

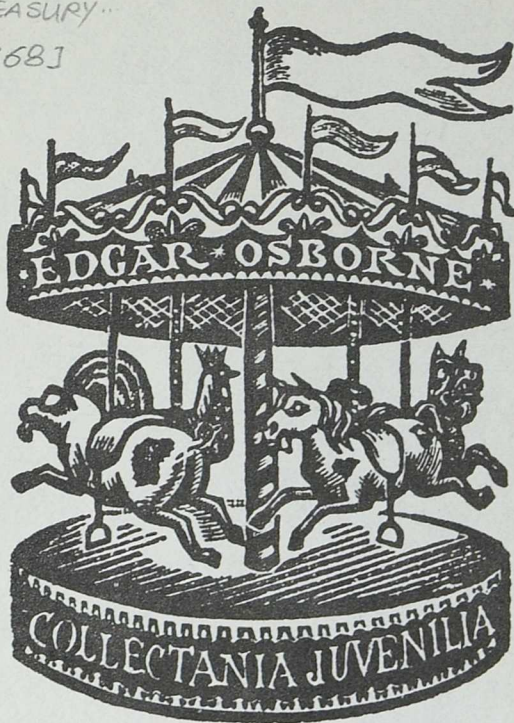
A central gold-tooled title frame consisting of a square border with decorative corner motifs, an inner square border, and a large central oval. The text is arranged within the oval.

TREASURY
OF
POETIC GEMS



(P)
TREASURY...

[1868]



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POETIC GEMS.

' Poetry has been to me "its own exceeding great reward:" it has soothed my afflictions ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'—COLERIDGE.



TREASURY
OF
POETIC GEMS.

'Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation.'—
BACON.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.



MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

P R E F A C E.



WHEN Dr. Johnson was shown the small volume containing Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare*, he naïvely inquired, 'Where are the other eleven?' So, on perusing the title of this unpretending Treasury of Poetic Gems, those readers who have a knowledge of the extensive range of English poetry, from Chaucer to the present time, may feel inclined to ask, 'Where are all the other volumes?' In answer, the Editor has only to say, that the present gathering is one made during a desultory course of reading, and claims to be nothing more than the expression of an individual opinion as to what constitutes the beautiful in poetry.

The extracts are simply a few which seemed to the Editor to possess some truth, some beauty, or some precious thought, expressed in the

‘Music of words;’

and which so fixed themselves in his memory, that it became a pleasure, and, as it were, a duty also, to offer them in the present form.



QUOTATIONS
FROM
THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE.

Man's life's a tragedy ; his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is the tiring room ;
This spacious earth the theatre, and the stage
That country which he lives in : Passions,
Rage,
Folly, and Vice are actors : the first cry
The Prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth in dumb shows ;
The second, he to more perfection grows ;
I' th' third he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin :
I' th' fourth declines : i' th' fifth diseases clog
And trouble him : then Death's his Epilogue.

Sir W. Raleigh.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I ne'er can express, yet cannot all conceal.

Byron.

DESTINY.

He who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive and unthinking hand,
Must bide the issue, be it life or death.

Alexander Smith.

PRUDENCE IN CONVERSATION.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel', as weel's ye can,
Frae critical dissection;

But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

Burns.

THE GREAT LESSON OF LIFE.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

Tennyson.

CHARACTER OF THE WORLD.

Earth's cup
Is poisoned ; her renown, most infamous ;
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust ;
Her titles, slanderous names ; her praise,
reproach ;
Her strength, an idiot's boast ; her wisdom,
blind ;
Her gain, eternal loss ; her hope, a dream ;
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God ;
Her promises, a lie ; her smile, a harlot's ;
Her beauty, paint, and rotten within ; her
pleasures,

Deadly assassins masked ; her laughter, grief ;
 Her breasts, the sting of death ; her total sum,
 Her all, most utter vanity ; and all
 Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,
 And most insane because they know it not.

Pollok.

THE ETERNITY OF BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
 breathing.

Keats.

GRIEF.

Grief hallows hearts, even while it ages
 heads.

Bailey.

GOOD DEEDS IMMORTAL.

Good deeds immortal are—they cannot die ;
 Unscathed by envious blight or withering
 frost
 They live, and bud, and bloom ; and men
 partake

Still of their freshness, and are strong thereby.
He who, inspired by charity and love,
Such deeds hath wrought, and for the
Saviour's sake,
Hath endless glory in the realms above.

Aytoun.

VIRTUE UNCONQUERABLE.

This I hold firm :
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthral'd ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most
harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

Milton.

VANITY OF SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

All smatt'ers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Butler.

FALSEHOOD.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :
A fault which needs it most, grows two
thereby.

Herbert.

PROCRASTINATION A NATURAL FAILING.

All promise is poor dilatory men,
And that through every stage.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re-resolves—then dies the same.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's
dawn ?

Where is to-morrow ?—in another world.
And yet on this perhaps, this peradventure
(Infamous for lies), as on a rock of adamant,
We build our mountain hopes, spin our
eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Young.

MILTON.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea :

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Wordsworth.

