow conceal, 't
Lavater would have worshipp'd, and thine eye
On mine is smiling—what doth it reveal?
My own within that magic glass appears
Reflected bright; and there fond hope hath cast
All that we love and wish—gleams of far years
That scatter flowers—with sunshine at the
last !
Go then, fair child—how happy shalt thou be !
A father's wishes are thy destiny.



A Fathers wishes are thy destiny.



HYMN.

BY MRS. OPIE.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower ;
There's not a bird upon the tree ;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower ;
But bears the impress, LORD ! of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone :
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes ; dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all
The smallest, like the greatest things ;
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim thee king of kings.

But man alone to bounteous heaven,
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise ;
To favoured man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise !

THE WALL-FLOWER.

BY THE REV. J. H. TOWNSEND.

THE rose and lily blossom fair,—
 But all unmeet for sorrow's child ;
 They seek the bower and gay parterre,
 As if for mirth alone they smil'd.

The cowslip nods upon the lea ;
 And when wild wreaths the green lanes dress,
 The woodbine blooms, but not for me,
 For these are haunts of happiness !

I will not seek the mossy bed,
 Where violets court soft vernal showers ;
 For quiet there reclines her head,
 And innocence is gathering flowers.

The Wall-flower only shall be mine !
 Its simple faith is dear to me :
 To roofless tower and prostrate shrine
 It clings, with faithful constancy.

And, prodigal of love, blooms on,
 Though all unseen its beauties die,
And though for desert gales alone,
 Breathes fragrance sweet as Araby.

O, there appears a generous scorn
 Of all requital in its choice!
The thousand flowers that earth adorn,
 In earth's exuberant stores rejoice.

It only seeks the freshening dew,
 Imparting all, when nought is giv'n;
Raised above earth, as if it drew
 Its only nutriment from heaven.

O thou, whose love is all to me,
 'Tis for thy sake I love the flower;
And truly it resembles thee,
 As I the lone and ruin'd tower.

Thou know'st that in my desert halls,
 The pride of youth and hope is o'er;
That sunk, defaced, my crumbling walls,
 Repose or shelter yield no more.

Yet on this dark and dreary pile,
Thy love its fragrant wreaths have hung ;
And all it asks, is still to smile,
Bloom, fade, and die, where once it clung.

THE CREATION.

THIS earth at first was dark and void,
A formless chaos, unenjoyed ;
And on the waters, yet unproved,
God's own eternal Spirit moved :
He spake the word, dispell'd the night,
And at that word, behold ! 'twas light !
He formed the firmament on high,
And built the arches of the sky !
Restrain'd the sea within its bound,
And fenced the roaring billows round.
He kindled up the glorious sun,
And roll'd his burning chariot on ;
Form'd the fair moon to cheer the night,
And spangled heaven with stars of light.
At His decree the fruitful earth,
To grass and herbs, and trees, gave birth ;

Field, hill, and dale, in verdant dress
Display'd their native loveliness.
The creatures next heard his command,
And rose created by His hand :
The hosts of earth, and sea, and sky,
“ That walk, or creep, or swim, or fly.”
But first, and chiefest in his plan,
God formed, “ in his own image,” Man,—
Female and male, a matchless pair,
With full dominion, vast and fair.
Pleased with His six days' work HE stood,
HE bless'd it, and pronounced it good.

THE FALL OF MAN.

AMID yon silent myrtle grove,
Say who are they who pensive rove?
Their downward eyes on earth they keep,
And, as they wander, seem to weep.
Ah! these are they who yestermorn
Pluck'd the sweet rose without a thorn,
With guileless heart and godlike powers,
In blooming Eden's holy bowers.

But now they feel affliction's rod,
 For they have disobey'd their God,
 And sin and death, and dire disgrace,
 Entail'd on all their fallen race.
 How trembling at His call they come,
 And from their MAKER hear their doom!
 "What hast thou done, thou sire of men?
 Duped by thy wife to stray and sin!
 To eat the fruit, through Satan's cheat,
 Whereof I said, 'Thou shalt not eat.'
 Hence, for thy sake, be curs'd the ground,—
 Let thistles, briars, and thorns abound:
 Thine be the task, with sweat and toil,
 To till a rude, ungrateful soil,
 Till to the dust (thy final bourn!)
 From whence thou cam'st, thou shalt return!"
 "And thou, frail woman! doom'd to grieve!
 In sorrow and subjection live,
 Till thou thy husband's lot shalt share,
 And but with life resign thy care."
 "Nor thou, O serpent! tempter vile!
 Shalt 'scape the penalty of guile:
 Dust shalt thou eat, and base and low,
 Prone in the dust shalt grov'ling go.
 Betwixt the woman's seed and thee,
 Shall reign eternal enmity:

Thy offspring on their heel shall tread,
But her's shall bruise thy fated head."
Pass'd is the sentence. Forth they go,
Poor aliens in a world of woe!
Chas'd by the terrors of their LORD,
Behind them flames the Seraph's sword.
The gate is clos'd! With pangs anew,
They bid the bowers of bliss adieu.

THE FLOOD.

