POETIC GEMS.

ONE SHILLING.

Embelor
Lynn —

[Skill was at, Swaffham
first.]

Mr in Stewart C

LOVEWELL BLAKE,
FELLOW OF THE INSTITUTE
OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS,
HALL QUAY CHAMBERS,
GREAT YARMOUTH.

1st (done) reprinting
of the Studious mechanic
from Essays in Rhyme
by Jane Taylor

The Library of J. B. Clarke

POETIC GEMS

FOR YOUTH;

SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE FROM FAVORITE AUTHORS.

YARMOUTH:

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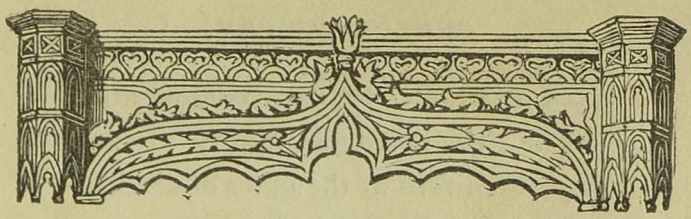


SELECT POETRY.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And say,—"Behold he prays."

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Montgomery.

THE NEW MOON.

When as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
'T is passing sweet to mark,
Amid that flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things —
The hopes of early years ;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that, like a rainbow, chase
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
Comes out upon the air ;

And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight
Glitters that pure emerging light,
For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lover's walk,
And tenderest is their murmur'd talk,
Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in heaven.

Bryant.

THE BIRDS.

Occasioned by a Nest being destroyed, and the Birds sitting over the spot for some days.

Shame on the rude unpitying heart
That dared thy nest destroy,

That little recks of parents' smart,
  But quells thy notes of joy.
Mourn, songster, mourn thy desert nest,
Thy young ones dead, thy mate distrest—
Poor pair! ye mourn and linger yet,
  Still musing o'er thy home;
Oh, cannot ye the grasp forget
  That sentenc'd you to roam?
Haste away, and lull your grief,
Find in lonely bower relief;
Sad complainer! cease thy cry,
Swiftly to the greenwood fly, ;
Seek the loveliest, deepest glade,
Buried low in leafy shade;
There upon the topmost tree,
May'st thou build at liberty;
There thy feathered friends among,
Freely may'st thou chant thy song;
There all worldly turmoil quelling,
Joy and love shall fill thy dwelling!
Happiness on thee and thine,
Through thy leaf-thatch'd roof shall shine;
Far from danger, safe from fear,
Sportive children shalt thou rear.

Foolish mourner ! hie thee home,
Never more from wild wood roam,
Seek no more man's haunts below,
His toil for nought — his crime, his woe !
Spar'd his misery and sin,
Blessed loss is thine to win !
Who, fond bird, with thy swift wings,
Would linger sad in courts of kings ?
O that I could care defy,
From every mortal trouble fly !
Heaven-bound traveller — sorrow free,
Fain my heart could envy thee !
Spirit glad on pinion wild,
Freedom's own unfetter'd child !

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Oh, what is Pleasure, in whose chase,
Life's one brief day is made a race
    Of vanity and lightness ?—
A star,—to gaze on whose bright crown,
We wait until the sun goes down,
And find when it has o'er us shone,
    No warmth in all its brightness.

And what is Friendship?—That false flower,
Which spreads its leaves at day-light's hour,
And closes them at eve!
Opening its petals to the light,
Sweet-breathing while the sun shines bright,
But shut to those, who midst the night
Of doubt and darkness grieve.

And what are Hopes?—Gay butterflies,
That on the breath of fancy rise,
Where'er the sunbeam lures them;
For ever, ever on the wing,
Mocking our faint steps following,
And if at last caught, perishing
In the grasp that secures them.

And what is Fame?—The smile that slays,
The cup in which sweet poison plays;
At best the flowery wreath
That twines around the victim's head,
When midst sweet flowers around it spread,
And harps and timbrels' sounds, 'tis led
Melodiously to death.

And our Affections,—what are they?
Oh, blossoms smiling on the spray,
All beauty and all sweetness;
But which the canker may lay bare,
Or rude hands from the branches tear,
Or blighting winds leave withering there,
Sad types of mortal fleetness.

And what is Life itself?—A sail
With sometimes an auspicious gale,
And some bright sun-beams round it;
But oftener amidst tempests cast,
The lowering sky, the howling blast,
And whelmed beneath the wave at last
Where never plummet sounded.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

A Sparrow on a lime tree's bough
Observ'd a chafer feed below;
With sudden spring, he seiz'd the prize,
Nor heeds the suppliant's pain or cries:
"Peace, says the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."

A keen-ey'd Hawk the sparrow spies,
Sharpens his beak, and downward flies
To seize the prey. Oh spare me, spare,
The prisoner sues, but vain his prayer:
"Peace," says the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, but strong am I."

An Eagle next the hawk descried,
And fix'd his talons in his side;
Grant me my life, in friendship's name,
He cries, your trade and mine's the same:
"Peace," cries the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."

A Fowler last the eagle found,
He shot and brought him to the ground;
The king of birds had only time
To ask, what, tyrant! is my crime?
"Peace," cries the murderer, "thou shalt die,
For weak art thou, and strong am I."

TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby! sleep!
  Not in thy cradle's bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest—
  But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
  Baby, thy rest shall be;
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
  Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
  Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow,
  Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace, peace! the labouring bosom,
  Labours with shortening breath—
Peace, peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
  Those are the damps of earth.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
  A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
  Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,
  Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
  Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,
  Thy soft lip quivering,
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose-leaves) there
  Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
  Young Spirit! haste, depart—
And is this death? dread thing!
If such thy visiting
  How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
  Upon that waxen face;

So passionless! so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling place.

Thou weepest—childless mother!
Aye weep;—'t will ease thy heart—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first—thy only one,
'T is hard from him to part!

'T is hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then waken'd with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull heart-sinking weight,

Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
  That thou art desolate.

And then to lie and weep,
  And think the livelong night,
(Feeding thy own distress
With accurate greediness)
  Of every past delight;—

Of all his little ways,
  His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
  And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
  Round mothers' hearts that cling,
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
  With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother,
  In after years look back,

(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say my first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go;
And yet for thee, I know
'T was better to depart.

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men,
And, oh! beloved child!
I'm far more reconcil'd
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that prest,

Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lull'd thee on my breast?

"Now (like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,)
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of Love—
The Everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'T was on the border of a stream,
A gaily painted tulip stood,
And gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
  Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
  In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
  Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
  And thus in empty fancy swells:—

"Oh, lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
  Fair painting of a hand divine!
Superior far to mortal doom,
  The hues of Heaven alone are mine!

"Away, ye worthless, formless race!
  Ye weeds that boast the name of flowers!
No more my native bed disgrace,
  Unmeet for tribes so mean as your's!

"Shall the bright daughter of the Sun,
  Associate with the shrubs of Earth?
Ye slaves, your Sovereign's presence shun,
  Respect her beauties and her birth!

"And thou, dull sullen evergreen!
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade!"

"Deluded flower!" the myrtle cries,
"Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
The meanest shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.

"That daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year;
Blush on the snow of Winter's gloom,
And bid the smiling Spring appear.

"The violet, that those banks beneath,
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

"E'en I, who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining tints possess'd,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

"And he, whose kind and fostering care,
To thee, to me, our beings gave,
Shall near his breast my flow'rets wear,
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

"Deluded flower, the friendly screen,
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.

"But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
No more by virtue need be done;
I now withdraw my dusky shade,
And yield thee to thy darling Sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam,
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the scorching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came with dews so cold,
The wanton beauty ceased to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more shall close,
Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale,
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

Langhorne.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

You have asked a poetical strain
Some page of your Album to grace,
But, alas! my poetical vein
Will that beautiful Album deface.

In days that have vanished away,
The radiance of Fancy was mine;
But, alas! it has long ceased to play
Round the head of the grey-haired divine.

But all has not vanished with youth,
And, dearest Eliza, I know

That the language of Reason and Truth
  Will be worth more than Fancy to you.

Take then, for a fanciful lay,
  The hearty good wish of a friend,
Who would add to the charm of to-day,
  By the grace which to-morrow may lend.

Do I wish thee, then, fairer than now,
  Or purer in heart or in mind,
Or that Genius may flash on that brow,
  Which Feeling and Taste have refined?

I seek for thee triumphs, above
  The fleeting success of a day,
A purity, knowledge, and love,
  Which nothing on earth can pourtray.

'T is for these that my suit is preferr'd,
  'T is for these that I bend at a shrine,
Where the prayer of the heart may be heard,
  Though breathed in such numbers as mine.

Rev. D. S. Wayland.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN HOUR GLASS.

MARK the golden grains that pass
Brightly through the channell'd glass,
Measuring, by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all!
Busy, till its sand be done,
See the shining current run;
But, th' allotted numbers shed,
Another hour of life hath fled!
Its task perform'd, its travail past,
Like mortal man, it rests at last!
Yet let some hand invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same;
Whilst any golden grains remain,
'Twill work its little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for man,
When all his golden grains have ran?
Who shall collect his scatter'd sand,
Dispers'd by time's unsparing hand?
Never can one grain be found,
Howe'er we anxious search around!
Then, daughters, since the truth is plain,
That time once gone ne'er comes again,
Improv'd, bid every moment pass,
See how the sand rolls down your glass.

M'Creery.

TO A BOY ROBBING A BIRD'S NEST.

STAY, wanton boy, thy savage arm,
Nor drag unfeeling from it's nest
The chirping young, and egg yet warm,
Late by it's feathered mother press'd.

How must that feather'd mother grieve,
Returning from the clover field,
To view the blood wet every leaf,
Her young with tyrant fury kill'd.

Think that e'en now thy mother's eye
O'er hill and dale doth studious run,
If haply she from far may spy
The coming of her darling son.

Then, if accustom'd to behold
Thy brow with smiles and beauty crown'd,
She sees thee carried pale and cold
Stabb'd through with many a ruffian wound.

Anguish her heart would inly wear,
Fear freeze, or boiling passion storm,
Or frantic madness wildly tear,—
Think, boy, of this, and stay thine arm.

THE ROSE.

As through a garden late I rov'd,
And musing walked along,
While listening to the blackbird's note,
Or linnet's cheerful song;

Around were flowers of various hues;
The pink and daisy pied;
When in the centre of a grove,
A blushing rose I 'spied.

Eager to pluck the beauteous flower
I quickly hasten'd there;
Securely in my bosom plac'd,
And watch'd with tender care.