FOLLY OF AMBITION.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
 We see what vain designs mankind engage ;

.
 Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
 For some vile spot where fifty cannot feed ;
 Squirrels for nuts contend : and wrong or
 right,

For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
 What odds ? to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
 A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Churchill.

LOVE A HEAVENLY ATTRIBUTE.

Love's holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest.
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :

It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

Southey.

HOPE.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly
light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.

Campbell.

FUTURE (IGNORANCE OF THE) A BLESSING.

To each his suff'rings ; all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Gray.

ADVICE TO BE GIVEN FREELY.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence :
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your
 trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

Pope.

CONTENTMENT CONTRASTED.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
 And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
 In their great heaven of blue ;
And some with thankful love are filled,
 If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
 The darkness of their night.

Trench.

MENTAL THE TRUE BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Carew.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make
the year,
And trifles life.

Young.

LOVE STRENGTHENED BY TIME.

All love at first, like gen'rous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

Butler.

MONEY—ITS ATTENDANT CARES.

Whereunto is money good ?
 Who has it not, wants hardihood ;
 Who has it, has much trouble and care ;
 Who once has had it, has despair.

Longfellow.

NATURE—ITS INFLUENCE ON MAN.

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
 Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
 As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled ;
 The roses of the spring are ever fair,
 'Mong branches green still ringdoves coo
 and pair,
 And the deep sea still foams its music old.
 So, if we are at all divinely souled,
 This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.

Alexander Smith.

THE ATTRACTION OF VIRTUE.

Virtue, when proved and full
 Matured, inclines us up to God and heaven,
 By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure :
 As gravitation to the larger orb
 The less attracts, through matter's whole
 domain.

Pollok.

BOOKS.

Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men who speak aloud for future
times to hear.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

THE END OF LIFE.

All is but lost that living we bestow'd,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man, have mind of that last bitter rage ;
For as the tree doth fall, so lies it ever low.

Spenser.

NOBILITY.

Better not be at all,
Than not be noble.

Tennyson.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,
Pants for the place of its ethereal birth ;
On steady wing flies thro' th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss ;
And crowns the soul, while yet a sufferer here,
With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear.

Cowper.

POWER OF BEAUTY.

Mighty hearts are held in slender chains,
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Pope.

PROGRESS OF TIME.

Time halts not in his noiseless march,
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood ;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbour-
hood.

Wordsworth.

A POET'S BENEDICTION.

A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best ;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight ?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true ?
And knowledge to the studious sage ;
And pillow soft to head of age.

To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday ;
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

Sir Walter Scott.

MARTYRDOM.

Suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory ;
And to the faithful, death the gate of life.

Milton.

LIFE COMPARED TO A PLAY.

Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears ;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death !

H. King.

THE ALLUREMENTS OF HOPE.

Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh ;

Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite :
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.

Dryden.

THE POWER OF PATIENCE.

Celestial patience, how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate,
While passion takes his part—betrays our
 peace—
To death and torture swells each slight dis-
 grace.

By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquered sorrows into joy.

Young.

AUTHORITY.

Authority is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

Butler.

MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
 It was a sound of joy !

They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !

Still they looked at me and smiled,

As if I were a boy.

Longfellow.

LIFE ALIKE IN DIFFERENT STATIONS.

Life is one pattern wrought in different hues,
And there is nought to choose
Between its sad and gay : 'tis but to groan
Upon a rainy common or a throne,
Bleed 'neath the purple or the peasant's serge.

Alexander Smith.

THE BLACKNESS OF SIN.

By nature, sin is dark, and loves
The dark, still hiding from itself in gloom ;
And in the darkest hell is still itself
The darkest hell, and the severest woe
Where all is woe.

Pollok.

VIRTUE

Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks light and life and glory from her
aspect.

Byron.

TRUE LIFE.

Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal
wrongs.

Tennyson.

SYMPATHY OF SOULS.

Some are never strangers,
But as soon as seen, the soul, as if by instinct,
Springs towards them with resistless force,
and owns
Congenial sympathy.

Spenser.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.

I would not have a slave to till my ground—
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake—for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No! dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on
him.

Cowper.

PERFECTION UNATTAINABLE.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall
be.

Pope.

SORROW AND HAPPINESS.

Sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.

Gray.

DEATH INEXORABLE.

Come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

Sir Walter Scott.

VIRTUE.

Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore.

Milton.

LIBERTY OF MIND.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace.

UPRIGHTNESS.

Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

Wordsworth.

NATURAL GENIUS.

What the child admired,
The youth endeavoured, and the man
acquired.

Dryden.

AUTHORSHIP.

An author ! 'Tis a venerable name !
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause ?
That sole proprietor of just applause.

Young.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair
Were ever able to despatch by fear.

Butler.

INFLUENCE OF SONG.

Even in the city's throng
 I feel the freshness of the streams,
 That crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
 Water the green land of dreams,
 The holy land of song.

Longfellow.

BANEFUL EFFECTS OF RIDICULE.

Break that false mirror of your ridicule,
 Looking in which the holiest saint beholds
 A grinning jackanapes, and hates himself.
 More men hath laughter driven from the sight
 Than terror clad with fire.