ALAS! the day of grace is past!
The hour of vengeance comes at last,
By righteous Noah long foretold,
To sinners profligate and bold:
Who mock'd at what the preacher taught,
And set the wrath of Heaven at nought.
The lightning gleams—the skies are dark—
And ready stands the finish'd Ark,—
Whilst in, at every open door,
The creature pairs obedient pour.
The Builder last—with those he loves—
The providential refuge proves—

He leaves th' unrighteous to their fate,
And God's own hand secures the gate.
The charging clouds, by thunder rent,
Have giv'n their struggling torrents vent ;
A thousand water-spouts rush down,
To flood the plains, and vallies drown ;
The rivers scorn their bounds to keep—
The fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up ; and o'er the tide
The bulky Ark begins to ride.
Down—down the current, deep and strong,
Ten thousand corpses float along !—
While all the skies wild clamour fills,
Ten thousand wretches climb the hills ;
Or from some rock's o'erbeetling brow,
Survey a ruin'd world below !—
As still the rising waves extend,
The mountain pines and cedars bend ;
Now in the flood their heads they hide,
And now are seen above the tide.—
The last of mortals quits his hold,
And down the vast abyss is roll'd !
The last faint cry assails the ears,
And the last mountain disappears :
The pulse of life is felt no more,
Beneath that sea without a shore.

LINES SPOKEN BY A CHARITY GIRL.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

ANOTHER year hath fleetly roll'd away,
 Since last we hail'd this heart-awakening day,—
 A day when gratitude and love o'erflow
 From bosoms throbbing with the thanks they
 owe;
 Then, let them in their native order free
 Speak the warm language of sincerity!

Friends of the friendless! whose relieving care
 Hath shaped our minds, and made them what
 they are;
 Ye guides and guardians of our infant days,
 Accept the homage of recording praise:—
 For kind instruction and enlightening truth,
 For hallowing wisdom, harmonized to youth,
 For each bright aid to dawning reason given,
 And every light that leads us nearer heaven,—

Too deep we feel, for language to impart
The treasured thanks that kindle round the
heart!

And you, benignant patrons of the poor,
Whose affluent love we oft have felt before,
Still may the throb of generous feeling wake,
And Pity smile for her Redeemer's sake!—
Is there a mother who has rock'd to rest
The babe she pillows on an anxious breast?
Is there a father who has known how dear
The fondness proved by each parental fear?
Then each will feel the peril of a soul
To darkling ignorance doom'd, without control;
Each hand will hasten to a deed of love,
And point the pathway to a world above!

Who came to lift us from our primal fall,
Crown'd CHARITY the queen of virtues all,
The grace and glory of a christian mind,
The God reflected o'er distress'd mankind!
And, oh! perchance, at this prevailing hour,
Some Saint reclining in his starry bower,
Through each warm tear he dropp'd for human
woe,
In mem'ry hovers o'er this scene below:

Perchance, some youthful seraph who has proved
How dear, when all this fading world, removed
By death or sickness, dwindles from the day,
The hopes that brighten round a heavenward
way,—

On viewless wings hangs watching o'er us now,
To hear each prayer, and consecrate each vow;
To bless the hearts whose bounty he hath
known,
And chant their triumph round th' Eternal
Throne!

SWISS HOME-SICKNESS.

Translated from the last of the Tyrolese Melodies,

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHEREFORE so sad and faint, my heart?
The stranger's land is fair;
Yet weary, weary, still thou art,—
What find'st thou wanting there?

What wanting?—All, oh! all I love!—
Am I not lonely here?
Through a fair land, in sooth, I rove;
But what like *Home* is dear?

My Home!—oh! thither would I fly,
Where the free air is sweet,
My father's voice, my mother's eye,
My own wild hills to greet.

My hills, with all their soaring steeps,
With all their glaciers bright,
Where in his joy the chamois sleeps,
Mocking the hunter's might.

Here no familiar look I trace,
I touch no friendly hand;
No child laughs kindly in my face,
As in my own sweet land.

TO AN INFANT.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

“ Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

WORDSWORTH.

LOVELY Infant ! thou art sleeping,
 Whilst the evening shadows close,—
 Whilst the silent dews are weeping
 O'er thy spirit's mild repose ;
 Whilst the twilight star is shining,
 Like an angel from the west,
 Thou, sweet babe, art now reclining,
 Hush'd in slumber's quiet rest.

Beauteous Infant ! thou art dreaming,
 Ere the night is o'er thee spread,
 And each quiet star is beaming
 From the sky above thine head ;
 See the shadows of the even,
 Gliding slowly to the west,
 While the azure hue of heaven,
 Peaceful tints thy tranquil rest.

Joyous Infant ! thou art waking,
To the morning's early ray,
For the golden sun is breaking
Through the eastern clouds of day ;
Thou shalt wake to infant gladness,
And to joy, until the west
Shall again, with shade and sadness,
Bring to thee the hour of rest.

Happy Infant ! thou art thinking
Only on the dreams of joy :
May thy heart be kept from sinking,
Should it feel life's cold alloy.
Be HIS blessing ever with thee,
Who alone can make thee blest ;
May HIS mercies full and freely,
Guide thee to HIS home of rest !

FILIAL REMEMBRANCE.

Henry and his Sister viewing their Mother's Picture.

REMEMBER you, my sister dear,
 This semblance of a friend sincere?—
 The dearest of all earthly friends,
 That gracious Heav'n in mercy sends!
 One who for us such care display'd,
 And for our welfare watch'd and pray'd:
 Adorn'd with every nameless grace,
 In *this our Mother's* features trace.
 This token of maternal love
 Her hand bestow'd, when first to rove,
 Her Henry left his native shore,—
 To see her *living* face no more!
 But, whether on the boist'rous flood,
 In strife of storms, or fields of blood,—
 This treasure have I still caress'd,
 And cherish'd at my beating breast.
 The sacred charge still let us keep,
 And view it oft, and o'er it weep;
 And while our mingled tears shall flow,
 Her memory no decay shall know.