Its fragrant odours grateful were,
And pleasant to the sense;
Its leaves with brightest colors glow'd,
Like virgin innocence.

But, lo! ere evening dews descend,
Those beauteous tints were fled;
Wither'd and blasted in their prime,
And droop'd its tow'ring head.

Sweet blossom! then I sighing said,
How soon thy beauties die;
The fairest flower the garden knows
With thee in vain would vie.

Be thou my silent monitor,
And warn my heedless youth
The graces of the mind to seek
In piety and truth.

For outward charms of shape or face
Soon wither like the rose;
But virtue, lovely e'en in death,
Fresh beauties will disclose.

Original.

THE BLIND BOY.

WHERE'S the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others, match'd in spirit and in size.
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.

That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
And, hark! that laugh is his—that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might—
A very child in everything but sight.
With circumscrib'd, but not abated powers—
Play the great object of his infant hours—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent:
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast:
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start—leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way:
He feels his dreadful loss: yet short the pain:
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks, by chance, the white and yellow ffower:

Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

Bloomfield.

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
  That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
  Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
  Than sages tell, or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
  And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world—and O how blest!—
  Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
  One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
  The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
  The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale;
  'T is not refresh'd by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
  For there are known no evening hours.

No: for this world is ever bright
  With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
  Flow round it from the Eternal Throne.

There forms, that mortals may not see,
  Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
  Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
  May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
  It is THE DWELLING PLACE OF GOD.

Anon.

THE DERVISE AND HIS GARDEN.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

In a garden as bright as the Isles of the blest,
A Dervise of Gazna delighted to rove;
There the rose was expanding her beautiful breast,
And the nightingale near sung the music of love:
The gales breath'd of bliss o'er the plants that grew
Exhaling perfume, or enchanting the eye. [nigh,

By a fountain that wispered in tones of delight
The spring-loving almond exulted in bloom;
There the eye of the waken'd narcissus was bright,
And the locks of the hyacinth scattered perfume:
Here the tulips were marshall'd in turban'd array,
There the cedar's dark grandeur excluded the day.

The Dervise from home and from comfort remov'd,
O'er life's stony desert long wandered in pain;
Yet oft he remember'd the garden he lov'd,
And sighed to repose by its borders again.
Thus years flew away, but his love was the same,
And at length to the garden returning he came.

The roses were gone, and the nightingales fled;
There no more were the tulips in turban'd array;
The cedar was fallen, the almond was dead,
And rank were the weeds that obstructed the way;
No longer was seen the narcissus's eye;
The flowers were destroy'd, and the fountain was dry.

The Dervise look'd round, and beginning to grieve,
Sigh'd deeply, and said in the language of truth,—
"How mournful a change does the mortal perceive,
Who returns in his age to the scenes of his youth!
In hope he returns, but enjoyment is o'er;
His friends, like the flowers I lament, are no more!"

W. Shorbel.

CHILDHOOOD AND MANHOOD.

AN APOLOGUE.

'T WAS eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the title of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted:—
But vain the thought; by sleep oppress'd,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed!"—
Nought further had I time to say,
When the poor urchin rais'd his head
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refus'd, tow'rds rest his steps he bent,
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claim'd his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his *horse and cart*.

For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded; wildly craved the boon:
Though his usual hour, he cried
At being sent away so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared;
(Unmov'd who hears his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despaired;
But soon his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas! poor infant!" I exclaim'd,
"Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all which he so lately blam'd,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrays of man the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead."

And more I thought; when up the stairs,
With longing, ling'ring looks, he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals, on life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still gasp at wealth in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'T is morn; and see, my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light,—
To fearless laughter,—boundless joy,—
Forgot the tears of yesternight.
Thus shall not man forget his wo?
Survive of age and death the gloom?
Smile at the cares he knew below?
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

O, my Creator! when thy will
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
'Till thought, sense, memory—all are fled.
And, grateful for what thou may'st give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 't was thy pleasure I should live,
That ' tis thy mandate bids me die.

Crabbe.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

'T WAS autumn, and the leaves were dry,
  And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by
  With low and pensive sound.

As through the grave-yard's lone retreat,
  By meditation led,
I walk'd, with slow and cautious feet,
  Above the sleeping dead.

Three little graves, rang'd side by side,
  My close attention drew;
O'er two, the tall grass bending, sigh'd,
  And one seem'd fresh and new.

As ling'ring there, I mus'd awhile
  On death's long dreamless sleep,
And opening life's deceitful smile,
  A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bow'd but not with years,
  Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
  Distill'd like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embrac'd,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effac'd.

"Mamma, now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother too, you said.

"Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She lov'd me when we play'd:
You told me if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground:
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

"For sister 'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry,
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child;
For God, who saw her die,
As he look'd down from heaven and smiled,
Recall'd her to the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 't was given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

"Papa must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I 've got;
And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her; but she
Can never come to you.

"'*Let little children come to me*,'
Once our good Saviour said,
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

Anon.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?
She weeps not; yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains; but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care:
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
The trav'ller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistl'd down the dark aisle.

She lov'd; and young Richard had settl'd the day,
And she hop'd to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle, and worthless, and they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'T was in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied;
"Methinks a man's courage would now well be tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now!"
"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaim'd, with a smile;
"I shall win; for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough,
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O 'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;
She listen'd—nought else could she hear;
The wind ceas'd—her heart sunk in her bosom with [dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half-breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one—and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:
She fell—and expected to die.