Alexander Smith.

A CYNICAL VIEW OF THE WORLD.

What is the world?—a term which men have
 got

To signify not one in ten knows what.

A term which with no more precision passes
 To point out herds of men than herds of asses!
 In common use no more it means, we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions joined.

Churchill.

LOVE.

Yes, love indeed is light from heav'n,
With angels shared, by Alla given ;
A spark of that immortal fire
To lift from earth our low desire,
Devotion wafts the mind above,
And heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from life each sordid thought ;
A ray of Him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul.

Byron.

THE EVILS OF REMORSE.

For a raven ever croaks at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

Tennyson.

THE LIBERTY OF LAW.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintains't ;

Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude ;
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

Butler.

VALUE OF HOPEFULNESS.

Be lord of thy own mind ;
The dread of evil is the worst of ills.
Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
Are ills because we hoard them.

Barry Cornwall.

THE USE OF FAME.

I courted fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds : and who despises fame
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

Mallett.

FAME—ITS DISTORTING CHARACTER.

Fame, like a broken mirror,
With twenty fragments of a truth,
Gives twenty shapes of error.

Blackie

VERSATILITY.

By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel ;
But where is he that can do all things well ?

Churchill.

MARRIAGE.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Cotton.

IMMODESTY INDEFENSIBLE.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Earl Roscommon.

KNOWLEDGE ILLIMITABLE.

A climbing height it is, without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end ;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind,
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

Greville.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move ;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Rochester.

THE BIBLE.

The Author, God himself ;
The subject, God and man, salvation, life
And death—eternal life, eternal death—
Dread words ! whose meaning has no end,
no bounds !
Most wondrous Book ! bright candle of the
Lord !
Star of eternity ! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely ; only star which rose on Time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye.

Pollok.

ENCOURAGEMENT (PROMPT) OF MERIT.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

Pope.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space,
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Tennyson.

ACME OF DESPAIR.

A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart :
But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LIGHT OF VIRTUE.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and
moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

Milton.

PRAYER.

Prayer needeth not the use of skill or art
In forming words, but a devoted heart.
If thou art truly in the mind to pray,
God knows thy heart and all that it would
say.

Byrom.

LOVE OF SLOW GROWTH.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes ;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

Wordsworth.

POWER OF MUSIC.

What passion cannot music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not
dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?
Dryden.

RULE FOR LIVING.

Joy, and temperance, and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
Longfellow.

A PERFECT LIFE.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round :
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.
Waller.

MORAL DEFORMITY THE WORST.

Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all ;
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case ?
Cotton.

NEUTRALITY.

God will have all or none ; serve Him, or fall
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial ;

Either be hot or cold ; God doth despise,
Abhor, and spue out all neutralities.

Herrick.

OVER-WORK TO BE AVOIDED.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be work'd to
death.

Holmes.

WIT.

Wit, like tierce claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all ;
But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.

Rochester.

VIRTUE.

Virtue, the great strength and beauty of the
soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven : a happiness
That e'en above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferred.

Armstrong.

AUTHORSHIP.

Some steal a thought,
And clip it round the edge, and challenge
him
Whose 'twas to swear to it. To serve things
thus
Is as foul witches to cut up old moons
Into new stars. Some never rise above
A pretty fault, like faulty dahlias ;
And of whose best things it is kindly said,
The thought is fair ; but to be perfect, wants
A little heightening, like a pretty face
With a low forehead.

Bailey.

SLEEP.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.

Daniel.

DISCONTENT NATURAL.

Although its heart is rich in pearls and ores,
The sea complains upon a thousand shores :
Sea-like we moan for ever.

Alexander Smith.

FAME A SHADOW.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd,—it shrinks to nothing in the
grasp.

Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure :
And is this all? cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted.

Young.

SUSPICION SELF-INJURIOUS.

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes, more than it
protects.

Byron.

WOMAN—HER DESTINY.

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each.

Tennyson.

FORGIVENESS.

To err is human, to forgive—divine.

Pope.

INDUSTRY—ITS REWARD.

Industry—

To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done.

Pollok.

TALENT UNDEVELOPED.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray.

MAN QUAINLY CHARACTERIZED.

A feast for worms ; a bubble full of breath ;
A looking-glass for grief ; a flash, a minute ;
A painted tomb with putrefaction in it ;
A map of death ; a burthen of a song ;
A winter's dust ; a worm of five feet long.

.

His age is sinful, and his youth is vain,
His life's a punishment, his death's a pain ;
His life's an hour of joy, a world of sorrow ;
His death's a winter's night that finds no
morrow.

Quarles.

NATURE OF WOMAN.

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made :
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

Sir Walter Scott.

DEATH.

Death is a gate, that opens differently,
Two folding doors, which lead contrary
ways ;
Thro' this the good man finds felicity,
The bad thro' that to endless ruin strays :
Herein they both the self-same rule retain,
Who enters once, must ne'er return again.

Henry Baker.

LOVE.

Veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to
feel.

Wordsworth.

MUSIC.

Oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre :
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her Organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven !

Dryden.

THE POWER OF ARGUMENT.

He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.

Butler.

SLIGHTED POVERTY.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a
poor man is ;

For the former seeth no man, and the latter
no man sees.

Longfellow.

WORK.

What matter if we heave laborious breath,
And crack our hearts and sinews, groan
and weep ?

The pain of life but sweetens death ;
The hardest labour brings the soundest
sleep.

Alexander Smith.

THE DIVINITY OF LOVE.

What thing is Love, which nought can coun-
tervail ?

Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love.
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

Sir W. Raleigh.

RETIREMENT SUITABLE FOR AGE.

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.

Young.

MAN A MYSTERY.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how
 august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder He, who made him
 such,
Who centred in our make such strange ex-
 tremes !

From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguisht link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt !
Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god !

Young.

PROGRESS OF TIME.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of
 yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
 Of their strange ventures happed by land or
 sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning
 hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls
 his ceaseless course.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LESSONS OF MISFORTUNE.

Even should misfortune come,
 I, here who sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet ;
 They gie the wit of age to youth,
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They mak' us see the naked truth,
 The real guid an' ill.

Burns.

MAN'S DAYS NUMBERED.

Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;

How long, how short, we know not: this we know,

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission.

Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,

And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.

Those only are the brave who keep their ground,

And keep it to the last. To run away

Is but a coward's trick: to run away

From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves

By boldly venturing on a world unknown,

And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad:

No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Blair.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

What constitutes a state ?

Not high-rai's'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies
ride ;
Not starr'd and spangled courts.
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
pride.

No :—Men, high-minded Men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles
rude :

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare main-
tain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the
chain :—

These constitute a state.

Sir William Jones.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm ;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please :
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

Pope.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low :
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft persuasive voice applies ;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

Pope.

OPINION THE GOVERNING POWER.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind ;
For he that has no eyes in's head
Must be b' a dog glad to be led ;
And no beasts have so little in 'em,
As that inhuman brute, Opinion ;
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
That fastens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion,
Invades the sick imagination ;
And when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match ;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opinionator.

Butler.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears ;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Byron.

MAN ONLY COMBATS NATURE.

Brutes find out where their talents lie :
A bear will not attempt to fly ;
A founder'd horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide ;
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature ;
Who, when she loudly cries—forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there ;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Swift.

DEATH LEVELS ALL.

Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength ;
The palace proud,—triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadow's length ;
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find in the unhonour'd grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave.

Marvel.

THE PATRIOT'S DEATH.

They never fail who die
In a great cause : the block may soak their
gore ;
Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their
limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Tho' years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping
thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

Byron.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Music !—O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

Moore.

TRUE SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
 dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never heeds a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her
 stores unroll'd.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock
 of men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can
 bless ;

Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

Byron.

LOVE THE END OF LIFE.

Love is life's end ; an end but never ending ;
 All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding ;
 Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent but ever
 spending),

More rich by giving, taking by discarding ;
 Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding :
 Then from thy wretched heart fond care
 remove.

Ah ! should'st thou live but once love's sweets
 to prove,

Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live
 to love.

Spenser.

A PRISON DESCRIBED.

A prison is a house of care,
 A place where none can thrive,
 A touchstone true to try a friend,
 A grave for one alive ;
 Sometimes a place of right,
 Sometimes a place of wrong,
 Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
 And honest men among.

Inscription on Old Edinburgh Tolbooth.

A SHIPWRECK.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the
brave,

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful
yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling
wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless clash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Byron.

WOMAN—HER TRUE DUTY.

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.

Tennyson.

THE PAST IRREVOCABLE.

Past, who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God omnipotent, nor fate.

Milton.

LONDON DESCRIBED.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and
 shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just
 skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
 A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London town!

Byron.

SLEEP.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Young.

MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy is a fearful gift ;
What is it but the telescope of truth ?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter darkness,
Making the cold reality too real.

Byron.

THE LOSS OF REASON.

He that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Without an helm or pilot her to sway :
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,
So is the man that wants intendment.

Spenser.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

How music charms !
How metre warms !
Parent of actions good and brave !
How vice it tames !
And worth inflames !
And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

Young.

THE POET'S DOWER.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.
He saw through life and death, thro' good
and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul :
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll
Before him lay. *Tennyson.*

SCANDAL-MONGERS.

Nor do they trust their Tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own ;
Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book,
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down ;
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the Lady and the Man.

Swift.

FREE-WILL.

Free-will is but necessity in play,
The clattering of the golden reins that guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.

Bailey.

THE POWER OF THE POET.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles toward the inner founts of
feeling ;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms ;
And marks the variations of all mind
As does the needle.

Bailey.

DO GOOD.

If life be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew ;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go.

Tennyson.

THE VALUE OF GLORY.

Glory long has made the sages smile ;
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion,
 wind—

Depending more upon the historian's style,
 Than on the name a person leaves behind.

Byron.

MORAL COURAGE.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains ;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures :
 Use them kindly, they rebel ;
 But be rough as nutmeg graters,
 And the rogues obey you well.