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF THIRTEEN.

FLOWER of a day ! how proudly bright
 Thy beauties met the morning light !
 Thy purple disk so richly glowing,
 Thy tendrils green so lightly flowing ;
 Oh ! who could view a fairer flower,
 In woodland shade, or cultured bower ?

Where is that early splendour flown ?
 Where are those tints of radiance gone ?
 Did the soft zephyr, as it sprung
 Sweet beds of balmy flowers among,
 Brush with light wing thy bosom gay,
 And bear the pencil'd hues away ?
 Did the bee steal those colours bright,
 To deck some other favourite ?
 Or is thy gorgeous mantle fled
 With the clear dews that bent thy head ?
 Once lovely bloom, so faded now,
 How like to human pride art thou !

Children of beauty, wealth, and power,
Like thee, may shine one little hour ;
The next, they fall,—and who can save ?
Their power, a name,—their wealth, a grave.

Yet, hallowed flower ! though thine a reign
Shorter than all thy sister train,
With loftier honours wert thou bless'd,
With holier marks wert thou impress'd :
On thee had Nature's pencil true
Her Saviour's sufferings brought to view ;
The cross on which for us He bled,
The thorns that crown'd His sacred head,
The nails that pierced for us alone,
The glorious rays that round Him shone ;
And last, the Twelve, a faithful band,
Who round their heavenly Master stand.
So let the Christian's fervent breast
With the same image be imprest ;
In days of grief, in hours of pride,
Remember how his Saviour died ;
Nor fear to think how short, how vain,
The joys of Life's uncertain reign !

LINES

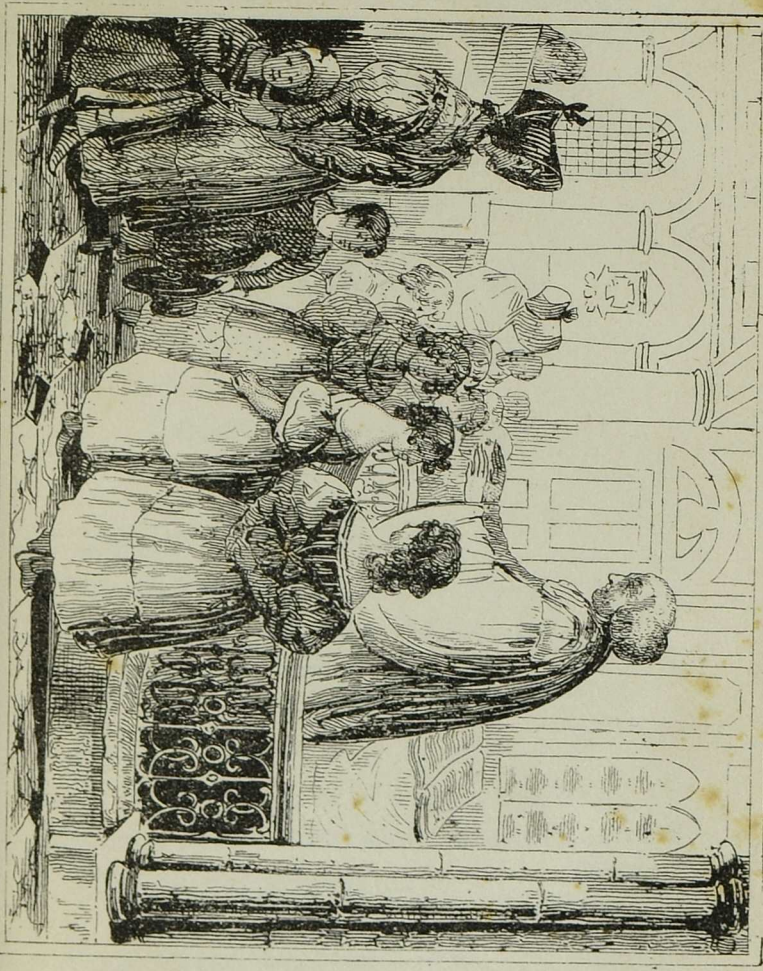
ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY IMMEDIATELY
AFTER CONFIRMATION.

WILT thou forget, when lowly bending
Before the altar's sacred throne,
The awe and fear alternate blending
With hopes and joys before unknown?

Wilt thou forget the holy feeling,
When on thy head the man of God,
With hands impress'd and eyes appealing,
A blessing ask'd, deplored the rod?

Wilt thou forget thy bosom's thrilling,
As pass'd thy lips the binding vow,
That hence the Christian's path fulfilling,
Thou ne'er to vice thy heart would bow?

Wilt thou forget when once more kneeling,
To share the pledge of love divine;
The blissful awe, the rapture stealing,
That mark'd that pledge of mercy thine?



Oh no ! bound to thy heavenly calling,
God's holy servant thou wilt prove ;
Go blest ! no fear of death appalling,
Bright fix thine eye on realms above.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away !”

COME to the land of peace !
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease !

Fear hath no dwelling there !
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air !

Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned for ever !—midst that shining band,
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back once
more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long-bereft!

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And oh! bright victory—death by love no place:
Come, Spirit, to thy God!

SONNET.

I THINK of thee ! when ev'ning flings
Her length'ning shadows o'er the plain ;
And sleep descends, on downy wings,
To soothe awhile the couch of pain.

I think of thee ! when Cynthia pours
Her silvery light on vale and lea ;
Yes, in those calm and peaceful hours,
My heart still fondly turns to thee.