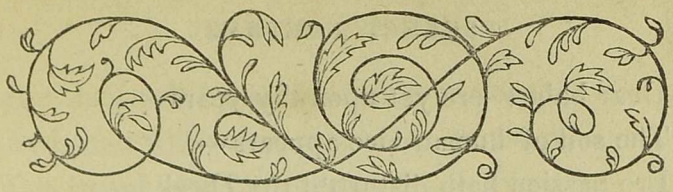
"Lift the hat!" he exclaims;—"Nay, come on, and [first hide
The dead body," his comrade replies—
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side;
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, and rush'd in at the door;
She gaz'd horribly eager around; [more,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For amazement and horror thrill'd through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen—
Not far from the inn it engages the eye;
The trav'ller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Southey.



TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

HAIL to this teeming stage of strife—
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How fainly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confest
Far as the life which warms the breast:
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods, and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak;
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair—
Would I could meet thine untun'd ear,
And greet it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, O my child!
Of travail on life's thorny wild,
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each loitering footstep which enclose—
Ah! little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that speed'st between
The little all we here can find
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born!
Of clouds that gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the heart they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store!
Would'st thou might never reck them more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep—
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd—
Beguil'd by follies, every day,
Sorrow must wash thy faults away;
And thou may'st wake, perchance, to prove
The pang of unrequitted love.

Unconscious babe! tho' on that brow
No half-fledg'd misery nestles now—
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there;
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell!
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care—
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill;
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child, thy slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief—
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew thy cheek—
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agoniz'd with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care—ah! much too soon.

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all thine own;
Of many a pang and many a woe
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
That will not, may not, find a tongue;
But, keep conceal'd, without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul!

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—
May joy still animate thy breast!
Still 'midst thy least propitious days
Shedding its rich inspiring rays!
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret prayer;
And, as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How fainly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

Byron.

THE STUDIOUS MECHANIC.

Down a close street, whose darksome shops display
Old clothes and iron on both sides the way;
Loathsome and wretched, whence the eye in pain
Averted turns, nor seeks to view again;
Where lowest dregs of human nature dwell,
More loathsome than the rust and rags they sell;—
A pale mechanic rents an attic floor;
By many a shatter'd stair you gain the door:
'Tis one poor room whose blacken'd walls are hung
With dust that settled there when he was young.
The rusty grate two massy bricks displays,
To fill the sides, and make a frugal blaze.

The door unhing'd, the window patch'd and broke;
The panes obscur'd by half a century's smoke:
There stands the bench at which his life is spent;
Worn, groov'd, and bor'd, and worm-devour'd, and bent;
Where daily, undisturb'd by foes or friends,
In one unvaried attitude he bends.
His tools, long practis'd, seem to understand
Scarce less their functions than his own right hand.
With these he drives his craft with patient skill;
Year after year would find him at it still:
The noisy world around is changing all;
War follows peace, and kingdoms rise and fall:
France rages now, and Spain, and now the Turk;
Now victory sounds;—but there he sits at work!
A man might see him so, then bid adieu,
Make a long voyage to China or Peru;
There traffic, settle, build; at length might come,
Alter'd, and old, and weather-beaten home,
And find him on the same square foot of floor,
On which he left him twenty years before.
—The selfsame bench, and attitude, and stool,
The same quick movement of his cunning tool;
The very distance 'twixt his knees and chin,
As though he had but stept just out and in.

—Such is his fate—and yet you might descry
A latent spark of meaning in his eye.
That crowded shelf beside his bench, contains
One old, worn volume that employs his brains:
With algebraic lore its page is spread,
Where A and B contend with X and Z:—
Sold by some student from an Oxford hall,
Bought by the pound upon a broker's stall.
On this it is his sole delight to pore,
Early and late, when working time is o'er:
But oft he stops, bewilder'd and perplex'd,
At some hard problem in the learned text,
Pressing his hand upon his puzzled brain,
At what the dullest school-boy might explain.
—From needful sleep the precious hour he saves,
To give his thirsty mind the stream it craves:
There, with his slender rush beside him plac'd,
He drinks the knowledge in with greedy haste.
At early morning, when the frosty air
Brightens Orion and the Northern Bear,
His distant window 'midst the dusky row,
Shews a dim light to passenger below.
—A light more dim is flashing on his mind,
That shews its darkness, and its views confined.

Had science shone around his early days,
How had his soul expanded in the blaze!
But penury bound him, and his mind in vain
Struggles and writhes beneath her iron chain.
—At length the taper fades, and distant cry
Of early sweep bespeaks the morning nigh:
Slowly it breaks, and that rejoicing ray
That wakes the healthful country into day,
Tips the green hills, slants o'er the level plain,
Reddens the pool, and stream, and cottage pane,
And field, and garden, park, and stately hall,—
Now darts obliquely on his wretched wall.
He knows the wonted signal; shuts the book,
Slowly consigns it to its dusty nook;
Looks out awhile, with fix'd and absent stare,
On crowded roofs seen through the foggy air;
Stirs up the embers, takes his sickly draught,
Sighs at his fortunes, and resumes his craft.

Jane Taylor.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High tho' his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Sir W. Scott.

THE AGED BEGGAR.

"TELL me O mother, when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey, as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillar'd door?

Shall I look as sad, shall I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
—Tell me, O mother! shall I grow like him?