Aaron Hill.

PLEASURE FLEETING.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
 Or like the snow fall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever.

Burns.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart ?
A quiet haven, where his shattered bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds
But at its entrance ; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.

Hurdis.

BEAUTY PERISHABLE.

Know'st not
That beauty will take cold ? will have the
toothache ?
Will catch a fever ? that its peachy cheek
Will canker in a night ? and that in brief
It is a thing in value vanishing
As fickle merchandise, which rates to-day
Enormously—the next may go a-begging ?
And worse than all, that its chief merit lies
In wishing, not possessing—coveted,
Of purchase measureless—obtained, worth
nothing ?

Sheridan Knowles.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Hast thou seen, with life incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device ?
Such are thoughts. A wind-swept meadow,
Mimicking a troubled sea ;
Such is life ! and death a shadow
From the rock eternity.

Wordsworth.

WHAT MONEY CAN DO.

See what money can do : that can change
Men's manners ; alter their conditions !
How tempestuous the slaves are without it !
O thou powerful metal ! what authority
Is in thee ! Thou art the key of all men's
Mouths ; with thee a man may lock up the
jaws
Of an informer, and without thee, he
Cannot the lips of a lawyer.

Broome.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Campbell.

KINGS COMPARED TO STARS.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they
have

The worship of the world, but no repose.

Shelley.

NOTHING : A SONNET.

Mysterious Nothing ! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless empti-
ness ?

Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size, are
thine,

Nor words, nor fingers, can thy voice ex-
press.

But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
A thousand things to thee may likened be ;
And though thou art with nobody, nowhere,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.

How many books thy history contain,
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue ;
What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain !

What busy bodies thy doings only do !
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

Porson.

MEMORY OF LOVE.

I hold it true, whate'er befall—
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson.

GOLD.

Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Hard to get, and light to hold ; . . .
Price of many a crime untold ; . . .
Good or bad a thousand fold !
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express !
Now stamped with the image of good Queen
Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

Hood.

GOOD AND EVIL KEEP PACE.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there ;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

Defoe.

A GOOD PRIEST.

Give me the priest whose graces shall possess :
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

Ken.

VALUE OF BOOKS.

Worthy books

Are not companions—they are solitudes ;
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares.

Bailey.

MIND THE ONLY STANDARD.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

Watts.

LOVE ALL-POWERFUL.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and gods above ;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Sir Walter Scott.

A NOVEL DEFINED.

A novel was a book
 Three-volumed, and once read, and oft
 cramm'd full
 Of poisonous error, blackening every page ;
 And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand
 Remark, and old, diseasèd, putrid thought,
 And miserable incident, at war
 With nature, with itself and truth at war ;
 Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
 Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
 And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.

Pollok.

A KIND WORD.

O many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds work the archer little meant !
 And many a word at random spoken,
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

Sir Walter Scott.

EQUALITY IN LOVE.

Oh! wisest of the wise is he
Who first within his spirit knew,
And with his tongue declared it true,
That love comes best that comes unto
The equal of degree !

And that the poor, and that the low,
Should seek no love from those above ;
Whose souls are flattered with the flow
Of airs about their golden height ;
Or proud, because they see around
Ancestral 'crowns of light.'

Mrs. Browning.

DESPONDENCY.

It is sad

To see the light of beauty wane away,
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling,
feet

Losing their springs, and limbs their lily
roundness ;

But it is worse to feel the heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay within us.

Bailey.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CRITICISM.

A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame ;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view :
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;
Secure he walked, for nature was his guide.
But now, O strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall.
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night :
Safe from destruction, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.

Churchill.

DISCORD DEPICTED.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snip-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard
supplied,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment
hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her
skin.

Wolcot.

DESIRE NATURAL TO MAN.

Against our peace we arm our will :
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting ;
That cruel something unpossess
Corrodes and leavens all the rest ;
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

Prior.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force ;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee ;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to naught.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure,
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Southwell.

DEATH OF THE WORLDLY.

How shocking must thy summons be, O
death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions !
Who, counting on long years of pleasure
here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain !

Blair.

DEATH OF THE PHILOSOPHER.

The wisest men are glad to die ; no fear
Of death can touch a true philosopher.
Death sets the soul at liberty to fly,
Which, whilst imprison'd in the body here,
She cannot learn : a true philosopher
Makes death his common practice while he
lives,
And every day, by contemplation, strives
To separate the soul, far as he can,
From off the body.

May.

DEATH THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Death is the crown of life :
Were death deny'd, poor men would live in
vain ;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life ;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish
to die.

Young.

A HUMBLE MAN.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes,—presumes it may be so.

Cowper.

HOW TO WOO.

He that will win his dame, must do
As love does when he bends his bow ;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.

Butler.

FREEDOM.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Addison.

A POET'S ANATHEMA.

Cursed be the social wants
That sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies
That warp us from the living truth !
Cursed be the sickly forms
That err from honest nature's rule !
And cursed be the gold that gilds
The straiten'd forehead of a fool !

Tennyson.