Whene'er thy favourite strain I hear,
(That strain for ever dear to me :)
Oh then, too well the starting tear
Bears witness that I think of thee.

I think of thee ! when joy and mirth,
And song, and dance, and youthful glee,
Are circling round the cheerful hearth,
When all I love are there, but thee !

I think of thee ! when mem'ry wakes
A sigh for joys that may not be ;
Oh, then ! this lonely bosom aches,
This fond heart bleeds, at thought of thee !

And when before our FATHER'S throne,
To seek for grace and strength I bend,
And make my wants and sorrows known,
For thee, my pray'rs to Heaven ascend.

Whene'er the day of rest returns,
And in HIS courts I bow the knee ;
With solemn thoughts my bosom burns—
Yet even there, I think of thee !

I love to think, that while I join
With those who chant the sacred lays,
Thy voice, perhaps, unites with mine,
To swell the general song of praise !

But most I love to think of thee,
When Faith can point to worlds above ;
And trust a rest remains for me,—
The purchase of Redeeming Love !

This thought shall make my sorrows light,—
That thou, ere long, that rest wilt share :
If aught *could* render Heaven more bright,
It were—the hope to meet *thee* there !

E. L.

THE EIGHTH PSALM.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS SKURRAY, B. D.

LORD ! when I contemplate the skies,
And mark the sun at noon,
Or in the night direct my eyes
To planets, stars, and moon, —

My soul, o'erpower'd by the view
And grandeur of the plan,
Can scarce believe the record true,
That thou regardest man.

Thou madest him of less degree
Than angels round thy throne,
To give him immortality,
And make his glory known.

To him the trust Thou didst confide
 O'er all Thy works to reign:
 O'er sheep and oxen to preside,
 And all the bestial train.

The birds, that through the ether tower,
 Or perch upon the spray,
 Confess Thy delegated power,
 And his viceregal sway.

The inmates of the deep proclaim
 That rule to man is given—
 O LORD! how glorious is Thy name
 In Ocean, Earth, and Heaven.

MOTTO FOR THE BIBLE.

BY J. MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

BEHOLD the Book, whose leaves display
 JESUS, the life, the truth, the way;
 Read it with diligence,—with prayer!
 Search it, and thou shalt find HIM there.

FILIAL PIETY.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

“ THY wish, thy words, dear youth, have power,
But love hath holier power in me—”

Moved by his plea, the maid began,
“ If I should leave my aged sire,
Who then would bless his cottage fire?
A poor and friendless man!

“ My mother in the church-yard lies,
The pride, the treasure of his prime;
Nor am I valued less:
In me he finds the lost restored,
To cheer his hearth, to bless his board—
I am his happiness!

“ An aged tree upon the waste—
His pleasant summer shade is gone,
All save one solitary bough;
Oh, many happy souls were his;
And he was blessed in their bliss—
To feel more lonely now.

“ Then woo, dear youth, some happier maid;
One more devote to follow thee
O'er mountain, and o'er wild;
I may not wander forth from him;
His locks are grey, his eyes are dim—
I am his only child.”

“ I love thee more,” the youth exclaimed,
“ I love thee more and more
For clinging thus to age;
Heaven grant thee, in thy far decline,
'Midst hearts as fondly true as thine,
To close thy pilgrimage.”

The youth is gone unto the wars;
The maid is by her father's fire,
And now her tears more freely flow:
The old man cannot see her tears,
But then the maiden's sighs he hears,
And marvels why 'tis so.

For, from her very childhood up,
Her step was light, her heart was gay,
And ever joyous songs she sung:
For ever with her gladsome voice,
That made his lonely heart rejoice,
Their lonely dwelling rung.

There is a change, he feels a change,
And yet he knows not why :

And Ellen now perceives his fears ;
And she, to stay the old man's tongue,
Doth sing—a melancholy song
That endeth in her tears.

“ What ails thee, child? why dost thou grieve?
I know that thou dost strive and toil,

But then my days can be but few :
And He who looketh from above
Will bless thy patience and thy love,
With love as strong and true.”

“ You wrong me, father,” Ellen cried ;

“ You are my only solace now ;
Your death were woe to me ;
For he whom I so fondly loved,
Whose truth in poverty was proved,
Is gone beyond the sea.”

They pause, and then they weep together,—
And tears have power to soothe and bless ;

And Ellen's heart is lighter grown :
The old man's soul is in his youth,
And he has told of love and truth,
In grievous trials known.

Years pass—and she has closed his eyes ;
And she has wept upon the sward
That wraps his lifeless clay ;
And from the wars the youth is come,
To find her in her mournful home,
And turn its night to day !

THE WIDOWED MOTHER'S MONITOR.

Six playful summers had he seen,—
The widow'd mother's only boy,
Her care, her playfellow had been,
The last dear spark of life and joy.

None ever caught his glancing eye,
But long'd to look on it again :
“ Heaven bless thee ! ” breathed the passer-by,
And churlish hearts rejoined, “ Amen ! ”

Did HE who gave the treasur'd bliss,
But grant it as a taste of heaven,
To teach of better worlds than this ?
Alas ! 'twas only lent, not given.

E'en in the spring-tide of his day,
When closest to her heart he clung,
He pined and sickened slow away,
The widow's wail his death dirge sung.

Now, most forlorn, she sits alone,
There where she watch'd his heartfelt glee;
While mem'ry brings with every groan
Her boy's gay laugh of extacy.

Nor faith, nor hope, can reach her there,
Death is before her, round her still:
That aching heart can raise no pray'r,—
Those streaming eyes ne'er cease to fill.