"He said—but I knew not what he meant,—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent:
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he play'd;
And tears from the eye of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale.

"He spoke of a home where in childhood's glee,
He chas'd from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And follow'd afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pull'd young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother, did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguil'd;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy, like thee;
It was there the old man long'd to be.

"For he knew that those with whom he had play'd,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shar'd, when their songs and mirth
Brighten'd the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had pass'd away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillar'd and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor with a scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs the poor, my child!

W. P. Brown.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Dr. Carey, having deposited in his garden at Serampore, the earth in which a number of English seeds had been conveyed to him from his native land, was agreeably surprised by the appearance, in due time, of this "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower." This circumstance, being stated by the Doctor in a letter to a friend, suggested the following lines:—

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread.
Transplanted from thine island bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange is a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,

With unabash'd but modest eyes,
  Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till day-light dies,
  Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
  To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
  In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only *thou*, art little here,
  Like worth unfriended or unknown;
Yet to my English heart more dear
  Than all the torrid zone!

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
  Of early scenes belov'd by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
  Thou shalt the blithe memorial be!
The fairy sports of infancy,
  Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
  Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
  I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
O for the April sun and shower,
  The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as starlight stand
  In every walk!—that here might shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand
  A hundred from one root!

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
  To me the pledge of hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
  For joys that *were*, or *might have been;*
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green—
  I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven, with brow serene,
  And place in God my trust.

J. Montgomery.

THE DYING CHILD.

"Oh mother, what brings music here?
  Now listen to the song—
So soft, so sweet, so beautiful—
  The night-winds bear along!"

"My child, I only hear the wind,
As with a mournful sound
It wanders 'mid the old oak trees,
And strews their leaves around."

And dimmer grew his heavy eyes,
His face more deadly fair,
And down dropp'd from his infant hand
His book of infant prayer.

"I know it now, my mother dear;
That song for me is giv'n:
It is the angels' choral hymn
That welcomes me to heav'n."

Miss Landon.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

The pine-apples in tripple row
Were basking hot, and all in blow;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd;
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urged his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied:

But still in vain—the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light:
Thus having wasted half his day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Our dear delights are often such:
Expos'd to view, but not to touch,
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames:
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers:
But those whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

Cowper.

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Shakspear.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she—
But where will fierce contention end,
If flow'rs can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose,

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
And swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
  A fair imperial flower;
She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,
  The sceptre of her power.

This civil bick'ring and debate
  The goddess chanc'd to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
  The pride of the parterre:

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
  And yours the statelier mien;
And till a third surpasses you,
  Let each be deem'd a queen.

Thus sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
  The fairest British fair:
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
  They reign united there.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort
That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employed.
And 'Oh,' he cried 'that I had liv'd content
'With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
'My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,
'Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree.'

FRAGMENT.

O IS there not a land,
Where the north wind blows not?
Where bitter blasts are felt not?
O is there not a land,
Between pole and pole,
Where the war trumpet sounds not,
To disturb the deep serene?

And can I go there
Without or wheel or sail,
Without crossing ford or moor,
Without climbing Alpine heights,
Wafted by a gentle gale?
There is a land—
And without wheel or sail,
Fast, fast, thou shalt be wafted,
Which way ever blows the gale.
Do the billows roll between?
Must I cross the stormy main?
Green and quiet is the spot—
Thou needst not quit the arms
That tenderly enfold thee.

VERSES

ON THE PIMPERNEL, OR SHEPHERD'S BAROMETER.

THERE is a small flower, a purple-eyed flower,
That grows near the path by the hedge-row side:—
Hast thou not marked in the sunny hour
How it will glow in its scarlet pride?

And when it hath shaken the tears of the morn
From its opening breast with elastic spring,
It smiles in the ray, as if only born
Its bloom on the dancing breeze to fling.

But if the sky should sullenly frown,
If on the meek plant the clouds should lower,
Its bosom will close, its bright eye be cast down,
It will seem like the dullest, the commonest flower.

And thus is it oft with the sensitive mind,
That will brightly open where kindness glows,
But where coldly repulsed by the world unkind,
On its chilled emotions will shrinkingly close.

But there is a ray from Heaven above,
More bright than the sun, or than sympathy,
That opens the heart to undying love,
And the smile of peace which shall ever be.

MY BIRTHDAY.

ANOTHER year has passed, with all its joys and woes,
The hopes and fears it brought are fixed in calm repose,
That others may arise, as transient still as those.

Another year has passed, alas! how has it sped?
Is there one sin, one fault of which it may be said,
"Thy reign is o'er—henceforth thy power is dead?"

Or am I even still the weak and abject slave
Of vain and foolish thoughts, that have no power
to save?
Sowing those seeds that blosom for the grave?

How passed those winged moments that are gone?
Before the throne of the just-judging One,
What witness they, of all I've thought and done?

Were they mine own? that I might them misuse,
Quenching their light in darkness, and refuse
Their proffered good?—As foes did I them choose?

Or have those watchful ministers of heaven
Witnessed the sigh that penitence has given,
When with the soul some evil thought has striven?

Bear they the cheering witness that my heart
Is slowly cleansing all her frailer part;
Seeking that aid that can true strength impart?

Whate'er their flight hath seen, their record shall
remain
Till the last link of life be shivered from its chain:
Oh may the coming year a better requiem claim!