MAN THE DUPE OF CUSTOM.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

Cowper.

BE WISE TO-DAY.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Young.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and
fine sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.

Cowper.

DISCONTENT NATURAL.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd ;
How best o' chieles are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair 't.

Burns.

FAITH COMPARED TO A BRIDGE.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further
shore.

Young.

THE CUNNING OF DECEIT.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to descry the crafty cunning train,
 By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,
 And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
 To seem like truth, whose shape she well
 can feign,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltless man with guile to entertain ?

Spenser.

CRITICS READY-MADE.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,
 Save censure ; critics all are ready-made,
 Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote ;
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet :
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit ;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit ;
 Care not for feeling, pass your project jest,
 And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd

Byron.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Hope rules a land for ever green ;
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
Are confident and gay ;
Clouds at her bidding disappear ;
Points she to aught ?—the bliss draws near,
And fancy smooths the way.

Wordsworth.

FRIENDSHIP A NAME.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm, that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

Goldsmith.

A SHIP FOUNDERING.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death ;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming-tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore,
That grows before his cottage door,

And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclos'd a blooming boy,
 Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had pass'd ;
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she look'd on the father of her child,
 Return'd to her heart at last.
 —He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.

Wilson.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's
 song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of teded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the
 breeze :

The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
 Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving
 hill.

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the
dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song; the lulling
brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk
glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling
smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of
praise.
With dove-like wings peace o'er yon village
broods:
The dizzing mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Has ceased:—all, all, around is quietness.

Grahame.

SATIRE, FALSE AND TRUE.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

Churchill.

THE DINNER-BELL.

Of all appeals—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

Byron.

SUPERFICIALITY OF THE WORLD.

The world's all title-page ; there's no con-
tents ;
The world's all face ; the man who shows
his heart
Is hooted for his nudities and scorn'd.

Young.

THE FORCE OF CUSTOM.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate ;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not
why.

Crabbe.

FEAR DEPICTED.

Next him was fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to or fro,
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly ;
As ashes pale of hue, and winged heel'd,
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did
wield. *Spenser.*

THE POVERTY OF PRIDE.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy bride ;
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that pride,—
What are their showy treasures ?
What are their noisy pleasures ?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art—
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
But never, never can come near the worthy heart.
Burns.

THE WORLD A HIVE.

The world's a hive,
 From whence thou canst derive
 No good but what thy soul's vexation brings;
 But case thou meet
 Some petty-petty sweet,
 Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Quarles

SCHOLASTIC DISCIPLINE.

Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
 Tutores of arts and sciences;
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter;
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown.

Butler.

A MAN OF HONOUR.

He is an adorer of chaste truth,
 And speaks religiously of ev'ry man:
 He will not trust obscure traditions,
 Or faith implicit, but concludes of things
 Within his own clear knowledge: what he says
 You may believe, and pawn your soul upon 't.

Shirley.

WEALTH A SHADOW.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy :
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see ;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it as a shade ;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

Young.

POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society !
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd of me
Far, far beyond whatever I can pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. O ! when my friend
and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless
on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down

Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-
 tongued thrush
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty black-
 bird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note ;
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every
 flower
 Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. O ! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full
 heart
 Had not imparted half :—'tis happiness
 Too exquisite to last ! *Blair.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Know thou thyself, presume not God to
 scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic
side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's
pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Pope.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
What is't to me,
Who never sail on fortune's faithless sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
If the mast split and threaten wreck ?

Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure of fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring roar ;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

Dryden.

HOW TO LIVE A HAPPY LIFE.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these I find :
The riches left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare :
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
The night dischargéd of all care ;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

Earl of Surrey.

HOSPITALITY.

Blest be the spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening
fire :

Blest that abode, where want and pain
despair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair :

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty
crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,

And learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith.

WISDOM THE TRUE WEALTH.

In vain do men
The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them ;
For they to each such fortune do diffuse
As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most
refuse ;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold : each hath his fortune
in his breast.
It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or
poor ;
For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greater
store ;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise ;
For wisdom is most riches ; fools therefore
They are which fortune do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

Spenser.

HUMAN LIFE.

Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
'Twi'x night and morn, upon the horizon's
verge ;

How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! the eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages, while the
 graves

Of empires heave but like some passing
 waves. *Byron.*

INSTABILITY OF AFFECTION.

Alas ! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity !
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—

Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin ;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said ;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

Moore,

THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home ;

It hopes in time to roam no more :
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state !
The good alone have joys sincere,
The good alone are great :
Great, when amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise :
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

Beattie.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON A HUMAN SKULL.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,

And Passion's host, that never brook'd
control :

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

Byron.

IMAGE OF WAR.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful
note ?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank
beneath

Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of
death,

The bale-fires flash on high ; from rock to
rock

Each volley tells that thousands cease to
breathe ;

Death rides upon the sulphury siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel
the shock.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,

With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are
done ;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems
most sweet.

Byron.

MAN.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast ?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast ?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live ?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give ?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and
wan ?