—'Tis that still hour when all should sleep,
And bless, in dreams, kind Nature's care!
—What form is that, which seems to weep,
And stands in lowly sorrow there?

It bears her boy's transparent brow,—
His soft round lip may there be seen;
But ashy white its coral now,
For Death has breath'd where life has been.

Yet, 'tis her boy! Oh, was it woe,
Or was it joy, that shade to see?
A moment ceas'd her tears to flow,—
“ Com'st thou, my boy, to comfort me ?”

“ Oh, mother! look upon my shroud,—
'Tis ever wet with tears of thine!
Past is the time for grief allow'd,—
Now heav'n's bright hope again should shine.

“ Oh, mother, let me rest in peace,
Till on thy breast again I lie;
And let it make thy sorrow cease,
That thou shalt hope, not fear, to die.”

Bless'd as the ray that paints the bow,
When God's own word to man is given,
Was that sweet voice that bade her know
She should behold his face in heav'n!

A SONG FOR THE MORNING.

OH, come! for the lily
 Is white on the lea;
 Oh, come! for the wood-doves
 Are paired on the tree:
 The lark sings with dew
 On her wings and her feet;
 The thrush pours its ditty,
 Loud, varied, and sweet:
 We will go where the twin-hares
 Mid fragrance have been,
 And with flowers I will weave thee
 A crown like a queen.

Oh, come! hear the throstle
 Invites you aloud;
 And soft comes the plover's cry
 Down from the cloud:
 The stream lifts its voice,
 And yon lily's begun
 To open its lips
 And drink dew in the sun:

The sky laughs in light,
Earth rejoices in green—
Oh, come, and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen.

Oh, haste, for the shepherd
Hath wakened his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blackberry's ripe :
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme ;
The gay maiden's tilting
An old bridal rhyme :
There is joy in the heaven,
And gladness on earth—
So come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth.

THE WOOD LANE.

I KNOW a lane thick set with golden broom,
Where the pale primrose and tall orchis bloom;
And azure violets, lowly drooping, shed
Delicious perfume round their mossy bed;
And all the first-born blossoms of the year,
That spring uncultur'd, bud and flourish here.
Oh, 'tis a lovely spot! High over head,
Gigantic oaks their lofty branches spread;
The glassy ivy, the rich eglantine,
The rambling briony, and sweet woodbine,
Fling their fantastic wreaths from spray to spray,
And shower their treasures in the lap of May.
Here the blithe blackbird trills his matin song,
Till woodland dells his bugle notes prolong;
And the gay linnet, and the airy thrush,
Responsive whistle from the hawthorn bush;
Near, though unseen, the lonely cuckoo floats,
And wakes the morn with his complaining notes.
Here the shy partridge leads her yellow brood;
And the majestic pheasant from the wood
No longer dreads the cruel fowler's gun,
But sports his gorgeous plumage in the sun.

'Tis passing sweet to rove these woodland bowers,
When the young sun has shed on leaves and
flowers

A tender glory, and the balmy thorn
Spreads his white banner to the breath of morn—
Sporting a coronal of living light,
Strung from the dew-drops of the weeping night.

'Tis sweet to trace the footsteps of the Spring
O'er the green earth—to see her lightly fling
Her flowery wreaths on Nature's breathing shrine,
And round the hoary woods her garlands twine ;
To hear her voice in every passing breeze
That stirs the new-born foliage on the trees.

'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds arise
At early dawn—to gaze on cloudless skies—
To scatter round you, as you lightly pass,
A shower of diamonds from each blade of grass ;
And while your footsteps press the dewy sod,
“ To look through Nature up to Nature's God.”

LINES WRITTEN AT OLNEY.

BY THE REV. J. PARRY.

OLNEY ! thy name is hallowed by sweet song :
 And midst the silence of these autumn woods,
 Thy minstrel's spirit seems to linger yet,
 As when, in other days, a sojourner
 Beneath this poplar shade, he raised the hymn
 Which told his love for nature ; whilst he bathed
 In hues of poesy " the proud alcove,"
 And the " well-watered land." 'Twas here his soul
 Found its meet resting-place. From this retreat
 He " gazed on the great Babel ;" whilst his harp
 With tones all solemn as the strains of him,
 Hilkiah's son, who poured the wild lament
 For Judah's widowhood, would lift afar
 The warning of its music, and essay
 To rouse a heedless multitude to thoughts
 Of holiest things. Here, too, on lighter themes
 His fancy revelled ; and 'twas here his heart,
 In the deep solitude, when hope seemed gone,
 And all around was dark, held communing