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of the night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe would be rioting over his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him:
But nothing he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring:
And we heard by the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

Rev. C. Wolfe.

THE BOY AND SNAKE.

HENRY was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took,
And ate it by a purling brook.
His mother lets him have his way.—
With free leave Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine *gray bird.*
This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
Came every day with him to feed,
And it lov'd him, and lov'd his milk,
And it was smooth and soft like silk.
On the next morn she follows Harry,
And carefully she sees him carry
Through the long grass his heap'd-up mess.
What was her terror and distress,
When she saw the infant take
His bread and milk close to a snake!
Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
And sits down by his frightful guest,
Who had waited for the treat;
And now they both began to eat.

Fond mother! shriek not, O beware
The least small noise, O have a care—
The least small noise that may be made
The wily snake will be afraid—
If he hear the slightest sound,
He will inflict the envenom'd wound.
—She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe,
As she stands the trees beneath.
No sound she utters; and she soon
Sees the child lift up his spoon,
And tap the snake upon the head,
Fearless of harm; and then he said,
As speaking to familiar mate,
"Keep on your own side, do, Gray Pate:"
The snake then to the other side,
As one rebuked, seems to glide;
And now again advancing nigh,
Again she hears the infant cry,
Tapping the snake, "Keep further, do:
Mind, Gray Pate, what I say to you."
The danger's o'er!—she sees the boy
(O what a change from fear to joy!)
Rise and bid the snake "good bye?"
Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I

Will come again to-morrow day;"
Then lightly tripping, ran away.

Mrs. Leicester.

OF MY LITTLE, A LITTLE I'LL GIVE.

DEAR boy, throw that icicle down,
And sweep this deep snow from the door;
Old winter comes on with a frown,
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age, how can infancy bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?
Fresh-broach'd is my cask of old ale;
Well-tim'd now the frost has set in.—
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.
Abundance was never my lot;
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven.
The fool and the slave gather wealth:
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

Bloomfield.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

Watts.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again:"
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.
"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without [number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.
I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.
I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had had better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.
Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me!"
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

Watts.

GOING INTO BREECHES.

JOY to Philip! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birth-day beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN:
Never was there pride or bliss,
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbad:
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners:
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names;

Puss in corners, hide and seek,
Sports for girls, and punies weak!
Baste the bear he now may play at;
Leap-frog, foot-ball, sport away at:
Show his skill and strength at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready.
Keep his voice and visage steady.
Brace his eye-balls stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature!
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

Mrs. Leicester.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

My neat and pretty book, when I thy small lines see,
They seem for any use to be unfit for me:
My writing, all mis-shaped, uneven as my mind,
Within this narrow space can hardly be confin'd.
Yet I will strive to make my hand less awkward look;
I would not willingly disgrace thee, my neat book!
The finest pens I'll use, and wond'rous pains I'll take,
And I these perfect lines my monitors will make.
And every day I will set down in order due,
How that day wasted is; and should there be a few
At the year's end that show more goodly to the sight,
If haply here I find some days not wasted quite,
If a small portion of them I have pass'd aright,
Then shall I think the year not wholly was mispent,
And that my Dairy has been by some good angel sent.

Mrs. Leicester.

VIRTUE

THE ONLY SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,
And folly and fashion expect our whole time,
Ah, let not those phantoms our wishes engage;
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then, richer than kings, and as happy as they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

When age shall steal on me and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What charm in lost beauty or wealth should I find?
My treasure, my wealth, is sweet peace of mind.

That peace I'll preserve then, as pure as 'twas given,
And taste in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;

Thus Virtue and Wisdom can warm the cold scene,
Aud sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

And when long I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn;
Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

Mrs. Hannah More.

WALK BY THE SEA-SIDE.

'T is pleasant to wander along on the sand,
Beneath the high cliff that is hollow'd in caves;
When the fisher has put off his boat from the land,
And the prawn-catcher wades through the short rippling waves.

Bright gleam the white sails in the slant rays of even,
And stud as with silver the broad level main,
While glowing clouds float on the fair face of Heaven,
And the mirror-like water reflects them again.

How various the shades of marine vegetation,
Thrown here the rough flints and the pebbles among,

The feather'd conferva of deepest carnation,
And the dark purple slake and the olive sea thong!

While Flora herself unreluctantly mingles
Her garlands with those that the Nereids have worn,
For the yellow-horned poppy springs up on the shingles,
And convolvolus rivals the rays of the morn.

But now to retire from the rock we have warning,
Already the water encircles our seat;
And slowly the tide of the evening returning,
The moon-beams reflect in the waves at our feet.

Ah! whether as now the mild summer sea flowing,
Scarce wrinkles the sand as it murmurs on shore,
Or fierce wintry whirlwinds impetuously blowing,
Bid high madd'ning surges resistlessly roar;

That Power which can put the wide waters in motion,
Then bid the vast billows repose at his word,
Fills the mind with deep rev'rence, while earth, air, and ocean,
Alike of the universe speak him the Lord.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

THE WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal—a welcome guest.

Around my ivyed porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Rogers.

THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

In life's fair morn I knew an aged seer,
Who sad and lonely pass'd the joyless year;
Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
And shunn'd, oh dire extreme! the face of man;
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his vest, a hermit's was his food.
Nich'd in some corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rock-stone lave;
Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,
Drop after drop to reckon, would engage
The lingering day, and trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well;
Then thus he moraliz'd as slow it pass'd,
"This brings me nearer Lucia than the last;
And this now streaming from the eye," said he,
"Oh my lov'd child! will bring me nearer thee."