So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth
at last ;

So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to
death ;

So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being
paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's
laid ;
So young is man, that, broke with care and
sorrow,
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow :
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five
feet long ?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise,
nor rich, nor young.

Quarles.

REAL NOBILITY.

Search we the springs,
And backward trace the principles of things :
There shall we find that when the world
began,
One common mass composed the mould of
man ;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd ;
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.

The same Almighty Power inspired the
frame

With kindled life, and form'd the souls the
same.

The faculties of intellect and will,
Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with
equal skill ;

Like liberty indulged, with choice of good
or ill.

Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The diff'rence that distinguish'd man from
man.

He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him
good.

Warm'd with more particles of heavenly
flame,

He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to
fame ;

The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a
name.

This law, though custom now diverts the
course,

As Nature's institute, is yet in force,

Uncancell'd, though diffused : and he whose
mind

Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race :
And he commits the crime who calls him base.

Dryden.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heavenly eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding
words,

Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their
swords!

Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one
pen,

Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect ;
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!

Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades neglect?

Daniel.

ENGLAND.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country ! and while yet a nook is left
Where English names and manners may be
found,

Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though
thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer
France

With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.

Cowper.

ENGLAND FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,'
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;
I like to speak and lubricate my fill ;
I like the government (but that is not it) ;
I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
I like the '*Habeas Corpus*' (when we've got
it) ;

I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 't is not too late ;
I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear ;
I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any ;
Have no objection to a pot of beer ;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the regent, church, and
king !

Which means that I like all and every thing.
Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are freemen,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

Byron.

THE RIGHT LIFE.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Pope.

WORDS THE SOUL'S AMBASSADORS.

Words are the soul's ambassadors, who go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro ;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are those airy keys that ope (and wrest
Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.
By them the heart makes sallies : wit and
sense

Belong to them : they are the quintessence
Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,
And so calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into accents ; in whom lies
The salt of fancy, and all faculties.

James Howel.

INDEPENDENCE.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

Burns.

SAFETY IN RETIREMENT.

Safety dwells

Remote from multitude : the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around !
We must or imitate, or disapprove ;
Must list as their accomplices or foes ;
That stains our innocence, this wounds our
peace.

From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has
been smit

With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

Young.

SENSITIVENESS.

O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine ?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

Cowper.

PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Young.

SATIRIZE MEASURES, NOT MEN.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the
man ;

'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high ;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Young.

DREAMS BUT FANCY.

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes ;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic
wakes :

Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings :
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad ;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad :
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy
believed.

Dryden.

THE DANGERS OF SATIRE.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame!
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare ;
Affects indeed a most humane concern,
That man, if gently tutor'd, will not learn,
That mulish folly, not to be reclaim'd
By softer methods, must be made asham'd ;
But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
Most sat'rists are indeed a public scourge ;
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge ;
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse,
The wild assassins start into the street,
Prepar'd to poniard whomso'er they meet.
No skill in swordmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust ;
And even virtue, so unfairly match'd,
Although immortal, may be prick'd or
scratch'd.

Cowper.

THE NOBILITY OF AMBITION.

Ambition is the stamp impress'd by Heaven
To mark the noblest minds ; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of power,
Grasp at command, and tower in quest of
 empire ;

While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their
 danger.

Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty power's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs ?
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

Johnson.

CHARACTERS OF IGNORANCE.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight
 entire.

Butler.

IDLENESS CHARACTERIZED.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
From every work he challenged essoin
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise
By which he grew to grievous malady ;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise,
A shaking fever reign'd continually ;
Such one was *Idleness*.

Spenser.

HYPOCRISY THE ONLY INVISIBLE EVIL.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav'n and
earth,
And oft though wisdom wakes, suspicion
sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks
no ill,
Where no ill seems.

Milton.

JUSTICE : AN OFT TOLD STORY.

Once (says an author, where I need not say)
Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way :
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew
strong,

While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd
along.

Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the
cause.

Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful
right,

Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There take (says Justice), take you each a shell,
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.

Pope.

MAN INSATIATE.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;
Those few wants, answer'd, bring sincere
delights ;

But fools create themselves new appetites :

Fancy, and pride, seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures
grow ;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Young.

DISSIMULATION IMPERATIVE.

Few men dare show their faults of worst or
best ;
Dissimulation always set apart
A corner for herself ; and therefore Fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

Byron.

RELIGION AND VIRTUE.

Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor
brave ;
But when religion doth with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.

Waller.

DISCRETION IN MIRTH.

Laugh not too much ; the witty man laughs
least :

For wit is news only to ignorance :
Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the
jest

Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport abuses : for the fly

That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick from thy mirth, like stones out of the
ground,

Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness :

These are the scum with which coarse wits
abound :

The fine may spare this well, yet not go less.

All things are big with jest : nothing that's
plain,

But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Herbert.

A HYPOCRITE.

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood

In naked ugliness. He was a man

Who stole the livery of the court of heaven

To serve the devil in.

Pollok.

THE EVIL POWER OF JEALOUSY.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

Thomson.

THE PLEASURES OF ROGUERY.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive the juggler's sleight ;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.

Butler.