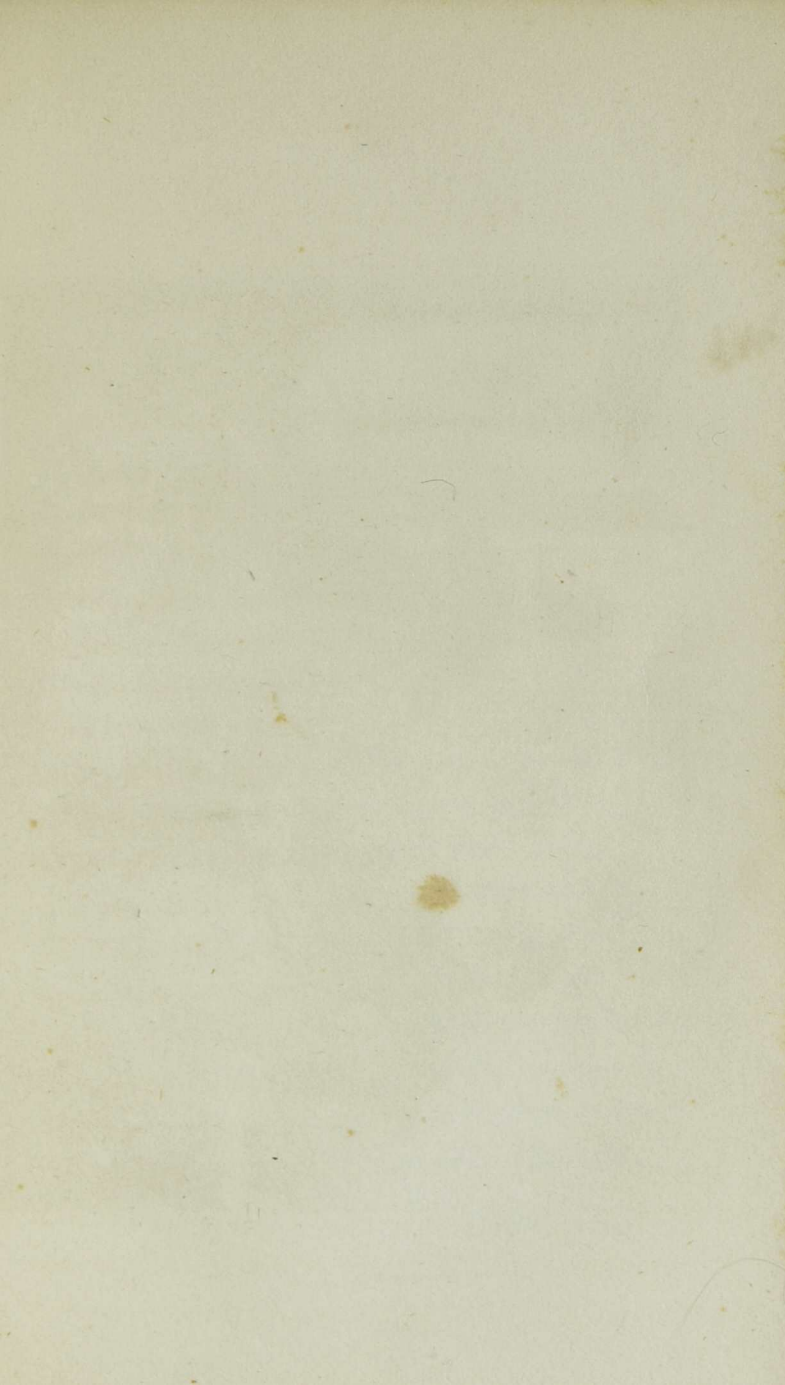
With HIM, whose spirit sees us in our woe,
As in our gladness; and can sanctify
Affliction's visitings; and breathe the calm
Of heavenly peace within the mourner's soul.

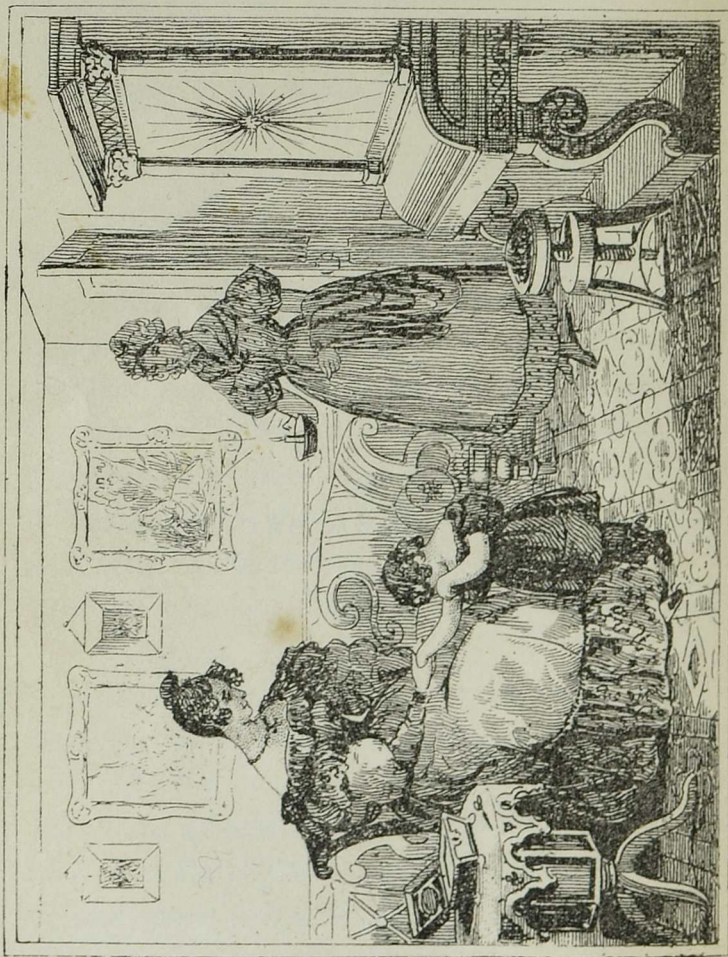
Tread then these paths with reverence—ye, to
whom

A poet's memory is dear; whose hearts,
Undeafened by the usage of the world,
Can feel the joyance of these woods and meads,
And the clear Ouse—ye! who are well content
To leave awhile the city's pomps and crowds
For nature's glories. And should there be one,
A wanderer here, whose heart is filled with doubts
And fears, the bitter fruit of deeds gone by;
Here let him quaff that living Fount, whose
streams

Had healing virtues for the minstrel's soul.
Here let him think—here pray: and the same
Power

That in its graciousness assuaged the pangs
Of COWPER's spirit, shall speak peace to his.
So shall these walks be consecrated still
To heavenly purpose; and within their bounds
Religion and the Muse keep watch, and prompt
The heart to all things lovely, all things pure.