When first he roam'd, his dog, with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the sorrower sought a lonely woe.

The hermit paused, the attendant dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;
Up rose the hermit, up the dog would rise,
And every way to win a master tries.
"Then be it so. Come, faithful fool!" he said:
One pat encouraged, and they sought the shade:
An unfrequented thicket soon they found,
And both reposed upon the leafy ground;
Mellifluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh,
Fountains, which well a pilgrim's drink supply:
And thence by many a labyrinth it led
Where every tree bestow'd an evening bed,
Skill'd in the chase, the faithfnl creature brought
Whate'er at morn or moonlight he had caught.
This course the sage forbade. Feeling for all
Had he, and mourned his fellow creature's fall.
He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind,
And though a hermit, had a social mind:
"And why," said he, "must man subsist by prey?
Why stop yon melting music on the spray?
Why, when assail'd by hounds and hunters' cry,
Must half the harmless race in terror fly?
Why must we work of innocence the woe?
Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow;
A heart too tender here, from man retires,
A heart that aches if but a wren expires.

Thus lived the master good, the servaut true,
Till to its God the master's spirit flew:
Beside a font which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the hermit found a grave,
All in the running stream his garment spread,
And dark damp verdure ill conceal'd his head.
The faithful servant from that fatal day
Watch'd the loved corse and hourly pin'd away;
His head upon his master's cheek was found,
While th' obstructed water mourn'd around.

The Rev. S. I. Pratt.

CHARITY.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law:

Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Where not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;—
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise,
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives:
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,

In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye perceives the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than heart can show;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed Hope;
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks or dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd!
The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,

Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shall still survive ——
Shall stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

Prior.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely power! whose bosom heaves the sigh
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears, spontaneous, crystalise the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads can with that sigh compare;
Not dew-drops, glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play:
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way;
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
  To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
  And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
  And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us slow wand'ring where the current flows,
  Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care;
  To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share;
  And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
  With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
  And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
  And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
  And gild the close of life's eventful day.

Roscoe.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease;
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topp'd the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round ;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd . . .
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please.

Goldsmith.

VERSES.

I WANDERED forth at early day,
When nature in her freshness lay
All bright before my raptured eyes :
The lark sprang up amid the skies,
And poured her joyous offering,
To Him who gave her power to sing.

Yet we to earth's low pleasures cling,
And seldom on devotion's wing
Our spirits soar to join the throng
Of angels, who with glorious song,
For ever chaunt the eternal praise
Of Him whose goodness crowns our days

I lay upon the fragrant heath,
A world of beauty spread beneath,
And watched a bee, from flower to flower,
Toiling away her little hour;
And, equally from low or high,
Adding fresh sweets to her supply.

Would *man* but use his short-lived day,
Nor fritter golden hours away;
Nor with a mad and senseless pride,
From the less gifted turn aside;
Ah me! how infinitely more
Might he enrich his humble store!

I heard the chilling wintry breeze
Sigh mournfully among the trees;
And everything was dull and drear,
And there was nough tthe gloom to cheer,
Save one blithe robin's welcome lay,
Beguiling e'en that stormy day.

When friends desert and fortune frowns,
And weary melancholy crowns

Our days with woe, is there not one,
Like that blithe robin, one alone,
To wipe away the falling tear,
And dissipate each boding fear?

TO A YOUNG PERSON WITH A WATCH.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art nor care
The blessing can restore;
And Heav'n requires a strict account
Of ev'ry misspent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospect ends;
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.

Yet equal to our being's aim
The space to virtue giv'n;
And every minute well improv'd,
Secures an age in Heav'n.

Mrs. Carter.

THE ATONEMENT.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins!
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

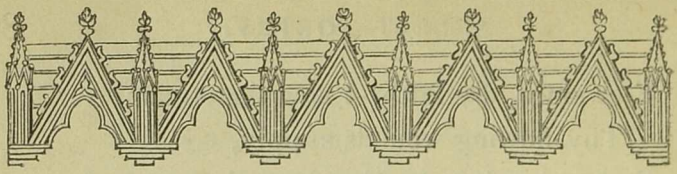
Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
  I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
  Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
  A golden harp for me!

Cowper.



SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

How short is the life of a man!
  How soon his frail life must decay!
At best but the length of a span,
  And fades like a short winter's day.

In youth how forgetful he seems
  Of age, that's still hurrying on;
At length he awakes from his dreams,
  But ah! his best moments are gone!

Then, hurry'd away with his cares,
  His life is but labour and pain;
Old age is the garment he wears;
  He wishes for youth, but in vain.

Now crush'd with the load of his sin,
  He trembles at death's cold alarms,
But just recollects where he's been,
  And yields to the conqueror's arms.

But reason no farther can go,—
  He stands at the bar of his God:
Now sinks to the regions of woe,
  Or heaven he makes his abode.