GREATNESS NOT TO BE ENVIED.

Envy not greatness ; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance
greater.

Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy
As hurts not others, but makes thee better,
Is a good spur.

Herbert.

FAITH AND REASON.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes :
Faith evermore looks upward, and descries
Objects remote ; but reason can discover
Things only near,—sees nothing that's above
her :

They are not matches,—often disagree,
And sometimes both are clos'd, and neither
see.

Faith views the sun, and reason but the
shade ;

One courts the mistress, the other woos the
maid ;

That sees the fire, this only but the flint ;
The true-bred Christian always looks asquint.

Quarles.

JUDGMENT DEFINED.

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true
or false,

And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate
The subtleness and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall
Like those that are less artificial ;

And therefore students, in their ways of
judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use ;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none.

Butler.

A VALENTINE.

When slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thought is free,
And sense refresh'd renews her reign,—
I think of thee.

When next in prayer to God alone
I bend my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love,—
I pray for thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demand of me
To rise and journey on life's way,—
I work for thee.

Or if, perchance, I sing some lay,
Whate'er it be,
All that the idle verses say,—
They say of thee.

If of an eye, whose liquid light
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses brown and bright,—
They sing of thee.

And if a weary mood, or sad,
Possesses me,
One thought can all times make me glad,—
The thought of thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Full wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head,—
I dream of thee.

In short, the only wish I have,
To live for thee ;
Or gladly, if one pang 'twould save,—
I'd die for thee.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
While my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.

Sir W. Raleigh.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

God made the country, and man made the
town.

What wonder, then, that health and virtue—
gifts

That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most
abound,

And least be threaten'd, in the fields and
groves ?

Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still

Your element : there only can ye shine ;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At
 eve,
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they
 wish ;
Birds warbling, all the music. We can
 spare
The splendour of your lamps ; they but
 eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes : the thrush
 departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made—what enemies could ne'er have
 done—
Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

Cowper.

LIFE.

I made a posy, while the day ran by :
‘ Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.’

But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither’d in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my
heart.

I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time’s gentle admonition :
Who did so sweetly death’s sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time
ye spent ;

Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And, after death, for cures.

I follow straight, without complaints or grief ;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Herbert.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

And what's a life? A weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up
hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which Thy hands have
made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon
they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too
soon;
My nonaged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy : here's nothing worth
a smile.

Quarles.

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

I have not lived
After the rate to fear another world.
We come from nothing into life, a time
We measure with a short breath, and that
often
Made tedious, too, with our own cares that
fill it ;
Which, like so many atoms in a sunbeam,
But crowd and jostle one another. All,
From the adored purple to the haircloth,
Must centre in a shade ; and they that have
Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
The rugged storms that so much fright them
here,
When their soul's launch'd by death into a
sea
That's ever calm.

Shirley.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on waters stood ;
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

King.

PRAYER FOR A FAMILY.

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare !
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway !

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven !

Burns.

LABOUR.

Letting down buckets into empty wells,
And growing old with drawing nothing up.

Cowper.

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF.

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know :
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope ;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace !
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore ;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost.
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

Gay.

HUMILITY.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go ;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low :
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly
eye—
Grace is increased by humility.

Herrick.

LABOUR.

Labour's strong and merry children,
Comrades of the rising sun,
Let us sing some songs together,
Now our toil is done.

No desponding, no repining !
Leisure must by toil be bought ;
Never yet was good accomplish'd
Without hand and thought.

Even God's all-holy labour
Framed the air, the stars, the sun,
Built our earth on deep foundation,
And the world was won.

Barry Cornwall.

LIFE.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,
Call to your aid your courage and your
wisdom ;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;
Think on the various accidents of war ;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue ;
Think on the Providence that guards the
good.

Johnson.

LOVE.

Good love, howe'er ill-placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.
A pagan, kissing, for a step of Pan,
The wild-goat's hoof-print on the loamy
down,
Exceeds our modern thinker, who turns back
The strata—granite, limestone, coal, and clay,
Concluding coldly with, 'Here's law!
Where's God?'

Mrs. Browning.

A GOOD MAN.

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his
age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise ;
Healthy by temperance and by exercise ;

His life, though long, to sickness pass'd
unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy
than I.

Pope.

MY GREY-GOOSE QUILL.

Oh ! nature's noblest gift, my grey-goose
quill,
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men !
The pen ! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose.
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may
deride,
The lover's solace and the author's pride ;
What wits ! what poets dost thou daily raise !
How frequent is thy use, how small thy
praise !
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.

Byron.

KNAVES, THEIR DECEIT.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near ;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like the rattlesnake, prevent.

Butler.

THE DIVINITY OF LOVE.

Love is the root of creation ; God's essence,
Worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children : He made
them for his purpose only,—
Only to love, and to be loved again. He
breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright stand-
ing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with
a flame out of heaven ;
Quench, O quench not that flame ! it is the
breath of your being.

Longfellow.

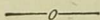
DEATH OF THE POET.

Call it not vain : they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard may moan ;
The mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh ;
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach the rustling wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Sir Walter Scott.



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