SONNET.

THE ORPHAN CHILD RETIRING TO REST.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

SLEEP, blessed being! child of promise, sleep!
 Thine infant cares, thy baby griefs lay by;
 Fruit of the blameless day thou now may'st reap,
 Nor things unhallow'd meet thy slumbering eye.
 Thou art an orphan child;—yet do not weep,—
 God shall inspire some hearts with love to thee:
 Some eye a wakeful ministry shall keep,
 Though lonely in the world thou seem'st to be,
 Fear not—a thousand spirits long to plead
 The cause of heaven within thy gentle breast;
 Thy parents are earth's noblest ones, her best;
 Immortal feelings, helpers of thy need.
 To strike out music from the hardest heart,
 To aid our holiest musings,—is Thy part.

CHANGE.

We say that people, and that things are changed ;
 Alas ! it is ourselves that change ; the heart
 Makes all things round the mirror of itself.

WHERE are the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
 That haunted your homes and your hearts in
 the spring ?

Where is the sunshine of earlier hours ?

Where is the music the birds used to bring ?

Where are the flowers ?—why thousands are
 springing,

And many fair strangers are sweet on the air ;
 And the birds to the sunshine their welcome are
 singing,

Look round on our valley, and then question
 where ?

Alas ! my heart's darkness ; I own it is summer,
 Though little 'tis like what it once used to be ;
 I have no welcome to give the new comer,
 Strangely the summer seems alter'd to me !

'Tis my spirits are wasted, my hopes that are
weary;

These made the gladness and beauty of yore;
To the worn and the wither'd e'en sunshine is
dreary,

And the year has its spring, though our own
is no more.

L. E. L.

THE MOTHER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

HAPPY woman, who hast bound
Love within a magic round
Of home duties, and the ties
Of thy true heart's sympathies !
What to thee is daily care,
Early waking, homely fare,
Arduous toil, and watchings late,—
What?—Thy being's useful state,
That which makes thee what thou art,
Beautiful, and pure of heart !

God hath given thee to fulfil
Duties; and thy cheerful will
Doeth well the part assigned;
 And thy days of labour hard
 Bring abundant rich reward;
Strength of body, peace of mind!

Woman, oft on such as thou,
With thy calm, maternal brow,
With thy heart, whose holy spring
Knows no wild disquieting,
Do I look, even with a sense
Of admiring reverence :

 With a wish that I, like thee,
Had no restless yearnings fond
Towards what is our grasp beyond—
Had no eagle thought impelling
Onward, upward—that the welling
 Of my soul's strong tide could be
Like thine own, a stream that flows
Ever, yet no tumult knows !

Blessing to the Power benign,
Who warms that mother's heart of thine,
 And hath made thy soul's delight
 Thine own children in thy sight,

And doth give, like morning dew,
The good thy spirit clings unto !
Blessing be to God ! for he
Hath many mothers made like thee—
Many spirits, whose calm worth,
Like spring sunbeams on the earth,
Makes a bliss where'er it shine !

Go, thou happy one, and cast
Light thy children's home around :
Fame has nothing that can last
Like the peace thy heart has found !
Go, thou art not poor, though lowly,
Thy life's wealth is duty holy ;
And the ceaseless joys that rise
From thy heart's warm charities,
These are better than the blind
Dreamings of a stronger mind !

GRIEF.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

A SUDDEN gloom came o'er me,
A gathering throng of fears
Shrouded the path before me,
And through the mist of tears
I saw the coming years.

'Tis strange how transient sorrow
The mental sight deludes ;
To-day the world is dark—to-morrow
No saddening shades intrudes
To tinge our brighter moods.

I heard the low winds sighing
Above the cheerless earth,
And deemed the hope of dying
Was all that life was worth,
And scoffed at human mirth.

From that wild dream awaking,
And through the clouds of care
The spirit's sun-shine breaking,
I marvell'd how despair
Could haunt a world so fair !

THE MINSTER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SPEAK low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer:
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air;
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !

—Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow-glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's
tomb

Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing
Mighty as forest-sounds when winds are nigh;
Nor yet for torch and cross, and stole, revealing
Thro' incense-mists their sainted pageantry;
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and
power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have
pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around:
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head!
And thou, still battling with the tempest's
force,
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time
hath bled,
Speak, wounded Love! if penance here, or
prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair.

No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past no trace!
—Doth not this hush give answer to my quest?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest!
—Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Heaven a spot, thus pure, and still, and
deep!

FROST SCENE.

THE keen, clear air—the glorious sight!
We waken to a world of ice,
Where all things seem enshrined in light,
As through some Genie's quaint device.

'Tis winter's jubilee! This day,
His stores their countless jewels yield:
Look! how the diamond flashes play,
In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, bare spot, where late we ranged,
The naked groves, are seen no more;
This earth to fairy land is changed,
With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

A shower of gems is strewed around,
The flowers of winter, rich and rare ;
Rubies and sapphires deck the ground ;
The topaz, emerald, all are there.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
His powerless splendour round us streams ;
From crusted boughs, from twinkling sprays,
Fly back, unloosed, the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair,
The trees in winter's garb are shown ;
A dazzling halo melts in air,
Around their crystal branches thrown.