Let youth, then, no longer delay,
  Since time makes so rapid a flight;
If you work while it's called to-day,
  You may hail the approach of to-night.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

Music of the bough that waves
  As the wind plays lightly o'er;
Music of the stream that laves,
  Pebbly marge or rocky shore;
Sweet your melody to me,
  Singing to the soul—the tone
Exceeds by far the minstrelsy
  Of halls wherein bright harpers shone;
For ye attune His praise, who made
  The wondrous perfect frame we view,
Each hill, and plain, and leafy shade,
  And yon fair canopy of blue:

Ye seem to sing,—'How great the arm
Of that high God who reigns above;
Him worship! but without alarm;
His dearest best known name is Love.'

James Edmeston.

FLEETNESS OF TIME.

Was it but yesterday I heard the roar
Of these white coursing waves, and trod this shore,
A young and playful child,—but yesterday?
Now I return, with locks of scatter'd grey,
And wasted strength; for many, many years
Have pass'd, some mark'd by joy, and some by tears,
Since last we parted: as I gaze around,
I think of Time's fleet step, that makes no sound.

In yonder vale, beneath the hill-top tow'r,
My father deck'd the village pastor's bow'r:
Now he and all between whose knees I play'd,
Cold in the narrow cell of death are laid;
'My father!' to the lonely surge I sigh,
'My father!' the lone surge seems to reply.

Yet the same shells and sea-weeds seem to strew
This sandy margin as when life was new.

I mourn not Time's inevitable tide,
Whose swift career ten thousand feel beside;
I mourn not for the days that are no more;
But come a stranger, Weston, to thy shore,
In search of Health alone, and woo the breeze
That wanders o'er thy solitary seas:
To chase the mists from these oppressed eyes,
And renovate life's languid energies.

Bowles.

THE SEA-SHORE.

There is freedom in the ocean,
There is spirit in the breeze,
There is life in every motion
Of the ever restless seas.

With the bending crest of foam
In the sunny radiance glancing;
And the rippling sounds that come
Still dying, still advancing.

And will it not be joyous,
When this mortal coil is o'er,
And its cares no more annoy us,
To meet upon that shore —

Where the waves of life are sparkling
In the regions of the blest;
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

"One doubt remains," said I, "the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?"
"Flora commands," said she, "those nymphs and knights,
Who live in slothful ease and loose delights;
Who nurs'd in idleness and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till Death behind came stalking on unseen, [green,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their
These and their mates enjoy their present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;

Continue and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound,
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground.

From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
Even when the vital sap retreats below,
Even when the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow, appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of Heaven.
Propp'd by the Spring it lifts aloft its head,
But of a sickly beauty soon is shed;
In Summer living and in Winter dead.
For thing of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.

Dryden's Chaucer.

SPRING FLOWERS.

The lovliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
  And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
  So the soft starlike primrose, drench'd in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply:
  Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
  Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven with mightier witchery,
  Than eloquence or witchery e'er could own.
Bloom on, then, in your shade, contented bloom,
  Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown,
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive,
  They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves
    and live.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

The green-house is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displac'd from that retreat,
    Enjoyed the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
    Liv'd happy prisoners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But Nature works in ev'ry breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
You must not live alone—

Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Returned him to his own.

O ye who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.—

"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted when like us he fell;
Hear the lecture we are reading,
It is, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red,

View us late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

"Griping misers nightly waking,
See the end of all your care,
Fled on wings of your own making,
We have left our owners bare.

"Sons of honor, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth;
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

"Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call;
Cease at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have its fall.

"Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye;

Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach the truth, concerning
Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

"On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stayed,
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

Bishop Horne.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could guage:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew:
But pass'd is all his fame! The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot!

Goldsmith.

INNOCENCE.

Dear Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
The pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The song of nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale:
Content, and ruddy health thy hamlet hail,
And echo waits upon the voice of love.

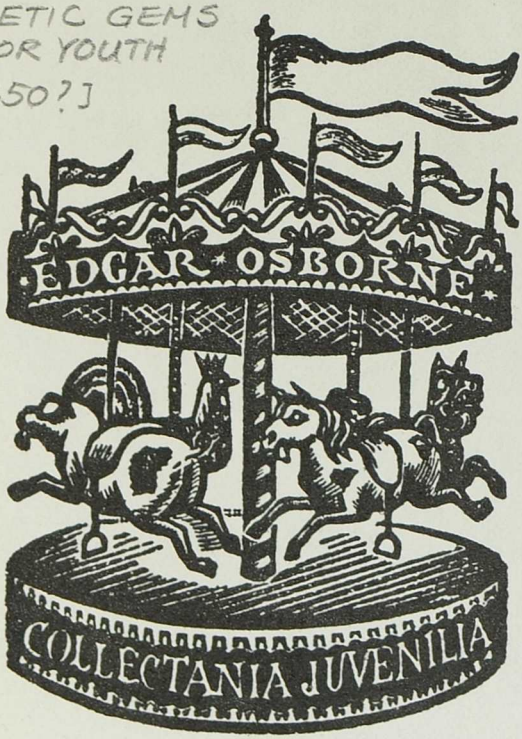
But where—but where is scowling Guilt's abode ;
The spectered heath, and danger's cavern'd road :
The shuffling monster treads with panting breath—
The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around,
Fear palls him at the thunder's awful sound,
He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on darkness with affright,
And bids her pour her deepest night ;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing ;

Are these the pictures ? then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choose :
Oh Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave—
What, but the greatest *fool*, would be a *knave* !

F. SKILL, PRINTER, QUAY, YARMOUTH.

(P)
POETIC GEMS
FOR YOUTH
[1850?]



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