And yesterday—how changed the view
From what then charmed us;—when the
sky,
Hung with its dim and watery hue
O'er all the soft still prospect nigh.

The silent groves, arrayed in white,
Might then like things unreal seem,
Just shown awhile in silvery light,
The fictions of a poet's dream.

Like shadowy groves upon that shore,
O'er which Elysium's twilight lay,
By bards and sages feigned of yore,
Ere broke on earth, Heaven's brighter day.

Oh, God of Nature! with what might
Of beauty, showered o'er all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright,
Earth's wanderers, all thy love to know!

RESIGNATION.

A HYMN.

BY MRS. OPIE.

MY path, O Lord, is clouded o'er,
Lone, dreary, dark, appears my lot,
But while to me life smiles no more,
Although I mourn, I murmur not.

For oh! this contrite, broken heart,
Must in thy wrath, thy mercy own;
And though my tears in anguish start,
They flow from conscious sin alone.

Then let my path be clouded o'er,
Let gloom o'erhang my future lot ;
Thy justice I shall still adore,
And though I mourn, must murmur not.

Yes—all thy “ waves have o'er me gone : ”
“ The weeds are wrapped about my head ; ”
“ Thy water floods ” are rolling on,
Thy thickest night is round me spread.

But still, great God ! in this dread hour,
With thankful heart I meet my lot ;
Thy justice own, my sins deplore,
And though I mourn, I MURMUR NOT.

A MOTHER'S LAMENTATION

OVER HER DECEASED INFANT, WHO DIED IN A
CONVULSION FIT.

SWEET, lovely Innocent ! well may thy Mother
mourn !

But twelve short months have pass'd, sweet babe,
since thou were born !

Those days the happiest were of all the days I've
seen—

But now, alas, my child ! alas, how chang'd the
scene !

Fair as the morn thou wert ! as blooming as a
flower

In Nature's gayest season !—but one fatal hour
Has chill'd in ice my darling swiftly-flowing
blood,

And check'd the op'ning flower, and nipt it in
its bud.

Ah, cruel, cruel Death! destroyer of my joy!
A wretched mother asks thee, tyrant, for her
boy!

But no, remorseless Death! my prayer thou
wilt not heed,

Nor care, nor pity take, how much my heart
may bleed.

Ah, say, why didst thou suffer him to draw his
breath?

Why not congeal his blood, and close his eyes
in death,

As soon as born? and not have given to me to
sip

The cup of sweet delights, to dash it from my
lip?

Oh! with what flattering hopes I charm'd my
doting mind!

What fairy prospects rais'd—what pleasing views
design'd!

But ah! like castles built amidst the air, they're
fled;

For he who gave them being, lies before me—
dead.

Oh, whilst my darling's here then, let me snatch
a kiss—

'Twill give my aching heart a melancholy
bliss:

And though his clay-cold lips remind me of my
grief,

'Twill yield a momentary, though a sad relief.

Alas, my child! in vain thy mother mourns
thee dead!

In vain thy hapless father seeks thee in his
bed!

From earth thou camest, dear—to earth thou
must return!

Alas! how short the time thou didst with us
sojourn.

To Heaven's bright blissful regions thou hast
fled,—

Thy poor frail body only, not thy spirit, dead—
There thou shalt live for ever, free from grief
and pain,—

And there I hope to meet thee, ne'er to part
again.

Now to th' All-righteous God, whose will on
earth be done,
With patient calmness I resign my first-born
son :
Nor shall a worthless worm of God's decrees
complain,
Because the life he gave, he wills to take again !

YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

OH, beautiful is youth !
How often, as it passes by,
With flowing limbs, and flashing eye,
With soul that not a care has crossed,
With cheek that not tint has lost ;
How often in my heart I cry,
How beautiful is youth !

Sweet youth ! sweet youth ! no need
Hast thou of such a mould,
Of such an air as sculptors old,

On god, or goddess cast,—that thrilled
With life, with thought; with beauty filled!

In simplest form thy power is shown—
Thou sweet—almighty youth!

Oh generous youth! thy gifts,
How freely are they thrown!

What humble creature has not known
The radiant eye's all-liquid light:
The skin's pure freshness, soft and bright;
The glittering locks, the joyous tone?
Oh happy! happy youth!

And yet thou art to me
A melancholy sound!

At once thy name doth bring around
The fairest forms—the dearest things—
The hours that took the spirit's wings!
Words—places—brightness that hath found
A memory sad and dark!

Oh youth! had I no hope
To share thy good once more,
Methinks I should despise the lore,
The garnered thought—the wisdom deep,
In which dim age the soul would steep,
The fruit which proves the flower is o'er,—
And worship thee with tears.

But, blessings on a golden faith !
I see the everlasting hour,
When back thou com'st in all thy power ;
With friends and freedom, joy and grace ;
With blessings from each time and place :
Life, love, and thou our triple dower—
Oh happy, happy youth !

SONNET.

Now with a fonder love, and warmer prayer,
Than erst in hours gone by, again I raise
A song of joy for thee ; and as in days
Departed we were ever wont to share
Each smile and tear, and mingle every care,
So hear once more, beloved, the hope that plays
Unchanged around my heart, and sheds its rays
Upon thy onward path ; whether it wear
The aspect of delight, or sorrow give
The semblance of a woe, yet in thy breast,
Guileless and pure, unnumber'd joys shall live,
Safe in HIS love who makes his followers blest ;
And still in heart and mind I'll share with thee
Those joys—the earnest of eternity.

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